Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/godeysladysbook1862hale

622

Schissle

X

CONTRITION.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK

AND

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. LXV.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,
1862.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY LOUIS A. GODEY,
323 CHESTNUT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA:
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. LXV.

Abijah Beanpole, Storekeeper, by *the author of "Miss Shimmens,"* 155, 290, 356, 474, 568
A Counterpane, Knitted in Diamonds (*Illustrated*), 87
Across the Hills, by *Harriet M. Bean*, 139
Acting Charade.—Manager, by *S. Annie Frost*, 465
A Dramatic Charade—Courage, 205
Affection, 138
A French Salon, 275
After Three Years, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 561
Air and Ventilation, 331
Alphabet of Fancy Letters (*Illustrated*), 330, 438
A Mother's Trial, by *Mrs. Harriet E. Francis*, 276
An Egyptian Dinner, 473
Anglenook, by *Rachel L. B——.*, 362
An Imitation Feather (*Illustrated*), 289
An Object of Interest, by *Mary Forman*, 278
A Picturesque Villa (*Illustrated*), 615
Aprons (*Illustrated*), 283, 384, 489, 591
A Story about a Goose, 559
Aunt Sophie's Visits, by *Lucy N. Godfrey*, 168, 479
Autumn Rain, by *Thomas Henry Bacon*, 473
Autumn Winds, by *Nettie Lee Crandall*, 375
A Word to the Boys, 361
Baby's Boot (*Illustrated*), 290
Baby's Shoe (*Illustrated*), 86
Baptizing in the Jordan, 550
Beautiful Counterpane (*Illustrated*), 390
Bedgown for Invalids (*Illustrated*), 85
Behold the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, 375
Biarritz Shawl (*Illustrated*), 186
Black Velvet Brioche (*Illustrated*), 285
Black Velvet Net (*Illustrated*), 389
Blanket Initials (*Illustrated*), 90
Blue Velvet Net (*Illustrated*), 488
Bonnets (*Illustrated*), 180, 222, 223, 326
Book-Marker (*Illustrated*), 290
Border in Wavy Braid, etc. (*Illustrated*), 124
Braided Collar and Cuff (*Illustrated*), 538, 539
Braided Spectacle Case (*Illustrated*), 597
Braiding Patterns (*Illustrated*), 89, 288, 291, 292, 328, 388, 394, 435, 437, 438, 497, 498, 499, 542, 543, 595, 600
Bringing the old Mare home (*Illustrated*), 217
Buff Cashmere Coat (*Illustrated*), 592
Cape (*Illustrated*), 282, 385
Caps (*Illustrated*), 80, 181, 281, 383, 487, 489, 591
Cap Sprigs (*Illustrated*), 491
Carriage Cushion (*Illustrated*), 84
Chemise Patterns (*Illustrated*), 288, 497, 592
Chemistry for the Young, 106, 208, 310, 412, 513
Christening Robe (*Illustrated*), 592
Cigar Case (*Illustrated*), 284
CLOAKS, DRESSES, MANTILLAS, TALMAS, &c.
Baby's Robe (*Illustrated*), 79
Buff Pique Dress (*Illustrated*), 81
Carriage Wrapper (*Illustrated*), 434, 491
Clara Dress (*Illustrated*), 184
Clara Jacket (*Illustrated*), 385
Dinner-dress (*Illustrated*), 322
El Espagniola from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 120
English Jacket (*Illustrated*), 593
Fall Wrap (*Illustrated*), 220
Fancy Coat for a little boy (*Illustrated*), 487
French Fichu (*Illustrated*), 182
Gored Dress (*Illustrated*), 489
Home-dress (*Illustrated*), 323
Jacket *à la* Militaire (*Illustrated*), 183
Lady's Travelling Dress (*Illustrated*), 385
Latest Fashions (*Illustrated*), 529
Little Girl's High Garibaldi Costume (*Illust'd*), 20, 107
Little Girl's Low Garibaldi Costume (*Illust'd*), 21, 107
Morning Wrapper (*Illustrated*), 282
Paletot for a little Girl (*Illustrated*), 121
Robe de Chambre (*Illustrated*), 81
Street Sack (*Illustrated*), 221
The Albertina Dress (*Illustrated*), 119
The Alicant from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 430
The Alice Maud Dress (*Illustrated*), 118
The Bajados, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 17
The Calpe, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 324
The Cambray (*Illustrated*), 534, 535
The Clarenda (*Illustrated*), 432
The Imperial (*Illustrated*), 536
The Imperial Jacket (*Illustrated*), 13
The Jenny Dress (*Illustrated*), 433
The Marchioness (*Illustrated*), 325
The Melazzo (*Illustrated*), 533
The Mirandole (*Illustrated*), 429
The Moresco, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 532
The Phœbus (*Illustrated*), 427
The Richelieu (*Illustrated*), 426
The Sevillian, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 224
The Titian (*Illustrated*), 428
Toilette for Young Girls (*Illustrated*), 16
Zouave Jacket (*Illustrated*), 18, 182
Collar and Cuffs in Satin Stitch (*Illustrated*), 83
Collars (*Illustrated*), 83, 384, 488, 490, 538
Color—in Dress, Furniture, and Gardening, 367, 574
Come not Again, by *Wm. Bell*, 154
Contrition; or, a Life's Error Corrected (*Illustrated*), by *Sutton Elliott*, 234
Corner for a Pocket Handkerchief (*Illustrated*), 23
Coronets (*Illustrated*), 26
Cottages, etc. (*Illustrated*), 104, 615
Crochet Bag (*Illustrated*), 24, 88
Crochet Pincushion (*Illustrated*), 27
Crochet Scarf for a Gentleman (*Illustrated*), 431
Crochet Tidy (*Illustrated*), 596
Crochet Tidy or Berceaunette Cover (*Illustrated*), 496
Crochet Zouave Jacket (*Illustrated*), 327, 392
Cushion Cover (*Illustrated*), 286
Dancing the Schottische, by *Ethelstone*, 74
Darned Netted Tidy (*Illustrated*), 437
Darned Square Netted Tidy (*Illustrated*), 123
Deborah Fletcher, by *Hester Dunn*, 43
Design in Velvet Ribbon and Braid (*Illustrated*) 227, 286
D'Oyley for a Cake-basket (*Illustrated*), 329
Dreams, by *C. H. E.*, 167
Eastern Rambles and Reminiscences, 29, 127, 229
Editors' Table, containing—
A Few Words from a Sensible Woman, 505
Agnes and the little Key, 195
A New Way to make Good Wives, 97
A Precious Tribute, 606
A Rare Eulogium, 97
Authorship, 399
Changes, and How to meet them, 605
Close of the Sixty-fifth Volume, 605
Early Friendship, 505
Happiness—and where to find it, 195
Heart Love never Dies, 97
Influence of a True Wife, 97
Life in the Harem, 607
Literary Friendships, 504
Live for Something, 506
Miss Hale's School, 608
Modern Domestic Service, 197
Mrs. Browning's Great Poem, 95
Mysteries, 607
Photography as an Art, 97
Take Care of the Children, 299
Thanksgiving Day, 506
The Dying Girl's Farewell, 606
The Effects of Eating Confectionery, 299
The Fine Arts in Philadelphia, 196
The Influence of Dress and Colors, 606
The Law of Kissing, 607
The Lily's Story, by *Augusta H. Worthen*, 400
The Romance of the Swan's Nest, 298
The Season, and what it Teaches, 297
The "Silver Wedding," 197
Types of Beauty, 298
Woman's Medical Education, 401
Women in the Post-office Department, 401
Women's Union Mission Society of America, etc., 197

Elsie Ford's Three Christmas Eves, by *Mary Forman*, 587
Embroidery, Inserting, &c. (*Illustrated*), 24, 28, 80, 82, 83, 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 135, 186, 187, 225, 288, 329, 389, 391, 432, 433, 434, 491, 534, 535, 538, 539, 543, 544
Experiences at the Sea-shore, by *Marguerite Riviere*, 343
Explanation of Terms used in Knitting (*Illustrated*), 84
Fanchon Cap (*Illustrated*), 383
Fancy Night-cap (*Illustrated*), 80
Fancy Waist, with Pockets ((*Illustrated*), 19
Far Away from Those I Love, by *George Cooper*, 73
Fashionable Bonnets (*Illustrated*), 222, 223, 326
Fashions, 106, 208, 312, 413, 514, 616
Flouncing for a Skirt (*Illustrated*), 542
Folded Wings, by *Mrs. A. M. Butterfield*, 456
Footing Collar (*Illustrated*), 283
Found in the Snow, by *Amy Graham* (*Illustrated*), 547
French Underskirt (*Illustrated*), 25, 88
From Death to Life, by *W. Dexter Smith, Jr.*, 249
Furs for the Ladies, 485
From May till November, by *Miss Mary Durfee*, 55, 179, 261, 369
Fur Collar (*Illustrated*), 490
Fur Cuffs (*Illustrated*), 490
Gentlemen's Neck Warmer (*Illustrated*), 597
Glass Bead Footstool (*Illustrated*), 436
Godey's Arm-Chair, 99, 201, 303, 404, 509, 609
Gold and Silver Weddings, 248
"Good News" (*Illustrated*), 319
Half of the Top of an Embroidered Pincushion (*Ill'd*), 126
Handkerchief Sachet (*Illustrated*), 228, 291
Headdresses (*Illustrated*), 26, 188, 383, 389, 488, 541, 614
Health Department, 98, 198, 300, 402, 507
Heart-shaped Pincushion (*Illustrated*), 190
Honeycomb Knitting, for a Sofa Cushion (*Ill'd*), 23, 86
Hood (*Illustrated*), 127, 190
How the Wrong was Done and Righted, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 66
How to Beautify Life, 453
Hunting Vest (*Illustrated*), 386
Initials in a Vignette (*Illustrated*), 287
In Memoriam, by *John R. Morrison*, 486
Insertion for Skirts and Children's Dresses (*Illustrated*), 28
Insertion in Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 544
Instructions for Knitted Mittens and Cuffs, 284, 389
Josie in Mapletown, by *the author of "Lillian's Masquerading,"* 140
Juvenile Department (*Illustrated*), containing—
Algerine Bracelet, 512
Embroidered Chatelaine, 103
Imperatrice Porte-montre, 207
Little Mary's Half Holiday, 614
Long Purse in Open Crochet, 309
Match-stand Pattern, 614
Miscellaneous Amusements, 103, 207, 309
New Parlor Game, 410
Pen-wiper Pattern, 614
Work-Basket *à la* Mathilde, 410
Kind Words, by *J. C.*, 53
Knitted Boa (*Illustrated*), 492
Knitted Opera or Travelling Hood (*Illustrated*), 540, 599
Knitted Under-Shawl (*Illustrated*), 537
Knitted Undersleeves (*Illustrated*), 495
Lace-making (*Illustrated*), 545
Lady's Purse (New Style), Crochet (*Illustrated*), 87
Literary Notices, 99, 199, 301, 403, 508, 608
Lost and Found, by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 269
Low-necked Chemise (*Illustrated*), 288, 497
Madame Demorest's Emporium of Fashions, 405
Madame Demorest's New French Corset Pattern (*Ill'd*), 81
Madeleine, by *Annie M. Beach*, 154
Mary's Homage, by *Rev. Daniel Emerson*, 62
Memento Mori, by *J. M. L.*, 233
Mouse Pen-wiper (*Illustrated*), 599
Mrs. Mann's "Zou-zou," by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 449
Music—
Bermuda Galop, by *Rosalie E. Smith*, 320
Dew-drop Waltz, by *W. H. Wilkinson*, 116
Leave me not Yet, by *J. Starr Holloway*, 14
Out on the Weary Ocean, by *J. Starr Holloway*, 530
Unfurl the Banner, by *H. P. Danks*, 218
Union March, by *F. Karl*, 424
My Brother's Wife, by *Belle Rutledge*, 130
My "Rest," by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 576
Names for Marking (*Illustrated*), 20, 89, 122, 123, 227, 436, 438
Netted Jupon (*Illustrated*), 189
New Stitches in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 387, 494, 598
New Style of Arranging Front Braids (*Illustrated*), 226
New Style of Coiffure for a Young Lady (*Ill'd*), 541, 613
Night-dress (*Illustrated*), 493
Not a Puff for Quack Remedies, by *S. S. B.*, 40
Novelties for the Month (*Illustrated*), 79, 180, 281, 383, 487, 591
One Only Daughter, by *Helen*, 353
Only Me, by *Gertrude Flint*, 242
Only Once and Never Once, by *J. F.*, 573
Opera Hood (*Illustrated*), 122
Our Darling, by *Edna Cora*, 241
Our Musical Column, 102, 202, 304, 405, 510, 611
Out in the Red, Red Clover, by *Fannie Stevens Bruce*, 249
Parting Memory, by *Annie M. Beach*, 550
Past and Present, by *E. B. R.*, 455
Patchwork (*Illustrated*), 28, 183, 292
Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment (*Illustrated*), 81, 183, 282, 385, 489, 592
Pictures, 342
Plain Gigot Sleeve (*Illustrated*), 82
Plotting Mischief, by *Mary Forman* (*Illustrated*), 335
Point Lace (*Illustrated*), 290, 495
Princesses Knitting (*Illustrated*), 23, 86
Purse (*Illustrated*), 88
Receipts, &c., 91, 191, 293, 395, 500, 601
Romance of Old Letters, by *Harry Harewood Leech*, 255
Rustic Boxes, Baskets, etc. (*Illustrated*), 249
Sac Mathilde (*Illustrated*), 189
Sash (*Illustrated*), 23
Science of Dress Cutting (*Illustrated*), 307
Self-tucking Attachment for Sewing-machines (*Ill'd*), 184
She had a Grief to Hide, by *Corolla H. Criswell*, 78
Shirt for a little boy (*Illustrated*), 80
Shoes (*Illustrated*), 86, 290
Silk Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 125
Single Lessons, Five Dollars, by *Alice B. Haven*, 160
Slate Pictures for Children (*Illustrated*), 179, 379, 486
Small Bracketted Villa (*Illustrated*), 104
Smiles, 240
Sonnets, by *Kruna*, 573
Sophie Dumont, by *Mary Hildreth*, 380
Splitting the Difference, by *S. Annie Frost*, 34
Table Cover Border Braided on Cloth (*Illust'd*), 185, 393
Table d'Oyley (*Illustrated*), 125
Tape Trimming (*Illustrated*), 85, 188
Terpsichore, by *Mrs. G. Hilton Scribner*, 62
The Alceste Headdress (*Illustrated*), 188
The Almira Headdress (*Illustrated*), 383
The Andalusian's Love, by *G. W. L. Bickley*, 567
The Art of Vitro-manie, 187
The Autumn Winds, by *Rev. M. L. Hofford, A. M.*, 558
The Chieftain's Secret, by *Prof. M. Hardin Andrews, M. D.*, 346, 456
The Christian's Home, by *Van Buren Denslow*, 382
The Blessings of Flannel, 137
The Endora Apron (*Illustrated*), 283
The Forest Flower, by *Jennie E. Cheney*, 173
The Haunted House, by *Mary N. Rockwell*, 63
The Human Voice, 42
The Little Match-Maker, by *Mrs. H. C. Gardiner*, 441, 551
The Lounger's Cushion, 496
The Power of the Husband over the Wife, 463
The Proposal (*Illustrated*), 115
The Romance of Aunt Mary's Life, by *M. H. D.*, 376
The Rose which our Darling planted, by *Eleanor C. Donnelly*, 260
The Tudor Hat (*Illustrated*), 21
The Voices, by *Willie E. Pabor*, 42
The Water Garden, 459
The Winds.—A Chorus, by *S. J.*, 448
The Women of a Nation, 566
Tidies (*Illustrated*), 496, 596
Tiger-Skin Slippers (*Illustrated*), 594
To a Bird of Paradise, by *Charles Stewart*, 139
Too Hot (*Illustrated*), 423
Too Late, by *Lucy H. Hooper*, 154
Twilight Thoughts, by *Juanita*, 473
Undersleeves (*Illustrated*), 82, 183, 281, 282, 283, 385, 487, 489, 495, 591, 593
Universality of Grass, 345
Vesperi, 78
Visit by the Prince of Wales to Hebron and the Cave of Machpelah, 151
Victoria Tie (*Illustrated*), 22
Veste or Chemise Russe (*Illustrated*), 225
Waistband and Bretelles (*Illustrated*), 594
Waiting, by *Adelaide Stout*, 590
Weeds and Habits, 241
We are Waiting, by *George Cooper*, 249
Who has Married Well? by *Lucy N. Godfrey*, 354
We'll Meet Again, by *Lottie Alice Luce*, 361
Work-Basket, trimmed with Ribbon (*Illustrated*), 435
White Puffed Spencer (*Illustrated*), 591
Young Girls, 586
Zouave Vest (*Illustrated*), 18

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1862.

WHAT O'CLOCK.

THE IMPERIAL JACKET.

Violet silk skirt, with ruches of a darker shade. The jacket can be of black silk, trimmed with violet or of the same as the skirt.

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING BELL," "POOR BEN THE PIPER," ETC.

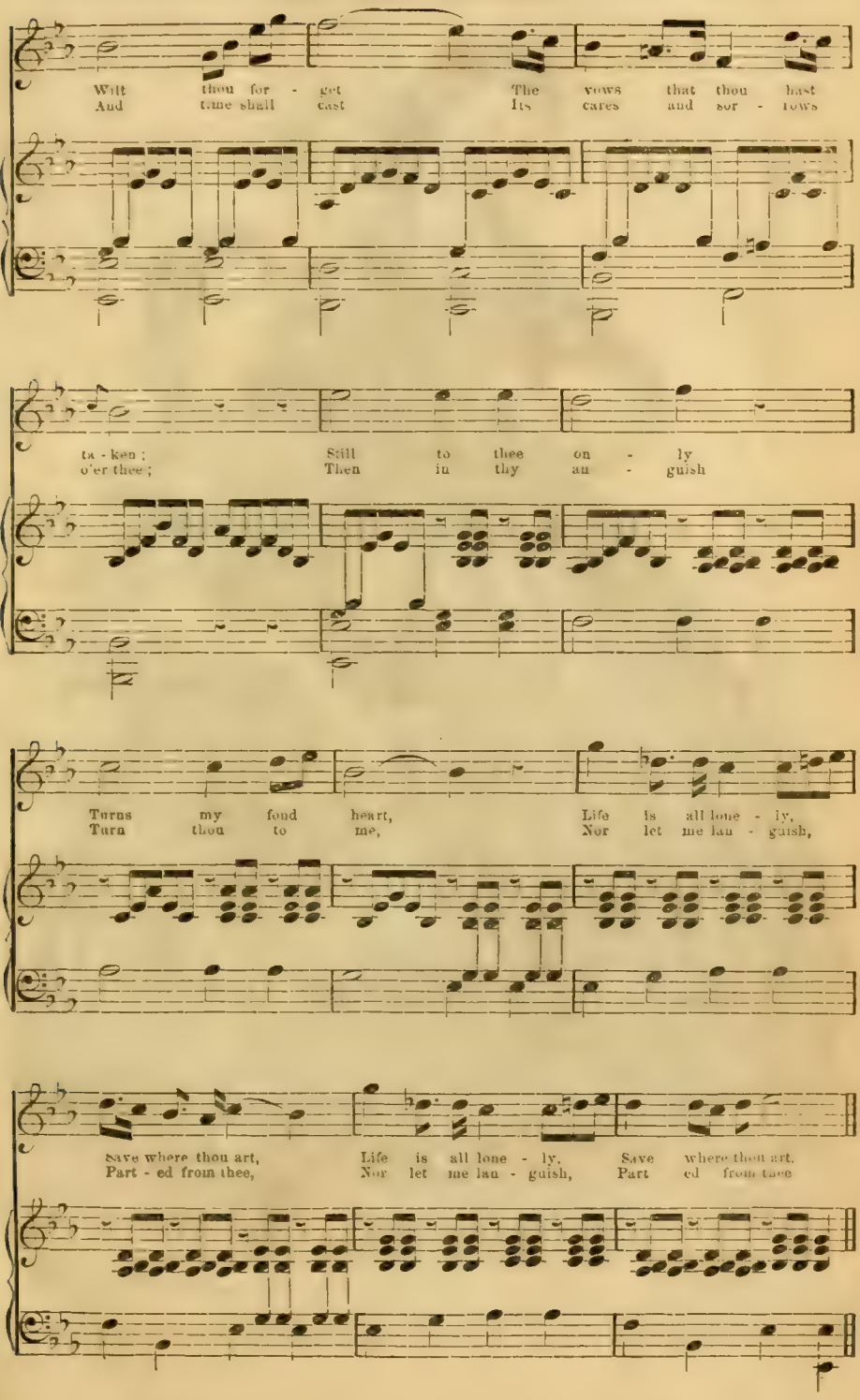
Op. 107.

8va.....

.....*loco.*

Leave me not yet, Cold and for - sa - ken,
When all the past, Shall rise be - fore thee,

LEAVE ME NOT YET.



TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Fig. 1.—Barege dress, trimmed with ribbon and buttons, *en tablier*.
Fig. 2.—Light blue grenadine dress, with one flounce, and over-skirt trimmed with ribbon.

THE BAJADOS.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

We illustrate a very pleasing variety of the sack shapes. It can be made of several light summer fabrics. The one above represents a white brilliant, with an edging of rose-colored silk. We have not given illustrations of the laces which are so popular, simply because there exists no necessity; the mere mention that the several varieties of black laces, shawl, or mantilla shape, are as much worn as ever for dress occasions, is sufficient. The sacks are more appropriate for morning, or country wear.

ZOUAVE JACKET.

MADE OF BLACK SILK OR CLOTH, BRAIDED WITH RED.

ZOUAVE VEST.

MADE OF SCARLET CLOTH OR VELVET, BRAIDED WITH BLACK.

FANCY WAIST FOR AN EVENING-DRESS, WITH POCKETS.

NAME FOR MARKING.

LITTLE GIRL'S HIGH GARIBALDI COSTUME.

(See description, Fashion Department.)

THE TUDOR HAT.

Worn by ladies as well as children. It can be had of felt, velvet, and all kinds of straw.

LITTLE GIRL'S LOW GARIBALDI COSTUME.

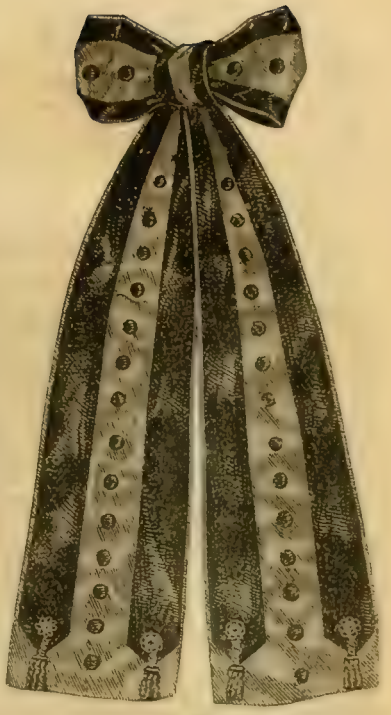
(*See description, Fashion Department.*)

VICTORIA TIE.

The band for the neck is shaped out to fit. It is made of silk, and covered with lace; the ends are of lace, but the centre part is lined with a bright-colored silk, the same as the band.

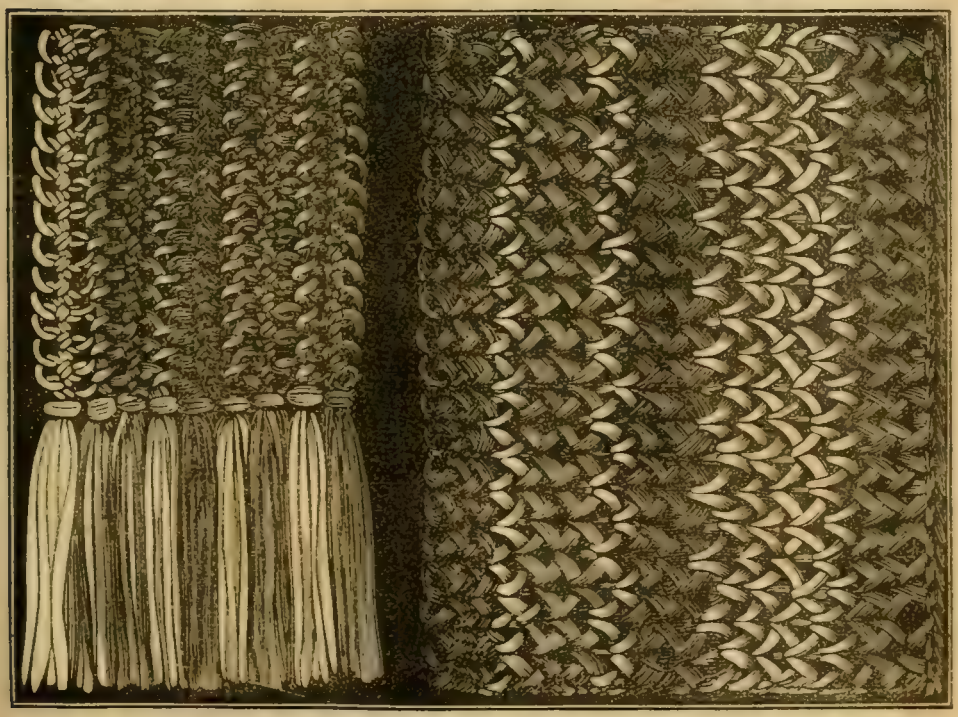
CORNER FOR A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

SASH.



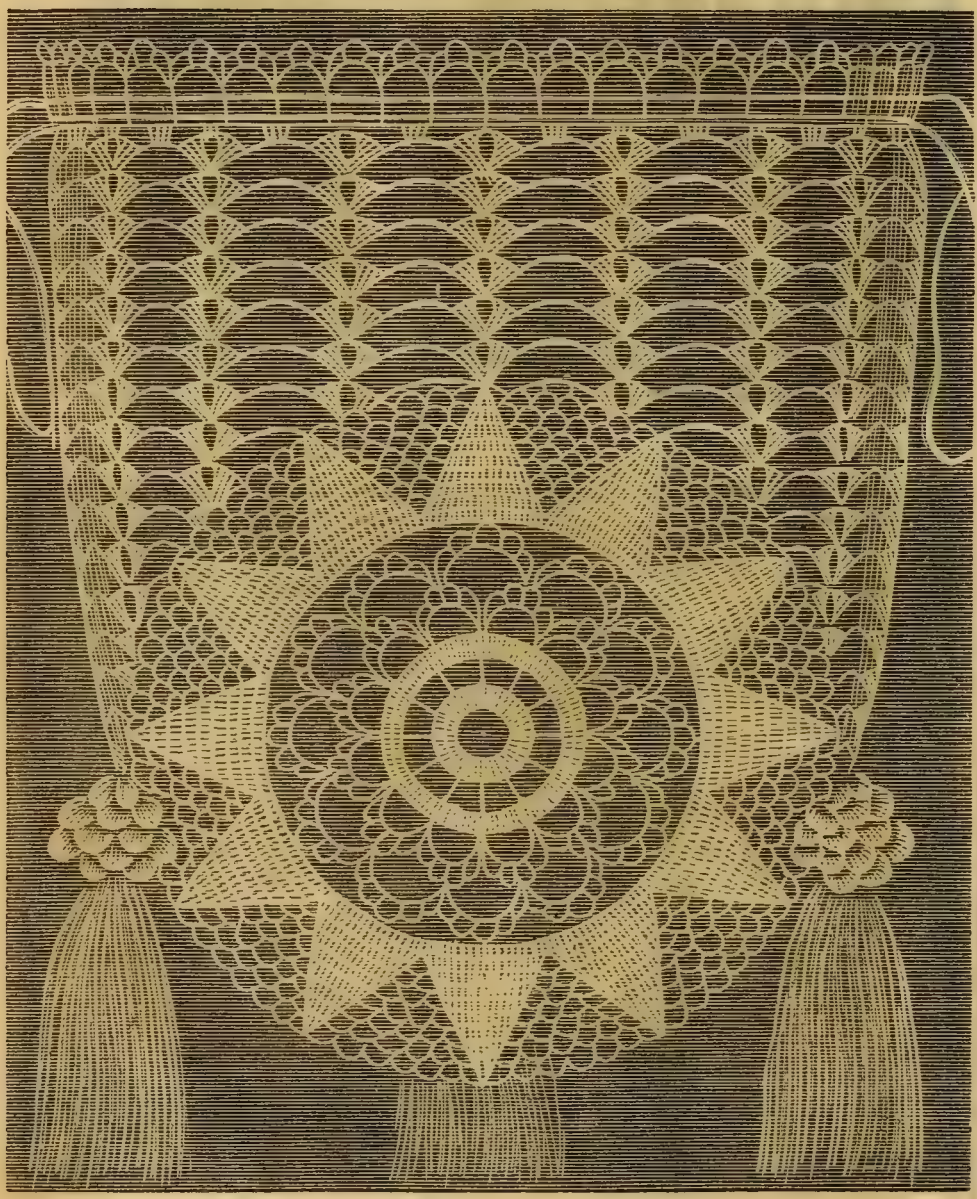
PRINCESSES KNITTING.

HONEYCOMB KNITTING, FOR A SOFA CUSHION.



CROCHET BAG.

(*See description, Work Department.*)



FRENCH UNDERSKIRT.

IN THE NEW STYLE OF CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

CORONETS.

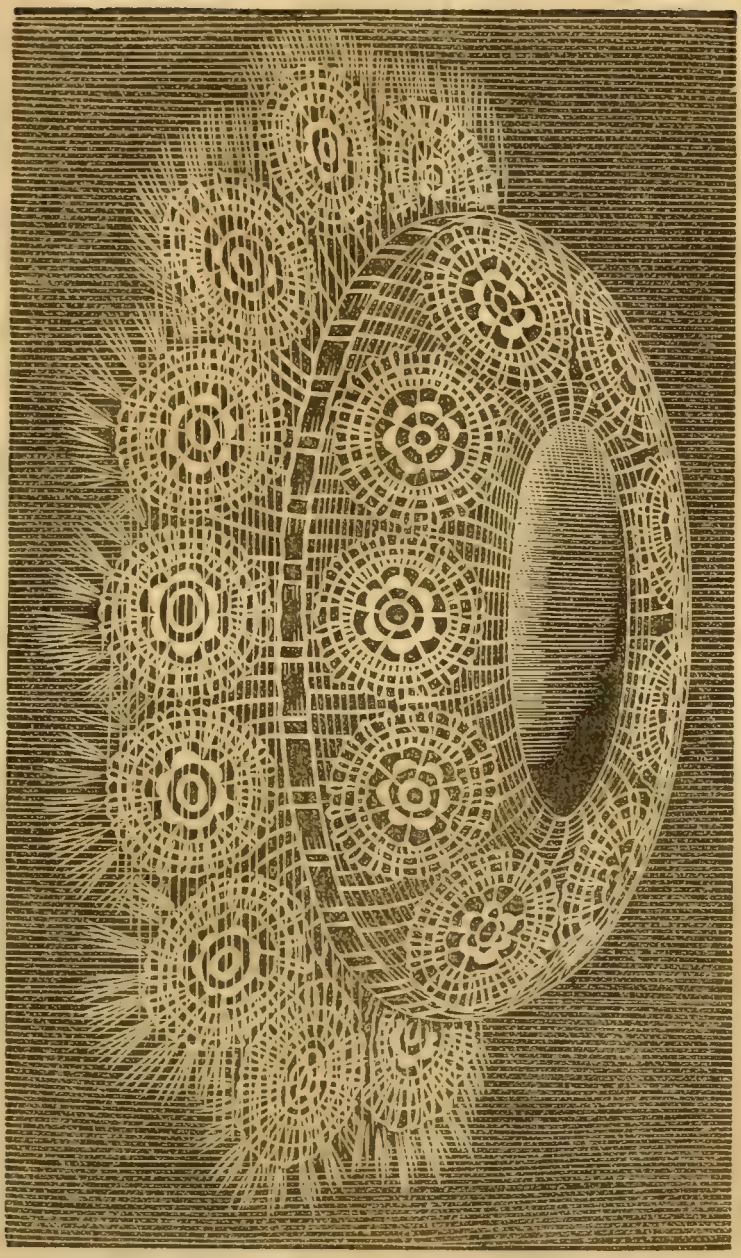
Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—Coronet of black velvet, trimmed with leaves of the same material, intermixed with gold. A white ostrich feather is placed on one side of the headdress, and a bow of velvet, with ends of an unequal length, and fringed with gold, on the other side.

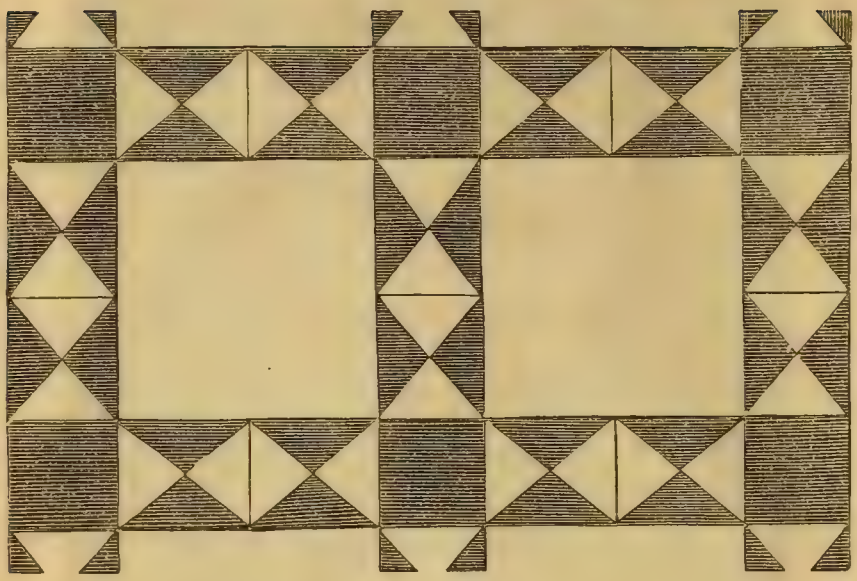
Fig. 2.—Coronet of plaited velvet, edged with gold braid, and having a star quite in the centre; the loops behind should also be made of plaited velvet, edged in the same manner, but not made in such profusion as our illustration shows. Seven long loops for the bottom row, and five for the top one, would be quite sufficient; the plaited velvet being wider, would, consequently, not require so many bows.

CROCHET PINCUSHION.



This is formed of two rows of stars. There are nine in the upper row, which forms the top of the cushion, and twelve in the lower row, which lies as a frill all round. The two rows are joined together with chains of crochet; the top edge is carried over within the circle, which is left open for either a scent-bottle or vase of flowers. A ribbon is laced in and out between the two rows of stars, and serves to draw the crochet tight over the cushion, and finishes with a bow. The following are the instructions for forming the stars: Make a ring of 15 stitches, on this work 24 double stitches; chain 11, loop in, leaving 3 stitches between, repeat 6 times; 2 single, 9 double, 2 single on each of the 11 chain; 1 double, 8 chain, loop in to the centre stitch of the 9 double of last row, repeat all round; 1 double, 3 chain on every other loop all round; 2 double, 3 chain, 2 double, 3 chain between every other double stitch of last row; 1 row over the last, with 3 double, 3 chain, 3 double. A knotted fringe tied into every loop forms a pretty finish to this very ornamental pincushion. The silk lining and the ribbon should match in color. Cotton, No. 18 or 20, would be the right size to use for working the crochet.

PATCHWORK.



INSERTION FOR SKIRTS AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

The medallions which connect the large rosettes are formed of plain lacet braid, the ends being fastened and hidden under the button-hole stitch of the rosettes. The outline of these rosettes is merely traced with the *coarser* embroidery cotton, and button-holed with the finer size. The four leaves in the centre of the medallions are worked in the same manner, but with an open hole in the middle.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

The desert and the forest, lone and solemn,
May know in time the work of mortal hand;
There may arise the temple, tower, and column,
Where only waved the tree or swept the sand.
L. E. L.

I looked again; I saw a lonely shore and a waste
Of dreary sand; I heard the black seas roar,
And winds that rose and fell with fearful haste.
There was one scattered tree, by storm defaced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.
Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;
Now east, then west, he turned with curious eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.—Howitt.

What with the bustle of getting the horses ready, and with all the little *et ceteras* necessary for a journey to the Dead Sea, including some tobacco to keep the Bedouins in a good temper, and "something snug" for the Sheiks, and a few eggs to float upon its waters, and a lot of things that everybody said we should want, and which we were always wishing everybody had never said a word about, I really was quite in a glow, although the morning was raw, and Abdallah had made the coffee at least two hours before it was wanted.

Now, really, it is no joke getting up a private expedition to the Dead Sea, for some want to do this and others to do that; some to go one way and the rest to go another; and the unfortunate caterer of the party—I had that honorable post—is almost driven crazy.

At last all our party were mustered; everybody had everything he wanted for the journey, and the sheik having given the word, eight Englishmen, two Prussians, four Arabs, and seven Bedauwi rode from the city of Jerusalem at seven o'clock in the morning, and were soon on the road to Bethlehem, having crossed the valley of Hinnom and passed along the plain of Rephaim.

In about an hour and a half after we rode through the Jaffa Gate of the "Holy City," we were standing before the Greek convent of Mâr Elyâs, near to which is a well, said to be the one in which the star appeared to the eastern magi. The view from the convent is very fine, commanding the Zion portion of the "Holy City," and the hills round about her. To the westward of the road, upon a slope, is an old ruined tower, called the house of Simeon the Just, who, when he met the infant Saviour, exclaimed: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke ii. 28—30).

There are two roads from the convent of Mâr Elyâs leading to Bethlehem, and as the one to the right passed close by Rachel's tomb, we preferred it to the other.

The tomb lies in a valley, and is kept in order by the Moslems. It is a small, square building, resembling the tomb of an Arab Santon, being surmounted by a dome, and is said to cover the spot where Rachel, the wife of Jacob and mother of Joseph and Benjamin, was interred. It is almost needless to say that the building is modern, having been erected within the last eleven hundred years, before which there was a pyramid of stones, possibly the remains of the pillar Jacob placed upon her grave, which, we are told, was "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem" (Gen. xxxv. 19, 20). It looks somewhat picturesque and lonely in the valley, surrounded by Moslem tombs, its white dome contrasting with the dark mountains and scanty shrubs around.

Afar off to the westward is the village of Rama, where of old there was "a voice heard: lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not." Now it is almost deserted, a poor and miserable village, mourning, as it were, amid the remains of its former greatness. The ruined buildings from whence the strains of music and songs of praise resounded are now mouldering fast.

"The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hushed, the bard is dead."

We wended our way through the dusty roads, with a fierce sun pouring his rays upon us, and no refreshing breeze to cool our scorched faces. By and by the scenery became more pleasing; luxuriant vines clambered over stone fences, and a few silver-leaved olive-trees, shading the dusty road, relieved the landscape; then we saw fields of wavy corn in the valleys

below us; and here and there clusters of fig and olive-trees, and dark, towering cypresses. A few paces more we have turned the corner of the road, and the village of Bethlehem, with its high walls and embattlements, standing upon the summit of a terrace-cultivated hill, bursts upon us.

"*Rouhh! Yallah!*" shouts the sheik; and our party trot past the camels that are crawling along the rugged pathway. "*Tait!*" (good), we have passed under the pointed archway of the gate, and are now within the town, surrounded by the crowd of people ready to welcome our troop, and offering for sale amulets, crosses, bowls, cups, and other things manufactured from the fetid limestone of the Dead Sea; and boxes, beads, and crucifixes of mother-of-pearl, carved with more labor than ingenuity or taste. The town of Bethlehem contains about 3,000 inhabitants, who gain a living chiefly by agriculture and the manufacture of the articles mentioned above. They are a quarrelsome set of people, and have not a prepossessing appearance.

Passing through the crowd, and leaving the town, we proceeded at once to the Latin convent, built by the Empress Helena, but left unfinished (at least according to the original plan) for want of the necessary funds. It is a large building, with massive, high, and embattled walls, like a fortress, covering a great space, and standing on the brow of the hill. The original gate is partly walled up, and a low and narrow door left for the entrance of pilgrims, but too small to admit of the lawless Arabs riding into the court within. As we entered this roofed court or ante-chamber to the convent, we heard the distant pealing of an organ, evidently played by a first-rate musician. Following a lay-brother through a great many passages, we arrived at the chapel, where the priests were performing the services of their Church. I paused and listened to

"The clear slow-dittied chant or varied hymn,
Till all my soul was bathed in ecstasies,
And lapped in Paradise."

It was a solemn thing to stand on the spot where the Saviour of the world was born, and listen to the sacred sounds of that organ and the voices of the priests raised in praise of the Redeemer. The part where we stood was adorned with some excellent paintings of the Spanish and Italian schools, which were much prized by the priests. One of them represented the presentation of the infant Jesus to the magi, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* in the Paul Veronese style; but although I could distinguish the date of 1702, the name of the painter was illegible.

The convent monopolized all our time in Bethlehem, as it contained nearly everything that is interesting in the village. A priest having conducted us to the chapel of St. Catherine, and furnished each of us with a lighted taper, we descended a flight of steps leading into a subterraneous grotto. A small chamber cut in the rock, with a rude pillar supporting its roof, was shown to us at the bottom of the stairs as the sepulchre of the babes that were slain in Bethlehem by order of Herod; a small altar is placed over the pit into which the bodies were thrown. A few paces further, we were shown the spot where Joseph sat when our Saviour was born, and where the magi presented their offerings; an altar is erected to mark this place. A dark, narrow passage leads to the Chapel of the Nativity, which is about forty feet long and eleven feet wide. The roof is rough, and blackened by the smoke from four-

teen lamps, that pour their softening light upon all around; they have been presented by Christian potentates, and are kept burning night and day. At the eastern end of the grotto there is an altar placed against the side of the rock, and in front of it a circle of agate and jasper, surrounded with a silver glory, and encircled by the words *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.** This appears to attract many of the devotees, who are told that this is the spot where the star which went before the magi rested. Near to this gate is a very remarkable curiosity—the manger where our Saviour was laid! On inquiry, however, we learn that the low stone trough now shown *is not the real manger*, which was removed to Rome during the pontificate of Sixtus Quintus. Over the altar which accompanies it is a good painting, representing the stable, and five lamps are placed behind an iron railing, and kept constantly burning.

We now returned towards the Chapel of the Innocents, and entered a chamber hewn out of the rock, immediately in front of it. Here we saw the altars erected over the tombs of the Roman matron Paola and her daughter Eutachia; the tomb of St. Jerome, and the cell in which it is said he studied the Scriptures for fifty years, and prepared the translation in Latin known as the Vulgate; and close by is the tomb of Eusebius, who assisted St. Jerome in his undertaking.

Having seen enough of the curiosities and sights below, we ascended the stairs and proceeded at once to examine the larger or upper church, called *Santa Maria di Bethlehem*, which is built in the form of a Latin cross. It is a handsome church, but it is in a very dilapidated state. From the church we proceeded to the Chamber of Antiquities, where the priest-guide showed us, among several other curiosities (?), the arms of the innocents massacred by order of Herod, and what *he* termed a tongue, also belonging to an innocent!

Our curiosity was now fully gratified, and, being hungry, we repaired to the refectory, and did ample justice to the viands placed before us by the sacristan; then, presenting him with some money for the poor of the convent, we mounted our steeds, and rode forth from the village towards Hebron. After riding for about half a mile, we entered a narrow rocky valley, inclosed by steep hills, which is watered by a silvery rivulet, winding amid the vineyards and orchards, filled with ripe and tempting fruit. This, we were informed, was the Vale of Eschol, where the spies sent by Moses obtained the large bunch of grapes they bare between them to Kadesh. A short ride brought us to an old Saracenic fortress, beneath which, a short distance to the northwest, are the Pools of Solomon, the three reservoirs which formerly assisted in supplying Jerusalem with water. They are so arranged on the sloping ground that the water can descend from the first into the second, and from that into the lowest reservoir; they measure about 270 feet in breadth, and are about 660, 600, and 480 feet in length, respectively, and communicate with an aqueduct that conveyed the water to Jerusalem.

As we were pressed for time, we now pushed on for Hebron at a gallop, passing the Cave of Adullam, in which David hid himself, and then we entered upon a more interesting kind of scenery, the hills being studded with olive, sycamore, and fir-trees, mingled with dwarf and flowering shrubs, vineyards, and watch-towers. Some peasant girls bearing their pitchers of water, some shepherds driving home their flocks, or a distant caravan filled up the otherwise deserted roads.

Circumstances obliged us to return immediately to Jerusalem, without even visiting Hebron, and to proceed by another route, one more generally taken, and, perhaps, far more agreeable. As soon, therefore, as our affairs were again arranged, we proceeded along the dry bed of the brook Kedron towards Mar Saba, amid a dreary yet grand kind of scenery, which became more wild and gloomy as we approached the Convent of Santa Saba, which we entered about five hours after we had started from Jerusalem. The monks received us with a heartiness that we little expected; but our stay was of short duration. We slept there the night, and at three o'clock in the morning were winding along the wild and gloomy road among the picturesque mountains of Engedi. At length the waters of that gloomy sea appeared in the distance, and we all pushed on as fast as the steep and uneven road would allow us.

We had read all sorts of extraordinary stories connected with this sea, and were full of conjectures respecting its peculiarities. Some said that no living creature could exist near to it; others that birds flying over it dropped down dead; and, in fact, all that was true and wonderful, untrue and impossible, were stated and commented upon during our ride to its shores. On our road we saw and procured some of the famous apples which grow

* Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

"Near that bituminous lake where Sodom stood,"

and which are said to

"Tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips."

They look like a small orange externally, and some of them that were dried and shrivelled sounded as if filled with sand when we shook them. On pressing them, they burst like a puff-ball, and left only the rind and a few shreds in our hands.

At length we halted upon its pebbled shores, strewn with pieces of wood, branches of trees, and fragments of blackened rocks, that gave a sad and unnatural aspect to the whole scene.

This lake has received various names. In the Scriptures we find it called the "Sea of the plain" (Deut. iii. 17; iv. 49); the "salt sea" (Deut. iii. 17; Josh. xv. 5); the "salt sea eastward" (Numb. xxxiv. 3); and the "east sea" (Ezek. lxvii. 18; Joel ii. 20). The Greek and Roman writers frequently mention it as the "Lake Asphaltites" (Λίμνην Ασφαλτιτιν), and the Dead Sea (*Mare mortuum*). It has been called in more modern times the "bituminous lake," the "Sea of Sodom," and the "sea of the desert." The natives of the country call it *Bahr Luth* or *Lût* (the sea of Lot); *Bahr el Mont* (the Dead Sea); and sometimes *Bahr Mutneh* (the stinking sea).

Josephus estimated the length at 72½, and its breadth at 18¾, Roman miles;* and Diodorus Siculus nearly agrees with him; but it is almost needless to state that this estimate is not correct. Dr. Robinson reckons its length at 50, and its breadth at 12 English statute miles, which is generally admitted to be pretty accurate. The depth of this lake varies considerably. Molyneaux sounded to the depth of 225 fathoms (1,350 feet) in the northern part, without ascertaining that the lead had reached the bottom. It was ascertained by the United States Expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Lynch, that the part of the sea to the north of the peninsula is deep, and that which lies southward of it is shallow. In the former, the soundings, which were very extensive and exact, show a depth of 116, 173, 177½, 218, 184, and 195 fathoms; in the latter, the soundings suddenly decrease to 3, 2¼, 1¾, and 1 fathoms; and at the extreme south, between Usdum and Sâfieh, to half a foot. It therefore appears that the bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, one elevated and lying about 13 feet below the surface; the other depressed, and averaging about 1,300 feet below the surface.

The grim mountains of Moab rise to about 2,000 feet above and from the verge of the sea on the east, forming one of its boundaries, and the western shores are girt by part of the hills of Judea, which rise to about 1500 feet above the sea. Both these ranges are intersected by numerous gorges, down which the mountain torrents rush wildly along,

"With a fearful sound,
Leaping o'er rocks with a giant's bound,"

depositing gravel, mud, and sand on the shores of the "Salt Sea" below, where they form innumerable small deltas. The western shores in some parts are covered with large boulders of conglomerates, blanched by the sun, and incrusted with salt, contrasting very strongly with the scorched and brown hills that form its boundary, and the slimy mud deposited along its margin. On the eastern margin of the sea, near the Wady-el-Môjeb or River Arnon, the huge boulders of trap and tufa seem to vie, in the intensity of their sombreness, with the arid hills that tower above them, looking like a vast heap of volcanic ashes: the whole forming a strong contrast to the yellow mud of the delta at the mouth of the Arnon, and the waters of the lake itself.

The exact level of the surface of the Dead Sea has frequently been disputed within the last few years; but it has now been decided. In March, 1838, Messrs. Moore and Beke first observed the level of this sea to be considerably below that of the Mediterranean, by means of the boiling point of water; and, from various barometrical and thermometrical observations, they inferred that its surface was about 500 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.* A few months afterwards Professor Schubert made some barometrical observations, which led him to conclude that its depression was 598.5 Paris feet;† whilst Messrs. Russegger and Berton, in 1838, made the depression nearly 1,400 feet below the Mediterranean, by barometrical observations.‡ We are indebted to Lieutenant Symonds, of the Royal Engineers, for deciding this contested point by trigonometrical observations. This officer, after surveying two different routes, ascertained the level of the Dead Sea to be 1,337 feet below that of the Mediterranean. It is said that the level varies from 10 to 12 feet at times, being raised during the

* A Roman mile is equivalent to 1614 English yards, or very nearly eleven-twelfths of an English statute mile.

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. vii. p. 456; v. ix. p. 64.

† Allgemeine Zeitung. Nos. 83 and 109.

‡ Bergham's Almanac for 1840, p. 481.

rainy season by the influx of the Jordan, the mountain torrents, and other streams, and lowered during the hot season by evaporation.

The mountains around the sea are chiefly limestone, with occasional strata of flint or coarse agate, projecting a little from the surface; but at Usdum, which is towards its southern extremity, there is a ridge about nine miles long, uneven and very rugged, varying from 100 to 150 feet in height, composed wholly of rock salt, with layers of chalky limestone. The salt is intensely bitter, and has a dark, dirty appearance. Dr. Robinson and his party discovered a cavern terminating in a gallery, which extended nearly 400 feet into this ridge, the floor, sides, and roof being composed of salt; a rapid stream of water passing along the bottom. The United States Expedition, under Lieutenant Lynch, discovered a pillar of salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind, on the eastern side of Usdum, about one-third of the distance from the north end of the ridge of salt. This pillar was about 43 feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from 40 to 60 feet above the level of the sea, and the peculiar shape is supposed to be caused by the winter rains.

In some parts of the northern extremity of the sea there is a black shining stone, which partially ignites in the fire, emitting a smell like bitumen, and leaving a whitish kind of stone behind, and if friction is employed, the same odor is perceptible on account of its being strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen; it is the "stink stone" described by Buckhardt, Maundrell, Pocock, and others. This fetid igneous limestone is called by the natives "Hagiar Mousa," or "the stone of Moses," and is probably the stone that Josephus says "is cast up at certain times of the year, and cannot bear the touch of blood." As it is capable of being polished, it is made into cups, bowls, amulets, rosaries, etc. Sulphur and nitre have been picked up in some parts; the former in the northern, and the latter on the southern shores; and also bitumen, or asphaltum, which is sometimes called Jews' pitch; it is said to be thrown up in a liquid form from the bottom of the lake, and afterwards hardened by the heat of the sun; but the natives say that it is seldom found in large quantities in the sea, although several thousand pounds of it were obtained by them after the earthquake in 1837. The general opinion as to the source of the bitumen appears to be the existence of active volcanoes under the lake, which, at certain periods, pour out their contents, and thus contribute to preserve to the water its peculiar properties.

Dr. Shaw calculated that the Jordan sends into the Dead Sea six millions and ninety thousand tons of water every year, and yet there is scarcely any visible increase or diminution of the height of its waters.

Several of us bathed in the sea, and endeavored to swim, but such was the extraordinary buoyancy of its waters that I found myself kicking my legs fruitlessly in the air, and throwing water over my head, a feat that soon made me terminate the performance, as my eyes, nose, and mouth had received such a dosing that I was half mad with the pain caused by the acridity of the waters, and my hair was sticking out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," in consequence of its incrustation with salt. How any one could remain in its waters, picking a fowl, loading and firing a pistol, or writing a letter, is a mystery to me, for that bath in the Dead Sea gave me a week's pain, and the thought of it, even now, makes me tingle as if I had the prickly heat.

Its waters are intolerably salt, bitter, and nauseous, and as the analysis of them is interesting, I subjoin those made by Dr. Marcet in 1807, and Dr. Apjohn in 1839:—

Ingredients.	Marcet.	Apjohn.
Specific Gravity	1211	1.153
Boiling Point	—	221° F.
Chloride of Magnesium	10.243	7.370
" Calcium	3.720	2.458
" Sodium	10.360	7.829
" Potassium	—	0.872
" Manganese	—	0.005
Sulphate of Lime	0.054	0.075
Bromide of Magnesium	—	0.201
	24.580	18.780
Water	75.420	81.220
	100	100

The water analyzed by Dr. Apjohn was taken half a mile from the mouth of the Jordan, in the rainy season; and his analysis does not give so great an amount of salts as those that were examined by other chemists; neither did he detect alumina or ammonia, discovered by Gmelin; or iron, silica, and bitumen, by the Messrs. Herapath.

It was a solemn scene, that calm lake of heavy waters before us, bordered by barren hills and shores, devoid of life, and the stillness around, only broken by

> "The surge's distant moan:
> All else is hushed! so silent, so profound,
> As if some viewless power presiding round
> With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
> Had spread for ages the repose of death."

A sad landscape, uncheered by even a blade of grass; but

"Where desert grandeur frowns in pomp sublime,
For beneath those waters lie the damned Cities of the Plain."

In a few hours after we had gazed our last upon its waters, we were in Jerusalem settling with Abdallah for the escort; another hour found us galloping along the Jaffa road, and in six hours and a half after we left Jerusalem we were seated in a Jaffa café, enjoying ourselves after the fatiguing ride.

This was our last night in Palestine, a region of the world possessing the highest interest, and therefore I could not help regretting that my stay had been so short; but the recollection of the visits to its many interesting sights is as vivid and pleasing now as when they were entered in my journal; and though I would fain remain longer amid the places which from earliest childhood I had desired to visit, I am compelled to leave for another land, and to say to Palestine—farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—a sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Coming to-day?"

"Yes."

"Why can't she stay at school a year or two longer?"

"Because she is getting too old. She is now eighteen, and her father wishes her to come here for a year before she joins him at Paris. We must submit, I think, Walter, though I dread the visit as much as you do."

"It is a horrid bore!"

And having arrived at this sage conclusion, Walter Hart turned his head wearily on the sofa cushion and went to sleep. His mother sat sewing for a few moments, and then quitted the room, closing the door after her softly, that she might not disturb her son's slumbers.

Who are they? Yes, to be sure; I forget that you do not know them as well as I do. Mrs. Hart was the widow of a retired banker, who, after squaring up his money matters so as to insure his family a handsome fortune, retired finally from worldly cares, leaving his wife, handsome and rich, with one child, the hero of our story. Devoted to her husband through his life, Mrs. Hart would have been inconsolable for his loss, had not the child filled up the gap in her affections.

From his early childhood Walter had been very delicate. Without any chronic disease, he inherited from his father a tendency to troubles with his lungs, and a disposition to severe headaches. Living secluded from her neighbors, in a lovely country-seat near Philadelphia, Mrs. Hart had given her whole life to her son. Every pain he suffered was the subject of the most anxious solicitude, and questions were put every moment, till the boy really sought for symptoms till he fancied he felt them. He had gone through school life and college with a fair amount of credit; but, never exerting his really fine intellect to its full capacity, he had done no more than pass his examinations creditably, never making any mark among his classmates. Once home again, the anxious maternal care, and a dawdling, lazy disposition, made him at first imagine, then *really* suffer from ill health.

Let me daguerreotype him as he lay upon the sofa on the day my story opens. A tall, well-developed figure, with broad shoulders, small, well-shaped feet, and hands white and delicate as a lady's; a face with well-cut, regular features, shaded by curling dark brown hair; pale, rather sallow complexion; a heavy brown moustache, and long black eyelashes. His eyes, when open, are large, dark hazel, with a dreamy, listless expression, in perfect keeping with his languid movements and low-toned, drawling voice.

The room was still; only the soft June air sometimes lifted the lace curtains or stirred the leaves of the clematis that hung over the window. The house was still; the servants were sitting idly in the kitchen, and Mrs. Hart was lying down in her own room. A carriage drove up to the door slowly and almost noiselessly on the well-kept gravelled road.

"Open the door!"—and an impatient hand rattled the carriage-door handle. "Mercy on me!"—and out sprang the occupant of the carriage. "I say," she said, turning to the driver, "if you ever want a situation as driver of a hearse, send to me, and I'll recommend you. Shameful, too, to drive the way you do, with such a team as that." And, jerking off her gloves, she began to pat the horse nearest

her on the neck. "Soh, pet! See, he likes it! Soh! easy! easy!"

"Mrs. Hart is lying down. Will you walk in?" said the girl who had opened the door.

"Lying down? Is there anybody else at home?"

"Mr. Walter is asleep."

"Asleep! The idea of a young man sleeping in the middle of the day!"

"Shall I show you to your room?"

"Yes. Here, John, Jerry, Bob—"

"My name 's William, miss," said the coachman.

"Well, William, send somebody to carry up my trunks. Now, Araminta Elizabeth, lead the way."

The smiling girl, first suggesting that her name was Hetty, led the way to a large, cool room, exquisitely furnished; and, having assisted in the unpacking of the trunks, left the young lady to refresh herself after her journey by a bath and nap, if she saw fit.

The bath over, toilet made, and no sleepiness suggesting bed, Miss Kate Arnold began to take a survey of the surrounding country from her window. Do you want her portrait?

She is like Mrs. Hart in many respects, for her mother was that lady's twin sister. A graceful figure, medium height, small hands and feet, jet black hair of great length and profusion, large black eyes, good features, and white, even teeth the ladies possess in common; but years have stricken the bloom from Mrs. Hart's cheek, planted furrows in her brow, and sown gray threads in her hair, while her niece retains the beauties of youth and perfect health. The ruddy blood mantles on her smooth cheek, relieving the dark, clear complexion, while her eyes flash with energy, merriment, or passion, as the mood takes her. Boarding-school has failed to tame her, and with a fine mind and talents, she has passed through her studies brilliantly, but with startling marks of insubordination and unruly conduct against the glowing list of prizes awarded for music, composition, drawing, and languages.

Having taken a survey of the lawn from one window, the wide stretch of wood-dotted country from another, and examined the furniture and arrangement of her room, Miss Kate began to grow restless, and wish somebody would come to welcome her. She twitched the smooth, glossy braids of hair into a lower sweep on her cheek, adjusted the neck and sleeves of her delicate pink lawn dress, took a look at her little slippers, and having decided that for once in her life she looked neat, she started to find her aunt and cousin.

The door of the sitting-room stood open. One look showed her her aunt, whom she recognized as a lady who paid her formal visits while she was at school; and another revealed the tall form on the sofa, whom she supposed was her Cousin Walter, as yet unknown. Mrs. Hart was sewing on a piece of elaborate embroidery, and there was no sound in the room save the deep inspirations of the sleeper.

"Why, Aunt Martha, you did not know I was here, did you?" And the clear, rich voice was pitched to a tone of rather loud surprise.

Mrs. Hart's finger was laid on her lip. "Softly, my dear; don't waken your cousin! I am very glad to see you," she added, in a low tone; "but I thought you might like to rest after your journey."

"Oh, I wasn't tired! I stayed in New York last night with Mrs. Lawson, my friend Laura's mother."

"Speak lower, dear; see, you disturb Walter." And in truth the sleeper stirred, and turned his head on the pillow, so as to face the ladies.

"What 's the matter with him?" said Kate, taking a long, curious look at her cousin.

"He 's been suffering all day with one of his bad nervous headaches."

"*His* headaches! Is there any particular kind that he appropriates entirely?"

"My dear, don't jest on a subject that gives me such constant pain."

"I didn't mean anything; kiss and make up," said Kate, penitently.

At this moment Walter woke. "Mother."

"Oh, murder," said Kate, in a kind of stage aside, "hasn't he got any more voice than that!"

"Your cousin has come, Walter."

"Yes, here I am. How do you feel?" And Kate held out her hand, as if she was afraid her cousin might fall to pieces if she touched him.

"Not very well," was the languid reply. "Why, what a color you have! Are you feverish?"

"Feverish! Thank you, no!"

"Do you mean to say that you always have such cheeks?"

"Why, certainly. Why not? I am always well."

"Happy girl!" sighed Walter. "Ah, me! health is a blessing I shall never enjoy."

"Why not? anything chronic?" asked Kate, her eyes flashing mischievously.

Walter muttered something about heartlessness, and turned away with a weary sigh.

Tea-time brought a little tray of toast and tea to the side of the interesting invalid, and Mrs. Hart, having seen that he was comfortably propped up, led the way to the dining-room.

With a quick perception, sharpened by the prospect of a dull, lugubrious visit, Kate began already to have some inkling of the true state of things. A few questions, made with an appearance of sympathizing interest, drew from Mrs. Hart long accounts of her boy's sufferings, and Kate drew the shrewd inference that her cousin's troubles lay as much in imaginary as in real sickness.

"You say Dr. Holmes recommends exercise?"

"Yes; Walter rides whenever he feels equal to the exertion."

"I am glad I bought a new habit. Father wished me to ride well, and I have gone to riding-school for four years."

"Your cousin very seldom rides on horseback; he goes in the carriage. We have a very careful driver."

"But that 's not *exercise*," persisted Kate.

"It is as much as he is equal to."

Walter was sitting up when they returned to the sitting-room; but his hand supported his head, and a bottle of eau de cologne stood on the table beside him.

"You are better, my son?" asked his mother.

"A little easier just at this moment, but I shall see Dr. Holmes to-morrow. I am convinced that there is danger of congestion when the head feels as mine does."

"Good gracious!" said Kate. "I thought that killed people."

"It is very often fatal," said Walter, patiently.

"My dear son?" said his mother, pleadingly.

"I guess he won't die to-night, auntie," said Kate, gayly; "don't look so forlorn. Ain't you ashamed to worry her so?" she added, turning fiercely upon Walter.

Mother and son exchanged glances of dismay at the young lady's utter want of sympathy, and Mrs. Hart said:—

"Young people who are in high health cannot appreciate the sufferings of those who are ill, unless they see some outward sign of pain—a broken limb or brain fever."

"Yet," sighed Walter, "the more dangerous diseases are subtle; slow of growth, and seldom cause alarm until it is too late for remedy."

"You don't mean it!" said Kate, flying to the glass. "I wonder if I am in a dangerous state. You suggested fever just now. I—I feel faint; I—" And she staggered back.

With one quick bound, Walter sprang to her side, and caught her as she fell. Lifting her in his arms, he bore her to the sofa, to be rewarded by a clear, ringing laugh, and a "Thank you, ever so much! I had no idea a dying man had muscle enough to carry such a heavy weight as I am! Now, don't be angry, cousin; it was only in fun. Confess! You are better; the exertion has done you good?" And she laid a little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, and looked into his face with a winning smile.

"Any sudden excitement will give an artificial strength," was the reply. "I could, under the impulse of the moment, lift more than your weight, not so tremendous, after all," he said, smiling; "but the reaction will come."

"It was cruel to alarm us so for a mere jest," said Mrs. Hart, gravely.

"Yet I proved Walter's chivalry," pleaded Kate. "See how he flew to catch me. I won't do it again."

The dreaded reaction did not come that evening. Twice Walter found himself laughing at Kate's merry account of her harem-scarem freaks at school, and actually recounted some of his own college anecdotes, with an animation that surprised his mother. At ten o'clock all retired, but the *reaction* had not yet come.

The next morning, however, Walter sent for his mother at breakfast-time, and Kate saw neither of them again for some hours. She tried to practise, but a servant was sent to say that Walter could not bear the noise. Then she went to the stable.

"William! William!"

The clear, high call soon brought the man, whose heart Kate had carried entirely, by her admiration of his well-groomed horses.

"Ah, there you are! Have you got any saddle-horses?"

"None fit for a lady."

"Any fit for my cousin? I guess I can ride anything *he* can."

"I don't know, miss," said the man. "When Mr. Walter once gets astride of a horse, that 'ere horse 's got to mind, I tell you. He 's got the best seat and the strongest arm ever I see, and his hand on the reins is as delicate as a lady's. He 's a rare rider when he 's once on a horse; but laws bless you, miss, he rides less and less. When I first come, it was nearly every day to saddle up (that was the year he come home from college), but now it 's months together that he don't look at a horse."

"Oh, William," cried Hetty, coming into

the stable at that moment, "you're to go to town for Dr. Holmes, right off. Mr. Walter's took worse, sudden, and Mrs. Hart's a'most scared to death."

William made a plunge into a dark corner for a saddle, and Kate went rapidly to the house. Her heart was full of sorrow and self-reproach. Had she been mistaken in her estimate of her cousin's illness? Was the quick, generous impulse to save her from falling really the result of over-excitement, and was this the dreaded reaction? Quick steps brought her soon to the door of her cousin's room, and her loud rap brought her aunt to the door.

"Is he very ill?"

"Quietly, dear; your rap startled him dreadfully. His nervous system is so delicate that we avoid all sudden noises."

"But, Aunt Martha, what is it?"

"He is afraid he has ruptured a bloodvessel. He complains of strange feelings in the chest and a fulness about the heart."

"Ruptured a bloodvessel! Catching me?" gasped Kate, turning very pale.

"Mother!" came in a feeble voice from the room.

"I must go, dear. You will find books in the library and pictures in the portfolios; amuse yourself as well as you can."

Amuse herself! Kate crept away from the door feeling more guilty and miserable than, in her usually high state of spirits, she had ever imagined it possible for her to feel. The thought that, by a freak of mischievous gayety, she had startled her cousin into an exertion ending so disastrously, completely sobered her, and even Mrs. Hart herself did not wait more anxiously for the doctor than the young girl who had ridiculed her cousin the previous day.

The doctor had made his visit, written his prescription, cheered Mrs. Hart, persuaded Walter that there was no immediate danger, and was walking slowly across the entry, when a hand was laid on his arm, and a low "How is he?" came in trembling tones to his ear.

"Another anxious female," was his inward comment. Aloud he said: "I think he will do very well."

"Has he ruptured a bloodvessel?"

"Botheration!—I mean no."

"He hasn't? Hurra!" Back came the color to the full cheek, and the light to the dark eye. "Excuse me, doctor, but—ain't it jolly? Then he ain't very bad, only—but bless me, doctor, this is the second fatal disease he has been threatened with since yesterday."

"Y-e-e-s."

"Are they always so dangerous—these attacks, I mean?"

"Who are you?" said the doctor, abruptly.

"Me? Oh, I am Kate Arnold, Mrs. Hart's niece. I'm to stay here for a year, and then go to my father; he's in Paris."

"Kate Arnold!" said the old doctor, drawing the young girl up to him; "dear! dear! such a big girl! Why, my child, I knew your mother from her birth till her death, when you were a wee tot of a thing. So you've come home from school. Yes, yes, Mrs. Hart was telling me you were to come." And a fatherly kiss fell upon Kate's forehead.

"Tell me," said Kate, coaxingly, "is it always so stupid here? How often is my cousin sick?"

"Well, pretty often. You see, my dear, your cousin wants stimulus to exertion. He fairly creates illness by looking so hard for it."

"Then he *is* sick to-day."

"Yes, feverish and languid."

"Are you coming to-morrow?"

"Not unless I am sent for. I have left some pills that will make all right, I hope." And away went the doctor.

"Congestion of the brain, and rupture of a bloodvessel in the space of twenty-four hours," thought Kate. "No wonder he's sick if his fancy takes such freaks as that."

Four days passed, wearily enough for Kate. Her cousin kept his room, and her aunt was only visible at meal times. On the fifth day, driven desperate by having nothing to do, and the quiet tedium of the house, Kate donned her riding habit, and made William saddle Nero, Walter's horse, and off she went for a ride. She soon found that she had undertaken as much as she could manage: Nero, a spirited horse at any time, was not accustomed to such a light weight; the heavy cloth skirt annoyed him, and he soon became restive. Alone in a, to her, new part of the country, with a shying, kicking, self-willed steed, Miss Arnold was in her element. It was a trial of determination and strength, or what the young lady herself would have denominated "pluck."

The interesting invalid, feeling better, came down to the sitting-room in the afternoon. His mother arranged his pillows, and he was lying lazily watching the clouds when Kate dashed in, her habit draggled with dust, her hair disordered, and her hat missing entirely.

"See here, cousin," was her salutation, "why don't you teach that horse of yours to mind the rein better?"

"Why, where have you been?" said Walter, sitting up in astonishment.

"I hav'n't the slightest idea. Over some of the roads round here. We had a fearful fight; Nero—"

"Nero! *You* ride Nero?"

"Why not? But I won't brag, for he had the best of it. He threw me off near the gate here, but William was in time to catch him."

"Threw you off? Are you hurt?"

"There 's something the matter with the left wrist; nothing much, I guess."

"Let me see!"

"Bother!" was the laughing reply; then in a serious tone the gypsy added: "No! you are very kind, but I 'm afraid you will discover a compound fracture with dislocation and inflammation, while I believe now that it is only a slight sprain, and I had rather continue in that belief."

Walter flushed at the bantering tone, and then said, quietly—

"I hope you will prove correct."

"How are you? You forget that I have not seen you for four days; not since that bloodvessel broke—it is mended?"

"I am better."

"Don't look so grave. I am a rattle-brain, I know; but I was terribly frightened at first, I assure you. Seriously now, cousin," and she sat down beside him, "don't you think you would feel better if you did something?"

"Did something? I am sure I do everything; I try every remedy—"

"Oh bother! I don't mean that; I mean something useful—learned a profession, or went into business, or something?"

"I cannot. My wretched state of health is a bar to any continuous exertion. I shall not cumber this earth long," with a long sigh.

"Dear me, anything new? Brain fever? consumption?"

"I fear so; Dr. Holmes does not understand my case. He advises exertion when every exertion is followed by fearful prostration. I am convinced that my lungs are affected. Place your ear here on my chest. Don't you hear a rumbling noise?"

"Yes, I hear it. Are you sure you have not swallowed a horse and cart—or wait, it sounds more like a rattlesnake. Why, Walter, it 's your shirt front."

"Hang the shirt bosom," was the polite reply. "Pardon me, I did not mean to be rude, but—"

"I provoked you, it 's all right! I believe in retaliation. I laugh at you, and give you leave to be rude if it is any relief to your wretched state of health."

"A truce!" cried Walter, holding out his hand.

"Agreed!" was Kate's reply, as she shook it heartily. "To seal the contract, ride with me to-morrow."

"I am afraid."

"I ain't. It won't kill you. Come; promise."

"But your wrist?"

"A mere nothing!"

But the wrist proved the bar in the way, after all. In the morning it was so much inflamed that Mrs. Hart insisted upon sending for Dr. Holmes, and the old gentleman pronounced it a dislocation, very much aggravated by the night's neglect. The painful operation of bringing the joints back into place was borne unflinchingly, only an ashy whiteness round the young girl's lips betraying how acute was the suffering.

Walter complimented her upon her fortitude, and was thanked by a smile, that was intended to be cheerful, though the white lips writhed with pain.

For several days the young lady had to submit to be waited upon by Hetty, while her arm hung useless in a sling. Not once did a word of complaint fall from her. She ran with her free light step from one room to another, now turning over pictures, now playing scraps of tunes with one hand, now singing gay songs, ever cheerful and gay, ever the life of the house.

She was sitting at the piano one afternoon, playing over an air with her right hand, when Walter came in.

"Let me hear you sing," he said.

"Hear me sing—certainly."

"I will play your accompaniment."

"You! Do you play?"

"Yes. Now, what will you sing? Try the soprano—"

"Contralto, my friend; I cannot sing soprano songs well."

"Contralto. Suppose we try the prison duet from 'Il Trovatore.' Here is the score."

A few chords by way of prelude, and then Walter began to sing. His voice was a pure, mellow tenor, and both vocally and instrumentally, his musical talents showed high cultivation. Kate's clear, rich notes blended with his, and the music sent a thrill of pleasure through the mother, who listened in the next room.

While his cousin's cheerfulness during days of suffering was silently rebuking his own desponding spirit, Walter kept about, looking

and feeling better than he had for months; but the day that Kate first played for him with both hands free for the piano, he had an attack of headache that sent him off to bed early in the day. The next day brought him down again; but his fears of incipient inflammation of the brain kept him very quiet for several days.

Kate's spirits, kept in training while she was crippled, flew out of all bounds with regained freedom of action. The house rang with her high voice, the piano fairly trembled with the vigorous polkas and waltzes she made it perform, and total annihilation was threatened to Walter's nerves. She nearly tormented him to death. Now a pin popped up from the sofa cushion to meet his cheek, and as he started, a merry laugh informed him from whence it came. Now the mixture in his medicine bottle was found to have been exchanged for a dose of molasses and water, while his pills tasted marvellously like raw dough. His eau de cologne was scented with turpentine, and his slippers filled with wax. At last he was driven to his own room for refuge, and Mrs. Hart, having sent for a doctor, informed Kate that she was fearful that there was inflammation of the lungs impending. A nervous cough, heard now and then from the sick room, was pointed out as confirmation of the melancholy fact.

Dr. Holmes met the young lady on the porch as he went in.

"Well," he said, after greeting her affectionately, "what is the matter to-day?"

"Oh, very serious," said Kate, pulling on a long face. "Inflammation of the duoginum."

"The what?"

"Well, there 's something inflamed. Cousin Walter has been inflamed all over since I came; but now the inflammation is somewhere else."

"Indeed! Perhaps his heart 's affected," said the doctor, smiling.

"Not a bit of it; his heart is nothing but a circulating medium for blood that inflames."

"I am afraid you are something of a madcap."

"I am afraid I am."

And so the conversation ended. Not so the effects of it. From his open window Walter had heard every word uttered by the two, and Dr. Holmes, to his surprise, was greeted with "So you think I am a hypochondriac?"

"I do and I don't," was the answer.

"Not satisfactory."

"I will explain. I know you are not in robust health; but I think that, if you were to forget your own feelings for a time, and not search so closely for the meaning of every ache or uncomfortable sensation, you would really lose these sensations."

"How can man forget his feelings?"

"By having an interest in something else."

"You think selfishness is at the root of all my troubles?"

"Frankly, I do."

"Thank you! Shake hands."

"You see you have the right stuff in you, or you would be offended."

"I 'll remember what you say. Now, then, what is the first step towards getting rid of feelings?"

"Plenty of exercise in the open air, plain diet, and sleep from fatigue, not opiate."

"I 'll try it."

"Good! Call on me when the prescription cures."

"I will."

Kate was considerably astonished to see her inflamed cousin coming down stairs, an hour later, in his riding-dress, instead of the dressing-gown he had worn every day since she came to her aunt's; she was still more astonished when he invited her to ride with him; and her surprise reached its climax when the York wagon was brought to the door, and, after handing her in, her cousin sprang lightly after her, and whipped the horses to a full trot.

"Hurrah! that 's something like," she cried, gleefully. "That 's a splendid team, Walter; that off horse is a perfect beauty!"

"You have been my doctor," said Walter, abruptly. "Now you must agree to hear some wholesome advice from me."

"Go ahead," was the reply.

"To begin, your manners want polish; your movements are too abrupt, and your language partakes too much of the—excuse me—rowdy nature."

"Hey! go in, cousin! You 've waked up with a vengeance."

"Suppose we agree to try to split the difference, and while I try to grow more energetic, you try to subdue your high spirits, to become, in short—"

"Ladylike. I know the word; I heard nothing else from morning till night at school. Well, it is a bargain."

This was the first of the rides, but they became daily occurrences; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in the more sociable wagon. The evenings were passed with music, chess, and conversation, and the afternoons sometimes with a walk, oftener with books.

The terrible racking headaches became of less frequent occurrence, and when they did come,

Walter had a new hand laid softly on his forehead, a new voice softened for his ear. Seeing how he strove to throw off the old habits, all the woman in Kate rose before his real suffering, and no one was more ready to minister to his wants at such times than his hoyden cousin.

She had been but three months at her aunt's when her father, most unexpectedly, summoned her to join him at Paris; an escort was found, and her arrangements made to leave.

She was to leave for New York in the morning, and the last evening together had come. Mrs. Hart left the cousins together, and to Kate's surprise, Walter asked her to give up her journey, to make his home hers, to be his wife.

"I cannot, cousin."

"But why not?"

"I could not be happy with—with—forgive me if I pain you, but I cannot love a man who has no aim in life, no object, no ambition."

"What would you have me do? I have no occasion to go into business; I have as much money as I want."

"Is money-making the only object of life?"

"Tell me what you would have me do."

"I would have you work, work for others, learn a profession, and practise it for good. I would have you leave this idle, useless, aimless existence, to

'Give the world assurance of a *man*.'

Do you remember Longfellow's lines, cousin?—

'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a *hero* in the strife!'"

"And then, when I come to you as a working man, you will—"

"I will come home to you. In the mean time, trust me that I will earnestly endeavor to do my part in the 'world's broad field of battle,' and also to conquer the faults that grieve you now."

There was a tender parting, and Kate started to cross the broad Atlantic.

Three years later.

Mr. Arnold has come to Philadelphia to live, having retired from business and being weary of Parisian life. Among the parties given to the rich merchant and his daughter, was one at Mrs. Lawson's, the mother of Kate's old schoolmate, and here we meet our heroine again. She was standing in an easy, graceful attitude near one of the marble-topped tables, conversing with a French gentleman, whose ignorance of English threw him upon her tender mercies for entertainment, when a stir in the groups near the door made them both look towards it.

"It is Dr. Hart," said Miss Lawson, approaching the couple. "Since his return from Washington, he has been quite a hero."

"Returned from Washington?"

"Yes. You know he studied medicine years ago, but dropped it from ill health. About three years ago he resumed his studies, took his diploma, and commenced practice. Last summer he went down to Washington to attend on the sick as nurse and physician, and has returned to meet the honor he so fairly earned by his fearless, energetic devotion to the sufferers."

"My *hero* in the strife!" said Kate's heart; and "My Cousin Walter!" her voice cried, a moment later, as a tall, manly-looking gentleman held out both hands to greet her.

"Miss Arnold," said a voice just near enough to be heard by the cousins, "brings from Paris its most finished manners."

Kate looked at Walter with all the old merriment in her eyes. "We've split the difference," she whispered.

"And you are mine?"

"Yours."

NOT A PUFF FOR QUACK REMEDIES.

BY S. S. B.

FOUNTAINS of health, royal roads to learning, and philosophers' stones, are phantoms which haunt every age. There is an aching in the human heart for a certain path to certain good, a yearning for some panacea for all ills, physical, mental, and spiritual.

I make this sort of a preamble, that I may own myself in the wrong in a respectable way, in common with the rest of my species.

I have always had a tender leaning towards all universal restoratives; an exuberance of faith, I have called it, though some of my neighbors have dubbed my peculiarity as akin to folly.

When I first woke to a consciousness of the needs of my whole being, it was to an alarming sense of deficiencies, both internal and external, secret and evident. I *almost* had much that was desirable; but every attractive trait or feature was marred by some drawback, and seemed to need the touch of a fairy's wand to realize the original intention of Dame Nature.

My masses of waving hair would have made a headdress fit for a Juno; but, alas, they were of

the hue of an aged carrot. My skin was fair as the early blush-rose, but every breath of spring or summer sowed it with unwelcome constellations, which I studied before my looking-glass, without need of Herschel or even Burritt to expound them. My eyes were large, brown, and expressive, but the red rims which surrounded them served as a continual halo to dim their brightness. My small taper fingers were dotted over with warts, which came like squatters, without leave or license, and obstinately held possession in spite of all the potent exorcisms of my school-fellows. My tall, well-formed person would have been queenly, but for an obstinate stoop; and as for my foot, it was "a love" in its way, but ah me! bunions made a timely protest against my growing vanity, and promised me future aches and pains enough to whisper of ignoble martyrdom. So much for my bodily deficiencies.

In mind, Nature seemed to have served me no better. I had a dim notion that there was something in me, a fire which ought to give light at least, though its flickering flame might not serve to warm or invigorate. A certain helpless bashfulness, however, made it impossible for anybody else to more than conjecture what my real gifts and attainments might be. In heart I was all vague yearnings, and kindly, but effectual impulses, without any condensing or directing power, to call harmony and beauty out of the chaos. Such I found myself when at the ripe age of sixteen; I went through with a searching self-examination, and merchant-like, took an account of my stock in trade.

Here was certainly a bitter need of panaceas, nostrums, and beautifiers. The demand, as political economists say, necessitated the supply. I found what I sought: I had not a defect for which there was not a promised remedy.

I need not dwell on my assiduous use of the unrivalled compound which rendered my waving locks a rich, dark brown. What was my horror, when, instead of human admirers, my head was ever surrounded by swarms of buzzing, rejoicing flies, come to revel on the saccharine mixture, which had effected the wonderful change! Shall I ever forget that picnic, where I was the centre of astonishment, as, accompanied by a persevering, winged throng, I vainly dashed about with more than a single "bee in my bonnet!"

As for the preparation which was to remove my vexing, tormenting freckles, it but too effectually fulfilled its engagement. My face was as completely skinned by it, as was my tongue by the ice-cold door-knob, to which I one winter's day applied the "unruly member;" an experiment suggested by my mischievous brother. After much bitter experience, I fell on a mode of treatment for my warts, that made them "fold up their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away;" but it was only to give place to new pests of the same kind, which seemed to come like pigeons to an "old pigeon ground," in greater numbers every year! But enough of my dabbling in quackery for my physical deficiencies. I felt that the higher, nobler part of my being needed too its purifying, renovating, and uplifting.

How I thought and studied, memorized according to rule and without rule, made abstracts and marginal notes, wrote essays and criticisms, and composed high-sounding, nonsensical verses!

I read Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, and Kant, and planned exquisite conversations on the "me and the not me," the subjective and the objective, and the "tendency to introspection, which was a part of my idiosyncrasy." These interesting discussions were doomed to be only the companions of my solitude; in company I was painfully bashful, and could only eject monosyllables at intervals, and then resume the biting of my nails, which seemed the only relief to the gnawing misery which prevailed within me as soon as I was thrown among my fellow-beings.

This cruel, blighting, obscuring bashfulness must be overcome; my determination was taken. Society, constant mingling in gay scenes was recommended, and without a murmur I bowed my head to the necessary stroke. Tall, awkward, and silent, I frequented public places, I danced, I promenaded, I made a goose of myself generally. After months of such experience, I was not able to see a gentleman approaching me for conversation without a painful sense that my face was on fire, and my disfigured hands were twisting themselves in the most unlovely contortions.

Worn out with my effort to shine in society, I gave up in despair, and turned my thoughts to my moral qualities. I read all the quack works on the perfection of human nature; I labored and struggled to be self-poised, self-sustained, pure and noble, according to the directions of the best philosophers; but there was ever a sinking within me, a helpless sense of want and misery, which no subtle reasoning could cast out.

One happy day I met with a grand old Book which contained recipes for the cure of all my defects, either by rooting them out or by ren-

dering them null and void. I found that I was not a creature of chance, sent into the world unfinished, to be eked out by some wonderful invention; but a part of a great plan, and doubtless an instrument intended for some peculiar work. It seemed that the very hairs of my head were numbered, and their every curve and shade foreknown. One who knew my vain heart had put vanity far from me; a Friend who understood my pride had made it impossible for me to shine in the arena of wit or reign mid the homage of the drawing-room.

For my wild yearnings there was a solution! For the chaos of my heart there was a regulating power! I had done with quackery forever! The Great Physician had cured me with a touch!

I have never married, but life is for me full of joy. There are tiny, rose-tipped fingers that fondly point out my freckles; there are young hands that admiringly smooth my now silvery hair; there are hearts that love me in spite of my many defects and shortcomings.

I have ceased to care for my appearance, or to waste my time in profitless self-scrutiny. I have tried to love and to be useful, and a better joy has sprung up for me than follows the belle in her triumph or the vain beauty encircled by her frivolous admirers.

THE VOICES.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A young child lay where the water flowed
From a little spring near the beaten road,
And flowing away among the trees
Grew into a river by degrees.
The summer's sun and the summer's heat,
The butterfly chase by eager feet,
Had tired the child, and he lay at rest
On the green sward by the streamlet's breast.
In murmurs the cool stream flowed along,
And the birds of summer sang their song,
And the roses bloomed their life away
On the languid breeze of the sultry day;
And there as he lay the young child's eyes
Beheld a form in an angel's guise,
And a voice, low as a mother's prayer,
Was heard as if in the upper air—
"O Spirit of Light! the future trace
On the pearly lines of the young child's face,
And say if the coming years for him
Are with pleasure bright or sorrow dim."

The angel bent on the child her eye,
And sweet and sad came her low reply—
"The warp and the woof of life I see,
But I may not trace his destiny;
I see two paths, and I see two hands,
Each beckoning on to distant lands,
And I see a thousand eager feet
Hurrying on their fate to meet."

The angel paused; and from upper air
Came the voice low as a mother's prayer—
"O Spirit of Light! look once again!
The veil of the future rend in twain,
And tell me which hand the child will take
Of the two that beckon, for sweet love's sake."

"Both paths are fair, and both beckoning hands,"
Said the angel, "lead to sunny lands
At first, and the fairest roses grow
At either gate! but not always so;
One path is narrow and one is wide,
And at starting they are side by side;
But I see them turn aside at last,
And over one there's a shadow cast;
But I cannot tell, though for sweet love's sake,
Which of the two roads the child will take."

Then another voice, as if from the stream,
Took up the low burden of the theme,
Saying, "Pledge the child to water clear,
And I'll watch over him, year by year."

"And who are you?" said the voice in air;
"And who are you?" said the angel fair;
"I am a spirit without pretence,"
Said the voice; "my name is Temperance;
I walked with Adam in Paradise,
And now, when his children live in vice,
I plead with the erring and guide the feet
Of the young to where cool waters meet;
Health, wealth, and strength at my hand await
Who walk with me fear no adverse fate;
The storm may come and the tempest sweep,
The winds wail over the restless deep,
But safe in haven are they who stand
In ranks of Temperance through the land.
I'm the widow's friend, the orphan's guide,
The shield of the bridegroom and the bride,
The rock of strength to the ones that roam,
And the light of loving ones at home."

Then the voice in air and the angel fair
Said, "Take the young child and lead him where
The tides of Temperance bathe the soul,
And waves of health and happiness roll.
Take him and make him to all his kind
As strength to the weak and sight to the blind.
Though in the future we cannot see,
Yet faith reveals the child's destiny."

Then the voice in air and the angel fair
Faded away in the summer air,
And the child, at rest beside the stream,
Awoke, and lo! it was all a dream;
But the voices of that summer day
Through life his memory kept alway.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whisper of affection how grateful! For its participation in joy how unspeakable!

DEBORAH FLETCHER.

BY HESTER DUNN.

In her easy-chair behind the stove, in the snuggest corner of the room, sat the invalid wife and mother, wrapped in a large shawl; yet she shivered occasionally as the wind swept in fearful gusts around the house, and roared and shrieked in the chimney, while the snow beat heavily against the windows, and, sifting through the chinks, lay in little drifts upon the window-sills and on the carpet just below. All day long the storm had been raging, and it seemed only to increase as night and darkness deepened.

On the other side of the stove a table was drawn up so as to bring it a little more within the limits of the Temperate Zone, as John Fletcher said. The young gentleman himself, a tall, well-developed youth of eighteen, with his stockinged feet upon the stove-hearth, was bending in a very studious attitude over a Latin author, quite uncertain in his own mind whether, after all, he was likely to pass muster in his examination before the authorities of —— College, and be allowed to enter so much in advance as he wished. His sister Rose, a year and a half younger than himself, was seated near him, getting her materials in readiness for making him the much-needed pair of slippers, which slippers, be it understood, were to outshine anything of the sort that college student had ever worn before.

Perfect quiet reigned in the room. Rose was fully occupied in sorting her worsteds and studying her pattern, while John now and then turned the leaves of his dictionary impatiently, vexed that he could not render this, that, or the other passage perfectly without its aid. Meantime the mother leaned back in her chair, closing and unclosing her eyes by turns, knitting her forehead and catching her breath quickly sometimes, as if with sudden pain, and at every fresh gust of wind she started and drew her shawl a little more closely around her shoulders. The expression of her face was for the most part mild, patient, resigned; otherwise there was no trace of beauty. The cheek was very pale, the eye sunken, the hair prematurely streaked with silver. What wonder? Since that blooming daughter was a wailing infant, she had not known health, and for six years she had been the almost helpless victim of spinal disease, passing her time between her bed and her chair, lifted from one to the other in the arms of her husband, and now, in his absence, by this stalwart son.

The door opened from the kitchen, and, work-basket in hand, a lady entered; a young lady, we had well nigh said, for she looked almost youthful in the soft light of the astral lamp, with such a rich glow upon her cheek. She was tall, and not ungraceful in her form and movements. The head was not perfectly well-shaped, nor the features very regular; yet the auburn hair was parted so smoothly from the fair forehead, the whole face was so fair, the eye turned and lighted so quickly when you spoke to her, the mouth parted into smiles so easily and so sweetly, she was most agreeable to look upon, certainly, if not positively handsome. Her age it was quite impossible to guess.

The three occupants of the room looked up as she entered. Rose, being nearest the door, smilingly offered her comfortable seat, situated as it was, too, most convenient to the light, and retired herself a little farther from the stove. Deborah Fletcher, after a little gentle opposition, took the vacated chair, and, setting her basket upon the table, took therefrom a bit of snowy linen, and applied herself diligently to stitching. The various articles of apparel, useful and otherwise, that were to form our student's outfit had kept her eyes and fingers in rapid play for some weeks past. John, indeed, declared that they made almost as much fuss "fixing" him off for college as they would, when the proper time came, in getting Rose ready to be married. John was a little given to extravagance, however; he was not to have a stock of clothes reasonably sufficient to last a lifetime, and a bride generally does.

"Well, Aunt Deborah," said Rose, "our new girl is going to be just like all the rest of them, I suppose. You give her all the directions about breakfast the night beforehand, and then get up in the morning as early as she does to see that she attends to them."

Deborah smiled a reply to this; but she was looking anxiously towards her sister-in-law.

"You feel worse than usual to-night, I 'm afraid, Sarah."

"O no; I 'm a little more nervous, that 's all. How the wind does blow!" as a wilder blast than ever shook every door and window-

pane. "The whole house fairly rocks. It is a dreadful night."

John had not observed his mother's disquietude before. He laid aside his books instantly now, flung open the stove door, crowded in more wood, and, with the clatter of poker and tongs, created altogether quite a diversion.

"Anything but a snowstorm this time of year," said he, shivering and holding out both hands towards the fire. "The tenth of April—it is ridiculous! I shall emigrate to a milder climate as soon as I am my own master. I won't live up here in these frozen regions any longer."

"The tenth of April? so it is," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Why, Deborah, it is your birthday. Had you thought of it?"

"Certainly. I thought of it the first thing this morning."

"Why didn't you mention it, Aunt Deborah?" said John. "We would have had a little bit of a celebration."

"Thank you," she answered, laughing; "but ladies of my age do not care to have much notice taken of their birthdays; the less said about them the better, generally."

"How old are you, aunty?" queried Rose, who had no memory for dates. "I never can keep the run of it."

"Tell her twenty-six or seven," suggested the nephew; "you might pass yourself off easily for that."

"Perhaps. But what are you going to do with that faithful witness, the old family Bible there? 'Deborah Fletcher, born so and so,' all down in black and white, in my father's own handwriting—to say nothing of the three or four uncles and aunts still alive, who stand ready to give in their testimony on the shortest notice. No, it won't do; I am thirty-five, Rosy, dear, at your service. Dreadful, isn't it?"

Rose evidently thought it was, judging from the expression of her face. Her aunt regarded her with much amusement.

"It is not so very bad, after all," patting the plump cheek. "You are looking at it in the light of childish prejudices and girlish notions. By and by, when you occupy a different standpoint, you will be surprised to see how different it appears. I don't think of myself as very old, I assure you, and certainly I do not feel *Ilium fuit* to be written upon all my joys. The little Latin I am mistress of I get off occasionally for your benefit; you understand, Mr. John."

"But seriously, now, Aunt Deborah," said Rose, "don't you wish sometimes that you could be set back again—be young once more as I am now?"

"Never!" She spoke very decidedly, and her brow contracted for a moment as if with a painful memory. Then she laughed lightly. "What do you think, Rose? At your age I was a tall, overgrown, awkward girl—taken to be a great deal older than I was always—and very plain, looking every way; with red hair, John, your particular aversion."

"It has darkened, then, until it is the most beautiful color in the world," said the young gentleman, passing his hand caressingly over the soft and shining bands as she bent her head again over her work. "And you have but just a good height and stately proportions now," glancing disparagingly at his sister, who was decidedly under-sized.

"And everybody is always telling you you have such a youthful face, so fair and fresh," added Rose, not condescending to notice the slighting expression directed towards herself. "Is she really prettier now than she was when a young girl, mother?"

"Much!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, with involuntary earnestness. She sighed as she spoke. Was she thinking how beautiful she herself had been considered once? How worn and faded she was now? But the pang passed in a moment. She looked towards her sister-in-law with affectionate admiration. "You never looked otherwise than well in the eyes of your friends, you know, Deborah, though you seem to grow handsomer and handsomer every year."

Rose was in deep reflection. The subject appeared to be one of great interest to her. "After all," she said, slowly, "I should want to be always young if—" if she never married, perhaps she was going to say, but she left the sentence incomplete. "It seems to me it must be very unpleasant passing through the transition stages out of girlhood into—"

"Old maidenhood," laughed Deborah, as her niece hesitated.

"Perhaps it is; I don't know anything about it by experience. All things continue with me just as they were from the beginning. Properly speaking, I never had a young ladyhood, so I had not that to lose. The girls at school were forever talking of my good, sober, motherly ways, and treating me accordingly; while to young men I was never anything but a kind of aunt or elder sister. They all liked me, I believe: they were fond of me in a certain way—just as my nephews and nieces are now. It is all one and the same. I see no difference."

Rose puzzled over this aspect of the case

awhile in silence. "But, Aunt Deborah," she said, at last, "you had a great many gentlemen friends and correspondents. The other day, when you were looking over old letters, I saw packages labelled 'Peter Hartley,' 'Henry Cooper,' 'Thomas Barton,' 'Edward'—I don't know what. I thought surely some of them were—"

"If you thought any of these gentlemen more than friends to me, my dear, you were mistaken. There is nothing in the letters you might not see. Some are of a purely literary character; some ask advice—just as John here, when he gets into a scrape, always comes to me; some are confidential, bursting with a happy secret, just as this same John, when he falls in love and is accepted, won't be able to rest a minute until I know it and offer my congratulations."

John laughed and blushed a little. "You 'd be the grandest woman to go to, aunty, under such circumstances, I don't doubt. It was mean of those fellows, though. I don't like them at all. They showed very bad taste."

"Why? Because they didn't choose me for a wife? I bear them no ill-will upon that account, I assure you."

"And so, Aunt Deborah, you—never—had," began Rose.

"Do see that girl!" exclaimed John. "Aunt Deborah, it 's a case of life and death. You 'll have to tell her whether you ever had any offers, or whether you are an old maid strictly from necessity."

"I never had any that I cared to accept, it appears," she answered, calmly.

Rose looked at her questioningly, wondering if there had ever been any one whom she would have accepted had the opportunity been afforded. But she did not quite dare put such an inquiry into words.

"Speaking of old letters," said John, after a little pause, "wasn't there a package from Uncle Charles among the rest?"

"Not that I remember. No."

"Why," and John looked towards his aunt as he spoke, "I recollect, when he was here for that visit he made us so long ago (you were away, you know, Aunt Deborah—it was when Aunt Maria was so sick and died), he inquired very particularly after you, calling you his old correspondent, and regretted so much he could not see you."

Mrs. Fletcher had been looking uneasy for some time. She opened her lips now to speak, and then closed them again as if at a loss just what to say. Deborah's color rose a little; she did not answer quite readily.

"Yes, he was one of my very good friends, too. I have his letters somewhere."

"I don't think he 's been a very affectionate brother to you, mother," remarked John. "Just that one visit was all he ever made you! And Aunt Jane has never been at all. Father writes that perhaps he shall be able to persuade him to come up with him now from Albany; but the Legislature will be breaking up just at the time when the roads are most execrable, and I fancy he will give us the slip, after all."

Deborah was turning her work nervously. She bent her head, too, as if her eyesight were failing her a little. Mrs. Fletcher answered—

"Seventy miles by stage, my son, takes rather more time than a hard-working lawyer can well spare. And you know he always speaks of his wife as very delicate. When we get our new railroad, he promises that we shall see him often."

(The reader will understand that the scene of our story is laid in one of the northern counties of New York. Mrs. Fletcher's brother, Charles Stephens, resided in quite another part of the State, and the facilities of communication at that time were not such as to favor much intercourse except by letter. The brothers-in-law, however, were spending the winter together in the capital. Mr. Stephens was a Senator; the other a Representative.)

"Well, I hope we shall see him again some time or other; I liked him so much. He is a right noble fellow; I think I am going to be like him."

"John," said Mrs. Fletcher, suddenly, "I think I must go to bed soon. Just step in and light my fire, will you? Betsy made it all ready, I believe, this morning. And do put up your sewing, Deborah; you look tired."

"I am not tired." She began to fold up her work immediately, however. "I wish there was something I could do for you. The wind does not blow quite so hard as it did, I think. I hope you may be able to sleep."

John was out of the room ten minutes, perhaps. Rose was just saying, "I can get mother to bed without your help, Aunt Deborah," when he returned.

"I second the motion," he responded, promptly. He had been thinking up a bright thought while waiting for his fire to burn. "I tell you what it is, Rose, the sooner you qualify yourself to get along without her the better. We sha'n't keep her always."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know how many offers she may have had in her younger days, but I know

she 's had more lately than any lady in the town, and she 's likely to have more and more every year for a dozen years to come. The old excuse that she can't be spared from us won't serve her much longer, now that you are getting so much a woman, and we shall have her spirited away in spite of everything."

"Don't be uneasy," said Deborah, smiling; "there is no danger."

"I don't know about that. I 'll bet anything now that, after having lived a single woman so long, you 'll end by marrying after all. It 's the way old maids do, sooner or later. They are never satisfied without making a trial of the conjugal state even at the eleventh hour. I tell you it 's gospel truth"—waxing eloquent as Deborah shook her head, still slightly smiling. "Just look around and see what has happened, right in our own immediate neighborhood, to the most confirmed, inveterate cases. There was Betsy Brown, fifty-six years old if she was a day, and wholly dried up and gone to seed, to all appearances. Yet first any body knew she was metamorphosed into Abram Johnson's third wife, with ten sons and daughters ready furnished to her hands. And Phebe White, the tailoress, forty and past without doubt; the gossips made her out much older than that, but, as she never would tell her age, of course they took care to pitch the figure at least high enough. What has she done but gone and married Peter Franklin with all his butter and cheese, and his six little ones to look after, though she doesn't know the first thing about dairy-work, and never had the care of a child in her life. A pretty time she has of it, they say, in her new sphere of action. She 's wished herself back in the good old company of her press-board and her goose, a great many times, I guess. But you see what you are coming to, if you don't take care."

"I am not in the least alarmed, my dear John."

"No? You don't see your danger as I do, then. Why, you are the most eligible woman there is anywhere around for a second or third wife. All the widowers in town have got their eyes on you—Deacon Adams, and Squire Bronson, and Judge Armstrong, and I don't know how many more. I see how they look at you in church; I know what they are thinking. They have all your various recommendations carefully considered and at their tongues' end, you may depend. 'Snug little property; smart, capable, energetic woman; understands all kinds of business—manages everything about the house, you know, her brother's wife is such an invalid; good-looking, too, and the sweetest-tempered creature in the world; capital to get along and bring up children': look at that fine nephew and niece of hers, if you want a specimen."

Here John broke down laughing and out of breath. His auditors were laughing, too, but not with quite so keen an appreciation of his wit as he thought it deserved.

"You are not altogether indebted to me for your good qualities—if you have any," said Deborah. "Your parents have had something to do in making you what you are."

John stood at the back of his mother's chair, ready to trundle her into her own room. He lifted one of her thin hands and pressed it between both his most affectionately.

"Of course. You get all the credit of it though, with those plaguy widowers, aunty. I declare, I 'm almost sorry Rose and I are such model young people, if it 's going to be the means of our losing you. I sha'n't have any peace of my life while I am away. Every time I hear of any poor woman's dying I shall tremble in my shoes—and slippers, if I ever get them—saying to myself, 'There 's another vacancy which Aunt Deborah will be invited to fill in a year or so, I suppose.' However, there is no use in struggling against fate. Some day you are sure to get your feelings worked upon by the sight of some poor man left forlorn and desolate, with his two or three or half dozen motherless little ones, and you 'll feel it your duty to try and comfort him, and see how useful you can make yourself. See if you don't, now."

Mrs. Fletcher had been undressed and laid carefully in bed. Rose lingered, passing her hand softly over the pale forehead, stroking the gray hair, and striving by every gentle endeavor to soothe away the pain which every movement increased to such acuteness. Gradually the face grew quiet in expression; the patient sufferer opened her eyes and looked tenderly at her daughter.

"That will do, darling; I am better now. But you had better come to bed yourself soon. And tell John not to sit up late."

Rose still lingered. "Mother," she said, speaking very low, "I want to ask you a question. Wasn't Aunt Deborah in love with some one once?"

Mrs. Fletcher was taken by surprise. She did not answer, but the expression of her face was quite enough.

"Mother, was it Uncle Charles?"

Mrs. Fletcher was more and more astonished. She had hardly begun to realize that her daughter was a child no longer.

"What a womanly acuteness you are getting, Rose. But you must never speak of this again. If your aunt ever had any such unhappiness, she bore it in silence and alone. I knew nothing but what I suspected, and I may have been mistaken. I never mentioned my suspicions even to your father, and my brother did not dream of such a thing, I know. Rose!" after a pause, "don't look so excited, and get your sympathies so wrought up. All this was fifteen or sixteen years ago, you must remember. If she could have met Charles oftener, seen him with wife and daughter, she would have grown quite easy concerning him very soon. As it is, it has not been a settled grief with her at all; don't let your romantic little head suppose it has. It is only a painful remembrance coming up occasionally like the shadow of a passing cloud. I know no happier woman than she is. How can she be otherwise than happy, so unselfishly as she lives, so faithfully as she discharges every duty? Let it be a lesson to you, my child."

The dark eyes of the young girl swam in tears. "It will be my own fault," she whispered, "if I am not all a woman ought to be. Such a noble aunt, such a sweet, patient mother as I have had for my teachers. Her life and yours are both better than any sermon."

Deborah Fletcher went to her own room. Wind and snow were beating against the window. A wintry frostiness was in the air. She heeded nothing. Barring her door, as if glad to shut the whole world out, and setting her light down upon a large old-fashioned piece of furniture, half bureau, half writing-desk, at which she always read and wrote, she threw a shawl hastily around her and began pacing restlessly to and fro. Memories and associations had just been awakened which would not at once be laid to rest, and the flushed cheek, the dilated eye, and the compressed mouth, bore witness to the power these memories had to give her pain.

It was but for a little. Gradually the step grew gentle and regular, and a softened expression came to the face. She even smiled in wonder and pity for her weakness as she sat down before her desk and quietly reflected. How wrong and foolish she was in calling up what was so long past, and feeling it again as if it were actual and present! And what was it, after all? Had her girlhood, of which she had been thinking so bitterly, really been an unhappy one, upon the whole? True, the lightness, the grace, the nameless charm of youth had not been hers; she had never known the tribute which such things bring to their possessor, and because of this there had sometimes been a pang at her heart which none knew of or suspected. But had she, therefore, been lonely or neglected? No. Both with her own sex and the other she had been a favorite even, and for attentions of a certain sort she had never lacked. How pleased her young friends always were to have her with them! what confidence they had reposed in her! what dependence placed upon her judgment! How had all little misunderstandings among the girls, all lovers' quarrels been left for her to settle! Who could reconcile and smooth matters all around so well as she? The love, the friendship, the gratitude she had received in return were something, certainly. Though she had not relished the unenviable superiority of her position, though she had inly wished it different then, could anything have been so pleasant to remember and to look back to now?

One dark cloud there had been at the last. Yes; its shadow reached far forward; it fell upon her even now. Charles Stephens she had loved; there had been a time when she believed that he loved her. His letters—she took from a secret drawer the package, and, not loosening the ribbon which confined them, held them in her hand, steadily gazing at them—there had been only kindness and friendship in them, but she had read much more from them once. The words had carried a deeper meaning than they bore now, interpreted as they had been by the response of her own heart, and for a brief, brief season she had lived in a bewildering dream of happiness, wholly given up to blindness and delusion.

Well, the delusion had been rudely broken; that letter—she singled it out with her eye from all the others—that letter came, telling her of his successful love for another, and asking her congratulation. This she had freely tendered; but then she had knelt in her wild agony, and prayed to be allowed to lay down the life which had no longer any charm. God, in His goodness, had pardoned her that sinful prayer; he had spared the life she would so recklessly have flung away, and made it a most precious gift—if not to herself, to others. Unalloyed health, energy, capacity had been granted her, and a constant field for the employment and exercise of all her powers. To her brother's wife—O how light her own trial in comparison

with that of one who must simply suffer and be still!—to her brother's wife she had been a necessity; to the children everything. Her days had been crowned with usefulness, and now she was reaping her reward. In blessing others, how blessed she had at length become herself! Where was there a wife and mother so honored, so beloved, so glad as she?

Deborah's prayer that night was like a song of praise.

Towards the evening of a very warm day in the month of July, Mrs. Fletcher and Deborah were sitting quietly together. Mr. Fletcher, now for the first time introduced to the notice of the reader, was leaning out of a window in the back part of the room, watching, with some fatherly pride, the neat little figure of Rose, as she flitted hither and thither among the flower-bordered alleys of the garden, watering-pot in hand. He drew in his head, however, and faced about quickly as he heard the click of the front gate and the sound of John's step in the hall. Glancing at the large, powerfully-built frame, the kindly, hearty, yet roguish expression of face, we see at once where the said John got some of his principal characteristics.

"Another letter from Uncle Charles, mother." And the young gentleman tossed it playfully into her lap; then he drew her chair up to the window, that she might have the benefit of all the daylight that yet remained.

"Charles is growing very brotherly indeed, since his wife's death," remarked the husband, dryly, as Mrs. Fletcher proceeded to unfold and read the letter, first to herself, and then aloud. "The only trouble is that his letters are just alike. He 's written you four or five in as many weeks, all precisely to the same effect."

"Poor Charles!" said Mrs. Fletcher, sighing. Deborah was looking absently another way.

Mr. Fletcher regarded them very gravely for a moment; then he burst into a laugh. "I have heard women called quick to take a hint," he remarked; "but you are both of you as blind as bats. I wonder now if it 's worth my while to try to beat anything into you? Just observe what he says, won't you? 'His own grief and loneliness he can endure better than the sight of his daughter's. The aunt who would gladly receive her into her family is a most injudicious person, with whom he cannot think of leaving her. He cannot have her at home simply with the servants; he cannot bear the idea of sending her away to school.' So what can the poor man do? My dear Mrs. Fletcher, my dear Miss Deborah, do you feel yourselves capable of giving any advice?"

"I have understood him well enough all along, I suppose," returned the wife; "I think he wishes to send the girl here. But I did not quite like to propose anything of the sort; the trouble, you know, will necessarily come principally upon Deborah."

Deborah raised her clear eyes. "My dear sister, I am very sorry you should have given yourself any uneasiness upon that account. If you choose to have her come to *you*"—with a slight accent upon the last word—"I am willing, certainly."

"But," replied Mrs. Fletcher, hesitatingly, "I do not fancy, from what Charles says of her, that she will be very easily managed. He speaks of 'her delicate physical and mental organization as being a source of so much anxiety to him;' of 'her inconsolable grief for the loss of a perhaps too fond mother,' and so on. However, I will write and ask him to come and make us a visit, and bring her with him. He can then judge for himself whether this is the right place for her, and leave her or take her away, as suits him best. What do you say, Ezra?" she added, turning to her husband.

"You ladies must do as you please," said Mr. Fletcher, rising from his chair and looking about for his hat. He had just remembered a political meeting which he had promised to attend. "Only I hope the girl won't resemble 'the too fond mother' now deceased."

"Why, father," said John, who had been listening to the conversation in some little wonder, particularly at the last remark, "what do you know about Aunt Jane?"

"Nothing at all; that 's the trouble. I used to read all my letters from home to your uncle last winter—your mother's, and Deborah's, and Rose's, and yours—and he always seemed very much interested in them; but he never returned the compliment, mind, or said anything about his wife unless I questioned him directly. That struck me as rather suspicious; and then he looked unhappy, too, just as a man does when all isn't right at home. However," glancing at his wife for the mild reproof he knew he should see in her eye, "it 's none of my business, I know, and I 'd better have kept it to myself. But if there has been anything unpleasant in Charles's domestic life, I know him too well to think the fault could have been his."

Mr. Fletcher went out by the hall door as he finished, and John disappeared into the garden in pursuit of his sister, to be the first to tell her

the news. "Where are you, Miss?" he called out once or twice, for she was not at first in sight. "Oh, here behind the rose-bushes—yourself the fairest Rose. Well, now, mother has got another letter from Uncle Charles. Guess what he writes!"

"Is he coming here?" Rose turned quite pale as she spoke, and the watering-pot dropped from her hand.

"Dear me! you needn't look so frightened. Of course he 's coming, and going to bring his daughter with him. I thought you would be pleased."

Rose stood in an attitude of deep reflection. "How strangely things do come around in this world," she said. "To think that last spring, when we were talking so much about Uncle Charles, he should have been called home so suddenly by the sickness of his wife. She died so very soon afterwards, too. And now he is coming here under such very different circumstances from what we could have expected then."

John did not understand what had led Rose to take on such a moralizing tone. "Jenny, as her father calls her," he carelessly remarked, "will be a great deal of company for you, for all she 's three or four years younger than you are, and you won't miss me so much. Do you know, I think you 've been quite pining away this summer? You must look in better trim the next time I come; I may bring my chum with me. You know he 's dreadfully in love with you already."

"I don't know how that can be when he has never seen me," Rose answered very gravely, though she blushed in spite of herself.

"Well, I don't know whether it was the slippers, or the daguerreotype, or the glowing account I gave of you. Altogether they did the business pretty effectually."

"Pooh!" said Rose, turning and walking towards the house. John followed her. One term in college had not changed him very materially, except for the worse, as his friends all told him; and he was, if possible, a more incorrigible teaze than ever.

"You see I am willing to do what I can for you, Rose, in a brotherly kind of way. I don't know as I should care to have you an old maid myself. Aunt Deborah is splendid; but one in the family seems to be about enough. Let 's see, you are a few days past seventeen, aren't you? Really, the case requires immediate attention."

"Now, John, do talk a little sense, can't you, for once?"

"Why, Rose, you know you wouldn't like to play such a part as Aunt Deborah does—have no love affairs of your own, and so be able to enter all the more heartily into those of others. You are going to prefer a little personal experience."

His sister made no reply, and John's thoughts were presently diverted into another channel. "The worst of it," said he, "about Uncle Charles's coming is, that he 's a widower. He will be proposing to Aunt Deborah in a week or so, I 'll warrant."

"John, don't, pray don't say a word to her about it!" exclaimed Rose, catching hold of his arm in her earnestness. "Promise me you won't."

John would not promise, and often afterwards, for many successive days, he made various pretences of approaching the forbidden subject, for the sake of seeing Rose start and look so uneasily and threateningly at him. Still he faithfully remembered and attended to the request, contenting himself with saying once or twice to Deborah in a pitying tone: "What a shame, aunty, that you have got to take another child to bring up, just as you thought you were going to have such an easy time of it. However, there 's one good thing about it: it will serve to keep you in practice. And then, if Cousin Jenny proves as troublesome as father and mother seem to expect, it will make you think all the more of Rose and me. I don't believe you ever quite appreciated us."

The summer, the autumn, yes, and the long winter passed away, bringing with them scenes and incidents in the lives of our friends, the Fletchers, which must be left to the imagination of the reader.

And now the year had rolled quite around since the opening of our story, and April had come again. A very different April from the last—sunshine, soft airs, life and beauty everywhere; this was spring indeed. John, who had been teaching a part of the winter (for his father thought it quite as well that he should be indebted for his education somewhat to his own exertions), and had but just come home from the scene of his labors, acknowledged that the weather for once had his unqualified approbation. Rose and Jenny, too, were in high spirits with the prospect of getting out into the fields and woods again. There was only one drawback to the happiness of all—the invalid was suffering more than usual, and for some days had been confined altogether to her room.

Leaving her charge asleep one afternoon, Deborah stole out to the open window of the

sitting-room to look at the young people just commencing operations in the garden. She watched their animated faces with pleasure, returned the smiles and nods with which they greeted her appearance, then sat down to the never-ending sewing, thinking some very pleasant thoughts. Occasionally fragments of the conversation going on without floated to her ear. Indeed, judging from the frequent glances which John directed towards her, as well as from the raised tone in which he spoke, some of it was intended principally for her benefit.

"So Judge Armstrong has been here again, has he? I met him right by the gate as I came in."

Rose's reply was inaudible, but John's voice came again very distinctly—

"She gave him his walking-ticket, then, this time, I guess. He didn't look very much elated. Poor man!" was added presently, "I suppose he really thought he stood some chance. A judge, a Congressman, and the greatest landholder in all these parts! Aunt Deborah is rather difficult to suit."

Rose apparently made some remarks expressive of her contempt for such merely external advantages, for the answer was: "Well, but such an appeal as it was to her benevolence, then. The judge himself begins to look rather seedy, with no wife to look after him, and then there 's a blind sister, and a lame son, and a teething baby, and I don't know what besides. Where will she ever see another such an opening for making herself generally useful?"

Deborah could not forbear smiling at the saucy look cast in her direction at the close of this speech; but his next words grated harshly upon her ear.

"It 's curious, now, that the first thing a man does when he loses one better half, is to set about looking up another. The deacon's wife had been dead just a fortnight when he started on his search, the doctor's five months, the squire's seven months, three weeks, and two days, to be very exact. The judge has behaved very respectably, to be sure—waited rather over a year, actually; but there isn't another such case on record—in the annals of this town, at least. Rose, what makes you look so wrathy? Jenny, don't bite my head off, I beg of you. If either of you should happen to die before your husbands—that are to be—they would go mourning to the end of their days, I have no doubt. But common women mustn't expect anything of the sort."

Jenny twitched her little hoe nervously through the dirt; then looked up with flashing eyes. "My father won't ever marry again," she exclaimed, in an excited, indignant tone, while the veins swelled in her neck and the hot blood mantled cheek and forehead. "I know he won't."

John was quite confounded for a moment; he had forgotten that he was venturing upon such delicate ground; but he would not retreat now, and he began, laughingly, to offer apologies and explanations which only made the matter worse. Deborah, however, heard no more. By a singular coincidence, a letter was handed in to her just at this moment. It was from her brother—a very few words announcing that the Legislature had closed its session, and that he and Stephens might be expected in a day or two, at least. A postscript was added, which ran as follows:—

"By the way, Charles will take his daughter away from us very soon, I suppose—as soon as he gets her another mother. He has been quite a lion here this winter, you must know, since he made his great speech in the Senate. I can't tell how many widows and single ladies of uncertain age have set their caps for him, to say nothing of girls hardly out of their teens. I didn't know he would ever be able to make up his mind among so many; but he has made his selection, he tells me—one that does great credit to his taste, only he seems quite afraid that he shall get 'no,' instead of 'yes,' for an answer. Very modest, for a widower, isn't he? What do you think of his chances for success?"

It was well there was no one present to see how the paper shook in Deborah's hand as she read, and how pale her cheek became. As by a lightning flash, her soul stood revealed to her, and she was filled with self-reproach and humiliation. Oh, she had been no wiser than in her youth. The old love had come back to her, his face bearing so strongly the marks of care and sorrow, and she had not been able to resist the hope that it might perhaps be hers to light it again with happiness. Again she had allowed her heart to thrill beneath his glance, and her pulse to quicken at his lightest tone. His daughter, a slight, fair girl, with dark eyes—her father's eyes—and with many naturally noble traits of character, though passionate, proud, self-willed—indeed, altogether ungoverned—this daughter Deborah felt that she had taken to her heart, and watched over and trained with more than a mother's solicitude. She had thought, as the father at each successive visit observed the gradual improvement in his child, that he prized the change all the more because her hand had wrought it.

She had fancied that his eye followed them, and lighted up eagerly as the girl hung upon her caressingly, calling "aunty," "Aunt Deborah," with a lovingness of tone that Rose even had never exceeded. Yes, unconsciously she had been cherishing a bright hope for the future; far in the distance a beautiful vision had hovered; and now this was to be the end; just as before the light must go out in darkness, the vision fade away; another was to reap the benefit of all she had done. For herself, she was always to pour out her life, as it were, and never meet with any adequate return.

As these bitter reflections swept through her mind, she heard the young people coming in, and rushed impetuously to her own room. Then there was one instant's convulsive clasping of the hands, one wild look of despair. She glanced at the darkening corner where, sixteen years before, she had knelt in the extremity of this same mortal agony; for a moment it seemed as if she would have cast herself there again to weep and moan as piteously. This trial, surely, was not less to her than that had been. The girlish heart had hardly loved with the full strength of womanhood; she felt that her whole soul had not been poured out so fervently then as now. But there was a difference; she had learned something from the experience of the past. Though it was hard, when the bitter cup had been once drained to the dregs, that it should be refilled and held again to her lips, she could drink it submissively as coming from her Father's hand. And it was not so long to look forward to the end of life; heaven seemed very near; of its eternal blessedness she felt secure. Many earthly joys, too, yet remained to her. Even if it were otherwise, why should she complain? Remembering who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, could she not rejoice that it had fallen to her lot in life to give rather than to receive?

She was quite calm now. She went down and quietly handed the letter to Mrs. Fletcher, saying, in answer to the inquiring looks of the others, "They will be here to-morrow," with a calmness that surprised herself. When Jenny, bursting into her room at bedtime, flung herself into her arms, sobbing out: "Do you believe my father will ever marry again?" she replied, calmly: "Yes, from what my brother writes, I think he will, very soon;" and went on in persuasive accents to point out to her the path of duty as well as of happiness, pleading another's cause as she would never have thought of pleading her own. When Jenny, more difficult than usual to be persuaded, exclaimed: "I don't believe he ever did love poor mamma! I heard her tell him once that he didn't," she hesitated but a moment, then took out from her desk that sacredly-guarded, that fatal letter, filled as it was with the warmth and tenderness of his love for the choice of his youth, and calmly put it into the child's hand. Nothing that she could do to make his life happy should be left undone; the self-sacrifice should be complete. Even when Jenny, subdued and softened, whispered with her good-night kiss: "I will do whatever you wish me to; but what shall I do without you? Oh, if *you* could only have been my second mother!"—even then she restrained herself, and breathed only words of hope and cheer.

Calmly next day she set about making preparations for the arrival of the travellers. Calmly she could have met them when they came, had she not been suddenly disconcerted by the warmth and eagerness of Charles' greeting. As she could not but see, his eye singled her out first of all, and remained fixed upon her, even while he clasped his daughter in his arms. Then he was so different from what he had been before, so much more like the Charles of other days. The radiant smile had come back; alas that it should have been another touch than hers which had kindled it again! She was glad to see it, to be sure; still she could not bear to be much in his presence; she almost feared she should betray her weakness. Fortunately there was afforded her a pretext for keeping herself a good deal out of sight. As it happened, their one domestic had been unexpectedly called away, while of course there was much extra work to be done. Never had Deborah been so long in clearing away the supper service as upon this particular night; never had she so pertinaciously declined all assistance from Rose and Jenny, and insisted upon doing everything herself. The two girls left the kitchen laughingly, declaring that Aunt Deborah was really getting quite contrary for once.

Rose looked a little excited and anxious. For almost a year, now, she had been planning for everything to turn out just like a story-book; and she was in such a conflict between hope and fear that though she sat down by the table where John and Jenny were just getting started on their favorite game of chess, she could do nothing but cast her eyes into her mother's room, where the new-comers sat, one on each side of the invalid's chair, and wonder what Uncle Charles did really mean to do. After a while, she softly rose and closed the door, as

she heard them talking of what she knew she ought not to hear. Not having any such delicate scruples ourselves, we prefer to remain and listen.

"You will stay with us some time now, won't you, Charles?" said Mrs. Fletcher.

Mr. Stephens colored high, and answered, hesitatingly: "I don't know yet; I cannot tell just how long."

"Charles' affairs are in rather an unsettled state, you know," spoke up Mr. Fletcher, laughing. "I thought he'd find it all clear sailing when he got here, but you and Deborah look so solemn I begin to think I may have been mistaken."

Mrs. Fletcher looked from one to the other, and comprehended in a moment how the matter stood. "That was all your nonsense, then, Ezra," she said, a little reproachfully, "about Charles' marrying an Albany lady. Rose and I suspected as much, but it made some of the family considerable trouble. As ill-luck would have it, John had got to talking, just before the letter came, about widowers always marrying again so quick, and poor Jenny had worked herself up to a terrible pitch of indignation. Deborah spent half the night, I believe, in arguing the point with her, and finally persuaded her, Rose says, to remember the duty she owed to her father, and receive her new mother with all fitting respect."

Charles Stephens looked excessively annoyed. "Really, Fletcher," he said, glancing at his brother-in-law, who seemed ready to shake to pieces with merriment, "really, this jesting was rather ill-timed. I shall hardly make a confidant of you again."

"I didn't think Deborah could have been so stupid as to misunderstand me," replied Mr. Fletcher, bursting into another laugh. "I only said you had picked out a woman to make your wife, provided she would have you; I didn't say it was one of the Albany ladies. So don't go to challenging me to mortal combat until you know whether there is any harm done. Go and find Deborah, and see what she will say to you. She is out in the kitchen, I believe; just the place where a sensible man ought to look for a wife. Sarah here doesn't look as if she thought your prospects very discouraging. Deborah has had as good offers as you can make her, to be sure—some that I've wondered very much she didn't accept; but I can't but hope that Providence has been keeping her for you. I would rather spare her to you than anybody else; you will appreciate her, I believe, as she deserves."

Mr. Stephens wrung the hand stretched out to him so cordially; then, leaning over his sister, whispered, "You will think me very selfish in wishing to take her away from you."

"My dear brother," was the answer, in a trembling voice, "I shall miss her more than I can tell you, but it is the dearest wish of my heart to see her your wife; some day I will tell you why."

The spacious kitchen which Charles Stephens hesitatingly entered seemed at first wrapped in pitchy darkness. By degrees, various articles of furniture stood out dimly to view. Finally, at the farther end of the room, he discerned a little patch of moonlight upon the floor, and there by the window, shrinking back into shadow, was the object of his search. She rose as he approached her, and would have passed him by, saying, lightly, "Oh, Sarah is wanting me, I suppose. I got so romantic here in the moonlight, I quite forgot myself."

"You are not wanted; let me sit here with you awhile," he said, gently leading her back to her seat. "I feel very romantic, too," he added, as he placed himself very near her and laid his arm over the back of her chair. She almost felt the touch of his hand upon her shoulder.

It was coming, then, she said to herself. Again she must receive his confidence, and listen to the story of his love for another. Well, she could bear it now. She would hear it patiently to the end.

The story did not prove quite what she had expected. It began far back with the time when he had made a mistaken choice—chosen a wife for her beauty and attractiveness, as exhibited in society, without a thought whether her mind and disposition were adapted to his, and whether they could make each other happy. He touched with a reverent hand the errors of the dead. They were buried with her; he could not, if he would, revive them now. On her death-bed she had asked and received his full forgiveness; he did not feel in looking back that he had been quite free from blame. All that was now gone by. But could there, he asked, be the dawn of another hope for him? Could his home be cheered and brightened by the presence which seemed only another name for light and sunshine here? "I know I am not worthy of you, Deborah," he added, in conclusion, "but I love you, I believe, as few women are ever loved; sometimes I have dared to hope that it had been reserved for me at this late day to awaken the affections which surely

exist in such a woman's heart as yours, though your brother tells me they have never, he thinks, been called out."

Something of the emotion with which she had heard him was visible in the dim light. She seemed to have no language at her command, for she tremblingly laid her hand in his without a word.

"Does the heart come with it, Deborah?"

"It does, assuredly. But, Charles, my brother was mistaken. I have loved deeply and devotedly before."

He started. If there had been light enough, she might have seen a shade of disappointment pass over his face. He was selfish, as even the best of men will be. Though he could not give her the first, fresh love of his youth, he had fondly hoped that it might be his to unseal the fountain in her heart and receive the first gush of the overflowing tide.

"Who, may I ask, was—No," he added, hastily, "I have no right to question you; I do not wish to know. If I may have your affection now, it is more than I have often allowed myself to hope for."

"And did you never suspect, then, years and years ago, how very weak I was? how I had given away my heart unsought?"

"Suspect you of an unrequited attachment? Never!"

"Your sister saw it, I am sure. I feared so much once that you had divined it, too; yet the time has come when I take a strange pleasure in having you know it all."

He partly understood her now. She felt the eager clasp of the hand which held her own, and how the arm which lay upon her chair had suddenly encircled her. "Charles," she whispered, as he bent his head until his dark locks swept her forehead, and his cheek touched hers, "dear Charles, my first love and my last are one."

KIND WORDS.

BY J. C.

When I was young, my happiest possession was a little plot of ground, only a few yards square, in my father's garden. I remember one sweet morning—and those spring mornings were sweet—finding a tiny grain of wheat among a packet of mignonette seeds that I was sowing. My first impulse was to throw away the little grain, and I took it in my fingers; but it fell, and got covered over, so that I could not find it again. When the mignonette was "coming up," I found a little emerald spear, that shivered at every breath of wind among the green leaves, and I let it stand; and all that summer I was delighted to watch the plant growing and growing, in stateliness and beauty, every day, until the ear burst from its case of leaves, and growing brown as the summer departed, ripened; and when I plucked it in the autumn, I found that one little shrivelled grain of wheat which had eluded my grasp had multiplied itself more than a hundredfold. The grain of corn, dear reader, was like a kind word. Sow it singly, and it shall grow and flourish. There is scarcely any soil too sterile for its tendrils to find room to twine themselves; scarcely any spot so barren that it will not grow on. And it is even so with kind words; sow them when you will, sow them singly, or sow them broadcast, as the farmer scatters the wheat over the field, and they shall produce a plenteous harvest, and your delight in watching their growth will be of the purest and sweetest earth can afford or generous heart desire.

Have we not all—ay, even the happiest and best of us—sometimes need of kind words and loving hearts, without which life would indeed be desolate? Kind words have made many a weak man noble; harsh ones many a vacillating one criminal. There are times when the scale is evenly balanced, when kindness will send it swinging down for evermore, with the weight upon the right side, the side of truth, honesty, and manly virtue, and when a rough word will turn the scale, balanced for the last time, on the side of wrong, and even falsehood. That is the divinest of maxims which tells us that a gentle answer turneth away wrath. It is not when a man has fallen deeply into error that a kind word can alter his course of life; but a continuous series of kind actions, like the dropping of the feeble spots of water on the stone, will wear their way to his heart, just as those same drops of water beat their course into the granite of the mountain, and wear away the stone till it becomes a well-worn bed. But there was a time when the scale was evenly balanced, even with the most hardened man; a time when sympathy might have *saved him*. Look what a chance it is that makes one man an idiot and another a poet. Look what circumstance can and does do every day to alter the current of men's lives, and turn the stream awry; and then do not shudder, least of all scorn the fallen, for there was a time when that heart was as pure and guileless, reader, as your own. There was a time—ay, and there are moments even now of keen and bitter anguish,

when that fallen sister craves for your sympathy, and for the priceless pearl of virtue, which, but for an unseen accident, probably, would never have departed from her grasp. A sequence of evil fortunes go to make a man a great criminal; he was not born so. Perhaps his natural disposition was far from lovable; perhaps he did not bridle his passions in youth; the more need had he, then, of kind words; the more need of your pity now; for just as you would not censure an idiot because he is not a poet, so in many instances should you not condemn a criminal because he is not virtuous. I know this only applies to some cases; alas! I know there are other cases in which men let themselves down from bad to worse, in spite of kindly word, and gentle warning, and loving remonstrance; but, happily, these are few.

Look back into your own life, my dear reader —you, who have been surrounded with gentle influences, and tender, loving friends—look back, and see if there was not a time in some period of grief, when you yearned for sympathy and kind words; when you did not feel secure in your own thoughts, and did not care to trust yourself alone with them. I have known such a time, and have felt under such circumstances the kind words, and even the silent sympathy of a stranger, to be a priceless boon. What you have suffered and withstood, others have sunk beneath, because the weight has been thrown in the wrong scale when they were equally poised. We all suffer alike in the beginning. The little child of want, that cries itself to sleep upon the door-step, has its times of enjoyment and delight, just as the child that passes by in its father's carriage. Those children have, also, common griefs; but the measure by which their futures shall be judged are different, for their *opportunities* are separated by a wide, wide gulf. The friendly hand, the kind word, that lead the one are wanting for the other; and from the day that one slept on the step and the other rode by in the carriage, there may be an ever-widening distance between the purity of their lives. But you don't know what kind words might have done—you don't know to what struggles that child was subjected before she succumbed.

My subject has led me into ground I did not mean to touch upon. These are isolated cases, and the object I had at heart when I wrote "Kind Words" at the head of this article was to show how much happiness we all hold at arm's length, and too often refuse to make our own and bestow upon others. It is in our own households, in our daily intercourse, that kind words and gentle ways, twin sisters as they are of lovely mien, will produce the happiest results. I remember once passing a few days in a country clergyman's home, where such a sweet feeling pervaded the whole tenor of life, that I felt it to be the greatest blessing in the world to live for a day or two among them. I have heard people say kindness would not do with servants; reader, if unhappily you have ever thought so, dismiss the false notion, for it is base and untrue. What kindness cannot do, anger can never achieve; and that parsonage is an instance of what a really kind-hearted family can do; for people so loved, so faithfully served, so venerated, it has never since been my happiness to witness. I want you not to keep your kind words for one person, place, or time, but to give them to all persons, all places, all times, then shall this year be the happiest and best that ever blessed God's earth. For it will not be your kind words alone; the happy results they produce will extend beyond the narrow sphere of your individuality, and they will increase and spread around you, just as the circles on the disturbed lake spread and widen till they cover the whole surface of the water. It is the little grain of wheat falling upon the fruitful earth, that by and by shall multiply and re-multiply a hundred thousand fold, till it is enough to feed the world. This is what your individual kind word may be; it may momentarily make one life happier; eventually, benefit the whole human family. I sometimes wish I were mistress of one of those infant schools—the national schools—where there are hundreds of children, because of all the work in the world, there is none other so fertile in golden opportunities as theirs; none other fraught with such an immense power over the future of our people. The vocation of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress may be irksome, but it offers "an exceeding great reward," for it is in their hands to instil into the hearts of future men and women feelings that shall add still greater lustre to the people of our land. But, it may be said, we are generous as a people; is there in the world a more generous or open-natured people than ourselves? I think not. But are we as kind as we might be? Do we deal as gently one with another, and speak as kindly as we can? I am afraid not; and while kindness would always give us a great deal of pleasure, and never cost us anything, it is but an honest plea that I make to every heart that has suffered, to lighten the suffering of others. Genuine sympathy is far more powerful than many of us think.

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DURFEE.

(Continued from page 570.)

CHAPTER V.

THE death of my father gave rise to the usual hurried investigation of his affairs, not so immediately by the persons chiefly concerned as by those more active individuals who find their daily food in seeking some new thing. A few days served to spread abroad and bring to our own household the bruit of his insolvency, and the consequent destitution awaiting his family. The rumor of the simple facts was not so much a surprise to me; but, I confess, it was not without pain and indignation that I became aware of the tone of comment by which they were accompanied. In Hannah's expressive phrase, "it made me provoked."

"They 'd ought to know better, I 'm sure they 'd ought to know better," the garrulous Hannah reiterated, as, with knitted brows and teeth that came together with the spring of a steel trap at each pause, she belabored the unoffending pillows. "They 'd ought to know as well as I—and I know it; I 've lived here off 'n' on, now, this seven year next October, and ef 'Square Heath ain't an honest man, there never was an honest man! As I tell 'em, I know, ef anybody knows; my wages was allers paid regilar. It 's jest mallus-aforethought, nothin' more 'n' less, to be hintin't he made over Greystone Farm to Mr. Sands, 'g'inst you come to be Avis Sands. How come he to have it to give, I wonder? He never laid claim to it, as I ever heerd, and I 'd be 's likely to hear 's anybody. He keep the papers, when he 's gardeen for Thane! it looks likely! That boy thought 's much of the 'Square as ef he was his own father, every bit; 'n' naminy-paminy ain't the word for him; he 'd know gold from glitter, I warrant. As I was sayin', 'tain't a bit better 'n murder right out to pull folks to pieces so—afore the sod 's rooted on their graves! I tell 'em—'n' I know, if anybody knows—there ain't cleverer folks in the hull world than the 'Square 'n' Avis. 'Tain't my place to say anything 'gin his wife 'n' her darlin'—darlin' she is, I 'low that, though I can't make *our* folks of em, with their fussy ways! But now the 'Square 's gone 'n' Avis goin', I reckon I 'll be goin' tew, though I 'm jest a part of the house; but then that 's a-goin', as folks think. I 've said over 'n' over ag'in I 'm jest a part of the old house, 'n' jog, jog, for all the world like A, B, C, clear down to an-pre-zand. I know what 's to be done every day in the week, Sund', Mond', Tuesd', Wednesd', Thursd', Frid', Saturday, from one year's end to another. 'Twull be a long day 'fore they find anybody 'd fill my place, I guess. I 'm a fixter, 'n' ye might 's well cut the head off the body 's leave me out." And the speaker enforced her figure by striking out her long arm, and vigorously severing the head from the body of the bed.

Thus this stanch friend of the 'Squire and Avis, this valuable "fixter," as she not inaptly styled herself, held forth, in a kind of spasmodic soliloquy, unconsciously throwing into the evolutions of bed-making the indignant energy of her discourse, and scarcely directing a glance at the poor listener, who sat stitching at the window near by. But when her task was ended, and she was about leaving the room, she turned full upon me, and her countenance, warped with the strong censure to which she had been giving utterance, changed suddenly to the not less wiry anxiety of self-reproach.

"Talk of cuttin' off heads," she muttered; "mine 'd better come off, just to put a stop to this everlasting clack. Avis, child," she continued, more distinctly. (Hannah called me always by my given name, and held me, still, as little better than an infant. "Why," she said to Kate, who ventured to object to the familiarity, "what 'd ye have me call her? She hadn't left dandlin' her dolls when I come here to live. She 'd think me mighty toppin' to call her Miss Heath or Miss Avis, I warrant. It 's well enough for chicks like you to call her miss, but I 'm an old woman, 'n' 'tain't proper like, you see.") "Avis, child, don't you mind. Here I have been runnin' on so, makin' you look like a ghost, for all the world. I can't help it; it does make me *so provoked.* Folks needn't tell downright fibs. S'posen Thane did go 'n' sell Cherryton—what is it? Cherry-*wine* or Cherry-*rum*, I say—'tis jest 's good; I never could bide these tiptoe fine names! But s'posen he did go 'n' sell Cherry-st-stun—*Grey*-stun Farm, I mean—to Mr. Sands. I'mind he 'd 's lives you went there 's anybody. S'posen you *wouldn't* marry him, he don't bear no mal-

lus; such folks 's he never does; and 'twan't no part of a man to stay dawdlin' round takin' on about it. Love *will* go where 'tis sent, 'n' that 's to queer places. I don't mean Mr. Sands; but ef you *could* have liked Thane, 'n' we 'd all come to live there together! Greystun place ain't Heath place, anyhow; but—there, I 'm runnin' on jest so. Well, never mind—it 's brought the red into your face agin." And Hannah was bustling out of the room.

"Who told you all this?" said I, arresting her.

She hesitated a moment; but finally, as seeing her way clearly, answered, with deprecating tone and manner:—

"Why, it 's only what folks say, that 's all; 'n' ef I was you, I wouldn't care for 't; *I* don't, I 'm sure!"

"Well, Hannah," I returned, as composedly as I could, with the amount of feeling I was striving to control, "*folks*, then, have fallen into strange mistakes. In the first place, my father had nothing to do with the transfer of Cherrywold; did not even know of it at the time. Then, it was not sold by Thane, but mortgaged in his father's day to Mr. Sands, the elder, and thus has come to Ross by inheritance." This latter clause, though the simple truth, I gave not without qualms. "And, as for Thane, Hannah, we were to each other just brother and sister, nothing more, as you well know."

"Yes," assented Hannah, with a self-satisfied smile. "I know ef anybody knows; only 's I was sayin', ef ye *could* have come to like him."

"That is not to be suggested," I interrupted, impatiently, yet well aware that any attempt to disabuse the mind of the steadfast Hannah of a favorite crotchet was much like plunging a cork under water: it would be bobbing upon the surface the moment it escaped the transient pressure.

"One thing, Hannah," I added, after a little pause, "do not repeat this to Mrs. Heath."

"Not I," was the prompt response. "She shouldn't know what 's to pay, ef I could help it. She didn't know the squire like us; 'tain't as though she 'd been born 'n' brought up with him. But she 's been told of it, somehow. She was in the liberry when I cum up here—so riled—I couldn't help it."

"But how could you know she has heard these rumors?"

"I knew who 'd been 'n' gone, 'n' what he 'd be like to talk about."

"And who was that?"

"Mr. Hoard!" and the ruffled speaker gave her head a contemptuous toss. "I wish you 'd jest go, Avis, 'n' tell the woman that 's cryin' in the liberry, there ain't a grain of truth in him—no, not so big 's a mustard seed!" What could have brought him here, I was querying within myself; however, if he had business, could he not have carried it to Lawyer Crofts?

For some moments after Hannah left the room, I sat gazing into the gray fog, which so filled the atmosphere that scarce a feature of the landscape was visible. It was all the same to my vacant eyes; for, properly, they were turned within, striving amidst painful bewilderment to discern the true figure and position of our family affairs, that, just now, seemed wound in a haze equally impenetrable.

During my father's illness, I had refrained from making to my step-mother any statement of our pecuniary prospects; partly through want of exact information, having simply the foundation of Thane's letter, and my father's anxious labor to support such a statement; partly from a vague notion that, to a person of her tastes and pursuits, no loss was comparable to loss of fortune. Since my father's death, I had not the less shrunk from premature discussion of affairs that might be brought to a more favorable adjustment than we had apprehended through the judicious management of Lawyer Crofts, who, at the joint request of my step-mother and myself, consented to engage in the arduous task of settling the estate.

That Mr. Crofts had as yet made no certain report to my step-mother, I was assured; but Hannah's remarks indicated the propriety of more openness in our relations. Hannah was right; I must go to the library and seek a frank conversation with my mother. Would that she had a maintenance in her own right to fall back upon! A simple maintenance might, indeed, be saved for her, but not a competence in her sense of the word. I dreaded the work before me. Money matters and concerns of property are of all topics most distasteful to me at any time, and at this time, under the existing circumstances, seemed to me especially complex and annoying. But what did it signify?

I went sick with nervous worrying into the library. No one was there. With a momentary sensation of relief, I sank into the familiar arm-chair, that stood yet in its accustomed place at the writing-table. Mournful remembrances crowded upon me, and bore me, almost before I was aware, into a paroxysm of weeping. I understood how my step-mother, impassible as she appeared for the most part, might have been overpowered by a similar tide of feeling, and inferred, also, the probability of a mistake

on the part of Hannah, who had come upon her under such circumstances.

Amidst the grief to which I had yielded myself, a well-known step startled me—a hand was on my shoulder, then an arm, soothing and supporting, enfolded me.

"Avis," said Ross, with kindly chiding, "this is not right. Why should you come in here to cherish fruitless grief? Come away with me!" And he drew me forth into the hall, into the pure sunshine, for the morning mists were gone, into my favorite arbor.

It was to Ross, instead of my step-mother, that I talked that morning; not that he was altogether unaware of the floating rumors, but I chose to tell him myself what I had gathered concerning my father's affairs, and our future prospects. I did not omit Thane's letter even, or the idle gossip about the transfer of his estate, and failed not to mention my anxiety to find the paper to which he had referred.

"What did it matter," Ross said, "if we were to be penniless? though he did not believe it would be so bad as that. But, admitting such to be the case, could not he take care of me?"

"My mother and Alice?"

"He would take care of us all, certainly; he rejoiced that he had the ability to do so—Cherrywold out of the question; that might go back to its former owner at once if I said so." He agreed with me, however, that Thane would never receive it except upon recovering full proof of his title, and he urged me to search immediately for papers relating to the affair.

I admired this nobleness, this singleness of affection. I told him so. "It is very plain," I said—afterwards I wondered at the infatuation that urged me to say so much—"it is plain that it is my very self you care for. I will believe for your credit, if for no other reason, that this same self cannot be altogether unlovely. I hope I have gotten the better of that silly self-distrust, which brought with it, as a constant shadow, distrust of others. I mean to believe in myself, and certainly, Ross, I believe in you!" fixing my eyes openly upon his face as I thus concluded.

Was it merely a fancy of mine? was it the glooming of the cloud that at this moment flitted between us and the sunshine? or what was it that made the face into which I looked with such assurance of love and trust, appear to me to fall, to grow anxious, and finally blank, under my look of earnest confidence?

Some return Ross indeed made to this outpouring from me. Perhaps nervous irritability made me exacting. Surely the noble disinterestedness he had just manifested was enough. I could not desire fulsome flattery, and yet I could have wished, not so much other or more words—I could have wished simply that the darkness had not fallen where I sought for light.

I found awaiting me a letter from Aunt Relie. We had wondered at the absence of herself and Thane from the funeral. This letter was her first recognition of the mournful occurrence that had befallen. The sight of it well nigh brought again the outburst of the morning; but I imposed upon myself the calmness which, I began to find, could be maintained only by strenuous endeavor. It is a strange thing to be done, the forcible taking up of regretful thought, of a great heart-trouble, and heaving it mechanically, as it were, apart, to fill its place with whatever substitute comes to hand; but it is, to certain natures, the only safe way. When substitutes come readily, it is well; but when there comes only a dreary blank, or, worse, when every cord and lever gives way, strained and broken by the too heavy burden, then is the hour of helplessness!

I thought of the goodness of Ross, of the goodness of Heaven in providing me the great resource of his love. It is so needful for poor humanity to have these outposts of visible human love as an earnest of that which is unseen and divine.

"Dear, dear Avis," wrote Aunt Relie, "how deeply we grieve with you! You must think it strange that none of us have come to you in your trouble. You will believe that only very sufficient reasons have kept us away. They were these: Aunt Matty has been so much more feeble for several weeks that I could not leave her at all; hence I could not come; and Thane has gone, I really don't know where, to seek his fortune. We have heard from him once since he left us, and have reason to believe him well, and not discouraged in the search. It has been so unfortunate and so very sad all around! But, Avis, you must come and see us, *right away*. We are wonderfully cozy in the old maids' lodge; we have made the little nook out of the sitting-room serve for Aunt Matty's geraniums, and upon a little plot under the window, I have scattered seeds and put out a few slips. It makes the town seem pleasanter to have these things.

"Aunt Matty, who is somewhat better, sends her best love, and says she mourns with you. She says, with me: Come, Avis, directly to your impatient friends,

AUNT MATTY AND AUNT RELIE."

Aunt Matty more feeble! but I was glad to hear the home at Drayton seemed so cheery and comfortable.

I handed the letter to Alice, and watched her as she read it with humid eyes. Very winning was that mobile, girlish nature, so naively expressing, by word and action, the feeling of the moment, whether of sympathy in the joys or sorrows of others, or the gushing of her own free, full heart—a fresh young vine, tossing abundant tendrils through very wealth of life. I have often wondered if her mother were like her at her age; if discipline might so repress and mould one.

"And so you should, as they say, go and see them, Avis, and take me with you, won't you? But not yet, unless mother can go too." Alice said this as she returned the letter, adding, after a thoughtful moment or so: "Mamma is not well to-day; she has headache, and will not come to dinner."

CHAPTER VI.

But few weeks had gone by since I watched, with Cousin Thane, the sunset, ruddy with propitious glow. Those weeks should rather have been years, for the growth they had urged upon me.

Something like this came into my mind as I stole to the little arbor I have called my favorite retreat. Was the growth of which I was thinking like that of the wild masses of vine I there found trailing in untrained exuberance here, there, anywhere? The honeysuckle had been neglected; I busied myself twining the luxuriant shoots, pleased with the fine promise of clustering coral. Through the openings of vine and lattice, the road, a few rods distant, with the walk to the house, was distinctly visible to me, while, from the greater obscurity within the bower, I was myself concealed from the view of passengers.

Ross would come to me this evening. Owing to the recent mournful event, our union had been indefinitely postponed; but our attachment could well bear this slight test. On the morrow, as I knew, business called him away, and I should not see him again probably for weeks. While, therefore, my hands wandered somewhat fruitlessly amidst the light twigs, easily guided, but swaying wilfully to the old bent as soon as left to themselves, my eyes wandered, from time to time, beyond the green covert to the road and accompanying points of interest. The road, it must be owned, considering it simply as a long reach of bald yellow sand, won greatly more than its due share of attention. Save that the verdure of summer now happily fulfilled the gay promise of spring, the landscape that met my gaze was the same which had called forth the eager comments to Cousin Thane at the time to which I have above alluded. The same clear sky bent over all, the same rosy light embosomed the broad disk that again sent its rays in serried splendor over the bay.

I recalled that, my last interview with Thane. Thane had gone "to seek his fortune," so wrote Aunt Relie. Good Thane! I understood now the dreariness that was surging in that deep heart, and all the considerate kindness which restrained its overflow. But, mocking Thane, why do you so persistently ask of the joy foreshadowed on that evening? Yes, I *have* had joy, though grief came side by side with it. And now, in this bright glow, also, are there yet happy omens?

I murmured, under breath, Thane's couplet—

> "Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live;"

shaking my head, as I mused on, in perverse commentary—

"Interpenetrating this grosser atmosphere, overlying these substantial forms, there is a something—ethereal, invisible, call it what you will, spiritual reflector or whatever else—which is to spirit what yonder water is to light; what yonder rocky hill or vacant building is to sound. It renders back the moods of my own soul; not less, if I stand at the proper angle to catch it, of yours, also, or of my neighbor's, hinting the good or ill in store for me."

Thus I involuntarily dropped into the old vein of vagary and light discussion, in my thought of Thane. I missed him more than I knew. Ross? Yes, Ross was *all* to me; only, what Thane was Ross could not be—I did not wish him to be, perhaps. The taciturn gravity which I chose to regard as a perpetual challenge to wild discursive chat; the dry repartee provoking the lively sally, or eager self-defence; these, and many traits of Thane, suited especially to awaken in me activity of fancy and intellect, were quite incompatible with the frank, impulsive, and comparatively matter-of-fact nature of Ross. In truth, when with Ross, it was I who was taciturn; he it was who suggested topics, discussed them, and finally disposed of them. Interested attention, a smile, an occasional word of intelligent assent, these were full inspiration for him. Moreover, if I speak truly, what I did not so well recognize

then, while I followed with docile pleasure the lead of Ross in conversation, the lines of thought peculiarly mine had little or no hold upon him, were, it is probable, rather irksome to him.

Perhaps, just the feminine aptitude for listening, usually more attractive to a man than the best talent for discoursing, had, more than aught else, served to draw Ross to my side. Be this as it might, Ross loved me; so he had said, so he had convinced me; and what like love has power to call forth love? I had already forgotten or ignored the shadow which had annoyed me.

The low breathings that began to be heard in the old chestnuts on either side the gate reminded me of the evening chill, and I turned to gather about me the shawl I had dropped from my shoulders. When I again bent my glance upon the road, it encountered two figures, just arrived at the brow of the hill which, spreading into a spacious plateau, formed the site of the homestead.

"Ross and Alice!" murmured I, with a sensation of uneasiness I was ashamed to own to myself, yet which I proceeded unconsciously to define.

"I did not know that Alice was abroad this evening. What then? And supposing, even, she walked with Ross? Had not I, myself, encouraged her to become his companion in little excursions for pleasure? When I was needfully occupied, yes; but now there was less demand upon my time. True, but if she prove the more agreeable!"

I forced my features into a wry smile, for by this time I understood myself. "Not unlikely, my green-eyed lady! and, as you are doubtless ready to acknowledge, a gentleman of good taste must perforce admire most the most admirable. Of one thing you may be assured brown eyes *are* more charming than green."

Thus, with sarcastic chiding, I shamed the unwelcome doubt into quiet, till, as the couple walked leisurely up to the gate, I found myself in a frame to observe, with a certain pleasure, how the fine figure and manly bearing of Ross harmonized with the classic beauty of Alice, who stepped through the gate, as he held it open for her, with the easy grace that never deserted her in motion or at rest.

I am unable to say whether my good or evil genius ruled, to restrain me from going out to meet them, as I at first intended. Eagerly as I had looked for Ross, I felt no haste to greet him.

They were talking as they came up the walk, in voices modulated to the quiet of the hour. They spoke of the loveliness of the evening, perhaps; for, when they had arrived within a few yards of the arbor, they paused simultaneously, and turned their gaze upon the glowing sky. Was the bright flush upon Alice's cheek a reflection of the sunset fire?

It did not surprise me that the distant gaze of her companion was speedily diverted to the contemplation of beauty nearer the eye. The lustre of that beauty was never more apparent to myself. Alice had not adopted the mourning habit worn by her mother and myself; merely modifying her attire for the occasion of the funeral, and returning to the light fabrics that so well became her. I admired her as she stood, then, in the sunset-flush, the delicate muslin enhancing the flexile grace of her airy figure. How beautiful in its soft whiteness the rounded arm! How dainty the lithe fingers that she winds among the dark straying curls to disentangle them from the roses in her hat! Ah, her efforts in this direction only serve to increase the entanglement, for the bracelet which she wears is so twined with the hair as to call for assistance, which the gallant knight tenders with alacrity. And now, emulous of many another knight in like circumstances, he fails to relinquish the hand he has rescued!

Up to this moment I had enjoyed the tableau with lively artist-relish, amusing myself, meanwhile, by outlining, with trifling exaggerations, a sketch for the later entertainment of its very unconscious subjects. But the tones that now reached me, though low and sweet, smote harshly upon my sensitive ear. Had I not heard those same tones, with words of like tender import, addressed to—whom? To her who here learned their insignificance and annulment.

"Let me keep it," Ross entreated, as Alice would have released the imprisoned hand. "Alice, dear Alice!" he continued, with energy, "I know you too late! too late!"—and the knight—true or false?—clasped the hand in both his own, and bent his glowing gaze upon the half-averted face with an earnest questioning not to be mistaken.

I fancied that a thrill in the slight frame of Alice was perceptible to me. Her otherwise motionless pause might, of itself, have betokened agitation. I cannot say; I felt myself, in a degree, blinded and benumbed. Yet I looked and listened still. I saw that she at length—oh, it seemed long to me!—withdrew her hand, and heard her ask, simply, but in a voice that seemed choked—

"Where is Avis to-night?"

I saw the recoil with which Ross received this interrogatory, and heard him murmur in a hollow voice—

"You are right; I am bound!"

Unable longer to retain my erect position, I staggered to the seat at the end of the arbor, stunned, and with a strain upon my poor heart that, thenceforward, has rendered the idea of a broken heart, even in its literal, material sense, no myth to me. Mine did not break; I did not even lose consciousness; for, in a little time, I heard the passage of Alice into the house, and shortly after that of Ross. Then, gathering all my drooping energies, I dragged myself from the covert which had brought to me, as its sister coverts have so often done to so many others, the distasteful fruit of eavesdropping, and entering the house by a side door reached my room unobserved.

Already Alice's light footstep echoed in the hall. She was seeking me. Instinctively, I stepped into the room opposite, with a view of retreating by the rear of the house; but, struck with the strange aspect my voluntary absence must present, I made a circuit, and awaited her at the head of the staircase.

"Where *have* you been, Avis?" cried she, "but, no matter, I have found you at last!" She looked flushed, and spoke hurriedly, as from some nervous agitation; and when near enough threw her arms around me caressingly.

I was in a mood somewhat repellant, and did not respond promptly; but I do myself only justice in saying that I probably understood and appreciated this little act of reparation better even than the young girl herself.

Alice was four years my junior. With the same years she would have been younger than I. In her nature, as I have before hinted, the emotional element ruled; not that the intellect was at all inert, but tardy by comparison, thus leaving her often, wherever immediate action was demanded, to the sway of feeling. And this peculiarity, especially characteristic of childhood, when retained later as we often see it, is, as I conceive, the true elixir of youth. It is, on the other hand, equally characteristic of maturity, that the perceptive and reflective processes falling more immediately, become in a manner responsible for the emotions and passions of which they are cognizant even in the tender germ.

It would have been impossible for me to occupy the position that Alice now held, for I felt assured her heart was already deeply, yet unconsciously interested; but these remarks will indicate my apology for her, and how it was that a round of thought led me to overcome my instinctive avoidance of one to whom I was indeed tenderly attached, but who had become, however involuntarily, baneful to my happiness, and to step back, ere I passed down the stairs, in my turn bestowing the caress from which I had recoiled.

As I looked into that young face, still flushing and paling from the newly awakened emotions, yet unsubdued, unrecognized even, I could but indorse Ross's admiration—his love. Mentally I sketched my own portrait in repulsive contrast. I determined upon my course.

"How very pale you are, Avis!" Alice exclaimed, as she returned my intent gaze. "You are not well, or"—glancing at the walls and windows—"is it the light in this room?"

"The light—yes, it is a bad light," I replied, quickly, and hastened from her.

If it be true that in certain natures the intellect, recognizing emotion at its dawn, becomes responsible for its advance, it may be not unaptly argued, as the result of such intellectual sanction to the growth of any passion, that, though shorn of its intensity, it thereby wins greatly in fulness and pervasiveness, so that its subjugation or expulsion can be achieved only at peril of jarring and rending the whole soul-fabric. I need not say I shrank from such a conflict, even though in my own case there had been but tardy, and perhaps never the completest, submission of reason, shadowed as it had been by that haunting doubt, of the folly of which I had but just persuaded myself, when its wisdom was attested by the development above narrated.

As I had apprehended, the time of temptation had come to Ross. He had yielded, and when now, in my security, I was unprepared. But the circumstance of having revolved the possibility of such an issue enabled me more readily to discern my duty in a strait so trying. Hence, as I have said, I at once resolved upon my course. This must be my last interview with Ross; I knew it well. I could not, however, make it known to him. A great trouble seldom comes to one, at least to myself, in its full strength and volume; it grows, a rapid growth, but certain processes of thought and feeling work to this end. While I might subdue these processes, all activity of mind and heart, I should be calm; but the immense tension that was needful to maintain such calmness—deadness, I might rather say—made me fully aware of the necessity of its maintenance, at whatever cost, in the presence of Ross. It was to be wished, therefore, that the evening should

pass naturally, as hitherto; but the repression which I was exercising was too broadly effective to admit of this. I was painfully constrained, and it is hard to say whether my suffering was mitigated or aggravated by a manner, unwonted in Ross, of preoccupation and inattention, which my quickened senses enabled me to interpret but too keenly.

I will not harass myself by recalling particulars of that evening; it was draining the last drops from a cup which I had learned to be a poisoned one—poisoned not less for Ross than for myself.

In the solitude of my own apartment I at length gave way to the pressing tide which, while with Ross, I had held aloof with all the gathered forces of my nature, lending for a time every fibre to the fierce rebound of pent-up feeling, the chidings of indignant faith, the wild surge of passion swaying broad and deep in the gusts of bitter thought. *Bitter* thought; I do not deny it; as thought came, bitterness woke also; bitterness toward Ross and Alice; bitterness supreme, as directed toward my own unattractive and unfavored being.

But let me say, in passing, that retrospection reveals to me the wonderful tonic property of this element in the mental as in the animal economy. Stimulated by its pungency, I rose, and, by repeated stern efforts, was finally enabled to drive back to their hidden sources the turbulent evidences of emotion.

I would write to Ross at once. To reproach him for his falsehood? No; but lest, delaying, I should yield to weakness, and be the cause of lasting misery to him and Alice. I felt enough of bitterness towards them and my untoward fate, truly; but neither care for their happiness, nor yet the lingering tenderness that momently sent up its rebellious yearnings, was incompatible with a good degree of harshness. Dominant over all was that pride of the poverty-stricken heart which scorns the dole of charity and pity. What other, thenceforth, could be the love of Ross to me? I repelled it; I would crush out forever all love for him—*all* love! To what good was love?

Perhaps I had not until this moment realized the full desolation that had befallen me through the death of my father. Well might I ask to what good was love, when I had no one, nothing left me to love. I had no use for a heart; let me, then, thrust it from my being. With it life would be torture; without it, a hard, blank thing. Let it be the latter; a life of sensation, of the intellect; cold, bald ethics to rule in human relations; and to my God—

I paused here, arrested by vague doubts and questionings, which I was then but little disposed to analyze, which the endeavor of a lifetime may not have sufficed to resolve.

Yes, I would write to Ross, however; beyond that slight but significant finger-post might stretch the long, long vista of dreariness. I would renounce my love for Ross, and free him from the bond that had become so odious.

As I emptied a compartment of my portfolio to find the materials for my purpose, a card strayed from the contents. It came to me an opportune token of the past; so I thought as I held it in my hand and contemplated the task before me. In a moment of trifling I had clipped a coil from the abundant brown locks which I so much admired, and attached it to this card. The reverse of the card bore an impromptu, written in a like spirit of badinage:—

> "Lo, this coil of silken strands,
> Emblem of the steadfast bands
> That moor my life-bark to the *Sands*
> Alas, alas, a stranded cable!
> Brittle, aye, the anchor stable;
> Changing *Sands* the grounding table!"

I recalled the smile of superior content with which the owner of the lock surveyed me as I traced the three former lines; the feint of displeasure and deprecation which sought to forbid the addition of those succeeding. How daintily did the prestige of masculine nobility yield itself to this trivial feminine toying! Well it became him, that graceful affability, tempered so happily by the choice reserve that lends to such pastime its subtlest charms.

I remembered this and a hundred like incidents, each with its setting of characteristic traits; but with a kind of grim contempt of tender scenes and affectionate ebullition, full of promise for the accomplishment of my resolutions, but fairly frightful to the merely observant cognizances of my nature. And I may say here that such an observant and commentative element was not wanting during this state of passional excitement, though its specific activity may have been for the time ignored. I gazed long on this trifling memento. Lightly, in sheer exuberance of happiness, I had thrown off those giddy triplets. With what drear irony did they at this time fall upon my impoverished heart!

HEATH PLACE, *July* —.

The sight of this *prophetic* memento will, under the circumstances, be a sufficient evidence to you that the change in our relations is not unknown to me. In confirmation, how-

ever, I will say that I awaited you this evening in the honeysuckle arbor, and was there, in a manner, an involuntary listener to the regretful declaration which you made to Alice. This is not written by way of blame, but, with an earnest desire for your present and future happiness, to release you from all bonds to

AVIS HEATH.

Mr. ROSS SANDS.

I wrote the above rapidly, without a pause, scarce drawing a full breath in the quiet I had imposed upon myself. A vivid remembrance is still with me of the pain that racked my head—teeth even, which seemed to set themselves as a vice upon the strife of bitter thought and feeling. I folded the brief note, inclosing the card with a grimace of dismal satisfaction, if I may name as satisfaction an ugly recognition of the trueness of that instinctive distrust which, baffling all my efforts at mastery, had lurked throughout my association with Ross, as in this foolish bagatelle.

One task more. The little gifts from Ross; they were all at hand—not many, not important for their moneyed value; but pretty and well chosen; priceless to me as the media of sweet regard. These I collected, and arranged carefully in a package.

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

But my hand closed lingeringly upon one—the miniature. I held it unclasped, and raised the lamp to examine once more the familiar features.

"Away with it!" said the stern guard within.

"This once!" my heart pleaded.

I replaced the lamp resolutely. The sharp click of the spring clasp might have been the echo of a breaking heartstring, if such things were. I was not incredulous.

The clock in the hall below sounded one as I deposited the package, with the note, in my writing-desk. Only three hours gone of this drear misery, and a lifetime to come! The bravery which had borne me through the painful *work* forsook me in the simple endurance. In my short-sighted cowardice, I would fain have laid down life when I lay upon my bed, the frame tense and sleepless from excitement.

(To be continued.)

AN old author says: "A good wife commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she maketh plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it."

TERPSICHORE.

BY MRS. G. HILTON SCRIBNER.

THERE 's a genius more bright than dwells in bowers,
In sportive zephyrs and perfumed flowers—
'Tis the genius of mirth
In its joyous clime
That, in flowing, gives birth
To the tuneful chime
Of "Love's young dream" in its morning time.

'Tis a fanciful muse, whose wing unfurled
Soars aloft and afar o'er the misty world
Of picturing—dreaming—
And visions bright,
In quest of the beaming
Beacon light
Of new joys to arrest her capricious flight.

'Tis a spirit as wild as the mountain air,
As sportive and free as the fairies fair—
Whose magical wand
Invokes from above—
From the vague dream-land
Of fame and love—
The phantoms for which men live and rove.

In the radiant faces and jaunty curls,
In the bursts of mirth of boys and girls,
It sparkles and gleams
With a fitful ray,
It lives in their dreams
By night and by day,
And rules their hearts with a magic sway.

It lurks in each note of the social song,
Where voices united, loud and long,
In musical numbers
Awaken the sprite
That never slumbers
By day or by night,
Where joy is unbounded and hearts are light.

There 's a genius more bright than dwells in bowers,
In sportive zephyrs and perfumed flowers—
'Tis the breath of the spirit,
The heart's life of all;
We feel, see, and hear it
In cot, grove, and hall—
It is only beclouded 'neath Death's sable pall.

MARY'S HOMAGE.

BY REV. DANIEL EMERSON.

MARY, thy name through all the earth is spread:
As far as rivers run and mountains rise,
And God's swift WORD with wings of healing flies,
So far are thy blest name and influence shed,
And sweetest blessings rained upon thy head.
Mary, that precious ointment, thy rich hoard,
Thy chosen Lord to greet so freely poured,
Still make thee live, although thy form has fled.
Mary, as ointment in its richness given,
Thy name, thy praise, thy spirit still are here,
Our acts to guide, our spirits, too, to cheer,
And through us breathe the holy air of heaven.
Mary, through all the world thy name is known.
And through the choirs that see thee sit near Jesus's throne.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

CHAPTER I.

There is a lonely homestead
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully
In every passing gale.—MRS. LOND.

THERE lingers in my memory a scene of beauty, and at the same time of desolation. The sun is shining over a beautiful landscape, the trees of which are tinged with the gorgeous hues of early autumn. On a slight elevation stand the remains of a stately mansion, surrounded by large and once carefully-tended pleasure-grounds, shaded by magnificent fruit and forest trees, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. It must have been a pleasant dwelling; but why this desolation? Surely those stanch oaken timbers should have withstood the storms of centuries; but now they seem unjointed, and in many places the clapboards have fallen from them. Above the leaning doorways and gaping casements, which glass and sash have long deserted, most elaborate carving is mouldering away; while through the lofty halls, the spacious parlors, up the wide, wide stairway, and through the roofless chambers, the autumn winds hold wild revels; now shrieking in apparent laughter, anon dying away in low moans. Those living near the "Haunted House" tell strange legends of marvellous sights seen there at dead of night: of gleaming lights, of dusky forms that tread the ruined halls of the "pale faces," and above all of the shadowy forms of a young Indian chief and his pale-faced bride, whom he encircles with one arm, while, with the other, he hurls defiance at some invisible foe.

For a long time after the mansion was deserted by the family to whom it belonged efforts were made to have it inhabited; but each tenant left it after a short trial, and it was finally abandoned to its fate. A popular tradition says that this house occupies the site of an ancient Indian burial-ground, where many chieftains of a once powerful tribe are laid to rest; and after many wrongs had been inflicted on the descendants of these dreamless sleepers by the proud master of the mansion, those dusky shades were awakened which caused it to be deserted. But we will give the story at full length.

It was in the latter part of the last century that Edward Templemore, a young Englishman of wealth, emigrated to this country, and by chance wandered to the vicinity of the place we have described. Being pleased with the surrounding country, he resolved to settle there; the ground was as yet covered with lofty trees, beneath whose shade reposed the wigwams of the remains of the tribe of Indians which has been mentioned. Although the adjacent region was fast becoming populated by the whites, these still retained their hereditary hunting-grounds and the burial-place of their fathers. Here they lived happily, and hoped to remain till the Great Spirit should call them away. But in an evil hour came the young Englishman from beyond the "great water" among them, and by his handsome person and winning manners became a favorite with them all, and particularly with their chief, a stately-looking man already past the prime of life, who had known many sorrows and borne them with the usual stolidity of his race. He had seen the gradual wasting away of his tribe; of a large family of children there remained to him but the youngest, an active boy of a few years, in whom were centered the hopes of his few remaining people. When the "Young Eagle" was but an infant, his mother was removed to the spirit-land, and from that time a cloud rested upon the heart of her husband; for the "Morning Star" had ever been the light of her rude home, and but for her child that home would now have been desolate indeed.

The neighborhood of the whites had brought with it that fearful curse "fire water," and tradition saith that our Indian friend was not unsusceptible of its influence. The young Englishman was not long in discovering this weak point in the chief's character, and proceeded to take advantage of it. He coveted the heritage of the Indians, and his efforts to purchase it had been unavailing; for they received the proposal with indignation. "What! shall we sell the bones of our fathers?" exclaimed the chief; "their spirits would leave the happy hunting-grounds and come back to curse us!" But his resolves proved useless; for Templemore met him one day at a neighboring settlement, and under the guise of friendship supplied him liberally with "fire-water," and while under its influence easily persuaded him to make over to him his inheritance; and that, we are told, far short of its actual value. The remorse and indignation of the chief after his intoxication had passed away may easily be imagined; but it availed him nothing; for the treacherous

friend had been careful to make the purchase in a legal form, so there could be no retraction.

On a lovely morning in May the unhappy Indians took leave of the forest home, now theirs no longer. Their last chant rang mournfully among the grand old trees; they bade an eloquent farewell to the tombs of their ancestors, and we are told that it was not with blessings that the treacherous "pale face" was remembered. With heavy hearts they bent their footsteps towards the setting sun, and it is said that after a few days' journey the young son of the chief disappeared, and could not be found. The unhappy father thought that his child had been spirited away as a punishment for his own sin, and died soon after of the combined effects of grief and intemperance. Of the fortunes of the remaining Indians thus left without a leader, tradition further saith not.

Templemore had now gained his object, and proceeded to erect a large mansion and lay out extensive grounds. For the site of his house he chose the burial-ground (not being superstitious, we suppose). With admirable taste he left many of the forest trees, intermingling with them rare fruit trees and beautiful flowering shrubs. When all was completed, he brought from a neighboring village a fair bride to share with him his beautiful home; and there was not in the country a happier or more prosperous man than Edward Templemore. The legend here passes over an interval of many years.

CHAPTER II.

Ye drive them from their father's land,
Ye break of faith the seal;
But think ye from the courts of Heaven
To exclude their last appeal?—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN the narrative is resumed, we find Mr. Templemore a stately, middle-aged gentleman, with the fire of his eye undimmed, and but few threads of silver mingling in his dark locks. But where is the young wife whom we saw just entering her new home? Alas! she has long been a tenant of that narrow home whither we are all hastening. During her life she exerted a softening influence over the stern will of her husband, rendering him more amiable; but after her death, his old harshness returned; and though not an unkind father, he was regarded with somewhat of fear as well as love by his only child.

If tradition is to be believed, Edith Templemore was a maiden of rare beauty, of stately form, and noble features. She inherited her father's broad brow and dark eyes, and there was sometimes an expression which seemed to say that she lacked not a portion of his spirit also; but her mother had carefully sought to counteract all that was self-willed in her daughter, and had in a measure succeeded. A short time after the loss of this invaluable friend, Edith was sent to a distant city to complete her education. Here she became an inmate of a fashionable seminary for young ladies, and was occasionally taken into society with others of her schoolmates by the teachers. On some of these occasions they met the students of a college located in the same city; and there was one whose eagle eyes soon learned to seek out Edith; and we are told that she did not regard him with indifference. What cared she that upon his lofty brow there lingered a dark shade that, with his uncurled raven locks, proclaimed his Indian lineage? She only thought, as she watched those magnificent eyes, and listened to his brilliant conversation, that he was the very standard of perfection; and it is to be presumed that his opinion of her was equally flattering, as in a short time they were plighted lovers. Not until she was acquainted with his past history, however, did Allan Lisle ask her hand.

"You are undoubtedly aware, Miss Templemore," said he, "that by birth I am an Indian; my recollections of my people are very limited, as I was separated from them when a child. Yet I still retain a pleasant memory of my early home, of boyish sports beneath the tall trees and around our rude wigwams. I was the hereditary chief of our tribe. I well remember the affection of my father, a stately chieftain, and also our taking a melancholy leave of our beautiful home, and have a faint idea that it was through the injustice of a white man that we were obliged to go. On the second day of our journey, while our party were resting from the noontide heat, I was attracted by the brilliant plumage of a bird which flew toward a thicket near, and following its slow flight, I soon lost sight of my companions; but being accustomed to wandering alone in the forest, this gave me no uneasiness. After some time I became weary and lay down to sleep. My slumber must have been of several hours' duration, for when I awoke the stars were shining brightly in the sky; a sense of loneliness came over me; and rising hastily I endeavored to return to my people, but in vain: I only became entangled in the dense shrubbery of a swamp. At last, yielding to despair, I sat down and remained motionless until morning, when I resumed my fruitless efforts. When the day

was nearly spent I heard voices near, and hastening in their direction, found not my friends, but a party of white men engaged in hunting. My own surprise was equalled by theirs in finding an Indian child alone in the woods. My story, told in imperfect English, won for me the sympathy of the kind hunters, and after a vain search for my people, they carried me home with them. One of the party, a wealthy and childless man, fancied me notwithstanding my swarthy color, and adopted me as his son. It is the name of this beloved benefactor that I bear, and to him I am indebted for my education and prospects in life. I shall endeavor to realize his bright hopes in the profession which I have chosen—that of the law—as you are aware; and it will be the object of my life to repay, as far as possible, the kindness which he has shown to a nameless wanderer. And now, fair lady, having said thus much of myself, allow me to ask—"

We are not gifted in the way of describing love scenes, but think that the question of our black-eyed friend must have received a favorable answer, for it was soon reported in the seminary that Edith Templemore and the handsome Indian lawyer were engaged. Soon after these events, the young lady returned home. Her lover being admitted to the bar, and receiving the approbation of his adopted father, intended soon to visit her and obtain her father's consent to their union.

When Edith arrived at home, she found that her father had received some inklings as to the state of affairs, and was not very favorably disposed towards her lover. She endeavored to remove his prejudices, and trusted to a personal interview to dispel them altogether.

At length Allan came. It happened that Mr. Templemore was away when he arrived. We need not describe the happy meeting of the lovers. After the first greeting was over, Allan remarked—

"It is singular, Edith, that this place does not seem altogether unfamiliar to me; this peculiar rise of ground—where can I have seen the resemblance of it?"

"It was a strange place to build a house," said Edith, "for there is said to have been an Indian burial-place here."

"Ah, it is indeed the home of my childhood!" exclaimed Allan, springing from his chair. "But how changed!"

As he spoke, Mr. Templemore entered the room. A scowl of deadly hatred settled on his brow, for he had heard the young man's words, and knew (what he had before suspected) that the son of the man whom he had so deeply wronged stood before him. Edith arose to introduce her lover; but was interrupted by her father. "I am well aware," said he, "that this is the Indian vagabond who seeks your hand; but with my consent he shall never have it."

Allan's dark eyes flashed; drawing himself proudly up, he said: "From no other man, Mr. Templemore, would I endure such language; but you are the father of my beloved Edith, and *as such* entitled to my forbearance. I have come to ask your consent to our marriage; but do not suppose that I am ignorant of the wrong inflicted on my people, or the fact that you have deprived me of these broad acres. The memory of the past I am willing to bury in oblivion, if you grant me but this request."

Edith had drawn near him as he spoke, and now placed her hand in his.

Ungovernable rage sparkled in the old man's eyes as he beheld them standing thus, and suddenly raising the heavy walking-stick, he inflicted a fearful blow upon Allan's temple! Without a groan, he fell upon the floor. For a moment did Edith gaze upon her horror-stricken parent, and that gaze, so full of woe, haunted him to his last hour; then, with a wild cry, sank beside her murdered lover. The servants, hearing that fearful shriek, rushed in and saw their master looking like one stupefied upon his work of destruction. What a scene was there! The noble form of the young Indian lay extended in death, and on his outstretched arm, with her dark hair and white dress dabbled in the blood which gushed from her mouth, lay the idolized young mistress of the household! Medical aid was summoned. The young man was dead, and for Edith, who had ruptured a bloodvessel, there was no hope. In a few hours she died, forgiving her father with her last breath, and requesting to be buried beside her lover. That request was granted, and they rest side by side. Mr. Templemore was wealthy, and we are told that riches cover a multitude of sins; so no very strict legal investigation was made. But, although unscathed by justice, who shall say that he went unpunished? From that day he was an altered man, with blanched hair, and his stalwart form bending as with the weight of many added years. And from that fearful day, tradition telleth us, has Templemore Mansion been uninhabitable. This violence done to their last descendant aroused the shades of the dusky warriors who slept on the hillside, and now they hold forevermore wild revels in the ruined home of the oppressor.

HOW THE WRONG WAS DONE AND RIGHTED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"And now, Cecilia, I want to make assurance doubly sure. You will not go to Central Park with this friend of your cousin's while I am absent?"

"Yes, Horace, you may depend upon me; I will not go to Central Park with him or with any one else. Does that satisfy you, now?" And the last speaker looked up in the gentleman's face with a smile whose exceeding sweetness had just that little touch of wilfulness which made it only the more attractive.

They were standing by the piano, the young lady and gentleman of whom I write, and their whole attitude and expression plainly indicated that some intimate relationship existed between them; and appearances were not at fault this time, for Cecilia Howard had been the betrothed wife of Horace Nicholls for the last three months.

They made a pleasant picture to look upon. There was a warm background of crimson curtains and cushioned chairs, and the carpet had a vine of blossoms whose golden flagons were drawn on a russet ground.

Cecilia Howard's years hovered among their early twenties. There was much that was sweet, and lovely, and of good report in her character; there was much which was fair and attractive in that young face, where the fresh carnations hovered about her cheeks as the smiles did in her lips and eyes. But her beauty, her grace, and all the natural charms of her manner had not alone won for her the love of Horace Nicholls; he was too sensible a man for that. He knew that the freshness and beauty of youth must fade with years, and that the most disagreeable, repellant, and malicious old women are often those who had nothing to supplant the bloom and grace of their youth, women who lacked cultivation of heart and of mind, and who have no stores laid up to beguile the weariness or lighten the burden of their old age, and who from a frivolous and empty youth pass into a fretful, selfish, miserable old-womanhood.

"God, in His good mercy, deliver me from such a wife!" prayed, reverently, the strong, brave heart of Horace Nicholls. The woman of his choice was not faultless, any more than he was; but Cecilia Howard had a warm, quickly responsive heart, that most beautiful thing in woman. She was the only daughter of her widowed mother, who only escaped making an idol of her child, and had been over-indulgent with her; but Mrs. Howard was a woman of good sense, and she had spared no pains nor expense which her limited means allowed in the education of her child.

Horace Nicholls was the nephew of a bank president, who had adopted him into his own large family on the death of the boy's parents, and generously afforded him every advantage which he bestowed on his own half dozen boys. Horace was naturally thoughtful and studious. He had graduated at college, and because his uncle's penetration convinced him that he had more force and capacity than any of his own sons, he had offered him a lucrative and responsible position in the bank of which he was president.

He did not look more than his years, and they were twenty-eight. His face was, I think, a fair index of his character. It was a good, manly face—intelligent, cultivated. Most people regarded him as somewhat reserved; yet, with those who knew him well, he was singularly frank and spontaneous.

There was a magnetic charm about Horace Nicholls to the few to whom he disclosed himself, but his character rested on a basis of solid Christian principle, and the great aim of his life was not simply to please the æsthetic tastes of those over whom he had most influence. But although his character was "drawn on a grave reserve," it was abundantly veined with humor, and a half covert sportiveness flashed its light all over his conversation.

"Yes, *that* answer more than satisfies me, my little girl," replied Horace Nicholls to the question of his betrothed. "I am not exacting; I am quite satisfied that you should go to the Central Park, only not in company with this Mr. Marshall. I know, notwithstanding his gentlemanlike appearance and personal accomplishments, that he is not a man of sound moral principle, not a man of right heart or life. And the one flower I have gathered to wear in my heart must not waste any of its sweetness or beauty on a man like this one."

Cecilia Howard looked up and blushed a little betwixt her smiles, as what woman would not at such sweet flattery? Then her thoughts touched on something which troubled her.

"What is it?" asked Horace Nicholls, reading her face.

"Oh, I wish you weren't going away! A week seems a long time, Horace, and I shall be so lonely without you!"

The young man looked down on her before he answered, with one of his rare, sweet smiles, which it was evident from its mingled expression touched on many feelings; but the tenderness triumphed.

"And whenever you feel lonely, darling, remember that my heart answers to yours, Cecilia. The week looks very long to me now."

She thanked him with a smile, half shy, half fond, and altogether sweet.

"But this is not the way to talk of it," said Horace Nicholls. "We will put this week of our absence to all good work and uses, and when we see each other again, be a little better man and woman for the teaching of the days which are gone."

"I don't intend to waste the hours, Horace; I expect to make some strong leaps in my German before you return, besides devoting myself to various other work of a more decidedly feminine character which I've laid out to do."

It was very hard to leave her; Horace Nicholls' face bore witness to this as he looked at his watch.

"Is it time?" asked Cecilia.

"Almost; there is time for *one* song before I go; let me have it."

She swept her fingers over the keys of the piano, and then her voice—it was naturally a fine one, and had received careful cultivation—flowed through an old, quaint ballad, whose mingled pathos and joy of tenderness gathered itself up at last into a triumphant close of faith and trust in the eternal love and wisdom which shall satisfy and answer with "fulness of joy" all hearts that put their trust in it. And the sweet air, as it throbbed and surged along the ballad, was only a new echo and disclosure of its sentiment in all its finest shades. Horace Nicholls was silent when the last notes ceased to palpitate on the air. He was exquisitely susceptible to the power of music, and it seemed as though the quaint old ballad and the sweet air had expressed somewhat in his heart that words could not.

He drew Cecilia to him, and his last speech, solemn and tender, went beyond this life, even as the life of Horace Nicholls did: "The Lord bless and keep thee, my darling, and give thee peace!" Then he went away without another word.

Three days had passed; the cold white flannel of winter had rolled thick over the earth, hiding as was best the woe and desolation from her face, for the beauty of the summer and the stately splendor of the autumn had departed from her. But on the fourth day the low, sullen clouds were swept away by the triumphant sunshine; the storm of wind had lifted up its banners and come on; the storm of snow ceased at last.

"Everybody was out that day." So said Helen, the cousin of Cecilia Howard, a pretty, kindly, frivolous girl, as she came in, just before lunch. "Cecilia, I've come for you," said the young lady, bestowing her cape and muff on one-half of the sofa and herself on the other, "and I sha'n't have any denial. You're to go to Central Park with me this afternoon."

"Oh, I can't think of it!"

"That's exactly what I want you not to do"—with a toss of her head and a little twitter of a laugh. "You're not to think at all; only to go. Why, the skating is perfectly charming, and the day, coming out of three of storm, is probably the fairest we shall have this January. Let me have some coffee and cake with you, and then we will go."

Helen Eustis, without any real force of character, had a certain promptness and vivacity, which often served to bear down any slight opposition, and compel acquiescence.

The day certainly was attractive, and three indoors had prepared Cecilia to relish a walk. Then, like most young ladies, she enjoyed intensely the new pleasure and excitement of skating, and would have entered eagerly into her cousin's proposition, if it had not been for the remembrance of her promise to her betrothed. And this memory held her back.

"There is no use to urge me, Helen," she said, with quiet determination, and yet with a little lurking regret in her tones, which prevented her cousin from abandoning the matter. "I cannot go out this afternoon; I have good and sufficient reasons for it."

"What are they, Cecilia?"—in that abrupt manner which in another must have seemed impertinent, but which was Helen's "way;" and the words were partly warranted by an intimacy which had existed betwixt Cecilia and herself since their infancy.

Cecilia hesitated a moment, and then, thinking the best way was to meet her cousin in her own straightforward fashion, answered, quietly—

"I promised Horace that I wouldn't go to Central Park while he was away."

"I thought so!" There was a very faint curl of the lip which said vastly more than, with all her freedom of speech and manner, Helen Eustis would have ventured on. "Dear me, I 'm thankful I 'm not an engaged young lady, if I should in consequence have to be shut up like a nun in a convent."

"I don't know that *I* am." There was a little shade of annoyance in her voice and manner. "The promise was quite of my own making; Horace didn't ask it."

"Oh well, that alters the case. I thought it was singular enough that he should be so exacting as that. Of course he wouldn't care at all, if you rode up to the Park with brother Daniel and me," seeing that Cecilia's last remark had given her another stand-point from which to renew argument and persuasion.

That her cousin had made an advance on her objections was evident enough by Cecilia's half doubtful reply: "I don't know that Horace would care, but then I promised him, you know."

"What made you promise him such an absurd thing?"

There was a little flutter of embarrassment in Cecilia's face. "There were good reasons; I can't explain them, though."

Helen Eustis was a shrewd girl. She suspected the truth at once; and this suspicion gave her a fresh motive to induce her cousin to accompany her. She was well aware that Horace Nicholls had no respect for the man who was her acknowledged lover; and this knowledge, while it offended her, stimulated her desire to triumph over her cousin's betrothed. The truth is, she had never liked Horace Nicholls. She felt, intuitively, the moral antagonism of their characters and aims in life, and the real estimate in which he held hers. This conviction galled the girl's pride, and her vanity was piqued because she had never succeeded in gaining the admiration of Horace Nicholls.

She felt that he had penetrated farther into her real character, into the motives which moulded it, and controlled her living, than any man had done before; and that in his heart he had pronounced her worldly, vain, and selfish. And this knowledge not only galled her proud spirit, but gave her a thirst for some petty revenge, and a desire to wound the man through his affections, although she would not have acknowledged this even to her own consciousness.

"Excuse me, Cecilia," subjoined the lady, playing with the tassels of her muff, and feeling her way softly along the new ground she had gained, "I didn't mean to intrude on any private reasons you might have for this promise, but I 'm altogether certain that if Mr. Nicholls were here, he would insist upon your going with Daniel and me this afternoon. You know what he said, the last time I was here, about the absolute necessity of a woman going out of the house every pleasant day at least."

"I remember," more and more inclined to the ride.

"There goes the lunch-bell. Say you 'll go. Come, now! Horace will not say a word, I 'll wager a new pair of gloves. Shall you be always *just* so careful and obedient, my little cousin? What a model wife you will make!" The speaker had come over to her cousin's side now, and was stroking her hair, and her smile was a very bright one, only it concealed several things!

"I 'm neither fearful nor obedient," nettled again, as Helen meant she should be, under the soft words. "It was wholly my own promise, not Horace's asking."

"Why don't you go, then, when you are certain he wouldn't wish you to keep it under the circumstances? Come, Cecilia, I 'm famishing for a sandwich and some coffee."

"Are you sure, Helen, that no one is to go with you, excepting Daniel?"

"He and yourself are the only persons to whom I have spoken of it."

Helen thought that she had spoken the truth, for she had too much self-respect to utter a base falsehood; but she concealed something which made her remark only true to the letter.

"Well, I 'll go, I believe," was the audible conclusion of Cecilia's meditations, the burden of which was, that if Horace was there he would certainly approve of her doing so; and yet it was singular that she had to repeat this so many times to herself, in order to satisfy her own mind.

"There 's a darling." And Helen kissed her cousin, and there was a flash of triumph in her eyes.

Great was the surprise and consternation of Cecilia Howard when, three-quarters of an hour later, she entered the parlor of her cousin's residence, and Mr. Marshall rose up from the sofa, with a couple of his most graceful bows to the ladies.

Helen's surprise was well acted. "Is it possible, Mr. Marshall? Who expected to find you here, and to what, or whom are we indebted for the pleasure?"

"I am indebted for it to your brother, Miss Helen. He informed me that you had engaged

to ride with him to Central Park this afternoon, and invited me to join you."

"That is just like Daniel. He always likes to share his rides with somebody who can be more agreeable than his sister," said the young lady, with a toss of her pretty head, and a little pout which she knew how to use on just the right occasion; but she did not think it necessary to acquaint either of her guests with the fact that Daniel would never have thought of inviting his friend to join in the ride, if his sister had not suggested it in the morning, in case the two young men came across each other.

"We are to have the pleasure of your company, Miss Howard?" said George Marshall, as he restored Cecilia the handkerchief which had fallen from her hand to the floor; and he accomplished this little act with all the grace which rendered him so great a favorite with a certain class of ladies.

"I—I hav'n't quite decided," rejoined Cecilia, as she received the handkerchief, and forgot to thank the gentleman, her face full of indecision and pain.

Helen turned around and faced her cousin with her large, dark eyes. "Why, Cecilia, what has got into you? You promised me that you would go."

"I know that I did; but it was half against my best judgment, and I think now that I must recall it."

The low, steady voice made Helen think that after all her cousin might not be over-persuaded against her best judgment, but at that moment the door opened, and Daniel Eustis entered.

He was a good-hearted, well-meaning young man, with a character neither very fine nor high-toned, but kind and good-natured as far as he went. He had always been very fond of Cecilia, and she had a kind of half sisterly affection for the young man, because of old, pleasant memories, that knit up many of the golden hours of his and her childhood together; for Daniel Eustis had carried her in his small arms around the nursery, in the earliest dawn of her remembrance.

"Daniel, you 've come just at the right moment," called his sister. "For some unaccountable reason, Cecilia 's taken it into her head to go home. Perhaps your entreaties will avail to keep her; mine can't."

Daniel Eustis came up to his cousin and kissed the peach bloom on her cheek with the freedom which had always existed in their intercourse; then he took both her hands in his playfully. "You 're my prisoner; I sha'n't let you go, Cecilia," he said, "without the very best of reasons."

Their eyes were all on her face, and Cecilia felt her position as most embarrassing. She feared that Helen might suspect the real motive which had induced her change of opinion, and she lacked moral courage to run the risk of offending her. She reflected, too, that Daniel's presence would shield her from any attentions which the chivalric Mr. Marshall might otherwise be disposed to render her; and in the awkward position in which she was placed, there was certainly nothing better to do than to quietly acquiesce in the matter. Horace would not be unreasonable enough to blame her, for she was in no wise responsible for Mr. Marshall's presence.

So the matter was ended, with a little nervous laugh on her part, and a "Well, as I 'm your prisoner, there 's nothing for me to do but to surrender as gracefully as possible."

Alas for thee, Cecilia Howard!

They had a charming ride up to the Park. The beautiful gray ponies seemed to enter into the spirit of the day, as they dashed along the newly fallen snow to the silver chime of the sleigh-bells.

As for the skating, that was charming, too; and Cecilia shook off the shadow from her spirits, and for the next three hours she gave herself up to the enjoyment of gliding over the crystal basement built by the frozen waters. She was accomplished in the exercise, and many admiring eyes followed the graceful sweep of her figure along the ice, or watched the fair face whose soft bloom the winds opened into damask roses, and whose bright eyes and bright lips answered each other with smiles that were equally captivating.

It was impossible to skate all the time with Daniel. Mr. Marshall often took possession of her, in a manner which she could not decline without marked rudeness; and in a little while she submitted to it, and forgot all about the disagreeable necessity.

"You are not sorry you came, after all, are you, little cousin?" asked Daniel, as he assisted her into the carriage, just as the short winter day was being gathered up into the night.

"O no," was the quick response. And then the memory of Horace's visit flashed across Cecilia Howard, and she was not certain that she had spoken the truth, after all; and she was so quiet during the ride home that her cousins rallied her several times on her silence, but it was in vain.

Horace Nicholls had always feared the influ-

ence of Helen Eustis over the woman of his choice. He knew that Cecilia was too susceptible and approbative, but he hoped that time would strengthen and develop all the beautiful possibilities of her nature, and he had resolved that when she belonged to him, the intimacy betwixt the cousins should be gradually lessened.

As for George Marshall, the pure-minded and true-hearted man could only contemplate with a shudder the possibility of Cecilia's youth and sweetness being brought under the influence or into the moral atmosphere of her cousin's betrothed for a moment. Horace knew that this man was unsound to the core; a man without principle or honor; without belief in God or faith in man; one who sneered at all truth and self-sacrifice, and whose only aim in life was the achievement of his own happiness and aggrandizement.

George Marshall was a man of marked ability; one who possessed taste, discernment, and that social adaptation which, combined with many personal gifts and graces, made him a great favorite, and he was especially successful in dazzling women who had not the fine moral sense that could penetrate his disguises and find his soul and heart hollow and selfish.

Cecilia Howard had this; from the first acquaintance with George Marshall he had repelled her, and she had always avoided his society as much as she could, without absolutely declining it.

Helen Eustis was acute enough to perceive all this, and she attributed the whole thing to Horace Nicholls. She was just the style of woman for a man like George Marshall to dazzle; and her social position and her father's wealth made him desirous of winning her for his wife; but Helen Eustis had occasionally glimpses of the real sentiments of her betrothed, which for the moment shocked her, and she was thus rendered doubly sensitive to another's perceiving them; and the conviction that Horace Nicholls had done this made her dislike for the man almost amount to hatred. She vainly sought opportunities of bringing George Marshall and her cousin together, and it was the knowledge of this desire on Helen's part which made Horace Nicholls obtain from Cecilia the promise that he had on their last interview.

"Why, Horace!" That was all she had time to speak, for the arms which had seized Cecilia Howard about the waist as she stood slipping a lump of sugar betwixt the wires of her canary's cage gathered her up closely, and sweet and tender kisses said at that time all that the giver felt and could not.

"I did not expect you until to-morrow, Horace." Cecilia disengaged herself at last; and how sweet she looked in the eyes to whom she was beautiful beyond comparison with all rare and beautiful things! How sweet she looked with the glad welcome in her eyes and the roses widening in her cheeks I cannot write.

Horace Nicholls took entire possession of the lady, and carried her off into the parlor, and seated her down on the lounge.

"It is good to get back; it has been a long week, Cecilia."

"It has seemed like three, Horace."

"So it has. And, now, what have you been doing of work or play during this time?"

"Oh, various things. Dipping into French and German, taking some deep draughts from that fountain whose waters are always fresh, 'Aurora Leigh,' and using myself in all homely ways and offices, for Biddy has been sick, and mamma's purse, you know, is not deep enough for two domestics."

"*That* is one kind of the work which is worship, my little girl. And, now, how about the *play?*"

"Oh, I haven't had much of that." She said this in a little hurried wise that he afterward recalled, although he was unconscious of observing it at the time, and he thought it must have prompted his next inquiry, for no fear or suspicion that Cecilia would break her promise had crossed his thoughts during his absence.

"And you haven't been to Central Park, as you promised me, notwithstanding the fine skating?"

"*O no; of course not,*" answered Cecilia, drawing her breath, and feeling a cold shudder run over her. "Why, what can have put that idea into your head?"—busy with the velvet cushion, so that Horace Nicholls did not see her face while she spoke.

"I don't know, I'm sure"—half apologetically. "I asked the question without reflection, as I knew that you wouldn't go."

The young lover remained less than an hour with Cecilia. Perhaps he would have observed a slight constraint and agitation in her manner if the happiness of being with her once more had been less deep and full. At the end of an hour he tore himself away that evening, and he little imagined that as soon as she had closed the door on him Cecilia Howard returned to the parlor, flung herself into a chair, and, lifting her hands, there broke from the girl's lips

a wail of exceeding anguish. "I have told a lie! I have taken a great sin upon my soul!"

"Halloa, Horace! can't you stop long enough to shake hands?"

The voice, loud and good-natured, reached the young man as he was hurrying up Broadway. He turned hastily, and confronted Daniel Eustis, who had just crossed one of the streets which intersected the great thoroughfare. The young men shook hands cordially, and then Daniel asked—

"Where do you keep yourself now-a-days?"

"I 've been out of town for a week, and got back within the last hour."

"Seen my pretty cousin?" asked Daniel, with a significant smile, gracefully shaking a few gray flakes from his cigar.

"Certainly I have," answered Horace Nicholls. And his smile said very plainly that he was quite ready, and proud to avow the fact before the whole world.

Daniel Eustis was fond of a joke. This time he put on a slightly mysterious expression, and continued: "Well, it 's fortunate you 've got back again, for your own peace of heart, and that of my pretty cousin, too."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, half indifferently, supposing that this was merely some of Daniel's nonsense; for he knew his habit of light talking, as he had frequently met him at his cousin's, and liked him, partly for her sake, partly for his good nature.

"Oh, nothing; only Helen insists that if Cecilia wasn't just the little saint that she is, she should certainly be jealous, for George Marshall was so deeply impressed the day they were out together. He says she 's perfectly charming, and he 's a man of taste, Horace; you may be glad to have him endorse your choice."

Horace Nicholls did not seem to feel the force of the latter part of this remark. He brought his deep, gray eyes on Daniel's face with an expression which the young man had never seen there before.

"When and where were George Marshall and Cecilia Howard out together? What do you mean, Daniel?" The voice was that of a man who would not be put off.

"Why, man alive, nothing serious; only that Mr. Marshall and Cecilia Howard were out together on Central Park, last Thursday afternoon, with Helen and myself, and we had a capital time of it; and the former young lady's charms of person and grace of manner made an impression which you, certainly of all others, can best understand."

The face of Horace Nicholls was very white, but he controlled himself, and his voice was steady, although it was not the voice of the same man who had spoken two minutes before.

"Daniel, do you tell me, on your most sacred word and honor, that these two—your cousin and George Marshall—passed last Thursday afternoon together on Central Park?"

"Of course I do," answered Daniel, with a stare. "There was no harm in that, was there? Helen and I were alongside." For it now recurred to Daniel's memory that his sister had told him with a covert sneer that she did not think Mr. Nicholls liked George Marshall very well, he was quite too great a saint for that.

"That 's all, Daniel. Good-morning." And touching his hat, Horace walked off.

Daniel did also, whistling to himself, and thinking "I 've got myself into a fix. Hang it! I wish I 'd kept still." And he made this remark to his sister, on finding her in the sitting-room.

"What have you done, now, Dan?" asked Helen Eustis, looking up from an exquisite bouquet of camelias and moss which she was arranging in a vase.

The young man threw himself into a chair, and related the conversation which had just transpired betwixt himself and Horace Nicholls.

Helen listened with evident interest, and there was a look of triumph on her face when he concluded.

"I 'm very glad you told him, Daniel. How absurd it is that Horace Nicholls should be so jealous! Poor Cecilia!"

And Daniel concluded his sister must be right after all, and dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Horace Nicholls did not go to the bank as he intended. He went home, with a fierce longing in his soul that he might die, with a wonder that the sun in the heavens above could smile down on him, while it seemed to him that he was almost forsaken of God.

The woman of his love and trust had proved herself a liar! The word seemed to blaze and curl in fiery lines before him, as he walked and hurried on. He was a man whose soul demanded truth, unflinching, absolute in the woman of his election; and he had loved Cecilia Howard with all the strength of his manhood, with a love so unutterable that it had been his daily prayer that it might not become idolatry, remembering who had said, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!" And now his faith and trust in her were gone for-

ever! Horace Nicholls was a man who would put his right hand in the fire, and hold it there, before he would sacrifice his judgment or his conscience to his affections. No matter though the sacrifice cost him his life, a thousand times, once satisfied that it was *right*, he would make it. He went home, and for the next three hours no human eyes beheld Horace Nicholls. He was alone with his God.

But at the end of that time his resolution was taken. He would see Cecilia no more; he would write her a brief note, acquainting her with all he had learned that morning, and the terrible consequences it had wrought for both of them. Then he would take the steamer which sailed the next day for Europe.

He knew that his uncle had some important business to transact with certain houses in London and Paris, and that he would very gladly avail himself of his services in this matter, after his first surprise at his nephew's determination was over. He shrank from the thought of seeing any other of his relatives or friends; he would leave the dearest of them a few messages, and that was all.

Cecilia Howard had passed the most miserable day of her life. She had gone about with a weight of remorse upon her soul which she could not put aside for one moment, and looking forward to the night, when Horace should come to her, with unutterable fear and dread. The girl was instinctively truthful. Her deep moral sense recoiled with unutterable loathing from the lie she had uttered, and the good that was in her triumphed at last. She resolved that she would not sleep that night until she had told Horace the whole truth. She shrank from the thought of his displeasure; she fairly writhed under the fear that she must sink forever in his esteem, that he must lose faith in her word; but anything, anything was better than that falsehood, whose knowledge bowed her to the earth. "God help me!" prayed the heart of Cecilia Howard.

Hour after hour that night she listened, trembling, and afraid for the footsteps of Horace Nicholls, but greatly to her surprise he did not come. She concluded at last that some business must have detained him, and fearing that her courage might fail her in his presence, resolved that before she slept she would write him a letter, telling him all that she had done and suffered.

She did not sleep that night until the letter was written. It was one that must have won forgiveness from and inspired new faith in any man, for its touching repentance, its womanly fear of the loss of Horace's confidence or his affection, were witnesses of all the disclosure had cost her; and how deep and strong was the love of truth in the soul of Cecilia Howard, that she would rather brave anything, make any sacrifice than carry the consciousness that she had deceived the man who loved her.

The burden was lifted from the girl's soul after the letter was written. She slept soundly that night, and the next morning, fearing to delay, sent her confession to Horace Nicholls.

It was delivered to him with several others, and he was then in the midst of preparations for his departure at noon. He tossed the whole into a drawer, and an hour later tore the envelopes hastily and ran them over. Cecilia's letter had slipped behind the others, among a pile of unimportant papers, and *escaped his notice*.

He was on board the steamer which at noon left the harbor for Liverpool, and on the evening of the same day, Cecilia Howard, who had watched and waited for his coming, received the letter which told her *all*.

A year had passed. During this time Horace Nicholls had been a wanderer in many lands, no one of his friends could have told where, for he had not communicated with his uncle except through the latter's agents, and in each case had carefully concealed his address, for it was his great aim to ignore everything which could awaken the old memories and the old pain in his heart. But one day, during a brief visit in Paris, he came suddenly upon some New York papers, and read there a statement of a severe injury which his uncle had received in the winter from a fall on the ice when alighting from his carriage.

Horace Nicholls owed something to the uncle who had sheltered his boyhood with a father's tenderness. He knew that the old gentleman would need his presence and services now, and he felt that duty summoned him home. He believed that he had conquered his own heart, at least so that he could bear the pain which the old associations would awaken: and in less than two weeks he was on his way to his native land.

For Cecilia Howard, her heart had not broken when she read that last letter of Horace Nicholls. I think that it might if she had not been sustained by the knowledge that, after all, he had mistaken her; that she was better than he believed, and that her letter, which she was certain could never have reached him, proved this, for it had been written without a thought

or fear of his discovering the truth through any other source. After that he owed her something, and the feeling that he had been unjust to her saved, as I said, her heart from breaking. But that was all; *his* letter laid her for three months on a sickbed, whence she rose at last a wiser and better woman.

Horace Nicholls had been home three days, and he had passed most of this time with his uncle, who was still confined to his chamber. The old gentleman had been quite overjoyed at seeing his nephew again, and if he suspected any reason for his long absence, never alluded to it. But that morning, the third after his return, the young man went to the room which he had formerly occupied, and which was in the residence of a widow lady who had been a friend of his mother's. Nothing had been changed during his absence. He opened the small table drawer, rummaged among its papers, which lay just as he had left them, and in overturning these his eye suddenly fell upon the letter which Cecilia Howard had last written him.

His heart gave a quick bound, for he knew the handwriting. He sat down, and after a little while opened the letter. When he had read it, he laid it down on the table, and laid his head down there too, and the proud man sobbed like a little child. He saw then that in the horror and pain of his first discovery of Cecilia's deception, he had acted unwisely, and that, after all, his first faith in her, his first intuitions of her real character had been the true ones; *and he was a man to make full atonement when he had erred.*

Cecilia Howard sat sewing, that morning, before the pleasant grate fire in the sitting-room. She was humming fragments of some sweet, old-fashioned tune to herself. She was not much changed, except in that change which is of the soul, and which touches and sublimates the whole face. Horace Nicholls stood still and looked at her a few moments as she sat there, for he had opened the door softly, as the domestic, who knew him well, had, at his request, told him where to find Cecilia, and that she was quite alone, for Mrs. Howard happened to be absent that morning.

"Cecilia!" It was said almost in a whisper.

She started and looked up. She had had no tidings of his return.

Horace Nicholls came forward very humbly; many feelings struggled in his face, but he said: "One hour since, Cecilia, I read the letter you wrote me a year ago, and which has lain in my drawer all that time. Cecilia, can you forgive me? Will you come back to me?"

She leaned her head back; the tears rained over her cheeks, but the light shone on her face, exalting it into a new beauty, not all of this world, as she said, with a mingling of gratitude and solemn triumph in her voice: "I thought you would come, Horace; I thought God would send you back to me."

FAR AWAY FROM THOSE I LOVE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Far away from those I love,
In the city's pomp and noise,
Memory bids me look again
On my long departed joys,
And before my vision brings
The old house where I was born,
With the fields where purled the brook,
And where waved the golden corn:

Brings to me the village church,
With the elms before the door,
And the teams beneath their shade,
Waiting for the service o'er;
Brings the chimes which seemed to say
"Hasten, hasten, be not late;"
And the knot of shining lads
Talking at the snow-white gate:

Brings the graveyard near the church
Where my blessed mother lies,
Where I often walked at eve
With sad heart and streaming eyes;
Brings the tranquil sunset hour,
Bathing all in sweet repose,
When along the winding lane
Singing home the milkmaid goes:

Brings to me the dear old woods
In their robes of green and gray,
Deep in whose resounding haunts
When a child I used to play;
Brings the school-house near the woods,
And the merry times I had
Coasting down the slanting hill
When the fields with snow were clad:

O the bliss that thrills my soul
As I look upon each scene!
O'er the stream of many years
That has rolled its way between.
Time may take all else from me,
But impressed upon my heart
Are the joys my childhood knew,
Never, never to depart!

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of them, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

DANCING THE SCHOTTISCHE.

BY ETHELSTONE.

"FRANK MONTFORT is a noble fellow, Hattie; I cannot see why you do not love him; I set my heart upon this match when you were a little girl in pantalettes, and now that you are marriageable, you scarcely tolerate him."

"I fully appreciate his merits, my dear brother; but we are not suited for each other. If I read the books and talked upon the subjects that he likes, every one else would think me a bore. He is so dignified, too. Why, I should never dare to laugh aloud in his presence; and besides, which would of itself be sufficient reason, he would not allow his wife to dance, unless it might be a stately quadrille, while I dote on the schottische and polka"—and springing to her feet, she pirouetted gracefully across the room. Suddenly pausing, she returned to the sofa, saying: "I'll tell you, Charlie, Jessie will suit him exactly; she is philosophical, and astronomical, and almost every other *al;* and then you know how shocked she was with the dancing at Saratoga last summer, and you love her, too, almost as well as you do me; so Jessie shall have your friend, and I will choose for myself."

In due time Cousin Jessie arrived to spend the remainder of the winter with her fashionable relatives in New York. A few days after her arrival, she was sitting in the drawing-room when Charlie came in. With scarcely a word of greeting, he threw himself at full length upon a sofa, and gave way to apparently uncontrollable mirth; pausing to take breath, he exclaimed—

"Oh, Jessie, the best joke! and about you, too. I have laughed every time I have thought of it since."

"About me?" said Jessie, with surprise. "What is it?'

"Why, you see, I have a very dear friend. I wanted him for a brother, but Hattie and he do not agree, so I thought the next best thing would be to have him for a cousin. Do you not remember, when you were here last, I was telling you of a friend of mine, then in Europe, whom I wished very much that you should see?"

"Yes," said Jessie.

"Well, this is the one. So to-day I went to his office, and told him that I had a young lady cousin here, and wished him to call upon you, saying at the same time: 'You will like her, Frank, for she does not dance "those detestable dances," as you call them.' As I was leaving, a sudden thought struck me; and, turning to him, I said, in a serious tone: 'There is one thing I should prepare you for, Frank; my cousin is somewhat green—rustic, you know; brought up in the country.'" And again he laughed, loud and long.

"Oh, Charlie, how could you!" said Jessie.

"You cannot enjoy the joke, coz, until you see him."

He was interrupted by Hattie running into the room and exclaiming: "I have been so impatient to get down stairs. Do tell me, Charlie, what amuses you?"

He told her, and she seemed to enjoy it as much as he did.

"Just imagine him," said Charlie, "coming in; his tall, stately figure and serious face; and when introduced to Jessie, I think I see his large eyes dilate, and his whole manner express his surprise; and he will be so embarrassed, too—I would not lose it for anything!" And seeing that Jessie was annoyed at being placed before a stranger in such a light only added to his mirth.

The next evening, as they assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, Charlie said: "Frank will be here to-night; he will not delay any longer. He said at first that he would come last evening; but my closing remarks cooled his ardor, I think"—and he laughed joyously. "One thing I forgot to tell you, Jessie. When I told him that you had been brought up in the country, 'Oh,' said he, 'that, I suppose, is the reason she does not dance the schottische; not from any feelings of delicacy on her part, but because she cannot; no more credit to her than if she did dance, in my opinion.'"

Before Jessie could reply, the ringing of the door-bell gave notice of a visitor.

"There he is," said Charlie, drawing his chair partly before Jessie, so as to screen her from view; and while her cousins greeted their guest, she had time to admire his graceful manner, dignified, as Charlie had said, but as far removed from stiffness on the one hand as from Charlie's don't-care style on the other. He was not handsome, yet few knew it after spending a short time in his society.

"My cousin, Miss Bruce—Mr. Montfort"—and Frank expressed all the surprise Charlie expected. He stood gazing at her, totally forgetful of the customary forms of greeting; and when a smile began to dimple Jessie's cheek, Charlie's politeness could stand the test no longer. Tapping his friend on the shoulder, he said, gayly, "Green, isn't she, Frank?" Mr. Montfort colored to his temples as he thought how he had betrayed the idea he had formed of her.

But Jessie, with woman's tact, came to his aid. "One of my cousin's merciless jokes," she said; "we know him well enough not to expect anything better."

"I should have known him better than to have believed what he said," replied Frank; and just then, greatly to the relief of both, other guests were announced.

The evening passed pleasantly away. Mr. Montfort, either to atone for his manner at first meeting her, or because he was really pleased, kept his seat beside Jessie; and if we may judge from their manner at that time, or when they met thereafter, as they did frequently, each was well pleased with the other.

One morning in the merry springtime, Charlie lounged lazily into his friend's office, and found him, as usual at that hour, busily engaged with books and papers. "Do, Frank, put away those musty papers—at least while I am here!" he exclaimed. "With your property and expectations, I do not see why you should work at all."

"Because I like it," said Frank, "and expectations, you know, are doubtful riches; but we will not discuss the matter now. Have you left the store for the day?"

"No; I am on my way to Pier No. 2, where lies the bark 'Three Sisters,' consigned to the firm of Thorn, Grant, & Co., of which honorable firm, as you are aware, your friend is a member. Charles Senior says that he has retired from business; but if he did not do Charles Junior's work, I very much fear that it would not get done. Why, the very name of this vessel gives me the blues. 'Three Sisters;' when my three sisters get together, they completely bewilder me, and there are the Livingstones, too. By the way, Frank, I wonder how one of three sisters ever gets married."

"Why, Charlie, you ask the question as seriously as if you had an interest there yourself. They are so totally unlike that two of them could not possibly suit the same person."

"I don't know," said Charlie; "there is Grace, first; tall and dignified, and handsome, too, with those melting black eyes, and so reserved in her manners that she attracts from being unlike the majority of our light-hearted, free-spoken American girls; then Louise, with a little more of ordinary women about her, with her exquisite voice that even speaks in melody; and when one has about decided that she 'holds the balance of power' in her hands, Fannie comes with her *petite* figure and sunny curls, and those pleading blue eyes that captivate ere you are aware; and I am not the first of the *genus homo* that has lost his heart to all three."

"No fear for you in that quarter; or has Miss Morton lost her place in your affections?" said Frank.

"O yes," replied Charlie; "three weeks ago she fell in love with a moustache on the Spanish face of Carlos Muldaur; bah!" After a moment's pause, he continued, watching Frank to note the effect, "I have about made up my mind to take Jessie; she is a little gem."

"To take her," said Frank, looking for something very earnestly on his desk; "is that all that is necessary?"

"Certainly, me 'the irresistible;' do you think that any girl in her senses would refuse me?" said Charlie, gayly; and then added, with the most approved drawl, "I have magnanimously resolved to marry myself out of the way, and give you dull fellows a chance. After ten o'clock," he exclaimed, abruptly, "I must be off"—straightening up his fine figure—"for the next two hours, at least, I am Charles Thorn, Esq., merchant, of the city of New York."

"Oh, Charlie," said Frank, "if you knew how becoming that tone and manner were to you, you would oftener wear them; and not seem as you now so often do, to those who judge only from appearances, a coxcomb, without a thought beyond the tie of a cravat."

"But the girls, dear creatures, would not like me half so well," said Charlie, as he left the office.

Frank opened a book, and rearranged his papers; but he was evidently thinking of something else, for his book was upside down; and leaning his head on his hand he scratched idly on the paper for some minutes with his pen, apparently unaware that there was no ink in it. Suddenly starting up, he exclaimed: "Can it be? and yet, why not? handsome, talented, wealthy, he *is* irresistible; while I"—he paused in his hurried walk before a looking-glass, and a grim smile passed over his face—"without mother or sister, must I see another

win her whom I have chosen for my wife?" He sat down at his desk and dropped his head upon his closed hands. But he was not one long to give way to disappointment; by an effort of his strong will, he returned to his business, and whatever the tumult within a casual observer would have seen no trace of it without. Comfort was nearer than he thought. A slight tap at the door and Mr. Livingstone entered. Surprised and pleased, Frank met him cordially, and waited with some impatience to hear his errand.

"I am glad, my young friend," he said, "to find you alone. You are acquainted in Mr. Thorn's family, are you not?"

"I am, sir."

"An intimate friend of the younger Thorn, I have heard."

"I am, and have been for several years; we were classmates at college."

"I wish," continued Mr. Livingstone, "to inquire somewhat of his habits; and if there is anything more of him than the careless dandy that he seems."

Frank paused a moment, and then said, gravely: "I know not by what authority you ask these questions, Mr. Livingstone, yet it is but justice to my friend to say that he has not, as far as I am aware, any fashionable vices; he does not drink, nor gamble, nor drive fast horses; nor does he frequent places of public amusement except in company with his sister, or other ladies; as for his levity and apparent carelessness, it arises from his exuberant spirits; he is one of the happiest dispositioned men I ever met with. For his business qualifications, I refer you to Mr. Grant, the present senior partner in the firm; I have heard him speak in high terms of Charlie, and you will admit, I suppose, that his word has weight in such matters."

"Certainly, certainly; thank you, Mr. Montfort. I may as well tell you why I inquire so particularly about Charles. He last night asked the hand of my daughter Grace in marriage, and"—

"Miss Livingstone?" interrupted Frank, "an admirable match for both parties; I am delighted."

And so he was; not so much, perhaps, at the prospect of happiness for Charlie, as that he did not intend "to take Jessie." As soon as he could leave his office, he hastened to congratulate his friend. He found him seated in his private office, his head leaning on his hand, and such a troubled look on his usually laughing countenance, that Frank paused, and with a flash of his friend's humor, said: "Excuse me, sir, I was looking for Charlie Thorn."

"Come in, my dear fellow, and do not laugh at me," said Charlie, dolefully.

"But, Charlie, what is the matter? Is there a new dance out, and you cannot get the step, or"—

"No, no, Frank, I am going to be married; I went to tell you this morning, but could not. Mr. Livingstone and my father had a long conference to-day, and all our family know it by this time; so you see I dread going home. Mother will shed some tears, I know; Hattie too, perhaps, and I hate scenes. I wish the whole affair was over; but girls have so much 'getting ready' to do; Grace says she will not be ready till June."

"Come, Charlie, it is near dinner-time, I will walk up with you," said Frank; "as you are not going 'to take Jessie,' I will do all I can for you."

"Did I hit you there, Frank? I meant to do so; but you were so calm about it that I thought I had failed."

"But, Charlie, how did it happen that you proposed to Grace, if it is such a difficult matter to select one of three sisters?"

"It all came of her being at home alone last evening. What do you think of my choice?"

"Just the one for you, Charlie. She would not have suited me, exactly; but you could not have chosen better; her dignity will be a counterpoise to your levity."

Charlie laughed, and so long that Frank was annoyed.

"I do not see anything so ridiculous in my remark," he said, at length.

"The association, my dear fellow. Why, I expect it will take all the sunshine of my temperament to keep me from turning into an icicle with her. But you and Grace; I should freeze stiff, if I ever went into your house"—and again he laughed gayly at the suggestion. "But, Frank," he said, "there is one thing I totally forgot to ask her—a matter of great importance to me, too."

"What is it, Charlie? I do hope nothing will happen to separate you how."

"I did not ask her if she 'danced the Schottische,' and if she does not, why, you see"—

"Charlie, you are incorrigible," interrupted Frank. I do not believe anything would make you serious for ten minutes at a time. But here you are at home, so put on your long face again."

Charlie entered the house, meditating a flight to his own room till summoned to dinner; but

as he crossed the hall, the parlor door was thrown open, soft arms were twined around his neck, a sister's kiss upon his lips, and Hattie's voice said: "Oh, I am so glad and so sorry, Charlie; glad, if you must be married, that it is to Grace Livingstone, and sorry to lose you. What shall I do without you, my only brother?"—and her bright eyes swam in tears.

He drew her close to his side, and said, in as cheerful a tone as he could command, "I am not going to leave you very soon, sis; and there is more than one wants my place in your heart now, which shall it be?"

A summons to dinner broke up their conference. Little was eaten at that first meal, though all were pleased with his choice, and the children delighted with the prospect of a gay wedding; yet they were going to lose Charlie from the household band, and none felt quite glad.

Dear Jessie: It is all settled; Charlie is to be married in June. I am to be one of the bride's maidens. A certain "dear friend" of Charlie's refused to officiate as groomsman, even with me—just think of it!—until Charlie told him that we were to go to Uncle Bruce's for a few days; then he consented at once; he does not know Uncle Bruce, either. How stupid we all were, Jessie, not to invite you to go with us to Newport! I thought of it yesterday, and papa said he would write for you immediately. We are to have new riding-habits; I said I wanted one, and dear Charlie told me to order one for myself and one for you, and that should be his bridal present to us; so they shall be handsome green cloth, shall they not, coz? Nelson Foster likes green, and so does Charlie. Is there any one here whose taste you would like to consult? If you expect to ride often with one person, it would be well to get a color that he would fancy. I mean to have caps and gloves—all complete. We will take our straw hats to wear when we ride on the beach.

There is a gentleman whom you met *occasionally* while you were here, who inquires formally for my "cousin" every time I see him; I know he is dying to say "Jessie," but his dignity will not permit, so I say it as often as possible to teaze him. Do you remember an easy-chair that a certain young lady whose bright eyes will grow brighter as she reads this letter used to occupy when we sat in the drawing-room? Well, this gentleman had a fashion of looking at that chair as if he could see its fair occupant; so one day I moved it out of sight. The next time he came he was not quite so calm as usual, and at length said:—

"I shall tell Cousin Jessie, when I see her, that her chair has been dismissed as well as herself."

"Her chair!" said I. "Which one was it?"

"The little chair she so often sat in," he replied; "it usually stood beside that table."

The banished chair was restored.

I am sorry that you are not to be here at the wedding, but I know that no one else could arrange things at home so tastefully as you will. I think I see the flowers for one room—heliatrope, rosebuds, and myrtle; tell-tale flowers! How I rattle on, as though I had nothing to do but chat with you, and I so busy! The first thing in order is to ride with Nelson Foster. Would it not be nice, Jessie, for us two to be married at the same time? Good-by. Love to all from Cousin Hattie.

When the gay party arrived, Hattie was provokingly fond of Jessie; she would not leave her for a moment. Frank tried more than once to take Jessie away for a walk or a ride, but Hattie was always ready to go too.

One morning, as they assembled at the breakfast-table, Aunt Bruce said—"Where is Jessie? She is not often late to breakfast." Before any one could reply, the sound of horses' hoofs on the green sward, and Jessie's voice as she alighted, answered the question. She came in bright as a sunbeam, and with a few words of apology, took her seat at the table in her riding-dress.

Mr. Montfort came in with her, and his "good-morning, Miss Hattie," and meaning smile, said plainly as words could have said, "Outwitted for once."

They went to Newport, Mrs. Livingstone as matron of the party. The new riding-dresses were worn as often as Hattie could have desired. Of all our fashionable places of resort, this affords the greatest variety of amusements; yet the long moonlight rides on the beach were most enjoyed at the time, and longest remembered. One evening, Grace, Frank, and Jessie found themselves deserted by the other members of their party; and as the gay couples whirled by, keeping time to the music, Frank said:—

"The more I see of these dancers the more I am convinced that it is instinctive delicacy that keeps some ladies from joining in them, is it not, Mrs. Thorn?"

"I can scarcely answer in the affirmative

when I see my sisters dancing, lest it should imply a want of delicacy on their part," said Grace, smiling. She paused a moment, then added: "You at least give it a pleasanter name than most gentlemen do; even Charles used to call it prudery.

"And yet," replied Frank, "when he sought a wife he chose one of those prudes; so I would do. I could not consent to see my wife whirling round the room in the arms of any man who chose to ask her."

"The first time I saw the dance," said Grace, "I received such a shock that I have not since been able to overcome it. I had been ill; as soon as I was able to appear in the rooms, there was a *soirée* given at our house. I did not go down until the guests had assembled; as I entered, Louise passed me in the arms of Colonel Eaton. I thought she was fainting, but a glance through the rooms undeceived me. As I watched her in the arms of that bad man I shuddered; and afterwards when I chided her for it, she said: 'I detest the man as much as you can do, but he does dance beautifully; and, besides, every one else dances with him, so I do not care.'"

"I must maintain my first position," said Frank, "that if all ladies had the fine sense of delicacy that some have it would not be a fashion; and whatever gentlemen may say about prudery, in their hearts they think none the less of you for it."

"I have been surprised since I have been here," said Grace, "that so many young ladies decline to join in these dances; yet I cannot admit that there is a want of delicacy in those who dance, at least not all of them. I attribute it to the freedom and purity of American manners. It is not necessary for our ladies to be on their guard against insult, they seldom if ever receive it; and, notwithstanding their apparent carelessness, how quickly and decidedly any undue familiarity from a gentleman is checked."

"It is best," replied Frank, "to see it in the most charitable light; yet I sincerely regret that the wives and daughters of our Republic should have permitted it to become a fashion there; it seems to me to be only suited to the depraved state of society in some parts of Europe."

But all things come to an end, and so did the season at Newport. Hearts had been lost and won, flirtations begun and ended, and flirts disappointed; joy and regret, pleasure and discontent, had each had their day; and at the approach of the cold weather the fashionable birds of passage flitted to winter quarters.

Hattie had her wish; she and Jessie were married at the same time. The brides' trousseaux, the bridal festivities, and wedding parties from friends and relatives would be an oft told tale. Hattie is gay as ever; but Charles has been heard to say that when his daughter grows up she shall not "dance the Schottische."

VESPERI.

Now the dusky star-eyed evening,
  Gliding from the spirit land,
Changeth all the face of nature
  By the waving of her wand;
For the mystic shadows falling
  From her drooping, floating wing,
Make the trees seem like tall spectres
  In the darkness shivering.

All day long the sunshine sleepeth
  On the hill and vale below,
And the brook's glad wavelets glisten,
  Catching sunbeams as they flow;
O'er the hill the darkness broodeth,
  O'er the waters of the vale,
And you only know the flowers
  By the sweetness they exhale.

Nature, like a fair young novice,
  Wraps a veil about her brow;
While the earth and heaven seemeth
  Silent as a cloister now;
The nightingale's exquisite music
  Floateth through the gloaming dim,
As it were the novice singing,
  Ere she sleeps, her vesper hymn.

SHE HAD A GRIEF TO HIDE.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

The lamps upon the altar shed
  A pale and trembling light,
As through the aisle the bride was led,
  A maid of beauty bright;
Yet white as was her bridal veil,
Her gentle cheek was quite as pale—
Why trembled then that lovely bride?
  She had a grief to hide!

Her pallid cheek—her wandering eye
  Betokened that her love
Was not with *him* who then was nigh:
  Though painfully she strove
To quell the tremors of her heart,
She felt in him she had no part:
Yet wore her brow a look of pride—
  She had a grief to hide!

And they were married. None but He
  Who knows all secrets knew
Her young heart's tearless agony—
  'Twas hid from mortal view;
None ever deemed that summer night
As o'er them gleamed the altar light,
While gazing on that gentle bride,
  She had a grief to hide!

NOVELTIES FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.

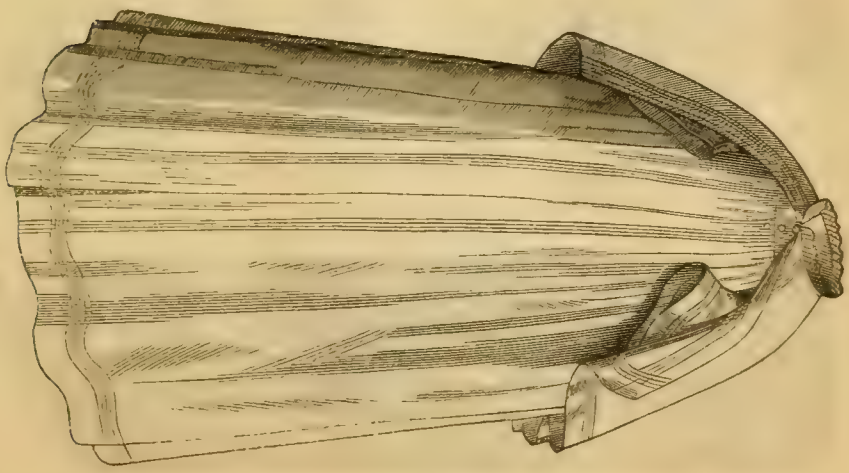


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1—Baby's robe. At the lower part of the skirt there is one broad flounce, and above it three narrow ones, scalloped at the edge. Above this trimming is a tablier composed of frills scalloped at the edge, and *bouillonnées*, the latter being divided into two equal portions by a small scalloped ruche. A band, ornamented with a waved row of needlework insertion, and two lingerie buttons in each of the waves, passes up the centre of the tablier. A trimming similar to the tablier ornaments the front of the corsage. The sleeves consist of puffs trimmed with frills. A small scalloped ruche heads the trimming on the edge of the dress at the back, and terminates on each side where the tablier begins. A ceinture, with long, flowing ends, tied on one side, completes the dress.

Fig. 2.—A *piqué* cloak, made with a small yoke; the cape is very much pointed at the back, and is finished by three rows of narrow braid.

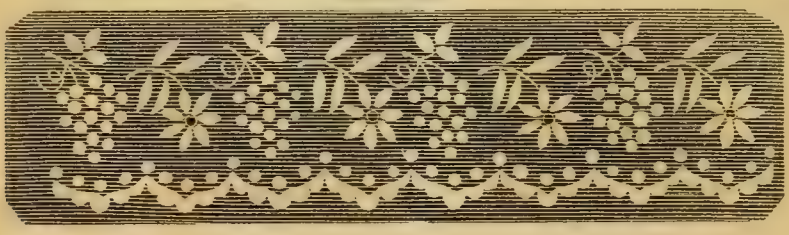
Fig. 3.—Shirt for a little boy, from five to eight years of age.

Fig. 4.—Fancy night-cap.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

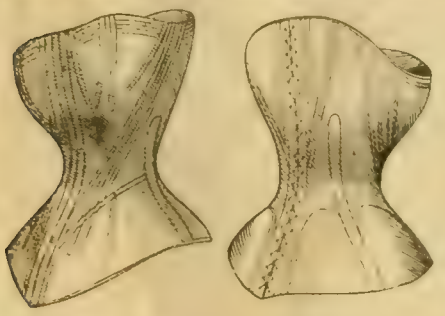
EMBROIDERY.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S NEW FRENCH CORSET PATTERN.

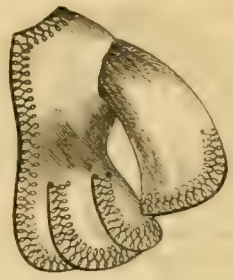


The French model is thoroughly artistic. Its curved lines and admirable proportions are precisely adapted to the formation, as well as the movements, of the body. While, therefore, it imparts graceful elegance to the figure, its movements are easy and free from restraint. No lady of taste who has ever had a dress fitted over a French corset would be willing to wear any other. They may also be made in less expensive materials than those usually employed, in order to suit economical persons, in preference to a common article of inferior style, which never gives satisfaction. Corsets ordered from Mme. Demorest may be relied upon for beauty of form and excellence of workmanship, at nearly the same price as the common article.

Those made of the best French coutille are furnished at $3 50, and when richly feathered with silk, at $4 50. It is only necessary to send the measure of the bust and waist, inclosed with the amount, to Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway, to insure a perfect fitting corset, returned by express to any part of the United States.

The common "railroad" corset should be wholly excluded, and only the French style worn, because based on natural and scientific principles. The objections to the old and ordinary corset shapes by physicians and others are well founded. They are straight, ugly, and unnatural. They compress here, and enlarge there, and want wholly that grace of outline which is essential to elegance of form.

Wilhmine Jacket—consists of five parts, front, side shape, back and side shape, and sleeve. Each seam is laid over from the waist to the edge, and braided the same as the rest of the jacket. Sleeve plain, and rounded up at the back, and braided the same as the body. These jackets are made in white *piqué*, braided with

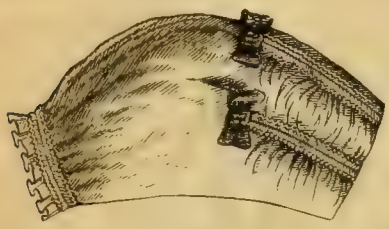


black; and nankeen, braided with white or blue. Cerise and green are sometimes used, but do not form so good a contrast.

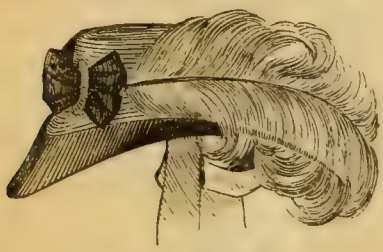
Robe de Chambre.—This wrapper is a suitable garment to wear while undergoing the operation of having the hair dressed, or any other dressing-room process which does not require the aid of crinoline. It is made of plain cashmere,

trimmed with an elegant bordering, for winter; and cambric, tucked, and ornamented with insertion, for summer. It is belted round the waist, or tied with a cord and tassels. Seven yards of jaconet will make it.

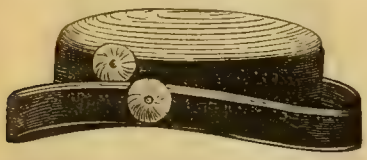
Annie Sleeve.—This sleeve is all in one piece, and is cut from four to six inches longer than the length to be worn, and drawn so as to form lengthwise puffs; the seams are trimmed and finished with flat bows, without ends. The



bottom of the sleeve is bound about two and a half inches from the edge, and a quilling set on, which forms a full finish at the bottom.



Front and back views of the same hat. For a description of which, see May Chitchat.

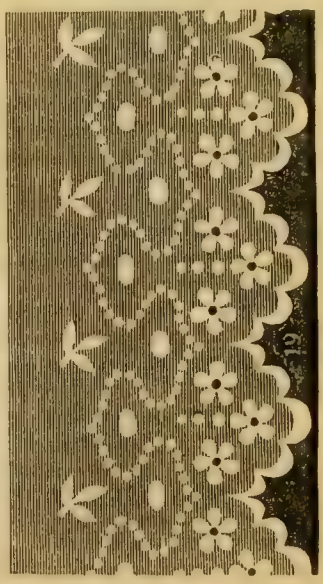


The *Irving Hat*, also described in May Chitchat.

PLAIN GIGOT SLEEVE.

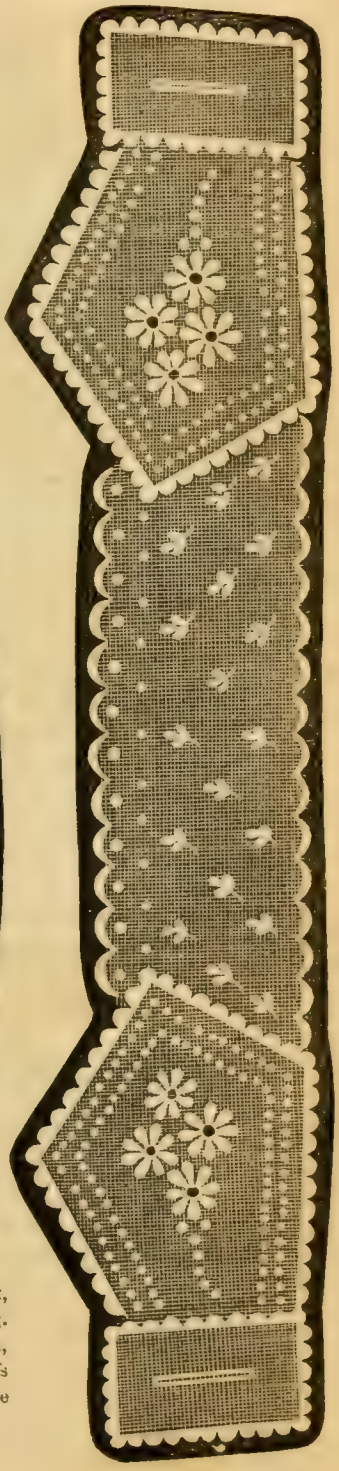
THE gigot, or "leg of mutton," sleeve, which used to be such a favorite with our grandmothers, has now come into fashion again, and is a style which is more used for morning wear than any other. It is very simple in its construction, being cut in one piece, with a *very decided* slope at the top, and, when pleated in to the armhole, very much resembling the shape of a leg of mutton. It is made to fit tightly to the wrist, being fastened by means of buttons and loops, or hooks and eyes, over which a pointed white

linen cuff should be worn. We have illustrated a plain gigot sleeve as being the easiest to make, but they are also worn trimmed in a variety of ways, and are much more elaborate in their construction.



EMBROIDERY.

COLLAR AND CUFFS IN SATIN STITCH.



MATERIALS required for one set are—a piece of fine nainsook, embroidery cotton No. 30 for sewing over, and No. 2 for tracing. This pretty little set of collar and cuffs is very quickly worked, particularly if done in *point de poste*. Both the collar and cuffs are ornamented with embroidery to imitate ends, which are fastened by means of *solitaires*.

CARRIAGE CUSHION.

Materials.—A square of maroon cloth, about sixteen inches each way; a piece of *soutache*, crimson, and gold, or crimson and green; another piece, of entirely green, or green and gold, and two knots of coarse gold thread. Sewing silks appropriate to all these colors, and cord and tassels to correspond.

The design must be enlarged to the dimensions of the cloth, and will be seen to consist of three distinct braiding patterns, two of which are worked in different kinds of *soutache*, and the third and inner being in gold thread. The design must be marked on the cloth in the usual manner, or may be drawn on tissue paper, tacked over the cloth, and pulled away when the work is done. The infinite variety of *soutaches* will allow the worker to exercise her own skill and taste in the combination of different yet harmonizing tints; but those we have suggested look extremely handsome. If the *soutache* is thought too expensive, Albert braids may be substituted with good effect, and in the outer pattern two may advantageously be laid side by side. When braided, the cushion is to be made up in the usual way, the back being either of the same cloth, or of any other material that may be thought desirable: the cord is put on as it is seen in the engraving. It will probably be necessary that the cord and tassels should be made expressly for each cushion, as all the colors should be combined in them.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED IN KNITTING.

Cast on:—Make 1 loop and put it on your pin; take a 2*d* pin and knit that stitch, but without taking the pin out of the 1*st* stitch; pass the 2*d* stitch on to the pin with it; knit another stitch and pass it on to the same pin; continue in this manner till you have the desired number.

Cast off:—Knit 2 plain stitches, pull the first stitch over the 2*d*, knit a 3*d* stitch, pull the 2*d* stitch over the 3*d*, knit a 4*th* stitch, pull the 3*d* stitch over the 4*th*: continue in this manner until you have knit all the loops.

Knit 2 stitches together:—Take 2 of the loops on your left-hand pin and knit them in 1.

Knit a stitch, taking the back part of the stitch:—Take that part of the loop that is farthest from you, and knit it.

Knit 2 stitches together, taking the back part of the stitches:—Take the part that is farthest from you of 2 loops on your left-hand pin, and knit them in 1 with the pin that is in your right hand.

Make a stitch:—When doing plain knitting, you bring the thread forward between the 2 pins: this will make a stitch. And another way of doing it is to pick up a loop between the stitches, and knit it. To make a stitch when seaming, the thread must be passed round the pin so as to bring it to the same side again.

Pick up a stitch:—This is done when you wish to increase a stitch: take one of the loops from the preceding row, and knit it.

Pass the thread in front:—This is done to increase a stitch: take the thread you are working with, and pass it between the needles to the side of the knitting that is towards you.

Pass the thread round the pin:—Take the thread you are working with, and pass it round the pin to the side of the knitting that is towards you: this increases a stitch.

Pass the thread back—Is merely to place the wool at that part of the knitting that is farthest from you.

Slip a stitch—Is to pass a stitch from the left-hand needle to the right, without knitting it.

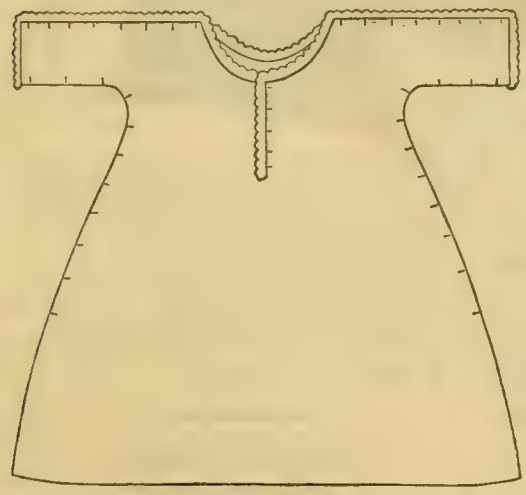
Slip a stitch the reverse way—Is to pass a stitch in the same manner as before, taking that part of the loop that is towards you.

Seam a stitch:—Take that part of the loop that is nearest to you, having the wool in front towards you, and knit. *Seaming* and *purling* mean the same thing.

Cotton or wool forward:—When this occurs, it increases a stitch in a knit row by bringing the cotton to the front of the needles.

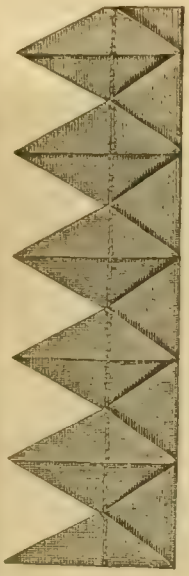
BEDGOWN FOR INVALIDS.

This dress is intended to be worn by those who are so ill that the necessary change of clothes is attended with pain and difficulty. It is in two entirely detached pieces, united on the shoulders by buttons, and at the sides by strings. They can be made very much ornamented or entirely plain, and of any material. Cut the two pieces exactly alike, only sloping the front neck a little lower than the back.



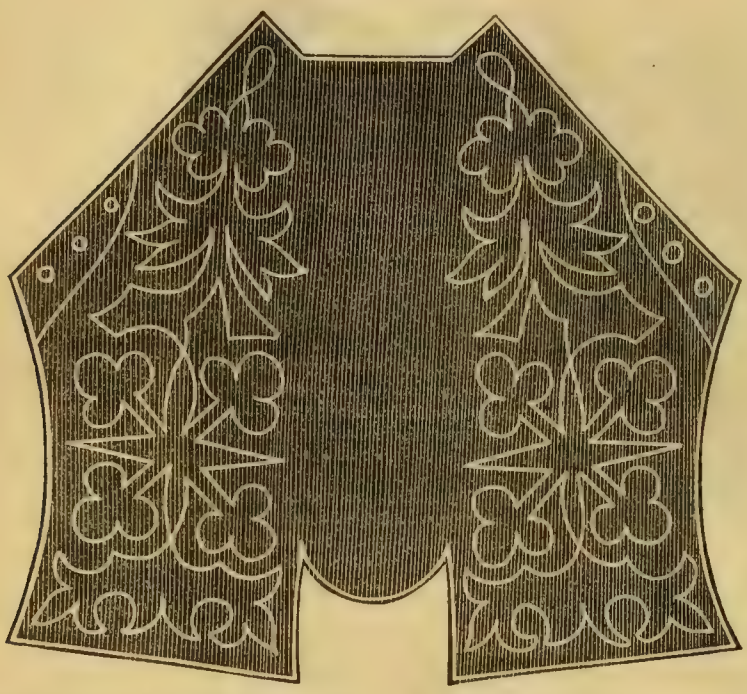
Hem the straight part of the sleeve with a hem of sufficient width to bear the buttonholes and buttons. Face the sides with tape, and at regular intervals attach strings extending nearly to the bottom. Put the buttonholes on the *front* of the dress, and also the trimming, if any is used. The size of the nightdress must of course be adapted to the wearer. In severe illness the patient's dress can be changed without any effort on their part, or if absolutely necessary, the front alone can be changed. It is better, therefore, to have several exactly fitting each other.

TAPE TRIMMING.



The plain strips with lines on them are intended to show how the tape should be folded to make tape trimmings.

BABY'S SHOE.



Materials.—White French Merino, and narrow white silk braid.

We are unable, for want of space, to give the pattern the full size, but it can be easily enlarged according to size required. These shoes are quickly made, being in one piece. The pattern is to be worked in the narrow braid, on the merino, after which line it with silk, with a little wadding between; bind all round with narrow ribbon; then sew the heel and the toe; they may be fastened either with strings or buttons and loops.

HONEYCOMB KNITTING, FOR A SOFA CUSHION.

(*See engraving, page* 23.)

Cast on 71 stitches.

1*st row.*—Seam 1, slip 1, make 1, repeat.

2*d.*—Slip 1, make 1, seam 2 together, repeat.

At the end of the row seam 1, after seaming 2 together.

3*d.*—Seam 2, slip 1, repeat.

4*th.*—Seam 2 together, slip 1, make 1, repeat.

At the end of the row seam 1, instead of seaming 2 together.

5*th.*—Seam 1, *, slip 1, seam 2, repeat from *.

Repeat from 2*d* row, knit in double German wool 8 rows black, 4 maize, filoselle doubled, 8 scarlet, 4 maize, 6 white, 4 maize, 8 lilac, 4 maize, 8 green, 4 maize.

Repeat from black.

These colors repeated 4 times, and the black 5 times, will make the cushion a nice size.

2 skeins of each of the wools, and 10 skeins of filoselle will be required.

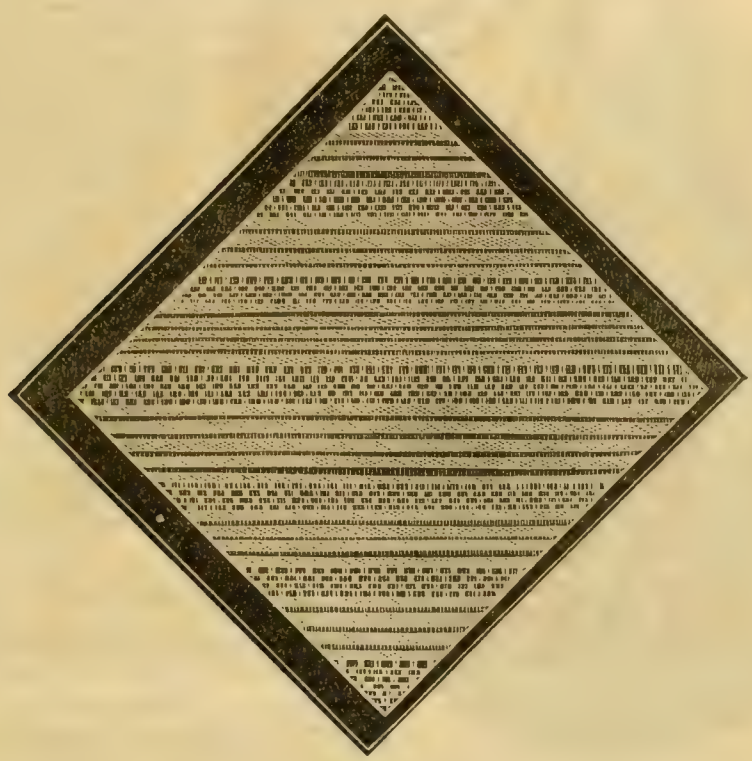
PRINCESSES KNITTING.

(*See engraving, page* 23.)

Cast on 2 stitches.

Make 1, by passing the wool round the right hand pin, seam 2 together; every row is alike. The knitting is done in stripes, and then sewed together; the colors placed in the following order: black, scarlet, white, violet, green; and the sewing is done with maize; a fringe is then added of three lengths of wool 10 inches long, looped into each stripe of the knitting, and into each stripe of sewing; one ounce of each color in double wool is sufficient; for *couvre pieds* 12-thread fleecy is better, as it has more substance.

A COUNTERPANE, KNITTED IN DIAMONDS.



Cast on 1 stitch.

Increase 1 stitch at the beginning of every row.

1*st row.*—Make 1, knit 1.

2*d.*—Make 1, knit 2.

3*d.*—Make 1, seam 2, knit 1.

4*th.*—Make 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1.

5*th.*—Make 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2.

6*th.*—Make 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2.

7*th.*—Make 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1.

8*th.*—Make 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1.

9*th.*—Make 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2.

10*th.*—Make 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2.

11*th.*—Make 1, knit the remainder plain.

12*th.*—Make 1, seam the remainder.

13*th.*—Make 1, knit plain.

14*th.*—Make 1, knit plain.

15*th.*—Make 1, seam the remainder.

16*th.*—Make 1, knit plain.

Repeat the 3 last rows three times more, then knit 10 rows of 2 seamed, and 2 knit stitches alternately, continuing to make 1 at the beginning of every row, and reversing the stitches after every two rows.

Repeat the 11*th*, 12*th*, and 13*th* rows 7 times, then knit 10 rows of 2 seamed, and 2 knit stitches, alternately, continuing to make 1 at the beginning of every row, and reversing the stitches after every two rows.

Repeat the 11*th*, 12*th*, and 13*th* rows 9 times; knit 6 rows of 2 seamed, and 2 knit stitches alternately, making 1 at the beginning of each, and reversing the stitches after every two rows; this will make half the diamond, and the other half is done in the same way, only decreasing at the beginning of each row, instead of increasing.

LADY'S PURSE (NEW STYLE), CROCHET.

Since the renewed introduction of Reticules, ladies' Purses have undergone many changes of size and shape. The one which this engrav-

ing illustrates is a new form, and very convenient for opening without much trouble. It is worked in crochet, which is the most durable style of work for purses. The color is a rich crimson. It is completed by being drawn in with a gold cord. It may, if preferred, be made up with those pretty little gold slides and a ring, now much used, which give it a more ornamental appearance.

CROCHET BAG.

(*See engraving, page* 24.)

This bag is a little novelty in shape, being made at the present time by the Parisian ladies. It is formed of three rounds of crochet, each worked separately, and afterwards joined together so as to form the lower part of the bag. This being done, it will be found that there is an opening at the bottom narrowing to three points, and this opening must be filled up with a small piece of crochet, corresponding in shape and size, which may be composed of chain loops. The upper part of the bag is now to be worked in the simple pattern given in our illustration; the openings between each round being filled up with short lengths of the crochet until the edge is even, when it may be worked round and round until the proper depth is completed. The string may be either a ribbon or cord passed between the loops; and at each of the three points where the rounds of crochet meet, a pretty tassel is to be attached. The cotton most suitable is No. 10; but it can also be made in netting silk, the rounds being crimson, and the top and bottom of a rich dark blue. To make it still more handsome, a gold thread may be introduced into the centres of the three stars. In working these stars, after the chained loops are worked which surround the centres, a row of short crochet should be added all round; this contributes both to strength and richness, the little loops giving it a light appearance. A very elegant purse may be made in the same form, only the stars must be much smaller, and finer silk used for this purpose.

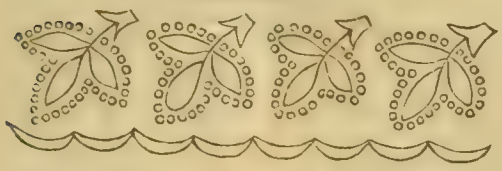
FRENCH UNDERSKIRT IN THE NEW STYLE OF CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY.

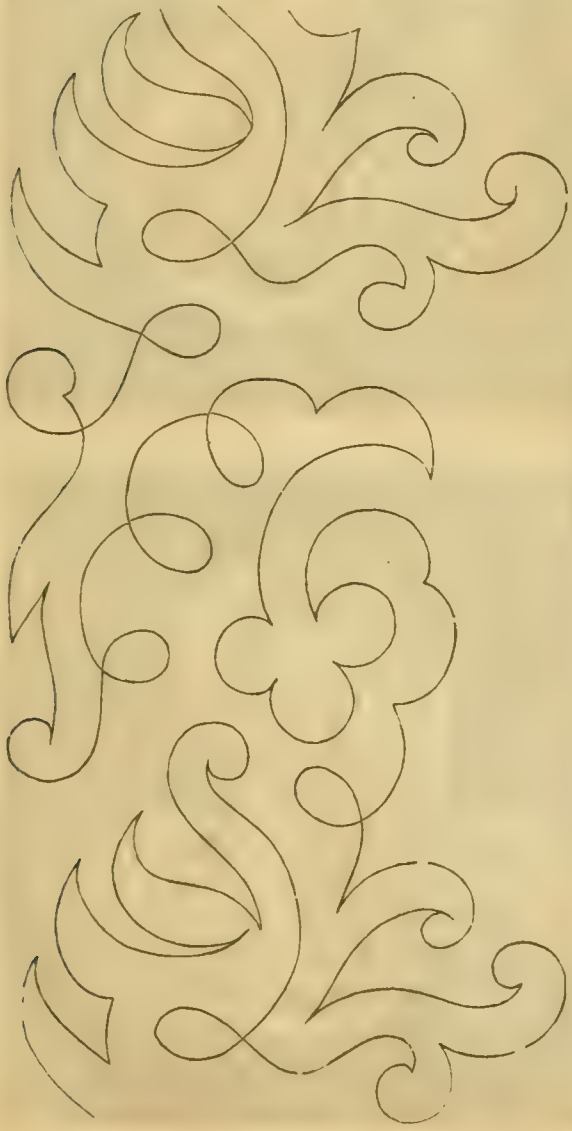
(*See engraving, page* 25.)

The Paris ladies are such undeniable authority in all matters relating to the toilet, that almost any fashion which emanates from the French capital is adopted in this country, and soon becomes the prevailing style. This new combination of work consisting of crochet and embroidery is capable of producing very pretty effects, and will be seen at once to be especially appropriate for trimming underskirts and other articles of apparel. There is scarcely a family in which there is not one crochet-worker among its young lady members who excels in the execution of this particular work. If one undertakes the crochet, and another, who may be equally skilful in embroidery, combines her labor in a piece of work of this description, the completion of an elegant and useful article of dress will very quickly be the result. Our illustration shows in what manner the crochet and embroidery are arranged, they being alternated to any depth which may be preferred. The pattern of the embroidery is in the cut-out style, the flowers having the line which surrounds them worked in buttonhole-stitch; all the other parts are cut out and sewn over. The crochet should be worked in a rather coarse

cotton, as it will be stronger and more effective. Four rows of the embroidery, and three of the crochet will form a handsome trimming for a skirt; and the same style, but worked a little finer, will be found extremely ornamental for the fronts of night-dresses and other articles.

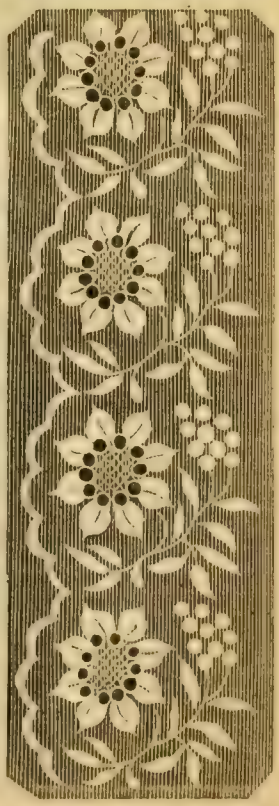
EMBROIDERY.





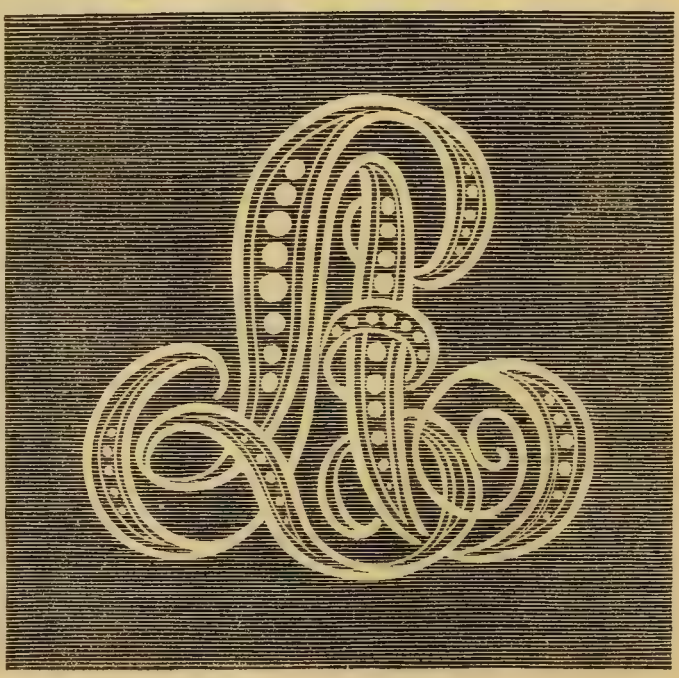
BRAIDING PATTERN.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.

BLANKET INITIALS.



THERE is one class of domestic necessaries which, even in the best-regulated homes, too often escapes the attention of the mistress of the family, and for which the interests of the household are sometimes taxed in payment of the oversight. The blankets of a house are frequently left without any mark, and when these are sent out to the laundress of the scouring works, mistakes are easily made in restoring the right article to its right proprietor. To prevent these exchanges of property, every blanket should be marked in bold and striking characters; and, with a view of facilitating what we must consider a necessary precaution, we have introduced a couple of designs of blanket initials, as samples of a style which may at once strike the eye and mark the ownership. These letters being interwoven should be worked in Berlin wool, of two different colors, red and blue, both being ingrain. The outline having been traced in the Berlin wool, must be well raised and thickly sewn over each letter in its respective color. Worked in this manner in the blue and red, this marking not only prevents the blanket from being exchanged, but becomes quite a corner ornament.

Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

To Preserve Apricots.—Choose fine apricots, pare them thinly and cleanly, and when done, take their weight, cut them in halves and remove the kernel, lay them with the inside upwards, take the same weight of pounded loaf-sugar and strew over them; break the stones of the apricots and blanch the kernels; let the fruit lie in the sugar for twelve hours, then put fruit, sugar, juice, and kernels into a preserving-pan, simmer gently until clear; as the scum rises, remove it; remove the halves of the apricots; as they become cold, lay them in jars, and when the whole of the fruit has been potted, pour equally over them the syrup and the kernels. Cover the fruit with brandy paper, and tie tightly down.

Gooseberry Jam.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling, for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

Plums.—There are several varieties of plums. The richest purple plum for preserving is the damson. There are of these large and small; the large are called sweet damsons; the small ones are very rich flavored. The great difficulty in preserving plums is that the skins crack and the fruit comes to pieces. The rule here laid down for preserving them obviates that difficulty. Purple gages, unless properly preserved, will turn to juice and skins; and the large horse-plum (as it is generally known) comes completely to pieces in ordinary modes of preserving. The one recommended herein will keep them whole, full, and rich.

To Preserve Purple Plums.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

To Preserve Plums without the skins.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot, and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain it off, and boil again; skim it clear, and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire in the syrup; boil them very gently until clear; take them from the syrup, with a skimmer, into the pots or jars; boil the syrup until rich and thick; take off any scum which may arise, then let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good, except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

To Dry Plums.—Split ripe plums, take the stones from them, and lay them on plates or sieves to dry in a warm oven or hot sun; take them in at sunset, and do not put them out again until the sun will be upon them; turn them, that they may be done evenly; when perfectly dry, pack them in jars or boxes lined with paper, or keep them in bags; hang them in an airy place.

To Preserve Wild Plums.—Take nearly ripe wild plums, perfectly sound ones, take off the stems, pour them into a kettle of boiling water and let them remain over the fire about a minute, or until they begin to crack open; then put them in a keg or jar, with enough of the liquor they were boiled in to cover them, and set them away. When you wish to use them, stew them the same as if green; if used for sauce, add a little sugar; or you can make preserves out of them better than when first gathered. They are much better than dried plums, and are always handy.

To Preserve Green Gages.—The following receipt appears to be a good one: Pick and prick all the plums, put them into a preserving-pan, with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the green gages be over-ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

Jam of Green Gages.—Put ripe green gages into a kettle, with very little water, and let them stew until soft; then rub them through a sieve or colander, and to every pint of pulp put a pound of white sugar powdered fine; then put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, stir it until the whole is of the consistence of a jelly, then take it off; put the marmalade in small jars or tumblers, and cover as directed for jelly.

To Keep Damsons.—Put them in small stone jars, or wide-mouthed glass bottles, and set them up to their necks in a kettle of cold water; set it over the fire to become boiling hot; then take it off, and let the bottles remain until the water is cold; the next day fill the bottles with cold water, and cork and seal them. These may be used the same as fresh fruit. Green gages may be done in this way.

To Preserve Pippins in Slices.—Take the fairest pippins, pare them, and cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, without taking out the cores; boil two or three lemons, and slice them with the apples; take the same weight of white sugar (or clarified brown sugar), put half a gill of water for each pound of sugar, dissolve it, and set it over the fire; when it is boiling hot, put in the slices; let them boil very gently until they are clear, then take them with a skimmer, and spread them out on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until it is quite thick,

and pour it over them. These may be done a day before they are wanted; two hours will be sufficient to make a fine dish for dessert or supper.

To Preserve Crab-Apples.—Take off the stem and core them with a penknife, without cutting them open; weigh a pound of white sugar for each pound of prepared fruit; put a teacup of water to each pound of sugar; put it over a moderate fire. When the sugar is all dissolved and hot, put the apples in; let them boil gently until they are clear, then skim them out, and spread them on flat dishes. Boil the syrup until it is thick; put the fruit in whatever it is to be kept, and, when the syrup is cooled and settled, pour it carefully over the fruit. Slices of lemon boiled with the fruit may be considered an improvement. One lemon is enough for several pounds of fruit. Crab-apples may be preserved whole, with only half an inch of the stem on; three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.

To Preserve Pears.—Take small, rich, fair fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then, with a skimmer, take them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end to the core; then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes; boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

Pear Marmalade.—To six pounds of small pears take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan with a little cold water; cover it, and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft; then put them into cold water; pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three teacups of water; set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together, until it is thick, like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and when cold secure it as jelly.

Pine-Apple Preserve.—Twist off the top and bottom, and pare off the rough outside of pine-apples; then weigh them, and cut them in slices, chips or quarters, or cut them in four or six, and shape each piece like a whole pine-apple; to each pound of fruit put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle; cover it and set it over the fire, and let them boil gently until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water, by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer, into a dish. Put to the water white sugar, a pound for each pound of fruit; stir it until it is all dissolved; then put in the pine-apple; cover the kettle, and let them boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over them; let them remain in a cool place until the next day, then secure the jars as directed previously. Pine-apple done in this way is a delicious preserve. The usual manner of preserving it, by putting it into the syrup without first boiling it, makes it little better than sweetened leather.

Pine-Apple Jelly.—Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire; cover the kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a teacup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice. For each quart of the syrup clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in, let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it as directed.

Quince Marmalade.—Gather the fruit when quite ripe; pare, quarter, and core it; boil the skins in the water, measuring a teacupful to a pound of fruit; when they are soft, mash and strain them, and put back the water into the preserving-kettle; add the quinces, and boil them until they are soft enough to mash fine; rub through a sieve, and put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; stir them well together, and boil them over a slow fire until it will fall like jelly from a spoon. Put it in pots or tumblers, and secure it, when cold, with paper sealed to the edge of the jar with the white of an egg.

To Preserve Oranges or Lemons in Jelly.—Cut a hole at the stalk the size of a quarter dollar, and, with a small, blunt knife, scrape out the pulp quite clear, without cutting the rind, and lay them in spring water two days, changing it twice a day; in the last, boil them tender on a slow fire, keeping them covered; to every pound of fruit take two pounds of double-refined sugar and one pint of water; boil these with the juice of the orange to a syrup and clarify it; skim well, and let it stand to be cold; then boil the fruit in the syrup half an hour; if not clear, do this daily till they are done.

To Keep Oranges or Lemons for Pastry.—When you have squeezed the juice, throw the peels into salt and water; let them remain a fortnight; clean out the pulp; boil them till tender, strain them, and, when they are tolerably dry, boil a small quantity of syrup of common loaf-sugar and water, and put over them; in a week, boil them gently in it till they look clear.

Candied Orange or Lemon-Peel.—Take the fruit, cut it lengthwise, remove all the pulp and interior skin, then put the peel into strong salt and water for six days; then boil them in spring water until they are soft, and place them in a sieve to drain; make a thin syrup with a pound of sugar candy to a quart of water; boil them in it for half an hour, or till they look clear; make a thick syrup, with sugar and as much water as will melt it; put in the peel, and boil them over a slow fire until the syrup candies in the pan; then take them out, powder pounded sugar over them, and dry them before the fire in a cool oven.

Fruit Wafers for Dessert.—Take currants, cherries, apricots, or any other fruit; put them into an earthen jar in a kettle of water, and when scalded strain them through a sieve; to every pint of juice add the same weight of finely sifted sugar and the white of a small egg; beat all together until it becomes quite thick; then put it upon buttered paper in a slow oven; let them remain until they will quit the paper, then turn them, and leave them in the oven until quite dry; cut them into shape, and keep them between paper in a box near the fire.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

To Make Capillaire.—Mix six eggs, well beat up, with fourteen pounds of loaf-sugar and three pounds of coarse sugar; put them into three quarts of water, boil it twice, skim it well, and add a quarter of a pint of orange-flower water; strain it through a jelly-bag, and

put it into bottles for use. A spoonful or two of this syrup, put into a draught of either cold or warm water, makes it drink exceedingly pleasant.

GINGER BEER.—The following is a very good way to make it: Take of ginger, bruised or sliced, one and a half ounce; cream of tartar, one ounce; loaf sugar, one pound; one lemon sliced; put them into a pan, and pour six quarts of boiling water upon them. When nearly cold, put in a little yeast, and stir it for about a minute. Let it stand till next day, then strain and bottle it. It is fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight. The corks should be tied down, and the bottles placed upright in a cool place.

FINE MEAD.—Beat to a strong froth the whites of three eggs, and mix them with six gallons of water; sixteen quarts of strained honey; and the yellow rind of two dozen large lemons, pared very thin. Boil all together, during three-quarters of an hour; skimming it well. Then put it into a tub; and when lukewarm add three tablespoonfuls of the best fresh yeast. Cover it, and leave it to ferment. When it has done working, transfer it to a barrel, with the lemon-peel in the bottom. Let it stand six months; then bottle it.

CARBONATED SYRUP WATER.—Put into a tumbler lemon, raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, or any other *acid* syrup, sufficient in quantity to flavor the beverage very highly. Then pour in *very cold ice-water* till the glass is half full. Add *half* a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda (to be obtained at the druggist's), and stir it well in with a teaspoon. It will foam up to the top immediately, and must be drank during the effervescence.

By keeping the syrup and the carbonate of soda in the house, and mixing them as above with ice-water, you can at any time have a glass of this very pleasant drink; precisely similar to that which you get at the shops. The cost will be infinitely less.

NECTAR.—Take a pound of the best raisins, seeded and chopped; four lemons, sliced thin; and the yellow rind pared off from two other lemons; and two pounds of powdered loaf-sugar. Put into a porcelain preserving-kettle two gallons of water. Set it over the fire, and boil it half an hour; then, while the water is boiling hard, put in the raisins, lemons, and sugar, and continue the boiling for ten minutes. Pour the mixture into a vessel with a close cover, and let it stand four days, stirring it twice a day. Then strain it through a linen bag, and bottle it. It will be fit for use in a fortnight. Drink it from wine-glasses, with a small bit of ice in each.

ICES.

EXCELLENT STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.—Pass a pint of picked strawberries through a sieve with a wooden spoon, add four ounces of powdered sugar, and a pint of cream, and freeze.

PINE APPLE ICE CREAM.—Pare a ripe juicy pine apple, chop it up fine, and pound it to extract the juice. Cover it with sugar and let it lie a while in a china bowl. When the sugar has entirely melted, strain the juice into a quart of good cream, and add a little less than a pound of loaf sugar. Beat up the cream and freeze it in the same manner as common ice cream.

CURRANT ICE CREAM.—Put one large spoonful and a half of currant jelly into a basin with half a gill of syrup, squeeze in one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream and a little cochineal, then pass it through a sieve and finish in the general way.

WATER ICES—Are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry, or any other sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water ice, mix with one pint of water the strained juice of three fine oranges, and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange, to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet and freeze it. Lemon ice is made in the same manner.

ORANGE WATER ICE.—Take as many oranges as will be necessary, cut them in half, press the juice from them; take the pulp carefully from the rind, and put it in a bowl, pour a little boiling water on it, stir it well and strain it through a sieve; mix this with the orange-juice, and stir in as much sugar as will make a rich syrup. If the oranges are fine, rub some of the sugar on the peel to extract the essence. Freeze it like ice cream.

WATER ICES, GENERALLY.—If made from jams, you must rub them through a sieve, adding thick boiled syrup, and lemon-juice, and some jelly, and coloring if for pink, and the white of an egg whipt up before you add it to the best half of a pint of spring-water; if of jam, you must have a good pint of mixture in all to make a quart mould; if from fruits with syrup you will not require water.

CURRANT FRESH WATER ICE.—Pass through a sieve a pint of currants, then add to them four ounces of powdered sugar and one pint of water, strain it and freeze it rich.

LEMON WATER ICE.—Rub on sugar the clean rinds of lemons, squeeze the juice of twelve lemons, strain them, boil the sugar into a strong thick syrup, add to the juice half a pint of water, or good barley water, sweeten it with your syrup, add the white of an egg and jelly.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR, EYES, TEETH, AND EXTREMITIES.

MANAGEMENT OF THE EXTREMITIES.

LITTLE is to be said about the feet and hands, because they do not require much to be done for them beyond that cleanliness which, it is to be hoped, it is unnecessary to inculcate. With regard to the feet of children, it is a great mistake to shoe them in a careless way, if, as is generally the case, a good-looking foot is to be considered of any importance. Tight shoes are bad in every way; first, by their causing an awkward and shambling carriage; and, secondly, from their producing corns and bunions, which are worse defects than a large and spreading foot. Mothers should, therefore, watch the growth of the feet, and supply new shoes as soon as they are too small; a very constant source of annoyance is the reservation of a pair of *best* shoes until the foot outgrows them, as it generally will do in six months; it is therefore far better to keep only one or two pairs going at a time, and sacrifice present appearance to the future welfare of the child.

In cutting the toe-nails of the child, the nurse or mother is very apt to clear out the corners in the same way as she would cut those of the hand. This is a mistake, as the pressure of the shoe has then always a tendency to curl the nail in at the corner, and produce serious inflammation and mischief. The nails of the foot ought to be cut *straight across*, or, indeed, scooped out a little in the middle; and if this plan is adopted, very few nails indeed will be found to grow in. On the other hand, the nails of the fingers may be nicely rounded, though in children they ought to be kept rather short, to avoid the accidents which are otherwise apt to occur,

both to the nail by its fracture and to the skin by contact.

Corns are very constant sources of annoyance, and in children may generally be avoided by attending to the shoes, which press unequally, from not fitting. Many mothers, to avoid this, used formerly to change the shoes daily, from right to left; but though in theory very correct, the practice is defective, because no shoe can be made to fit both feet, from the natural curve which each makes outwards in the middle. It is, therefore, more frequently the cause of corns than a cure for them, and in the present day is wholly out of fashion. When they are developed to such an extent as to cause pain, they are to be removed with the scissors or knife, a small piece at a time, and kept moist with glycerine, or with a piece of soap plaster, which prevents that harshness and dryness so often the main cause of the pressure not being borne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The proprietor of the Dooley House, at Boston, wrote us, after complimenting the Book highly, for a receipt, published in April, 1857, on whitewashing, which he states is invaluable. We republish it for the benefit of our more recent subscribers.

Brilliant Whitewash.—Take half a bushel of nice unslaked lime; slake it with boiling water; cover it, during the process, to keep it in the strainer; and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied.

Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like.

Spanish brown stirred in will make red or pink more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, before it is stirred into the mixture, makes a lilac color. Lamp-black, in moderate quantities, makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lamp-black and Spanish brown, mixed together, produce a reddish stone color.

Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash; but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring used. It is difficult to make a rule, because tastes are very different. It would be best to try experiments upon a shingle, and let it dry. We have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel.

When walls have been badly smoked, and when you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use before it is stirred in the whole mixture.

If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportions should be observed.

Fruit Culture.—A Mr. Alfred Chamberlain, of Newport, R. I., has recently succeeded, after years of patient study and experiment, in perfecting a plan for growing fruits and flowers in small wire baskets, filled with moss, and has obtained a patent for it from the Government. In one basket, which was lately shown at a horticultural exhibition in Brooklyn, N. Y., were growing, in full flower and vigor, a miscellaneous collection of plants, usually contained on flower stands; another basket was filled with strawberry plants in all stages of growth, those fully ripe being of extra size and of most luscious flavor; in a third basket was a grapevine, which had yielded a dozen bunches of superior grapes; in a fourth was a peach-tree, which had produced ten large peaches, as fine in color and taste as any that are grown in the ordinary way, and was fully set in fruit buds for next year's crop. But the crowning wonder was a pine-apple, also grown in the moss-baskets, and far superior in every respect to those grown in pots and pits. Mr. Chamberlain stated that as he had obtained a patent, he would tell them the ingredients he used, which were moss, bone dust, charcoal and sand, and that the plants were watered with liquid manure about twice a week.

An Excellent Receipt for Polishing Dining Tables.—One pint of linseed oil, two ounces of black rosin, two ounces of spirits of nitre, four ounces of distilled vinegar, one ounce of spirits of salts, two ounces of byte of antimony. The tables are to be washed on alternate days: first day with boiling water, second day with the above polishing liquid, third day with cold vinegar. If the above directions are carefully followed out, the tables will shortly assume a lustrous appearance; hot dishes placed upon them without a mat will have no effect upon them, and any liquid that may be unfortunately spilt, will, if wiped dry, leave no mark.

To Remove Quicksilver from Gold Rings.—I have been a chemist for many years and can confidently recommend the following: Hold the rings over a candle, until they are covered with smoke. Then take half a teacupful of boiling water, then pour in two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and half a teaspoonful of salt, and three grains of zinc. Stir them together, and put in the rings. Let them stay there for two or three days, then take them out and rub them with chamois leather.

Varnish to Make Wood Look like Ivory.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half a pint of water till dissolved, then strain it and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on, then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of ivory. If, when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine white will give it a pink look, or else chrome yellow; either of these colors improve it.

To Prevent Muslins, and Linen, and Cotton articles from Taking Fire suddenly.—Rinse them in alum water, made pretty strong with the alum. The article then, if applied to a lighted candle or a flame, will only smoulder like woollen substances—not break instantly into a flame, and so destroy the wearer. As much as possible, in winter, articles of dress liable to flame should be avoided, and woollen textures substituted.

Editors' Table.

MRS. BROWNING'S GRAET POEM.

Some months ago we promised our readers a Sketch of "Aurora Leigh," the greatest of Mrs. Browning's poems, and, in original thoughts and illustrations of deep and holy truths and lofty sentiments, probably the grandest poem of the Century. We say this while fully admitting many of the objections urged in its disparagement. The story is unnatural; the principal characters are exaggerated creations of poetic fancy, mixing the sacred fires of genius with just enough of the common clay of humanity to make figures resembling women and men, but which are not the actual people of this world.

Grant this manner of portraying personages to the authoress, and we are filled with admiration at the results. What marvellous trains of thought! What wonderful pictures of life in all its varieties of action! The condensation of meanings, the originality of ideas, the versatility, richness, and aptness of language are unrivalled. How pale and insignificant are the beauties of contemporary poems beside the living, moving, teaching descriptions of Aurora Leigh, which embody forth the soul, the mind, and the heart of Mrs. Browning!

The story is neither mysterious nor complicated. The life of Aurora Leigh, which she narrates, was early clouded with sorrow. She was the only child of an "austere Englishman" who, while travelling in Italy, fell passionately in love with and married a beautiful Florentine maiden. His wife died, and Aurora was left an "unmothered little child of four years old" to the sole care and love of her father for "full nine years," when he, too, died. Then the orphan was sent to England to be brought up and educated by his maiden sister. Aurora had been the pupil, companion, and idol of her father; he had taught her

> "All the ignorance of men,
> And how God laughs in heaven when any man
> Says, 'Here I 'm learned; this I understand;
> In that I 'm never caught at fault or doubt!'"

Her father's virtues and the clinging, venerating love of his lonely child to his image in her heart are felt in many passages of pathetic beauty which no Elegiac poetry has ever surpassed.

Then we have the trials of her English training under the supervision of her maiden aunt, who had lived

> "A harmless life, she called a virtuous life;
> A quiet life, which was not life at all;
> A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
> Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
> Was art and joy enough for any bird."

Such was Aurora's "father's sister," whose real love for him was not so strong as her hatred for the "foreign woman" he had married; therefore her great aim was to crush out from the heart and speech of their daughter all Italian words and idols.

The family inheritance, forfeited by her father because of his marriage with a "foreign woman," was lost to Aurora; it had passed to a second cousin, Romney Leigh. He is a young man of pattern excellence in private life, but in his political opinions and philosophical theories a Reformer of the most exaggerated opinions, nearly if not quite a follower of Fourier and a believer in Compte. He was also Quixotic in generosity, and felt that his possession of the Leigh estates was a great wrong to his cousin Aurora; so he fell deeply in love with her and urged his suit with passionate fervor as the true way of happiness for both, and making all things right.

Aurora was as proud and quite as positive in her own opinions as Romney in his. She refused his love, and resisted his purpose of restoring her, through her aunt, thirty thousand pounds of the property. Aurora fancied that Romney did not appreciate the dignity nor the genius of woman; so she resolved, after the death of her aunt, who had no property of her own to bequeath except

> "A few books and a pair of shawls,"

to go to London and gain support and renown by her writings. She was a poetess in her own right, or rather by the endowment of God, and she knew her gift. She was and is Mrs. Browning's earnest soul in Aurora's drapery.

Aurora had faith in Christ, and her feminine insight had appropriated His spiritual truth that "man does not live by bread alone," he must have Divine aid; that the human soul must be enlightened to know and love the true good, or the mere alms that keep alive the body do not nourish and raise humanity. She expresses this earnestly to her cousin Romney, when he is urging her to marry him and work with him in his Socialistic plans of benevolence. She says—

> "I hold you will not compass your poor ends
> Of barley-feeding and material ease
> Without a poet's individualism
> To work your universal. It takes a soul
> To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses—even to a cleaner stye:
> It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
> The dust of the actual. Ah, you Fouriers fail
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."

Romney Leigh, however, was not only not convinced by her reasoning, but her rejection of his suit increased his fanaticism, and he determined to marry "a daughter of the people," one from the lowest caste of English life, in order to demonstrate the folly and wrong of artificial distinctions in society. The young girl, Marian Erle, whose pitiful story and dove-like innocence half win us to rejoice that she is to be thus exalted, deserts Romney Leigh at the wedding hour, and absolves him from his engagement.

The affair is surrounded with mystery which in its development is shocking. We consider this the blot of the book, and wish the poetess had invented a less terrible catastrophe. Doubtless Mrs. Browning thought it a clear way of showing that virtue is lovely and respectable under *all* circumstances; that no soil can remain upon her, no ignominy disgrace her. There is, truly, a noble dignity and disinterestedness in poor Marian's love and life which make her interesting; but the deep pity her great wrong awakens is akin to horror, and far more distressing than any sorrow over the dead.

It was on Aurora's twentieth birth-day that Romney Leigh made his offer of marriage to her, as she thought, because he wanted "a wife to help his ends"—some of which she enumerated as follows:—

"He might cut
My body into coins to give away
Among his paupers; he might change my sons,
While I stood dumb as Griseld, for black babes
Or piteous foundlings; might unquestioned set
My right hand teaching in the Ragged Schools,
My left hand washing in the Public Baths,
What time my angel of the Ideal stretched
Both his to me in vain!"

And so she turned to her books, wrote her poems, and strove to do good in her own way.

Ten years passed; they met again in Florence. It was evening. She had gained fame, friends, the means of independent living, and of doing good. He had failed in his philosophic plans (as all Socialistic plans do fail), and lost his sight in his exertions for the benefit of the miserable, who would not be helped in his way. But we will let them explain. Aurora said—

"I 'm thinking, cousin, of a far-off June,
When you and I, upon my birth-day once
Discoursed of Life and Art, with both untried.
I 'm thinking, Romney, how 'twas morning then,
And now 'tis night."

"Yes," he said, "'tis night.
* * * * * * *
How dark I stood that morning in the sun,
My best Aurora, though I saw your eyes—
When first you told me—oh, I recollect
The words, and how you lifted your white hands,
And how your white dress and your burnished curls
Went greatening round you in the still, blue air,
As if the inspiration from within
Had blown them all out when you spoke the same—
'*You will not compass your poor ends, not you!*'
I 'm ready for confession; I was wrong,
I 've sorely failed, I 've slipped the ends of life;
I yield; you have conquered."

"Stay," I answered him;
"I 've something for your hearing, also—I
Have failed too."

"You!" he said, "you 're very great;
The sadness of your greatness fits you well,
As if the plume upon a hero's casque
Should nod a shadow on his victor face."

I took him up austerely—"You have read
My book but not my heart; for the rest,
Look here, sir; I was right upon the whole,
That birth-day morning. 'Tis impossible
To get at men excepting through their souls;
However open their carnivorous jaws,
The soul 's the way. Not even Christ himself
Can save man else than as he holds the soul.
We both were wrong that June day—both as wrong
As an east wind had been. I, who talked of Art,
And you, who grieved for all men's grief; what then?
We surely made too small a part for God
In these things, Romney. Though we fail, indeed,
You—I—a score of such weak workers—He
Fails never. If He cannot work by us,
He surely will work over us."

"Could we sit
Just so forever, sweetest friend," he said,
"My failure would be better than success.
Oh, cousin, let us be content in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because 'tis little. Hearken, dear,
There 's too much abstract willing, purposing
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,
And think by systems; and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies,
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate."

"That 's true," I answered, fain to throw up thought
And make a game of 't. "Oh, we generalize
Enough to please you. If we pray at all,
We pray no longer for our daily bread,
But next centenary's harvest. If we give,
Our cup of water is not tendered till
We lay down pipes and found a Company
With Branches. Ass or angel, 'tis the same;
A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means whatever perfect thing she can
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there; she must prove what she can do
Before she does it—prate of woman's rights,
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till
The men (who are prating, too, on their side) cry—
'*A woman's function plainly is—to talk.*'
Poor souls, they are very reasonably vexed!
They cannot hear each other speak."

"And you,
An artist, judge so?"

"I, an artist, yes,
Because, precisely, I 'm an artist, sir,
And woman; if another sate in sight,
I 'd whisper—Soft, my sister! not a word!
By speaking we prove only we can speak:
Which he, the man here, never doubted. What
He doubts is whether we can *do* the thing
With decent grace we have not done at all:
Now do it; bring your statue, you have room!"

"It is the age's mood,"
He said; "we boast and do not."

We have not room for more extracts here; but hope these glimpses of the story will induce those who love the memory of the poetess to read this great poem attentively. It ends happily, and in the usual way of romance. The originality we claim for Mrs. Browning is certainly not to be found in these incidents, nor in the meagre love-story, which is ill-constructed, and has been told a thousand times in verse and prose of different merit. *Everything but the story* is original, the ideas, the illustrations, the manner of description, the trains of thought, the wit, the eloquence, the language even.

Mrs. Browning thinks and feels as though inspired by the beauty and holiness of Truth, and writes as though she sought only to express, in the fearless and passionate language of Genius, her *real* thoughts and feelings. Other poets have the elegancies of literature and classicalities of colleges so ornamenting their lines, that the original spark is often but a feeble twinkle; the result is sweetness, prettiness, and, according to poetic rules, greater perfectness; but not the strength, power, and soul-compelling poetry of Aurora Leigh.

Compare this poem with "The Princess" or "The Idyls of the King," both works beautifully rich in that musical "*mirage* of words" which no writer except Mr. Tennyson can raise, and see in the images of life and truth, in the anticipations of faith and hope, in the *real worth* of true principles to guide and noble desires to purify humanity, how inferior are those great poems of the English Laureate to this grand poem of Mrs. Browning. It is not that the woman is original from ignorance of the deep fountains of antiquity, far from it; her scholarship has never been disputed; but her own inspirations quite surmount the classic nurture study afforded her. She does not equal, much less imitate, the subtlety, delicacy, and exquisite grace of language which characterize the poetry of Mr. Tennyson; but in power, pith, and pathos she is the superior. We think, when remembering her delicate organization, refinement of mind and feeling, and the sweet *womanliness* of her character, while we read her strong, stirring, vigorous verse, we think of the "*angels that excel in strength.*"

It is a very hard matter to make extracts from a book that has such bright excellencies on every page; the selections given are not the best specimens, because we aimed at illustrating the story, not displaying its gems. When we have room we intend to string a few of the precious pearls for display at our "Table." But the work of mortals is never perfect; we are compelled to point out one great fault; there is a mistake in "Aurora Leigh," a vital mistake, affecting the whole truth of Bible History and the sacredness of the Decalogue. It struck us on our first reading, soon after the poem ap-

peared; it was so strange, so utterly unaccountable that we felt sure Mrs. Browning would see it and revise the text; this was not done, nor has a single critic or reviewer, to our knowledge, ever noticed the mistake. Has it passed unobserved? Then we should infer that the poetess was not alone in her ignorance or misconstruction of the sacred text. This, too, is very strange.

Mrs. Browning has ignored the Sabbath by making the work of Creation continue through the *seven days*. God had no rest in her version, because the human pair were made on the "last day" of the week: thus—

"Seven days' work,
The last day shutting 'twixt its dawn and eve,
The whole world, bettered, of the previous six!
Since God collated and resumed in man
The firmaments, the strata, and the lights,
Fish, fowl, and beast, and insect—all these trains
Of various life caught back upon His arm,
Reorganized and constituted MAN,
The microcosm, the adding up of works;
Within whose fluttering nostrils, then at last,
Consummating Himself, the Maker sighed,
As some strong winner at the foot-race sighs
Touching the goal."

[*Page* 203 *American edition, Book Sixth, line* 152, *etc.*

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ART.

IN commenting on the present rage for photographs in London, an English writer dwells pathetically on the trials of sitting for these pictures; but he gives strong reasons to prove that the fashion will be permanent, and, on the whole, advantageous. We agree with him in believing that the fashion of photograph collecting will continue, because, in the first place, the gain of having cheap portraits of friends is so great that there is a solid advantage in photographs which would counterbalance a great many nuisances of a very serious sort. And then the collections, when made, are very useful; they supply a fund of talk to people who have nothing to say.

"Every one can find something to remark about a collection of photographs. Either they do not know the people represented in it, or they do know them, or they wonder whether they know them. Then, if they know them, they can say they are like or unlike; or they can pay adroit compliments and make acceptable remarks on the photographs most cherished by the collector; or they can gratify a little quiet malice, and say that they never could have believed so very unfavorable a likeness is a true one, and yet every one knows the sun must be right. It is this fund of easy small-talk which will be the real foundation of the permanent success of photography as a fashion. It might easily have happened that photograph books would have shared the fate of albums. Thirty years ago, young ladies used to keep albums, and people used to be decoyed or frightened into writing in them. Authors of all sizes and degrees of reputation were entreated to add their mite. Charles Lamb's letters, for example, are full of the references to the albums he had been writing in. But the weak point of albums was that, where they were not occupied by magnificent water-color representations of perfectly round roses in the fullest bloom, they were too intellectual. People in an ordinary drawing-room think there is a sort of plot to find them out if any demand is made on their intellect; and to write verses, or even to copy correctly a piece of poetry out of a standard author, is dangerous and embarrassing. It is true that writers in albums were occasionally allowed to get off by writing out in their best hand one of the very poorest and best-known riddles they could recollect, such as "Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?" but even this is precarious, for the answer has to be remembered and understood. In photographs all is plain sailing. All that has to be done is to make gossiping remarks about other people, and this is a duty to which the most timid intellects feel competent."

Photographs are, then, a fashion; but it is possible they may be what, considering the mutability of human things, deserves to be called a permanent fashion, because they tend to supply a want that will always be felt.

INFLUENCE OF A TRUE WIFE.—"A sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman makes a man's nature all the stronger by making it more tender—who puts new heart into all his worthy strivings, gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life wields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty."

HEART LOVE NEVER DIES.—We once listened to the pitiful lamentations of a childless old lady. "Oh," said she, "would that I had only one child on the face of this broad earth to care for me! Alas! I have not one near relative to soothe my weary life in its downward course; not one to cherish my memory when I am gone!"

This kind-hearted old lady had been a wife and mother. Her husband had many years before paid the debt of nature, and her child died in infancy. It was sad and pitiable indeed to hear her mourn with a grief of the freshness of to-day's bereavement for that dear infant long since turned to dust.

A RARE EULOGIUM.—Jeremy Taylor, the giant of Theology and Bible knowledge, thus sums up the religious character of the Countess of Carberry. How many women now living would, in the funeral sermon, deserve or receive such praise?

"In all her religion she had a strange evenness, and untroubled passage sliding toward her ocean of God and infinity, with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river, deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober pace, and paying to the Fiscus, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full: and hard by it a little brook, skipping, and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbor bottom; and after all its talking and braggart motion, it payed to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud, or a contemptible vessel; so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety. It dwelt upon her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical work of every day. She did not believe religion was intended to minister fame and reputation, but to pardon sins to the pleasure of God. For religion is like the breath of heaven; if it goes abroad into the open air it scatters and dissolves."

A NEW WAY TO MAKE GOOD WIVES.—A western paper says: "Young ladies who are accustomed to reading newspapers are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, and invariably make good wives."

If this wise observation should prove true, what a nation of "good wives" our Republic will show from this time forth? Where is the young lady in our land who does not read the newspapers?

Miss S. J. Hale's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

To our Correspondents.—We have accepted these communications: "Friends in Council"—"Stanzas"—"Reminiscences"—"Lida Browne"—"Isora"—"The Old Cabin"—"Art and Love"—and "The Lost Diamond."

We have quite a number of long stories on hand, and shall read the manuscripts in time to notice next month, if possible. "Our Friends" are always welcome, and their favors are valued.

The following articles are declined for want of room and other reasons: "Never go Backwards"—"The Evergreen"—"Kate Ashbrook's Revenge"—"Day Break"—"Earnest Athol"—"Memory Chimes"—"Whispers"—"To our absent Nettie"—"I mourn for thee"—"Evelyn Bell"—"Slander"—"The Past"—"Maralene"—"A Mother's Darling"—"The Dying Volunteer" (very good, but too long for the space we can spare)—"Oregon"—"The last day of School"—"My Cousins"—"Anonymous Letters"—"The Revenge"—and "A Meeting and a Parting."

"Reminiscences," by Ethelstone. Very good, but appears unfinished. Could not a few pages be added to marry off the young lady?

Health Department.

(*Selected from that excellent work, "Hall's Journal of Health," published in New York and London.*)

SUMMER RESORTS.

In order to derive the highest advantages as to health, from summer recreations, several considerations ought to be kept in view.

Children who are teething should be taken without an hour's delay to the sea shore. The effect is, in multitudes of cases, instantaneous, radical, and almost miraculous. Physicians of observation in large cities will testify that children in their second summer, in an almost dying condition begin to improve on their journey to the coast, and within three hours after leaving the heated and sultry atmosphere of the city in midsummer.

There is something in the salt air of the sea which has a renovating and life-giving power to all whose brains have been over-taxed; and to many whose nervous systems have been impaired by intense excitements, whether arising from business anxieties or domestic calamities. There is also a moral effect for good in the roar of the ocean, and in the sense of vastness which comes over the mind, as the eye gazes upon it, bottomless, and without a shore beyond; thus causing heart troubles to be swept away in their insignificance.

To persons whose lungs are impaired, or whose throats are in a diseased condition, the air of the sea shore is almost always poisonous, sometimes deadly.

To merchants, clerks, lawyers; to all who follow sedentary occupations, who are kept within four walls for a large portion of every twenty-four hours, no better advice can be given than to go off among the mountains; climb to their tops; descend into their valleys; penetrate their recesses; on foot, on horse, in every conceivable mode of locomotion; and they should consider every hour of daylight lost which does not find them in interested motion in the open air.

The general rule is to effect a change of air. Any change is more or less beneficial. There is no locality in any dozen miles apart whose atmosphere has not ingredients differing in some respects from that of other localities, and the human system greedily drinks in those new or strange ingredients, just as one takes in, with unwonted delight and benefit, the food of a table a few miles from his own home. Both mind and body, the world over, yearn for variety, for change. So that a man living for years in the purest atmosphere on earth will be benefited by a change to one which, although relatively less pure, has either different ingredients, or the same in different proportions. To all who can, we say, go somewhere, go anywhere, rather than remain at home all the time. Go with as light a heart as possible; go determined to get good and do good, and you will seldom fail of both. But in going, leave all "airs," and mocks, and pretences, and shams behind. Assume nothing; exact nothing; claim nothing beyond what is spontaneously offered by those with whom you may come in contact. In all situations, be courteous, and respect yourself, and you will have courtesy and respect shown you. Acting thus, you will return home healthier, happier, wiser, and better than when you went away.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a simpleton wants to get well, he buys something "to take," a philosopher gets something "to do;" and it is owing to the circumstance that the latter has been in a minority almost undistinguishable in all nations and ages, that doctors are princes instead of paupers, live like gentlemen instead of cracking rocks for the turnpike.

SUMMER SOURS.

Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever, is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever.

But this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also is buttermilk or even common sour milk promotive of health in summer-time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary

people, sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like watermelons on the system.

LOOSE BOWELS.

The first, most essential and most efficient step towards a cure in all cases is that which instinct prompts; to wit: perfect quietude of body; next take nothing but rice parched like coffee; then boil, and eat in the usual way.

REARING CHILDREN.

1. Children should not go to school until six years old.

2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.

3. Should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair-mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sun-down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child: it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and, when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE CHANNINGS. *A Domestic Novel of Real Life.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. Though perhaps adding little to the reputation which Mrs. Wood earned as the author of "East Lynne," it will, at least, detract nothing from it. The portraits of the different members of the Channing family are all well drawn and lifelike; and we may say the same of the Yorke family as well. It is really no love story, as all the interest turns upon one or two matters of an entirely different nature, the most important of them the theft of a bank note; but the closing chapter gives us one actual wedding, and another in prospect. The story is ingeniously constructed, and the reader must be very good at guessing indeed who suspects the denouement before it comes. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

THE INDIAN SCOUT: *or, Life on the Frontier.* By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Flower of the Prairie," "The Trail Hunter," etc. "The Indian Scout" is a sequel to "The Flower of the Prairie," which was published a short time since, and this fact secures it as extensive a sale, at least, as the latter. There are few who rank above Aimard in the line of fiction to which he especially devotes himself—that of border life and life among the Indians. He is a facile and imaginative writer, and in addition to his mental gifts, he has had the advantage of many years' experience in the countries and among the people he describes, having led a wandering life in the western portions of almost the entire American continent. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

—

From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

PRISON LIFE IN THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND. By Lieut. Wm. C. Harris, of Col. Baker's California Regiment. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. Lieutenant Harris was a Ball's Bluff prisoner, and has only recently been liberated. He gives rather a gloomy account of the life of the prisoners, and speaks of the treatment of their keepers as being harsh in the extreme. The narration is a highly interesting one, and, in some cases, quite amusing, owing to the happy faculty of the writer to place everything in its brightest light. The thousands among us who have friends as prisoners at the South will read this book with avidity. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS, *and Across the Rocky Mountains to California.* By Richard F. Burton, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," etc. With illustrations. This is a large and closely printed volume, in which the author gives full accounts of his journey on the overland route to Salt Lake City, his impressions of this city, and of the Mormons, with their morals, habits, and general characteristics. Mr. Burton writes with all the ease and care of a professed traveller, and his descriptions and narrations are marked with the impartiality of one who is neither biased in opinion himself, nor wishes to influence the views of his readers. He gives facts alone, and from his reputation as a traveller, as well as from the face of what he has produced, we believe his statements may be relied on. Price $3 00.

CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. By John Stuart Mill, author of "A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive." The author proceeds to consider systematically various propositions and problems in regard to government, handling the matter ably and logically. At the present time, when our own form of government is undergoing its severest trial, many, no doubt, will feel curiosity to know what an Englishman has to say on governments abstractly. Our own national troubles have evidently been the cause of the writing of this book, and Mr. Mill proceeds, like a true son of John Bull, to reason out that the

English form of government is the best practically and theoretically that can be instituted. Price $1 00.

THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS. *A Story in two Voices.* By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The House on the Moor," etc. We have found no time to read this book, but, from the acquaintance we already have with its author, we have no hesitation in saying that it cannot be otherwise than good. It is the production, we believe, of Mrs. Oliphant, who is deservedly noted for her excellent Scottish tales. A hasty glance through its pages shows us that it is novel and ingenious in construction, the story alternating between two of the main characters, and all written in the first person—one of the "ladies at the hall," and the "lieutenant's wife" dividing the narration between them. Price $1 00.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF THE SAGACITY OF ANIMALS. Illustrated. The illustrations of this book are spirited, the reading matter such as cannot fail to interest the child, and the binding elegant in appearance. It is both entertaining and instructive. Price 75 cents.

THE STRUGGLES OF BROWN, JONES, & ROBINSON. By One of the Firm. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," etc. It is whimsically written, and the characters of the different members of the firm and their families are drawn with quaint humor. The motto of the junior member of the firm, and the recorder of its struggles, is "Advertise." Price 25 cents.

—

From Charles Scribner, New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BAY PATH. *A Tale of New England Colonial Life.* By J. G. Holland, author of "Letters to the Young," "Miss Gilbert's Career," etc. This is one of the earlier, if not the earliest of the works of Dr. Holland, and perhaps laid the foundation of the reputation which "Bitter-sweet," "Letters to the Young," and all his subsequent works have succeeded in building up in so vast and fair proportions. Holland is one of the best and most readable of our American authors, and moreover he is truly American in style. There is nothing flimsy or unsubstantial in his writings. They are solid, and of unimpeachable morality, and will bear the severest tests. "The Bay Path" is perhaps slightly inferior to the books which followed it. Sometimes the story drags a little. However, all who can appreciate the better class of literature, if they do not possess the book already, will be anxious to obtain it, for no other purpose than to complete their set of Holland's works. Price $1 25.

—

From Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

THE HEIR TO ASHLEY. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Earl's Heirs," "The Channings," etc. This book contains three novelettes, evidently from their style, which is somewhat crude, earlier productions of the lady whose name the title-page bears. They are, however, original, interesting, and of high tone. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

THE OLD JUDGE: *or, Life in a Colony.* By Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," etc. A reprint of a humorous book, containing a number of sketches written in Judge Haliburton's peculiar vein. Just the book for an idle hour, or to occupy one in railroad travel. Price 50 cents.

THE WARDEN. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Framley Parsonage," etc. This book, which, with so noted a name upon the title-page, it is unnecessary to say is an excellent one, is published in a shape rare in this country, though common in France and Germany. It is small in size with paper cover, and consequently cheap in price. It is appropriately set down as belonging to the "Hand and Pocket Library," and is far more convenient to carry in travel, than the unwieldy, two-columned publications that are really too large for one's pocket. Price 25 cents.

—

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

AGNES OF SORRENTO. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing," etc. This is a story of Italy several centuries back, and has been written mainly, we believe, in illustration of the Roman Catholic religion as the author views it. It is beautifully written, full of poetic language, rich descriptions, and chaste sentiments; though one who reads only for the sake of the story, will occasionally tire at its dilatoriness, as it "drags its slow length along" sometimes almost beyond one's patience. We say this, however, in warning only to the cursory reader, for those who can appreciate rare beauties in literature, and have leisure to enjoy them, will be richly rewarded by the perusal of this book. Price $1 25.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND: *A Story of the Coast of Maine.* By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "The Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," etc. We have found time only to glance through this work, but this hasty glance has been sufficient to assure us that it is a creditable production. The scene of the story is on the coast of Maine, and the people who take part in it are New Englanders, which are represented with that faithfulness a life among them has enabled Mrs. Stowe to acquire.

BEAUTIES, *selected from the Writings of Thomas de Quincey,* author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," etc. This book is divided into several portions, the first of which embraces a brief life of de Quincey gathered and compiled from his own writings. Then follow various imaginative sketches, narratives, essays, critiques, and reminiscences, each in their appropriate division. A valuable collection of most graceful literature, worthy a place in every library. Price $1 25.

—

From J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston:—

THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY. By the author of "The Rectory of Moreland." This is a lively and well-written story of domestic and rural life in the State of New York. There is enough incident and variety in the book to make it interesting, and the moral tone of it is unexceptionable. Price $1 00.

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND; *or, My Duty.* A story of the life and struggles of a young orphan girl, in her endeavors to fulfil her duty to herself and those among whom her lot was cast. It is well told, and cannot fail to be read with interest. Price $1 00.

THE BOBBIN BOY; *or, How Nat got his Learning.* An Example for Youth. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," etc. etc. etc. Under the name of Nat the Bobbin Boy, we have an account of the boyhood of N. P. Banks, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, and now a General in our army. Even without knowing this fact, the book would be both a profitable and pleasant one, especially for boys. All the incidents in it are said to be true. Price 75 cents.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

LOUISE JULIANE, ELECTRESS PALATINE, AND HER TIMES. By Fanny Elizabeth Burnett. This is an interesting memoir of a devout Christian lady, memorable not only for her virtues, but her birth and fortunes. The daughter of the celebrated Prince of Orange, William of Nassau, the wife of Prince Frederic IV. Elector Palatine, and the mother of Frederic V., whose ambition and misfortunes and those of his wife the beautiful Elizabeth, sister of Charles I. of England, have made his name famous. Louise Juliane had an important part to play in the stirring affairs of her time. How well she did it through her long and useful life is faithfully portrayed in this memoir.

THE WAY TO LIFE. *Sermons.* By Thomas Guthrie, D. D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," etc. etc. A clear and energetic exposition of Christian truth, written in the forcible and earnest style peculiar to the author. Dr. Guthrie's works are among our most valuable contributions to religious literature.

TONY STARR'S LEGACY: *or, Trust in a Covenant-keeping God.* By the author of "Win and Wear." Among the various books issued for children, this will be found one that is both interesting and improving. The story is told in an animated and agreeable manner, and will certainly please those for whom it is written.

BERTIE LEE. A story which we are told is one literally of facts, making it of course the more valuable, while the narrative is none the less interesting. It is a boy's book, and its object is to show the faithfulness of God in caring for those who "commit their ways to Him."

—

From WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE BOY FRIEND: *or, All Can Help.* By Aunt Friendly, author of "Timid Lucy," "Fidgety Skeert," etc. The writer of this pleasant and useful little book has been long known to those who take an interest in the happiness of childhood. Her really pious and yet very entertaining stories seem to flow out from her warm, full, sympathizing heart and mind as spontaneously as the pure, refreshing water from a living spring. We commend this book to the notice of parents who wish to have their children read what will do them good while giving them pleasure.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JULY.—First number of the thirty-third year of publication—*Vivat Regina!* We continue our labors with unabated energy, and will continue in future, as we have done in the past, to publish the best Lady's Book in the world. Read the notices on the cover of this month, and we have at least five thousand more of the same tenor. "Summer" is the appropriate title of the very pretty plate we now publish. It is a companion to the plate entitled "Winter," published in our last December number.

Can there be anything more worthy of the attention of our lady subscribers than the beautiful fashion for this month? It is graceful and truthful. The dresses have all been selected for the particular month, and particularly appropriate for the seaside or watering-places.

"What O'Clock?" is an original domestic design, and one of the many we have published calling back the recollections of our childhood.

The literary matter in this number is all that can be desired. Our numerous wood-cut illustrations will furnish amusement and work for our fair readers until our August issue.

—

A NEW SENSATION.—The public will be glad to learn, and particularly our own subscribers, that Sheldon & Co. have in press a new novel by Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Moss Side," "Hidden Path," and "Nemesis." This lady is too well known by her novels and by her contributions to the Lady's Book to need any praise from us. Her works breathe an air of refinement and purity which are characteristic of the lady who writes them. "Miriam" will be the title of the new novel, and we shall hail its advent with great pleasure, and also offer it for sale to our subscribers at the publishers' price.

—

COMMENCE your subscriptions now. A new volume commences with the July number; a very good time to subscribe. In the six numbers from July to December are comprised all the fall and winter fashions—cloaks, mantles, furs, bonnets, articles for winter in crochet, etc. etc.

—

A NEW style of work has been brought out in Paris, which is called *Décalcomanie*, or the art of decorating wood, plaster, porcelain, alabaster, ivory, etc. etc. The art is very simple; you have only to take a picture representing flowers, birds, or landscapes, which you cover entirely with varnish, taking great care not to go beyond the outlines of the picture. Place the picture thus prepared on the article you wish to ornament; then cover it with a piece of cloth or muslin dipped in water, and with a paper-cutter press it sufficiently to cause the design to adhere. This done, remove the cloth, and with a paint-brush wet the paper, which will then come off, leaving on the paper no trace of the picture, which will be pressed on the object you wish to ornament. Next day you put on a light coat of varnish to brighten the colors.

We find this description in a French work. We cannot vouch for its accuracy, as we have not practised the art ourselves. The work from which we took this description does not state whether the varnished side of the picture is to be placed next to the object to be ornamented, but we think it should be.

—

KNOWLEDGE OF GEOGRAPHY IN LONDON.—We have received a paper from London, addressed, "Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia, New York."

—

JUDGE CONRAD'S SACRED POEMS.—An elegant volume, containing the Sacred Poems of the late Hon. Robert T. Conrad, will soon be published by subscription in this city. A portrait of the author, and an introduction by George H. Boker, Esq., will add to the value and interest of the work. As the size of the edition will be limited by the number of subscriptions received, we advise those who wish to secure copies to send their names to Mr. J. Alfred Eisenbrey, 814 Pine Street.

We have received a beautiful portrait of the late Hon. Robert T. Conrad, executed in Sartain's best style, which gives us the man as he lived. It is a splendid work of art, and a correct portrait.

—

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE music in this number of the Book introduces the change in the style of publication, according to the announcement we made a few months ago. Since that announcement was published, we have received several letters of approval from our friends, who, we trust, may be as well pleased with the improvement as we are. The music can now be placed before the piano and played from as easily as a piece of sheet music.

Sabbath-School Bell.—Horace Waters, New York, publishes two excellent little music-books with the above title. Each is complete, and contains nearly 200 hymns and tunes, neatly bound. No. 1, price 20 cents; No. 2, 25 cents. Uniform with these is also the Day-School Bell, arranged in similar style, 30 cents. Nearly one million of these books, in the aggregate, have already been sold.

New Sheet Music for the Piano.—And Eyes will Watch for Thee, a pretty ballad, and very popular, price 25 cents. When the Ship Comes In, by George Mietzke, a beautiful song, quite operatic in style, and arranged as a Cavatina, eight pages, 40 cents. The Volunteer's Mother, same composer, a touching song, with handsome lithographic title, 30 cents. Our Flag is There, new anti-slavery song—must not be confounded with Taylor's song of same name—25 cents. Union Army March. Fine piece by Mietzke, embellished with vignette of McClellan, Rosecrans, etc., 50 cents.

Songs and Ballads—press of O. Ditson & Co., Boston: There's Music in thy Heart, Lassie, beautiful Scotch song, by R. Bell. Are they Meant but to Deceive me?—polonaise. Two Lovers, fine song by Chopin. Joshua's Courtship, populars ong. Old Massa's on his Travels Gone. The Vacant Chair, by Newcomb. Patriot's Chorus, spirited quartette, by Morris. Each 25 cents.

Also, Neversink Mountain Polka; Victoria Quickstep, Hasse; Battle of Winchester, Charles Grobe; each 25 cents. Forest Rose (Waldrochsen), beautiful nocturn, Theo. Oesten, 35. Transcription, Long Weary Day, Fritz Spindler, 35. Sybille, nocturn, by Richards, 35. Undine Waltzer, fine Waltz by Trench, nine pages, 40. Cujus Animam, Rossini; splendid transcription by Brinley Richards of this famous melody, nine pages, 40. West End Polka, by D'Albert, 50; this has a fine fac-simile title-page of the London edition, which cost about $3.

Songs, etc., from H. M. Higgins, Chicago: Scott and the Veteran, fine patriotic song, 30. Brother and the Fallen Dragoon, ditto, by Webster, 35. Don't be Sorrowful, Darling, with chorus, 30. Softly the Moonlight, quartette serenade, 30. All the following have choruses: The Union, Now and Forever; Our Country's Flag; Hattie Bell; Faithful to Thee, for a low voice; List to the Bells; Sleigh Ride Song; Cottage on the Lea; Gentle Annie Ray; Rose of Evansdale, by Mr. Higgins. These are all pretty ballads. Each 25 cents.

Also, Seraphine Waltz, 10; Union Brigade Quickstep, 10; Union Polka, 25; Skating Polka, 25, pictorial title; Grasshopper Galop, pictorial title, 35; Glen Polka, beautifully arranged, 25; Tit for Tat Schottische, by Victor, 25; Grand Marche des Wide Awakes, 35, a splendid composition by Victor. All the above are fine pieces.

All musical correspondence and orders for music should be addressed to Philadelphia, to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

SKELETON FLOWERS.—We thank our numerous friends for their kindness, but have now received enough receipts for the making of these leaves.

ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—The annual exhibition of pictures and statuary at the Academy of the Fine Arts this year, which has just opened, is thronged unusually with gay though critical visitors. This is owing to the fact that the exhibition itself is far superior to any of its predecessors for many years, both in the number of the pictures and the merit displayed. Landscapes engage a goodly share of the attention of artists and the public, and in this department of art we have a number of really very able painters. Paul Weber's marked style renders his pictures known without any reference to the catalogue, for, indeed, it would be very difficult for any one acquainted with art to fail to recognize the hand of Weber. A very fine picture by this artist is one taken from Kelly's Dam, Germantown, with figures by Schussele. There is Moran's view of Fairmount Park, one of the best efforts at picture-making of our environs we have yet seen, and that majestic view of the Lehigh Valley and Bethlehem, done in the style rendered familiar by "The Heart of the Andes." The marine pictures are not new, though really great. Hamilton's two splendid efforts, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" and "New York Harbor," are worthy of his fame, now so widely extended. The first of these is a conception of rare poetical power and effect. A shipwreck near Elizabeth Castle struck us as being bold and admirable. Lewis, Williams, Lambdin, Rothermel, Boutelle, and other American artists, have some fine efforts, which we shall notice hereafter.

A YOUNG and very beautiful lady one evening wished to make an impression at a ball, and went to her aunt to borrow her diamonds.

"My dear," said the aunt, "you are young and beautiful; I am *passé*. Who needs the diamonds most? However, I will make a bargain with you—lend me your face, and you may have my diamonds."

COST OF PICKING STRAWBERRIES.—The editor of the *Prairie Farmer* has been visiting a strawberry plantation in Chicago, of some eight acres, carried on by George Davis. The principal berry relied on for a crop was the Wilson's Albany, though he has a number of other varieties. The following rule, adopted for the picking troop, is excellent. The editor says: "Anxious to learn something about the cost of picking and marketing the fruit, we asked him how much he paid per quart for picking. 'I do not pay by the quart; I hire by the day.' 'How much do you pay per day, then?' 'Well, you see, I 'ave made this harrangement—I pay those that don't whistle two shillings per day, and those who do whistle I pay three shillings, for, don't you see'—picking up an enormous Wilson—'don't you see *that if they 'ave one of these 'ere in their mouth, they can't whistle?* Don't you see the philosophy of the thing?'"

AN officer in the French army, dying, left a widow, who had some difficulty to get her claims to a pension acknowledged. Her lawyer, annoyed by her pertinacity in applying for the pension, said one day to her:—

"Why do you not apply to the king? He will grant your pension; it is a mere song."

The widow presented herself before the king, and showed her claims. While he was considering them, she was humming to herself.

"Why do you make that noise?" he inquired.

"Sire," said the widow, "they told me the pension was a mere song; I was trying to learn the air!"

The king, pleased with her wit, granted the pension.

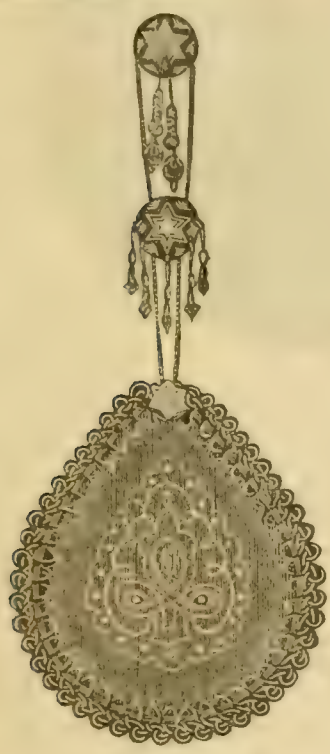
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

EMBROIDERED CHATELAINE.

Materials.—Quarter of a yard of purple velvet, brilliant and plain gold bullion, purple and gold gimp, broad and narrow, half a yard of each yellow floss, white silk for lining, and passementerie cords and tassels with a hook attached.

This elegant little appendage to the dress, large enough to contain a handkerchief and purse, is deserving of being as generally adopted in this country as it has recently been in Paris.



The engraving represents it perfectly, although our page does not permit us to give it on a large scale.

The thick scroll alone, in this design, is raised by a ridge of floss silk being first worked, and the gold bullion being laid closely and evenly over it. The rest of the pattern is done in a manner that imitates a cord, laid on. Pieces of the dead gold bullion are cut, rather more than a quarter of an inch long. One of these being sewed down, rather *across* the lines, the succeeding ones are placed always within half the length, by the side of the last. In the language of an embroideress, this is termed half-polka stitch. The series of small scallops, forming the outer line of embroidery, is merely a gold thread laid on. The spots are all in brilliant bullion.

Both sides of the Chatelaine are embroidered alike. They are then lined with white silk, and sewed together, except at the top, where an opening of about three inches is left. The broad gimp edges the back of the Chatelaine; the narrow one the upper side. The cord and trimmings are made in such a manner that they form a fastening for the bag, without appearing to be intended for that purpose. The hook attaches this Chatelaine to the waistband.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

To Set a Combustible Body on Fire by the Contact of Water.

Fill a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, weighing about two grains. The potassium will instantly burst into flame, and burn vividly on the surface of the water.

To make Artificial Lightning.

Take a tin tube, larger at one end than the other, and in which there are several holes; fill it with powdered rosin (or lycopodium), and when shaken over the flame of a candle, it will produce the exact appearance of lightning.

The Silver Tree.

Put into a decanter four drachms of nitrate of silver, and fill up the decanter with distilled or rain-water, then drop in about an ounce of mercury, and a piece of zinc wire by a silk thread, fastened to the cork, and place the vessel where it may not be disturbed; in a short time the silver will be precipitated in the most beautiful arborescent form, resembling real vegetation.

Green Flame.

If a spoonful of good alcohol, and a little boracic acid be stirred together in a teacup, and then set on fire, they will produce a beautiful green flame.

"THE WOOD OF THE CROSS."—The Cross was generally supposed to have been made of four kinds of wood, signifying the four quarters of the globe, or all mankind: it is not, however, agreed what these four kinds were, or their respective places in the Cross. Some say the pure, incorruptible woods were the palm, the cedar, the olive, and the cypress. Instead of the palm and olive, some claim the honor for the pine and the box, whilst others say it was made entirely of oak. In Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant" we are told that the cedar was cut down by Solomon, and buried on the spot afterwards called the Pool of Bethesda; that about the time of the passion of our Blessed Lord the wood floated, and was used by the Jews for the upright part of the Cross. Another account states the wood to have been the aspen, since which the leaves have never ceased trembling. It was once believed in Scotland that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods were formed of it with which Christ was scourged. On the Mount of Olives, in Palestine, the olive tree still flourishes as it did seven hundred years before the Christian era.

MORNING PRAYER.—The following is meant to be a companion piece to the well-known evening prayer for children beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.:—

Now I rise from off my bed,
I pray the Lord for daily bread.
Keep me from sinful thought and deed,
Be with my steps in hour of need,
And make my soul, if Thou dost take,
As clean and pure for Jesus' sake.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, after writing one of his prayers, wished Chapelain to put his name to it.

"Give me your good name," he said, "and take my purse."

SMALL BRACKETED VILLA.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THIS little villa, so picturesque in appearance, would make a very appropriate residence for a family of moderate size.

The round-headed windows and porch arcades architecturally forbid the use of such a pitch as the main roof has; but it will be seen that this piquancy is obviated by the truncation of the latter, thereby agreeably subduing the otherwise discord and composition.

The *first floor* comprises an ample hall B, 12 feet wide by 29 long, to which entrance is effected through front piazza A. The fine drawing-room, C, which is entered on the right, is 16 by 24 feet; while on the left is the dining-room E, and kitchen F, respectively 15 by 17 and 12 by 16 feet. In the rear of the hall will be found a snug little library, 12 by 12 feet in dimensions.

The *second floor* contains five very good chambers, marked I, and a number of appendages, such as closets, etc., rarely found in a dwelling of this magnitude.

"HUSBAND, I must have some change to-day."

"Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough, any how."

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

GODEY'S Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

POISONS.—For any poison, the most speedy, certain, and most frequently efficacious remedy in the world, if immediately taken, is a heaping teaspoonful of ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a glass of cold water, and drank down at a draught, causing instantaneous vomiting. As soon as the vomiting ceases swallow two tablespoonfuls or more of sweet oil or any other mild oil.

If no ground mustard is at hand, drink a teacupful or more of sweet oil or any other pure, mild oil, melted hog's lard, melted butter, train oil, cod-liver oil, any of which protect the coats of the stomach from the disorganizing effects of the poison; and, to a certain extent, by filling up the pores of the stomach (the mouths of the absorbents), prevent the poison being taken up into the circulation of the blood. Persons bitten by rattlesnakes have drank oil freely, and recovered. These are things to be done while a physician is being sent for.

DRESS plainly; the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.—A splendid and reliable portrait of General Burnside has just been published by H. A. BROWN, 35 Winter Street, Boston. It is an exquisite line and stipple engraving. It is well known that Mr. Brown gives to the public none but the very best productions. The beautiful engraved portrait of General McClellan, recently published by Mr. Brown, has been acknowledged by all who have seen it, including President Lincoln, to be the most correct one. Burnside is uniform in style. Only a limited number of these portraits are printed for framing, and they can be purchased only at "Brown's Picture Gallery." Price of artist's proofs, $1; proofs, 50 cents. This, or any of Mr. Brown's fine portraits, will be sent on a roller to any address, on receipt by him of the amount.

AN EXCELLENT PEN.—We can confidently recommend the Corrugated Metal Pens made by C. Barnon, of London, as one of the best metal pens we have used. They are not so liable to spatter or corrode as the ordinary steel pens. We should judge from our own experience that they would be an excellent pen for our public schools, and to all parties to whom economy is an object, as, from their anti-corrosive qualities, they would be, in the end, one of the cheapest pens in use. We can furnish them at one dollar a box.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. H. J. L.—Sent pattern, April 22d.

Mrs. A. Y. C.—Sent pattern 23d.

E. K.—Sent silk 23d.

J. A. H.—Sent pattern 25th.

Mrs. C. M. G.—Sent pattern 25th.

Miss R. D.—Sent box by Adams's express 28th.

Mrs. E. N. L.—Sent collars 29th.

Mrs. L.—Sent braid 29th.

Miss K. S.—Sent pattern 30th.

Mrs. S. J. S.—Sent pattern by Adams's express, May 1st.

Mrs. J. G. L.—Sent pattern 1st.

Mrs. J. R. E.—Sent pattern 2d.

Miss M. S.—Sent pattern 2d.

Mrs. M. H. C.—Sent India-rubber gloves 3d.

Mrs. J. H. W.—Sent pattern 6th.

M. H. L.—Sent nets 6th.

Mrs. A. C.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. A. H.—Sent box by Adams's express 6th.

Mrs. S. K. B.—Sent box by Howard's express 8th.

Mrs. E. K.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 9th.

Miss S. N. N.—Sent articles by Adams' express 9th.

Mrs. G. E. E.—Sent articles by Howard's express 16th.

Mrs. E. B.—Sent pattern 16th.

M. C. A.—Sent articles by U. S. express 16th.

Mrs. J. McC.—Sent articles 16th.

E. L. will find her inquiry answered on page 615 June number.

M. J. T.—Every inquiry is being made as to the practicability of learning the art from written instruction.

A. C.—Look in the September number of last year, and you will find directions.

Miss D. E.—We do not know the residence of the lady.

L. V. D.—We take a hearty interest in the matter, and will write as soon as we can ascertain positively.

S. O. A.—See any Shaksperean Glossary, the word "Appetite."

Mrs. H. A.—We can furnish the patterns for infant's wardrobe. The price will be $5 for the set.

A New York Subscriber.—There is no other way. First paint, and then varnish.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXI.—(*continued.*)

493. We learn from the preceding experiments that the compounds of lime, baryta, and strontia respectively, with sulphuric acid—namely, the *sulphates* of these alkaline earths—are all more or less insoluble in water; whereas sulphate of magnesia is soluble under these circumstances. See how the developments of our analysis agree with common facts. Sulphate of baryta is a heavy natural stone; sulphate of strontia the same; sulphate of lime is gypsum, which, when burnt in order to draw off water, with which it is combined, becomes plaster of Paris. All these substances are impressed upon our minds as being more or less insoluble in water. Sulphate of magnesia, on the contrary, is the well-known Epsom salt, which everybody knows to be soluble in water.

494. Therefore, supposing magnesia to exist combined or mixed with lime, baryta, or strontia, is it not evident we might extract the magnesia, by cautious treatment, with sulphuric acid, water, and alcohol?

495. Form some more chloride of barium, sodium, and calcium respectively, and evaporate to dryness: first of all, in evaporating dishes; finally transfer the evaporated contents each to an iron spoon respectively, and apply stronger heat until fusion occurs. The results will be dry chloride of barium, strontium, and calcium.

496. Try now, by three test-tubes, the varying solubility of each of these chlorides in alcohol. The chloride of barium, it will be seen, is completely insoluble; the chloride of strontium almost completely; the chloride of calcium perfectly soluble.

497. Now let us discard strontium and its chloride, as furnishing some difficulties of separation that we had rather not encounter in our simple course; but let us assume lime and baryta, or at least calcium and barium, to exist in such a state that hydrochloric acid would dissolve both, yielding a mixed chloride. How easy then would it be to separate the two metals by means of alcohol, which dissolves out chloride of calcium, and leaves chloride of barium untouched? Were we to enter very extensively into considerations of the means by which various combinations of earths might be separated from each other, we should soon plunge into the labyrinths of analysis further than very young chemists would like to follow. Without further remark, therefore, we shall leave the alkaline earths.

498. They are all thrown down from their neutral solutions in acids, by means of oxalic acid and oxalate of ammonia. Thus we have oxalate of baryta, of strontia, and of lime; but of these three the oxalate of lime is most insoluble. Hence this is the precipitating agent *par excellence* for lime, provided strontia and baryta be absent.

499. Consider now what was stated respecting the proper antidote for oxalic acid, 230. We have seen that with lime it constitutes a very insoluble substance—the oxalate of lime. Can lime, therefore, be given? No, because itself is a poison. Carbonate of lime (chalk), however, is no poison; and chalk mixed with water should be administered. It was the substance adverted to in 230.

500. Alumina is an earth very extensively distributed throughout nature: thus, for instance, it may be regarded as the chief constituent of clays. Nevertheless, for our present purpose, we will prepare it from one of its crystallized compounds—*alum*, which is a combination of sulphuric acid with the earth in question, and potash.

501. Take some alum, dissolve it in pure water, then add to it a solution of carbonated alkali, say carbonate of soda (washing soda). A gelatinous-looking substance, alumina in combination with water (hydrate of alumina), will fall. Let this be washed with abundant hot water, until the liquor of washing, on being passed through a filter, no longer leaves a stain when evaporated on a plate of glass.

502. Remove a little of this hydrate of alumina, and see how readily it dissolves in almost any acid, also in solution of potash (liquor potassæ), or of soda, but not in a solution of ammonia, or carbonate of potash or soda.

503. This property of dissolving in alkalies is peculiar—amongst the earths, at least amongst all that we shall discuss—to alumina, thus enabling it to be separated from them.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JULY.

Fig. 1.—Suitable for the sea-side. White *piqué* dress, bound and trimmed with black braid and buttons. The skirt is plain, and the body resembles a riding jacket, having revers and pockets, and the sleeves being finished with gauntlet cuffs. Headdress of black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress. The skirt is of mauve poplinette, with three flounces. The waist is white muslin tucked, made square, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The sleeves are one puff. Over this is worn a little green silk corsage, which consists of side bodies only, the front and back being merely straps of the silk.

Fig. 3.—White ground grenadine, embroidered with violet flowers. The skirt has five narrow flounces headed by a quilled ribbon. The body is square, and trimmed also with quilled ribbon. Muslin chemisette, finished by a muslin ruff. Undersleeves very full, edged with a ruff, and made sufficiently large to pass the hand through. Belt ribbon, with pearl clasp.

Fig. 4.—Dress of grenadine *barege*, trimmed with flounces and puffings bound with Solferino silk. Body half high, and worn with a muslin chemisette. The sleeves only extend to the elbow, and are finished with one ruffle. Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and a fancy plume.

Fig. 5.—White *piqué* dress, braided with black mohair braid. Zouave jacket, with vest, and finished at the neck by a standing braided collar. The skirt has braided pieces on each side resembling pouches. Rice straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon and a narrow fall of black lace.

Fig. 6.—Grenadine robe dress, with two box-plaited ruffles. The body is low, with short sleeves. Fancy lace fichu, with sleeves, trimmed with lace and blue ribbons. Belgian straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and a fall of white lace.

LITTLE GIRL'S HIGH GARIBALDI COSTUME.

(*See engraving, page* 20.)

SUITABLE for a child from four to six years of age. Length of skirt, thirteen inches, without turnings or hem; length of shoulder, six inches; length of sleeve-band, ten inches; length of wristband, six inches; length of neck, thirteen inches. This costume may be made in almost any kind of summer material. The body has a pleat down the front, should hang over in a loose manner, and may be fastened up the front with hooks and eyes, or buttons and button-holes. It is gathered together on the shoulders to the length mentioned above, and gathered into the band at the waist, according to the size of the child. The sleeve consists of nearly a straight piece, gathered together at the join to the size of the band, and the band placed over it. This band may be trimmed with buttons or velvet, or both. The sleeve is gathered at the top and bottom, and is put into a band at the wrist. In sewing in the sleeve, let the band come rather forward. A sash is usually worn with this costume, placed on the right side.

LITTLE GIRL'S LOW GARIBALDI COSTUME.

(*See engraving, page* 21.)

SUITABLE for a child from four to six years of age. Length of skirt, twelve inches; length of body, fourteen inches down the front, one and a half inches on the shoulder, and eleven inches under the arms; length of body behind, twelve inches; length of puff for sleeve, fourteen inches; depth of puff for sleeve, five inches; length of sleeve-band, nine inches. The dress is made to fasten behind—the lining by means of hooks and eyes, and the loose body by buttons and button-holes. The sleeve consists of a full puff put into a band, and trimmed with work. A small pointed epaulette ornaments the top of the sleeve. A sash is also worn with this little costume, which gives it a dressy and pretty finish. We shall not enumerate the materials that this dress may be made of; suffice it to say, it would look well made in anything that children are in the habit of wearing.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

AT present our dress-makers are chiefly engaged on watering-place toilets, and among the exquisite specimens we will mention several:—

One was a white muslin dress, with six very narrow ruffles, embroidered in a fretwork pattern, and on the edge of each was a ruching of rose-colored ribbon. The flounces were headed by a puffing, having a rose-colored ribbon run through it. The body and sleeves consisted of puffs and rows of inserting, with rose-colored ribbon run through the puffs. A muslin ruff, edged with narrow black velvet, finished the neck and sleeves of the dress. The waistband was of embroidered muslin, lined with pink silk, and bordered with a ruching of pink ribbon. A muslin mantle with one deep flounce, and ornamented with pink ruchings, was intended to be worn with this dress.

Another dress was of clear white muslin, having three rows of mauve ribbon laid on round the bottom of the skirt, with insertions of embroidery between the rows, and having a ribbon laid under the embroidery to bring out the pattern to advantage. The body was formed of very fine plaits, the sleeves long and very wide, and fastened with a band at the wrist. The sash was of mauve ribbon one-quarter of a yard in width, and tied behind.

Among the less elaborate dresses, and more suited for ordinary wear, we noticed a very light ground grenadine, with Magenta ferns thrown over it. The skirt was trimmed, just above the hem, with crescents of Magenta silk, fluted, and placed close enough together for the ends of the crescents to cross. The sleeves were quite close, and trimmed with narrow crescents, which were also placed round the neck of the dress. The waistband and ends were of Magenta gimp. To wear with this dress was a shawl of gray grenadine, with a border of Magenta fern leaves.

Another very stylish dress was of black grenadine, with three fluted flounces of gray grenadine, waved up on the right side. These flounces were headed by a thick piping of Vesuve silk. The body had three narrow fluted ruffles, resembling a bertha at the back, and in front the right side crossed over the left to the waist. The sleeves were quite small, and had three small ruffles put on as cheverons. The waistband was of black silk embroidered with Vesuve. A grenadine shawl was made to match the dress.

Grisailles, Chambéry gauze, grenadines, and such tissues are much in favor, and most of the dresses have shawls to match.

Ribbons play an important part in the making up of fashionable toilets, and never have there been so many tasteful and fancy novelties in this line as at the present season. We see black or white grounds sprinkled over with tiny buds of different colors; white ribbons with bright edges, and the Grecian border in black. Most of

the designs come in two width ribbons, one very wide, in some instances one-quarter of a yard wide, for sashes, and the narrow for dress trimmings. The checked ribbons are particularly bright and rich in quality. Many of the sashes are tied behind, but besides them we see gimp waistbands, others of velvet or silk embroidered, and waistbands with clasps.

The favorite styles for organdies and such materials seem to be puffed, plaited, and drawn bodies. They are made both high and low-necked, and are drawn crosswise, lengthwise, or drawn only to form a yoke. Others are made with a yoke, and the bodies plaited, or tucked on to the yoke.

White waists of every imaginable style are worn, but among the prettiest we have seen are some from the establishment of Madame Demorest. The front of one was composed of box plaits, embroidered, and the back was very fine tucks. The sleeves were very wide, and confined at the wrist with a ruching of apple-green ribbon; the neck was finished with a fluted ruff. These waists could be worn as Garibaldies, or plain waists at pleasure, but the former is one of the favorite styles of the season, and suitable for all materials.

Gored skirts are much worn, especially for *piqué* and such materials, and the skirts are very full and training, as that most decidedly gives grace to the figure.

For the seaside, quilting dresses are very suitable; they are either plain white, striped, or sprinkled over with field flowers. Buff, mauve, white, and various shades of tea-colored *piqués* are also much liked. Zouave jackets, very highly ornamented with red, white, or black braid, are generally made for these dresses. We have seen a great deal of the black braiding, and pronounce it decidedly the most *distinguè*. Mohair braid is the most suitable for the purpose. The skirts are also braided in various styles, some *en tablier*, others just above the hem, and others as seen in Fig. 5 of our fashion-plate, which is a very beautiful specimen of this style of *piqué* dress.

Embroidered peignoirs are always fashionable; some have deep capes, and the trimmings are lace, velvet, and ribbons. For plainer dresses we have seen nothing prettier than the fine French lawns and organdies in white and neutral grounds, powdered over with little dots and figures, or sprigs of flowers of the loveliest colors. Plain cambrics are also much sought after, and are very stylish, either braided or trimmed in Grecian pattern, with a very wide white braid, just above the hem. Most of these materials are made up in Garibaldi shirts or waists, and the skirts are open and scalloped up at each breadth to show the handsome worked skirt underneath. The bottom of the skirt should be bound with a white braid.

For *negligé*, many ladies are wearing loose jackets of nansook or muslin, trimmed with ruffles, embroidery, or puffings.

For our juvenile friends there are a great many pretty costumes. The latest styles for coats for children of both sexes are short, tight sacks with revers, or braided in imitation of revers, long sacks with little square capes, or a coat with large cape, or loose sacks slashed at the side, with pockets and large, pointed collars. The coats are all bound with Marseilles braid, and very richly braided or chain-stitched with white, red, or black. Infants' cloaks are also of *piqué*, a long sack with Talma cape bound and braided with white.

Children from two to five are wearing *piqué* dresses, low neck and short sleeves, made like a loose sack, and confined at the waist with a cord and tassel. They are made bias, and have little pockets. They are either bound or hemmed, and very beautifully braided or chain-stitched. We noticed one particularly pretty, braided in scarlet, the design being *negligé* bows, and the cord and tassel scarlet and white. With this style of dress, Zouave jackets are worn on the street, and the effect is very pretty.

For girls from four to ten there are Garibaldi coats of black silk, or white muslin, braided or trimmed with fancy braid. Garibaldi dresses, both low and high-necked, are worn by girls and boys; it is a very nice style for wash goods, and can be made up very plainly or very expensively. Rich ribbon sashes add much to the beauty of the costume.

For boys the buff and tea-colored *piqués* and black and white checks are the most suitable materials. The latter are trimmed with velvet of two widths, put on in diamonds intersecting each other, or in Grecian pattern with three buttons in each square. The *piqués* are trimmed with white Marseilles braid and buttons. They are made with Zouaves and pointed belts, and the skirt laid in very large box plaits.

Little girls are wearing white waists with fancy silk or velvet bodies, as in Fig. 2 of our fashion-plate, with either silk or thin skirts. One of the newest dresses we have seen is of lobelia blue silk, the bottom of the skirt cut in sharp points, and trimmed with one row of black velvet and one of quilled white ribbon. The body is plain, half high, and bordered by a ruche of white ribbon. A pointed bertha, cut in one piece and trimmed to match the skirt, is on the body, and the sleeves are one puff. Pockets are set on each side of the dress, trimmed with velvet and ribbon, and round the waist is a broad ribbon sash, tied behind.

We have lately seen, at Mrs. Ellis's dress-making establishment, No. 808 Broadway, New York, some very pretty costumes. Most of the children's dresses were scalloped, or waved at the bottom, and trimmed with ruches or velvet with colored edges. The ruches were formed of two and three shades of the same color, or two contrasting colors. In some cases they were put on bias, or sloping, each piece being about one-quarter of a yard long. The bodies were made with little yokes, scalloped and trimmed to match the skirts. The wash dresses were all braided, and had sashes to match. Among the prettiest was a dress for a girl of sixteen, which we thought very stylish. The skirt was of buff cambric, braided *en tablier*, with black braid. The Zouave was of the same material as the skirt, rounded and slashed at the hips, and elaborately braided with black. Under the Zouave was a white *piqué veste*, which was as long in front as the Zouave, had little pockets on each side, and was also braided with black. The black braid should be well boiled before used; it will then wash as well as the material it is on.

We have said so much about hats that we shall only mention a couple which struck us as very peculiar. One was a gray straw, resembling a boy's cap, with a separate vizor set on behind. This hat was trimmed with black velvet and field flowers. The other was a white straw, not having a distinct crown and brim, but the brim ran gradually up to a peak, from which came a long maroon tassel. Wide ribbon streamers are worn at the sides of the hats.

Shawls of every variety are worn; grenadines with fancy borders, *barège* with silk stripes of various sizes, and numerous other styles in thin tissues, very pretty for street wear, and very convenient for a watering-place wrap.

FASHION.

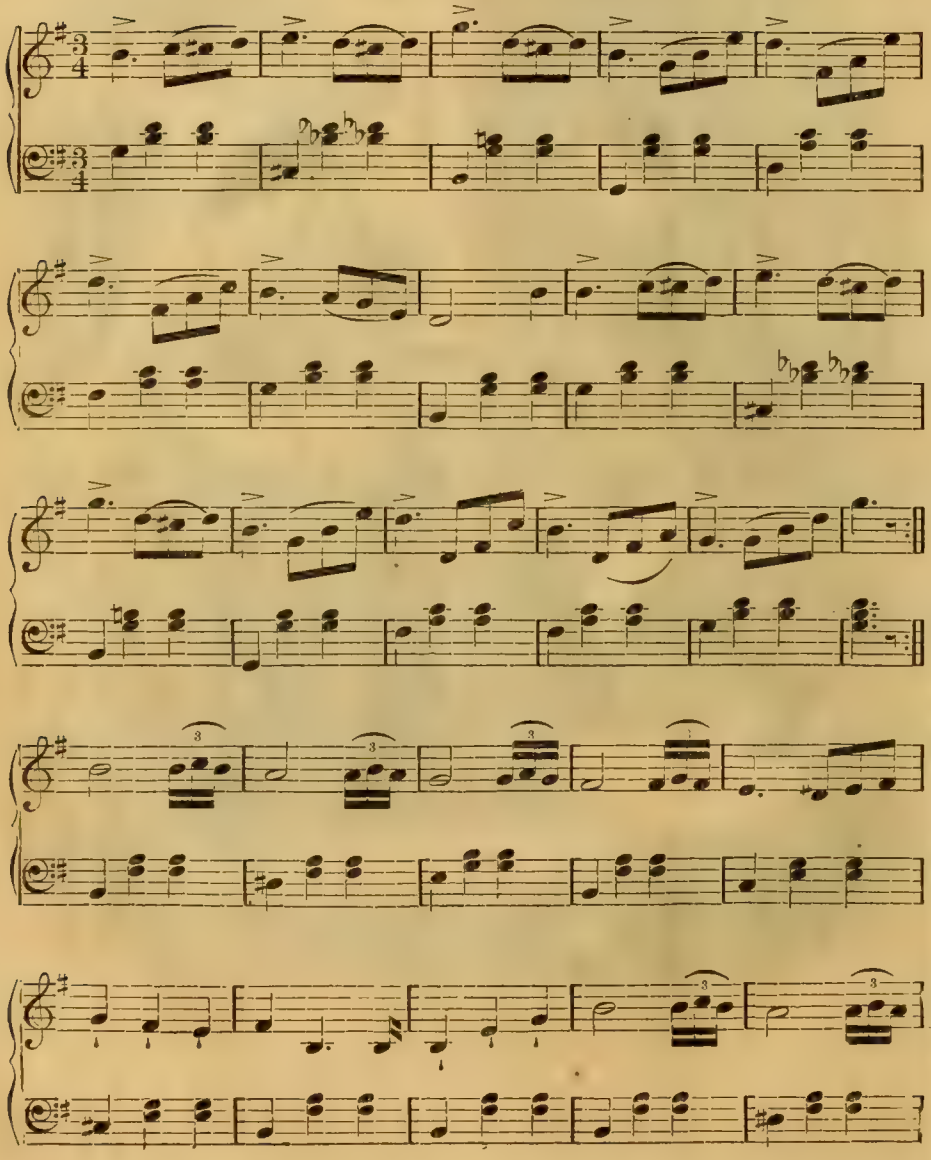
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST 1867.

THE PROPOSAL.

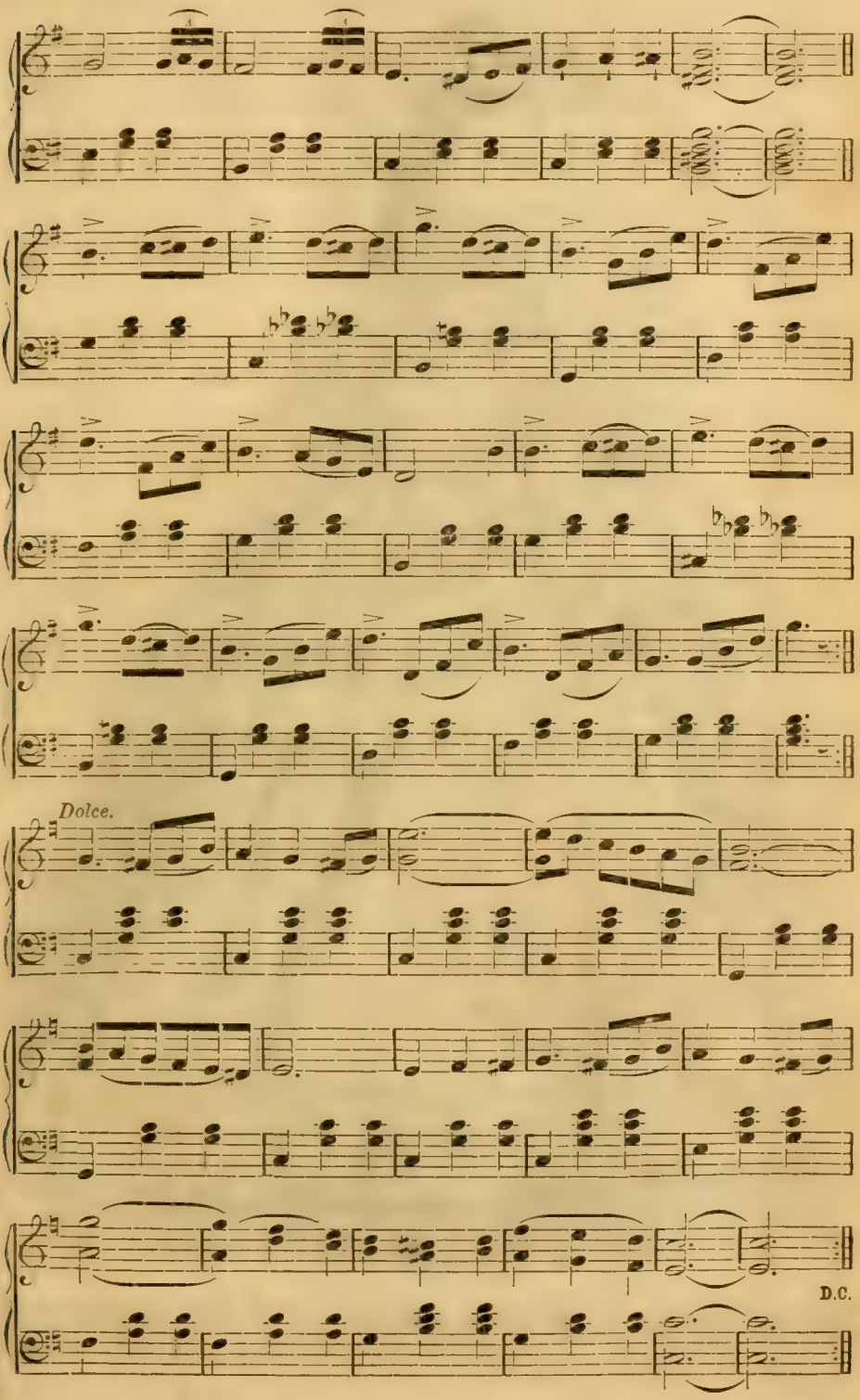
DEW-DROP WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY W. H. WILKINSON.



DEW-DROP WALTZ.



THE ALICE MAUD DRESS.

Grisaille dress, which is a mixed gray material, made with a box-plaited trimming, extending round and up the front of the skirt, and forming lapels on the front of the body and a bertha at the back. Mantle of the same material, trimmed with black velvet and box plaiting. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

THE ALBERTINA DRESS.

Watering-place dress, made of Satin de Mai. White ground, with linked rings of porcelain blue. Four flounces are on the skirt, and the front is made *en tablier*, with the flounces extending to the waist; the edges of the flounces are concealed by a puffing. Fancy lace fichu. Rice straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and blue ribbon.

EL ESPAGNIOLA.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This truly beautiful article is made entirely of white *barège*, but of course any of the seasonable tissues may be employed. It is a shawl, with the volante headed by a ruff, drawn through the middle. At the neck it is gathered into two or three plaits, which adjust its shape to the shoulders; these are confined in place by a neat passementerie of the same.

PALETOT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

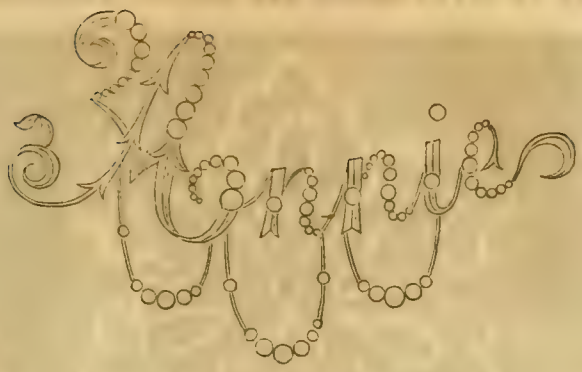
Made of light summer cloth, and braided with black braid.

NAME FOR MARKING.

OPERA HOOD.

Make a chain of 90 stitches. Then knit one row across, then seam a row, knit a row, seam a row, knit a row; then join the white, knit a row, seam a row, knit a row, seam a row, knit a row; join the Magenta and knit a row, knit a row, seam a row, knit a row, seam a row, knit a row; join on the white, knit a row, and repeat as above until you have nine rows of Magenta and eight of the white. On the last row of Magenta, slip and bind off, holding the stitches tight.

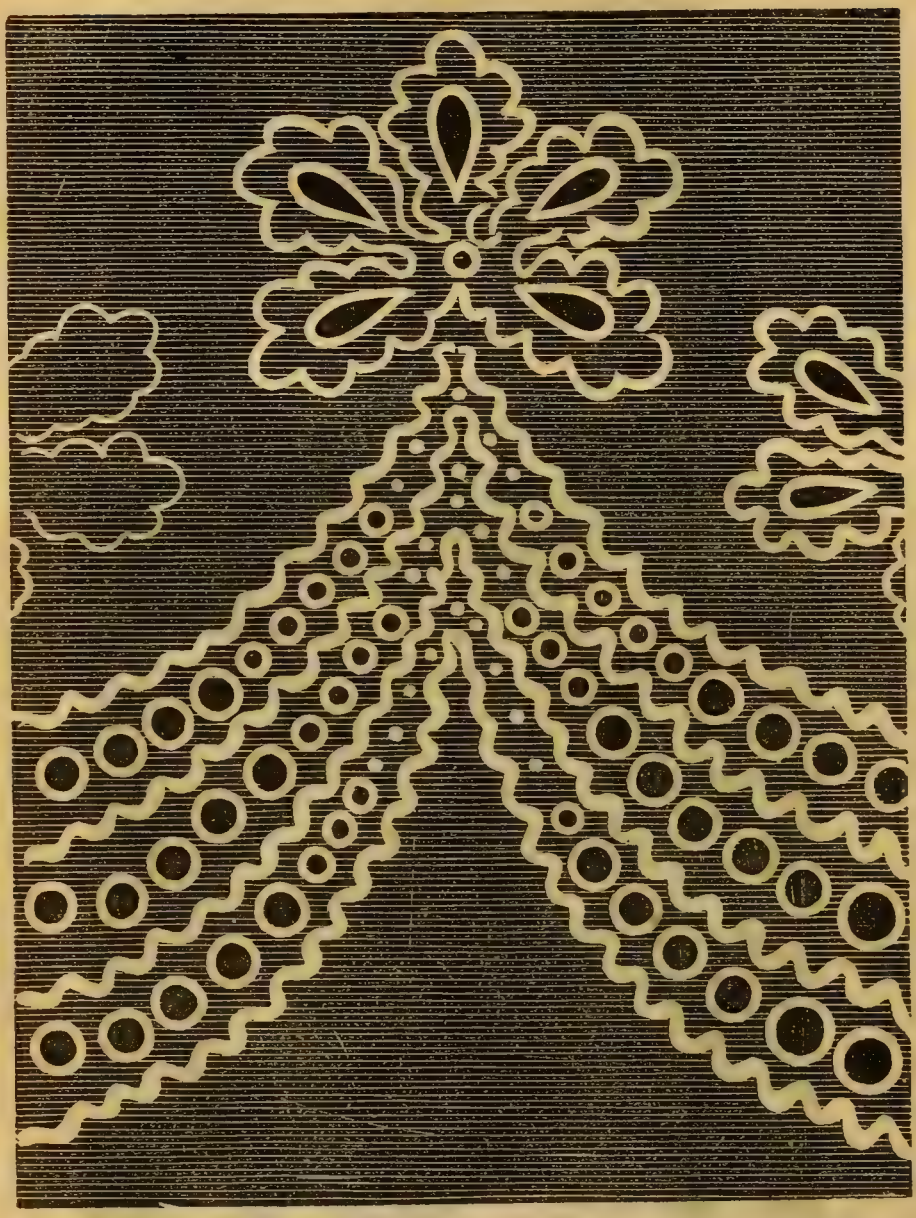
NAME FOR MARKING.



DARNED SQUARE NETTED TIDY.

Commence with one stitch at the corner, and increase by darning two in one at the end of each row, until you have done the required width for the tidy, and then keep on to that width until the required length is obtained.

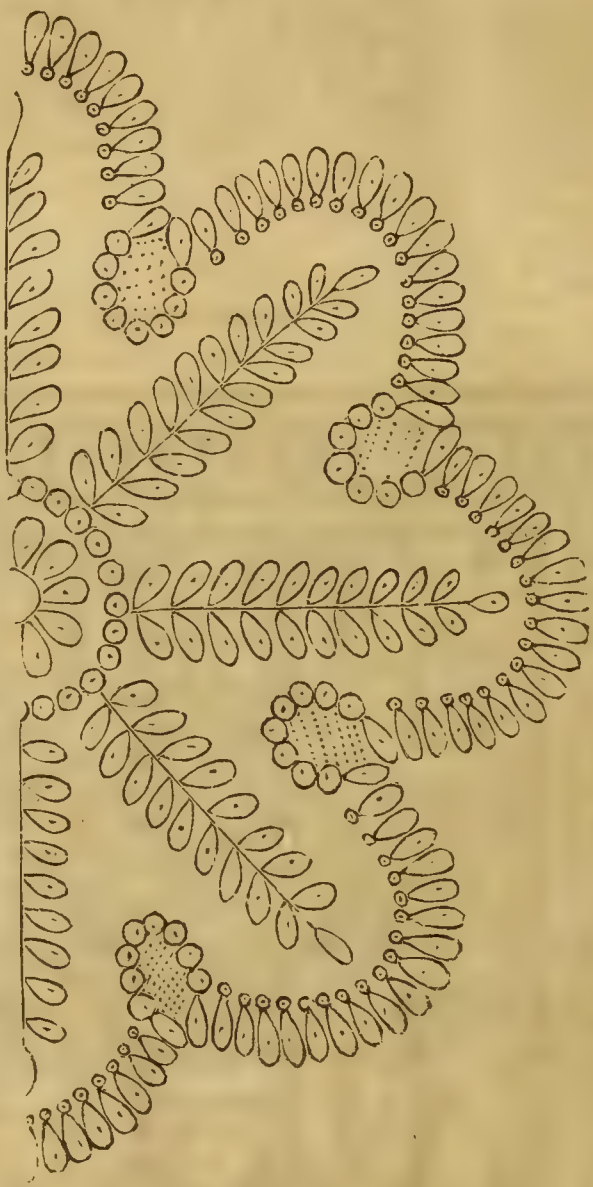
BORDER IN WAVY BRAID AND CUT-OUT EMBROIDERY.



Those ladies who have not a great deal of leisure at their command, will find the employment of the wavy braid a very good substitute for the more elaborate labors of the needle, and that patterns arranged for the purpose in which a moderate degree of the cut-out work is introduced produce a very good effect. The one we are now giving is suitable for various purposes, but especially for an underskirt to be worked over a broad hem. The thin under lines of the braid are each laid on separately in the simple curve of the festoon, the upper line only being formed into the ornamental rosette, at the point of each division. The rosette which appears within the recess of each festoon is commenced in the middle, the last end being slipped under the crossings of the braid, and so concealed. Another way is to pass the ends of the braid through a stiletto hole made in the material, and fasten them down at the back. The holes are all in the cut-out embroidery, having a well-raised sewn over line all round them.

TABLE D'OYLEY.

(*See description, page 594 June number.*)



HALF OF THE TOP OF AN EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

EGYPT.

There 's a calm on the breast of the musical wavelets;
  The sun smiles amid the blue skies:
The dolphins are playing, the flying fish straying,
  The petrels no more on the green billows rise.

ANONYMOUS.

Throngs! I see ye on the strand,
As the steamer nears the land;
Some might Fortune's favorite seem,
Borne on pride or pleasure's stream;
Others, marked by weary care,
Labor's rugged livery wear.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

But whoso entereth within this town,
  That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
  'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;
  For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
  No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanliness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed,
  unhurt.—BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

"LAND AHEAD!" was shouted by the look-out man, just as morning dawned; and had I not anticipated something grand and almost sublime in the first view of Egypt, I think that it is probable the announcement would have been disregarded on my part; for what with the heat, the musquitoes, the noise, and the anxiety to get the first glimpse of its shores, my slumbers were anything but sweet and refreshing.

I had mused and wondered, and mused again, until my imagination pictured Egypt in the most extravagant manner, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that as I tossed about in my hammock, my dreams were of its palaces, its obelisks, and its colossal statues. Mighty sphinxes, with severe aspect and outstretched jaws, guarded the sacred river, and frowned upon those that dared to approach its alluvial banks; towering obelisks lined its streets, like modern lamp-posts; each house was a palace, guarded by colossal figures with clenched fists, and long night-caps like jelly-bags, that seemed ready to start from the door-ways after the offending being that intruded upon them. Then I wandered in halls deserted—lined by pillars with ugly capitals, and figure-inscribed ceilings—their very walls covered with quaint and stiff figures, and their floors with dazzling mosaics. Then methought I sailed upon the Nile, and gazed upon high-built temples, marbled cities, and pyramids, where the sacred Ibis dwelt. and Apis was worshipped with all the pomp and splendor of the age. There priests with sacred wands and torches minister to the sound of silver cymbals; and here the sacred lotus-flowers crown the holy stream that glides among feathery palm-trees, and innumerable villages peopled by a race that worshipped dogs, cats, owls, beetles, crocodiles, and apes.

"Who has not heard, where Egypt's realms are named.
  What monster gods her frantic sons have framed?
  Here, Ibis gorged with well-grown serpents; there,
  The Crocodile commands religious fear.
  Through towns Diana's power neglected lies,
  Where to her dogs aspiring temples rise;
  And should you leeks or onions eat, no time
  Would expiate the sacrilegious crime.
  Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,
  Where every orchard is o'errun with gods!"

There before us, and on our starboard quarter, was a low sandy shore, so low I could scarce discern it was land; and all the expanse was sandy and low—no towering obelisks or mighty sphinxes broke the monotonous line of coast. Is this, then, Egypt, the scene of my dreams—this miserable-looking shoal, as it were, in the bosom of the sea? Adieu, ye pride of pomp and solemn scenes, if this is all thy land can boast of!

Ah! now I see some windmills. Come, that is rather more cheering, especially as there is a row of them, and their sails are whirling round at a tolerable rate—but still this is modern: it does not look like *my* Egypt, yet again I say it is cheering, because it looks lively. Now there is the Arabs' Tower, standing upon a little elevation, and the new lighthouse on the peninsula of Pharos, which was once an island; yes, and there is Pompey's Pillar at last, rising behind the windmills, and a forest of masts between us and the town of Alexandria.

The gun that we have just fired is a signal for a pilot—and sure enough, here he comes in his huge boat, with a dirty lateen-sail, and smoking his pipe in the stern-sheets as unconcerned as if piloting a ship was nothing at all; but it is no easy matter for us sailors to get into the harbor of Alexandria without the assistance of a pilot, because the entrance is so narrow and rocky. He is a queer-looking man, with one eye, and is dressed in a dirty cloth jacket, and blue cotton trousers confined round the body by a colored shawl, in which his knife is stuck, ready for anything from a sheep's throat to a Christian's heart or a piece of spunyarn. His head—and such a head—is covered with a greasy *tarboosh* or skull-cap of red cloth, with a blue silk tassel hanging from the crown; and his feet are encased in red morocco shoes, turning up at the toes. As the boat comes nearer we can see his bare legs peeping out from underneath the folds of his trousers as he squats in the stern of the boat, and his one eye wandering restlessly over the line of heads that are ranged along our ship's side. Phew! there's a rage he is in—the boy in the boat has done something wrong; see how he beats him with the tiller, and calls him all sorts of names, among which it is not difficult to hear: "Hhansir kebeer!" (great pig); "Hhamâr!" (ass); "Quóbti!" (a Copt); "Gemêl megnoûn!" (mad camel—a very reproachful term); "Fil!" (elephant); "Kelb!" (dog); mixed with a perfect torrent of words, from which I can just catch those of "mókdaf" (an oar), and "bahhrîeh" (sailing); and by his gesture therefore conclude that all this row is because the boy did not get out the oars and pull the boat, as she was not sailing fast. It is truly astonishing to witness these people, at times receiving misfortunes with the utmost calmness of demeanor, while a mere trifle will raise such a tornado of passions in them that even Mohammed could scarce quell. Only let an unlucky slave bring in a nargehel that does not draw well, or sneeze or cough so as to disturb a reverie, or commit some such trifling error, and if he escapes blows, he may bless his stars and Mohammed, and make up his mind to be pretty well abused, and called everything that is thought degrading, from a dog to an elephant, or a Copt to an infidel (Christian).

At last old Zaïn-el-Abedin (the star or ornament of the devout) stands upon the deck, and after making a most profound salaam to the captain, he takes his station aft, and communicates his directions to the master. Poor fellow! he has got among a sad lot, for those midshipmen around him are mischievous fellows. Already his *tarboosh* is doomed, and his pipe has received a fresh supply of tobacco and gunpowder, covered with stale ashes, while he has gone forward to see the channel is clear. Back he comes, and takes his pipe to muse again. He draws and puffs; it is no use. He thinks it has gone out, so he strikes a lucifer-match against his heel, and applies it to the pipe-bowl, giving a most vigorous draw at the same time. The gunpowder ignites, and jerks the old man's head back with a force that, no doubt, he remembers to this very day, if he is alive; and he vents his indignation on the laughing mids' by a volley of abuse in Arabic, which only makes them laugh the more. Presently the sly old fox calls one of them to him, and whispers a word in his ear; the middy nods his head and dives below, the old man muttering, "Taib, taib keteer" (good, very good), and looking as delighted as it is possible to fancy he could look, strokes his beard, and again says "taib." The mystery is soon solved; the middy appears with a glass of grog; and the old man, having proved to his satisfaction that it is a very comfortable one, returns the glass, and says—"Room, vary taib! bono! multo bono! Inglesi vary taib! me multo taib!" each ejaculation in praise of the rum, the English, and himself being accompanied by a nod, a wink of his one eye, and a slap on his girdle, which really was so extremely ludicrous that it was impossible to help laughing.

Presently we passed Marrabut, a battery erected by the viceroy on a miserable rock of sandstone, and soon afterward entered the harbor of Alexandria, and dropped our anchor close to the Egyptian fleet, which was moored near the entrance. It consisted of ten line-of-battle ships, two frigates, two steamers, and several small craft; and the harbor also contained several merchantmen of all nations, and plenty of caiques and boats.

It was a curious sight to see the red flag of

the Star and Crescent, mingled with the Stars and Stripes and "that flag which has braved a thousand years, the battle, and the breeze," floating amidst a forest of masts; the round sterns of the Egyptian vessels contrasting with our square ones; their sentries pacing the deck with dirty white cotton trousers that were too full to be mistaken for English, and too scanty for Egyptians, and their red *tarbooshes* and brown faces leaving no doubt as to their country; while the slovenly manner they "carried arms," as an officer came alongside, formed a strong contrast to the neat blue woollen cap of the English marine, with the leathern peak (now abolished), and the smart rap that announced he *had* "carried arms."

As soon as the quarantine officer had been alongside, and satisfied himself that we could be allowed on shore, we jumped into a boat, and were soon pulling towards the quay.

When we landed it was midday, the heat intolerable, the confusion of tongues immense, and the collection of donkeys and one-eyed boys prodigious. It seemed to be quite an event to see some English again, a treat they had not experienced for at least five days, when the Oriental Company's vessel disgorged her cargo for India, and left the donkey-drivers to employ their time as they chose best. In addition to the greeting we received from the bipeds and quadrupeds, we were beset with swarms of flies that gave us no peace.

In vain we protested that we would walk to the English hotel; it was no use. We heard, "I say, master, mille good juckass!" and then rush would come a donkey on one side, which we beat off with our cow-canes, and while doing so, we were bundled on to one of the beasts amid yells of broken English and Arabic oaths from the disappointed boys, who looked out for other victims.

On we went, jostling, trotting, and jingling along the narrow streets, so gloomy and dirty that we almost fancied they were plague-infected. Now we frightened a crowd of small boys by our shouts, for Englishmen never ride quietly; then we paused at the stall of a tobacco merchant to get a supply for the smokers of the party; and finally had a race to the shop of a confectioner to taste the Egyptian sweets.

The old man was sitting at the door of the shed, smoking his pipe and resting his elbow upon the low table where his sweets were exposed for sale. Before him were a basket of oranges and a water-bottle, and I thought, as I sat on my donkey and looked upon that old man's face, with its placid expression, surrounded by so many picturesque objects, that I had never seen anything more fit for a sketch.

After riding through the town, we arrived at a lot of mud huts, and there, in the centre of a heap of rubbish, stood a tall block of red granite.

Then this is Cleopatra's needle, about which we have heard and read so much! and the prostrate one is another of these curiosities. For my own part, notwithstanding that I admire all that is beautiful and great (I do not mean huge), it would take a long time to make me take a fancy to one of these pet needles.

The erect obelisk is 68 feet high, 7 feet square at the top, and 8 feet at the base. The fallen one is 64 feet, its base is 8 feet square, and its weight about 240 tons.

Obelisks are purely of Egyptian origin, and were placed before buildings, in pairs, as historical records, to let people know when, by whom, and for what purposes the buildings were erected. They are generally cut out of granite, and have always been found on the eastern banks of the Nile, while the pyramids are always found on the western banks; the former being considered by Bonomi to be symbolical of the rising sun, and therefore used as decorations for the habitations of the living; and the latter as symbolical of the setting sun, and consequently prove appropriate for the cities of the dead.

The learned in these matters tell us that the hieroglyphics on them state that they were originally cut at the granite quarries of Syene, in Upper Egypt, by Thothmosis III., a celebrated monarch of Egypt and Ethiopia. All we can say about the matter—that is, to those who are not learned in the knowledge of the figures of half sleepy-looking eyes, half starved-looking arms, fat beetles, enlarged colons, ugly geese, quaint pitchers, angular dogs, plethoric magnified leeches, pot-hooks, hangers, and a variety of other extremely bad outline figures called denotic and hieroglyphic—is, that there are three lines of inscriptions on each face of each obelisk, cut into the granite to the depth of 2½ inches. The *savants* say that the central inscriptions were sculptured by Thothmosis III.; if so, I hope that he relished the amusement and labor, for it must have been precious hot work, to say the least of it, and not very satisfactory when finished; and they also tell us that a very celebrated monarch, named Sesostris, or more properly Rameses II., added the lateral inscriptions.

Now, a great deal has been said and written lately about transporting the fallen obelisk to England, which every one knows was given to

the English a long time ago (1820), by Mehemet Ali, the late Pasha of Egypt. The fact is, the obelisk weighs 240 tons, and its removal would cost the nation £15,000, or even more; and after all it really is not worth looking at, much less having, unless to macadamize the roads. It is well to say that "as a relic of ancient art, as a memorial of two of the most renowned monarchs of Egypt, and as a trophy of British valor, this obelisk is without a parallel." It sounds well, and perhaps there is something about valor that strikes home to English hearts—I used to think so, until I saw the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, like another Pompey's Pillar, misplaced, and a sad memorial.

But we must really get away from this place, and scamper over the hillocks of mud to Pompey's Pillar; for the heat is oppressive, the flies troublesome, and the children clamorous for *backshees* (presents).

Bang goes the stick upon the donkey, and away I trot to the jingle of an old chain around his neck; the children run until out of breath, and after a little trouble in guiding my quadruped through lanes of mud huts, where misery in nearly every shape presented itself, I have arrived at the base of the mound upon which the huge pillar stands. What a contrast to see that beautiful pillar, and capital of the Corinthian order towering above all around, and the rough pedestal desecrated by the name of "W. Thomson, of Sunderland," in letters at least ten inches long. If people do not feel any taste for the curiosities they are shown, that is no reason they should destroy the romance of the thing by such acts of Vandalism. Who, indeed, could indulge in antiquarian reveries with such a romance-destroying name before their eyes?

The capital of Pompey's Pillar is 10 feet 4¾ inches high, the shaft 67 feet 8 inches, and the base and pedestal are 21 feet 4 inches.

Leaving this relic, we then returned to the town, and entered the English hotel.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

"HAS the new teacher come yet, Oliver?" I asked of my lawyer brother, as he came in to tea from his office, one evening in the late fall.

"Yes, Belle; she came this afternoon, and went immediately to Mrs. Perry's, where I had engaged board previously. But I am a little doubtful about her filling the situation as competently as Miss Parker has done. She is so small—childish, even, I thought. She isn't nearly as large as you, Belle, and seems quite delicate and slender. I 'm afraid she does not know what she undertakes, for she said this was her first school; and my heart misgives me as to the result of her first experience."

"Why don't you tell her so, then, brother," I asked, "if she is such a little thing, and you do not think she will be able to govern the larger pupils who will attend the winter term? The school is certainly none of the easiest, and I have often wondered how Miss Parker got on so smoothly; but, then, she was a regular out and out 'school-marm,' with twenty years' or more experience of the unruly juveniles."

"Yes; and 'tis unfortunate that she should fall ill just now, for it is next to impossible to obtain an experienced teacher at this season. But Miss Vernon comes well recommended from Mr. Medbury, of Medbury Institute, where she graduated last year, I believe, and to whom I applied, thinking he might furnish me a teacher from his seminary. But really I cannot say much for his choice!" said brother Oliver, with a grave and doubtful shake of the head, as he seated himself at the tea-table, where I had drawn up his chair while he had been removing his overcoat, for the night was chill and frosty without.

An hour later we had finished tea, and the servant girl had taken away the tray. I was comfortably installed with my crochet work near the grate, while Oliver, having drawn from his overcoat pocket a book of poems late from the press, was reading aloud to me, as he often did of an evening.

We were very happy, my brother and I, leading our quiet life in our old comfortable home. There were only we two left of a family of six children; he the eldest, and I the youngest. Our parents had died long since, and we were all in all to each other, and to his maturer judgment and experienced years I looked up almost as a child does to a parent's. Being the only lawyer in the place, and consequently the chief man, he filled many an important situation in town affairs, that of school committee being one which he had occupied for several years; and now the severe illness of the teacher had created a vacancy which he had at length

succeeded in filling, but not to his entire satisfaction, as I could see.

As we sat thus cosily and happily, I looking up every now and then from my work to let my eyes rest upon Oliver's fine intellectual face, listening to his well-modulated, clear voice as he read, and noting the sparkle of his blue eyes as he came to some particularly fine passage, I felt a thrill of happy pride in thinking I possessed such a noble, manly brother.

The sharp peal of the door-bell broke in upon us, disturbing our quiet, and in a moment Jane showed in a caller in the person of my most intimate friend, Ellen Perry, a young lady of my own age, whose bright black eyes, raven tresses, and cherry lips I had often fancied had made an impression upon the bachelor heart of my lawyer brother. Of course the reading and the crochet work were laid aside at her entrance, and she and I were soon chatting together as glibly as usual when we met.

"Oh, you should see the new school-teacher, Belle!" exclaimed Nellie, in a little while—"such a *little* thing! and she can't be more than eighteen! Why, I am perfectly astonished, Mr. Oliver"—turning to my brother—"that you should engage so young and undignified a person, and for the winter term, too, when all the great boys will attend. She certainly *never* will be able to manage them in the world, and I wonder at her making the attempt. I told her so to-night while at tea, and I thought I frightened her a little, though she only smiled, asking if it was such a *very* hard school to manage, and saying, 'It certainly was not a very inviting picture I gave her, and that Mr. Horton, the committee, had told her a similar tale.'"

"She has decided courage to undertake it, and deserves success," said Oliver, somewhat warmly. "There are not many young ladies but would waver and falter at the thought of going from home to teach as young as she is."

"But I suppose she is compelled to it, and is determined not to fail," I said. "Really, I have a curiosity to see her, and shall give you a friendly call by to-morrow eve, Nellie, when I shall be sure of meeting this new teacher; and perhaps I can persuade my quiet brother to accompany me," I added, when Ellen rose to go, saying she could not possibly remain longer; she had only run over for a moment.

Oliver, of course, accompanied her home, though she persisted she was not afraid; and after they had gone I sat planning, as I had often done, about those two, and more especially of late, since I myself had become engaged to the new minister at Hapgate, young Herman Rutledge.

The next evening Oliver and I went over to Mrs. Perry's. Nellie was delighted to see me, as we had not met since the previous evening, a whole day intervening.

"Miss Vernon is in her room, but I will invite her down," said Mrs. Perry, Nellie's mother. "Poor young thing! I pity her, for she looked pale and tired to-night when she came from school. I 'm afraid it 's too much for her, 'Squire Horton," she added, as she left the room.

A few moments after, she returned, and then the door opened, and the teacher came in. I had been prepared to see a young and girlish figure, but hers was certainly much more so than I had imagined. She could not, at the farthest, have been over eighteen, and looked much younger. Her eyes were dark blue, large and liquid, with a soft light in their depths; her hair, of a chestnut brown, waved in little billows around her white forehead, and was fastened in a close coil at the back of her finely-shaped head, in order to make her look more dignified, I fancied, and I wanted to pull away the comb and let it fall in shining rings, as I knew it would, and make a frame for her lovely face. Her complexion was fair, almost too pale, except for the quick flashes of color which, I afterward noticed, came and went as she conversed. She was clad in a dark blue dress, with plain linen collar and cuffs. This completed the picture of the new and youthful teacher at Hapgate. I took her into my heart at once, and we made rapid advances in acquaintance, and were soon quite like old friends, while Nellie engrossed Oliver in conversation, and Mrs. Perry was busy with some fine sewing at the table—not too busy, however, to spare a pleased glance at the two conversing together, Nellie and Oliver, and weaving the same plans, I fancied, that I had often done concerning them.

When Miss Vernon first entered the parlor, my brother made some inquiries about the school, how she liked it, the number present, etc., after which questions, to which she returned satisfactory answers, he turned his attention to Nellie again.

When we rose to depart, I felt that I had passed a delightful evening, and told Oliver so on the way home.

"A delightful evening, indeed!" said my brother, somewhat sarcastically, "and I suppose *I* am expected to say the same; but I cannot, for I find neither pleasure nor interest in listening to the fashionable nonsense or

gossiping chit-chat of young ladies of the Ellen Perry order. I *do* wish I could find a sensible woman among my acquaintances, one who can forget her own identity long enough to converse about something else than her own perfections and her neighbors' delinquencies!" And he spoke seriously and gravely.

"Why, brother Oliver, I'm astonished at you!" I exclaimed, "for I certainly thought you were enjoying yourself immensely this evening. Every time I looked at you you seemed engrossed with Nellie's conversation, and you certainly do her injustice if you class her with the generality of young ladies in Hapgate, for she is far above them in intellect and attainments."

"Yes, that is the very thing I mean, for it seems to me that she is quite well aware of her own merits and of others' inferiority—at least I inferred as much from her conversation to-night; but I may be doing the lady injustice, for she most certainly is handsome and accomplished above the generality of her sex," replied my brother, as if to make amends for speaking so harshly.

"Yes, that she is," said I; "and if you only knew Nellie as well as *I* do, you would acknowledge her as agreeable as I think her, and I trust you *will* some day, and even more," I said. Then, not daring to say more, I turned the subject by remarking how much I liked the new teacher, and how well we had got on together on so short an acquaintance.

"Did she express any fears of her not being able to manage the school?" asked my brother, somewhat anxiously. "She might to you, though she would not say as much to me, I know."

"O no," I replied. "She said she thought she should like it much, but that she had had a rather wearisome day, as it was her first trial and everything was new to her; but she thought she should get on admirably after a little; then she added that she was determined to go through with it, as she had educated herself for a teacher, and she *must* succeed."

"Well, I sincerely hope she will," replied Oliver, "for I feel quite interested in her pale face and quiet manner, and at the same time I am selfish enough not to want the trouble of seeking another to fill her place."

The new teacher *did* get on admirably with the school. "The smaller pupils seemed almost to worship her," I told my brother Oliver one day, after I had visited the school, for they would watch for her coming with the greatest delight; and the older ones looked upon her with more of the regard they would pay a sister than a stranger. Only once did she have trouble, and then with one of the older pupils, a great rude boy, the roughest in the school, who had made his boast that "*he* was not going to mind that little girl of a mistress! he would soon show her *who* ruled after *he* went to school!"

Accordingly, the next morning, when John Sturgiss made his appearance at the schoolroom, he entered late, shuffling his feet along from the door to one of the back seats, which he proposed occupying, and which was already filled by a smaller urchin.

"Come, clear out of this; *I* want this seat!" he said, half audibly, to the boy, who, shrinking up into a very small compass, looked beseechingly at the mistress, as if expecting to be unceremoniously ejected, and asking for help. "Come, why don't you be moving?" exclaimed John Sturgiss, as he proceeded to administer a few kicks to the frightened boy. "I tell you *I* want this seat!"

But the teacher's clear voice interrupted this little farce, and her soft hand rested upon the arm of John Sturgiss. "What is this, my young friend? Are there not seats enough for you without taking that which rightfully belongs to another? I think *I* can find you one equally as good as this"—and she pointed to one a little farther down in the row; "that is vacant; take it for the present."

But John Sturgiss only shook his head, saying: "I don't come to school to be put in the third row, with the little ones, and I sha'n't stand it! I want this seat, and I mean to have it!"

"But you are not entitled to it. Willie Spencer has it because he was here the first day of school; therefore, you must take as good a one as you can get at present, and I will try, as you are one of my largest pupils, to obtain you a better one soon. Come, I am waiting for you to be seated," said she, pleasantly; and she looked at him with a kind but firm look.

With shuffling feet and muttering words, the boy took the seat assigned him; but all the forenoon long and afternoon his half audible mutterings were observed by the teacher.

After school at night, as she leaned her wearied head upon her desk, there was a moisture like tears in her eyes, for the day had been an overtasked one to her. She saw in this new pupil a bitter enemy to herself, one who would, unless he were won over, do her a great deal of harm in stirring up rebellion among a certain portion of her pupils. "What can I do?" she questioned herself. "If I fail

in this, my first school, I cannot easily obtain another, and I *cannot* go back to my uncle again. No, never! Better starve than that!" she added, shudderingly. "I must win him over in some way." Then a happy thought flashed upon her. "Yes, I will tell him a little of my life, and trust to his good nature for becoming my friend."

When the teacher rose to leave the school-house, she found a somewhat formidable barrier of rails from the neighboring fence laid across the door, prohibiting her egress, and it required considerable strength to push them aside. As she did so, and they fell upon the frozen ground with a crash, a loud laugh close by her caused her to turn her head, and she saw John Sturgiss peering round the corner of the school-house in triumph.

A few steps brought her up with him; then she said, as the boy looked up, with face upon which shame and anger mingled: "Come, I want you to take a walk with me; I have something to tell you."

Something in the teacher's face arrested the boy's attention, and he paused a moment.

"She is going to give it to me now, I guess—but who cares? I'm not afraid!" he said, half audibly, as she turned to lock the door.

"Come, John, I will not detain you long," she said. "As we both go the same way, we can walk together, and I want to say a few words to you as we go."

With a sullen air and slow step, but without a word, the boy walked along, and Miss Vernon said to him, after a little pause:—

"John Sturgiss, I am without father or mother, brother or sister in the world. I am alone, dependent upon my own exertions for a living. If you, by your bad example and conduct, ruin my efforts in this school so that I cannot stay, I probably cannot obtain another situation soon, and I know not what will become of me. It cannot possibly do *you* any good, but, on the contrary, harm, to injure me; for if you destroy the good I have wrought in the school, and, consequently, my happiness, it will not render your own happiness greater. John, I know you have no sisters, and that your home is none too pleasant. I know, too, that your heart is not wholly bad. Will you let me be as a sister to you? and I will do my utmost to assist you in your studies, and make you a different boy, for I know you can be smart, if you try."

There was a long silence, and then something sounding very like a sob broke from the lips of the boy beside her, as he exclaimed: "I *am* ugly, I know; everybody says I am a bad boy. I wish I hadn't done anything to hurt you, Miss Vernon. I don't deserve to be a brother to you; but if you mean it, I will try, and—and—" Here his voice fairly broke down, and he sobbed outright.

"And I know you will succeed, my young friend and brother," said the teacher, as she took his hand kindly. "If you only try to overcome your faults, you can, and you will yet make a man to be proud of."

"Yes, I *will* try, Miss Vernon; see if I don't," said the boy. "I never had anybody speak to me before as you have, or I might have done better. They always scolded and nicknamed me, and everybody said I was a bad boy."

Here they separated, as they had now reached the road where the boy turned off to go to his home, which was none of the happiest, as his parents were known to live in constant bickering, and the teacher, with a light heart, sought her boarding-house.

From that period, Miss Vernon had no cause to find fault with the boy; he seemed a changed being, and there was no better or more eager pupil thirsting for knowledge in the village school at Hapgate than John Sturgiss. Everybody remarked the change, and wondered what had come over him; but none save him and the teacher knew to what it was due—to her own kindness and frankness.

That winter was a pleasant one to Oliver and myself. We often met the new teacher, and she and I became firm friends. Frequently she came to our house with Nellie Perry, and we as often saw her at Nellie's, and brother Oliver one day remarked "that he should think my friend Nellie would be jealous of my regard for Miss Vernon."

"Oh, never fear that," I replied, laughingly, "for as long as Nell has *your* company she does not miss *mine!*" And that was true, for when we were together, Nellie always managed to secure Oliver, leaving Cornelia Vernon and myself to entertain each other.

When the winter term of school closed, Oliver asked Miss Vernon to take it for the coming summer, and she accepted, spending her vacation at Hapgate. I invited her to pass it with us, as I knew a little of her history, and that she had no home, but was dependent upon herself. She had never mentioned any friends or relation save an uncle, who had educated her, and whom she hoped to be able some day to repay. I thought that a visit of six weeks

with me, while it gave us all pleasure, would at the same time save her expenses of board, though I did not hint the same to her. But it was only after a great deal of urging on my part that she consented to come.

It was a nice time, those six weeks she passed with us, and I could see that Oliver also enjoyed her presence very much. He was with us every evening, and often returned to tea much earlier than was his wont from the office, and I could not fail to see how, day by day, his interest and pleasure in our guest deepened. I noted the new happiness which was upon his fine face when she was near, and the tender light of his blue eyes as they rested upon her. I saw how it would be, and trembled for the plans which I had long ago formed for him and Nellie Perry. But "*L'homme* proposes and *le Dieu* disposes," I said to myself; "and if it is so, it is right, and after all I don't know but I should prefer Cornelia Vernon for a sister to Nellie," though I knew it would be a great disappointment to the latter, as she had always appropriated him, being so much with me that he could not help showing her attentions when he did any lady, though my brother was no ladies' man, and only went in company to please me.

Ellen Perry was with us a portion of every day during Miss Vernon's visit, and I could see that, as she noticed my brother's growing pleasure in our guest, it made her uneasy; and when, after exerting her every accomplishment and fascination, she found that she could not claim his thoughts or attentions from another, I saw a new phase in her character, which I had not deemed existed. It manifested itself in treating Miss Vernon coldly and superciliously, as if she were beneath her. One night she said to me, when Oliver and Cornelia Vernon were looking over a book together at the table:—

"Doesn't it seem strange to you that Miss Vernon never mentions her friends or relatives, for of course she has some; and that she prefers staying here to visiting them? Now there must be something wrong, or she would not be here teaching. She is so young, and—do you know," lowering her voice, "that I have often thought she might have done something amiss, and they disowned her, or that she ran away, or—"

"No, I don't believe *anything* of the sort!" I answered, warmly. "She is good as she is lovely; and she has not any relatives, as you know, save an uncle, in whose family she has lived since her parents died. Her home was none of the happiest then, I imagine, as she had cousins who looked down upon her, and she left it to become a teacher here."

"Well, I only hope it will *prove* so!" she said, doubtingly, "but the story seems rather strange to me. She looks as though she had never seen anything but a pleasant home; and then she tells so *little* about herself, too! Mamma and I have often spoken about it among ourselves; but of course we wouldn't wish to injure her future prospects for the world!" she said, with a look I did not like toward the two at the table.

Time passed on; spring budded and bloomed into June; and the summer term of school commenced. Brother Oliver and Cornelia Vernon were engaged. He told me this, one evening in the early June, coming in from a walk which he had taken home with Cornelia. I remember it was a beautiful evening, and I had just parted with one to whom I was betrothed, the young minister—Hermon Rutledge.

"I am very happy, Belle," he said, "for to-night Cornelia Vernon has promised to become my wife; and her love is all that I have long desired to make my own life complete."

"I am so glad, Oliver!" I said, as I put my arm within his, and we walked up the path to the house together; and at that moment I quite forgot the disappointment of my friend Nellie. "It will be so nice," I said, "when I am settled at the parsonage, to have you married so happily!" but in a moment, recollecting, I said: "but *Nellie Perry*, Oliver! I always thought you would *marry her*. *She* will feel the disappointment, I know."

"How so, Belle? I never gave the lady any right to suppose I cared for her, or that she would ever be anything to me beyond a friend, for I certainly never thought of her in connection with my future wife, if I should have any!" he said.

"No; I know *now* that you never did," I replied, "but I always thought it might be so; and I think Nellie expected it!" I added.

"Well, I am sorry if I disappoint any one," he said, "but as I am not vain enough to imagine that the young lady in question loves me well enough to make herself unhappy for me, I think I had better marry one whom I love myself, and whom I know loves me in return!" and so the name of Nellie dropped in connection with the subject.

The marriage was arranged for the coming fall; when, at the same time, it was decided that another should take place—the young

pastor's and my own; as now I felt no misgivings at leaving my home, when another would more than fill my place, and one whom I knew would comprise the sum total of Oliver's happiness.

All this time my friend Nellie and I had been intimate as ever, and her manner towards Miss Vernon had been friendly and unexceptionable; and when told of her engagement, she congratulated each upon it in the most pleasant manner possible, so that Oliver had remarked to me afterward:

"You see, Belle, your brother is not so much in demand as you thought, for your friend Ellen Perry is as indifferent as you please!"

I did not say anything to the contrary then; though I thought myself that she would have liked it otherwise, and made a virtue of necessity in submitting so gracefully.

One hot day in August there came to the village hotel a stranger, a young and handsome gentleman. He inquired if there was a young lady teacher of the name of Vernon at Hapgate; upon being answered in the affirmative he started out to walk about the time school would close in the afternoon. He met Cornelia as she came down the lane leading from the school-house to her boarding-house. As he approached her, she grew pale and trembled, and would have spoken, but he interrupted her with—

"You see I have found you out, Cornelia! You were not hidden so securely but Love could trace you, though it has been a hard search for me. Oh, Cornelia, why did you go from me?" he asked, passionately.

"Say, rather, why do you seek me?" she asked, with lips from whence all color had fled. "Oh, Horace, why do you follow me? It cannot do you any good to come hither, and will only bring unhappiness to me!" she said, beseechingly.

"Because I cannot and will not let you go thus, Cornelia!" he said. "I am wretched, miserable without you; and you must return with me, and become my wife! Oh, Cornelia, why did you leave us so hastily?"

"You know as well as I do," she answered, passionately. "Because I never would marry you without the consent of your parents. I am proud as you or any of my uncle's family; and when your sisters, my own cousins, and my aunt looked down upon me because I could not boast wealth like them, and thought me no fitting match for you, *then* I thought it was time to leave the house wherein I was looked upon as a dependant, and go away from you and your love; for, though I knew that *you* was sincere, yet I knew I could never marry you!"

"But, Cornelia, I love you! I am miserable without you! I will leave them all for you! Oh, you surely will *not* refuse me again after I have sought you so long? It cannot be that I have found you but to lose you again! Speak, Cornelia; tell me I need not go away without you. You surely loved me; did you not then?"

"I may have experienced, or thought I did, something of love for you, Cousin Horace," she said, "but that is now past. I could not marry you as we were, and your parents and sisters would never look upon it otherwise; therefore it is best as it is," she replied.

"Oh, you are cruel, Cornelia!" he cried, passionately. "You never loved me, or you would not speak thus coldly. Oh, Cornelia, how could you deceive me so?" and he covered his face and moaned as if in pain.

"You wrong me, Horace!" she said, laying her hand gently upon his arm. "I did not deceive you, for I *did* care for you when I told you I loved you; but that is all past, and it is best so, for we could never marry, and you ought to forget your love for me, as I hoped you had before this!"

"And as you have yours for me, doubtless?" he said, searching her face with his dark eyes.

She did not answer, but she turned her crimsoning face away. But the blush which came to it at his words did not escape his notice.

"It is *true*, then?" he said. "You *have* forgotten me, and love another? Ah, Cornelia, Cornelia! this is greater than I can bear!" he cried, in suffering accents.

"She would have replied, but the sound of voices approaching arrested the words upon her lips; and I only heard her add—'Meet me here again this evening,'" said my informant, Ellen Perry, for she it was who had communicated this information to me, coming to our house on this August evening in great apparent agitation to tell the story which struck surprise and sorrow to my heart.

"You see, Belle, I could not *help* overhearing, for I was in the lane, and the hedge screened me from view; nor could I pass her, the interview began so suddenly. Oh, how wicked it is for her to treat him thus! I declare I pitied him so I did not know what to do. He was so handsome and noble-looking, and seemed so completely heartbroken! She must be a desperate flirt, for it seems that she either loved him, or had made him think she did, and then ran away from her uncle's. You know, Belle, I told you there was something

wrong about her coming here and being so secret about herself!" said Ellen Perry, as she finished.

"But," I said, "her words explain themselves sufficiently, I think; for it seems that she had told him she never would marry him without the consent of his parents, and there she was right."

"But if she loved him, how could she forget him so quickly and become engaged to your brother?" asked Nellie. "She either deceives the one or the other—which is it?"

"True, Nellie!" I could not help saying, "and Oliver loves her so. Oh, Nellie, I hope he may never know of this!" I said, sorrowfully.

"But is it not your duty to tell him, Belle?" she said. "Think how, if, after he should marry her, he should learn that she loved another, and only married him for his wealth and home! Would it not render him more unhappy than to find his love-dreams false now, when there is a chance to escape a life of misery?"

"Oh, Nellie, I wish you had not heard, or you had never told me!" I said, weakly, "for oh, I cannot bear to tell Oliver!"

"Well, of course do as you think best; it is none of my affair. I only thought I would tell you, as I would have another tell me, were I similarly situated!" she said, as she rose to go. "I am sorry for Mr. Horton, but I always thought there was something wrong about the teacher." And she went out, leaving me in great misery, for I could not bear to crush out my brother's happiness.

That evening, when Oliver came in, I had taken my decision; and I related all that Nellie Perry had repeated to me, turning my face the while away, that I might not see his agony.

"Can it be true?" he said, hoarsely, when I had finished. "Oh, can she be false? But I will go to-night to the place appointed, and trust the evidence of my own eyes only, and then, if—" But here he covered his face with his hands, and I could see that he trembled in his great grief.

A month passed, and Oliver's engagement was at an end. From a secluded nook in the lane he had witnessed Cornelia Vernon's second meeting with the stranger, and thus seen sufficient, *as he supposed*, to become convinced of her perfidy and double dealing. He did not upbraid her; but, not visiting her as usual, when she sent a note to inquire the cause, asking "if he were ill," his reply was a few cold words—"that he had lately become aware that their acquaintance had best cease, and that it had gone too far already, which he regretted," etc.

Time passed, and the pleasant October days came. The time once appointed for the double wedding drew near. In a week Cornelia Vernon's school was to close. As the time approached I could see that Oliver grew more sad and serious daily. He and Miss Vernon had not met since the engagement was broken. I knew that he avoided a meeting, for the good of both; for, as he still loved her, he wished to escape all reproaches of the past.

The night previous to the close of school Oliver and I were sitting in the parlor: I by the fireside, and he at the table with a book before him, but the leaves of which I noticed he had not turned for over half an hour. His thoughts were away, I knew but too well *where*.

A ring at the door-bell caused him to look up with a dreary smile.

"Mr. Rutledge, probably, Belle!" he said, "and I will leave you, for I am but sorry company to-night." And he turned to escape from the room; but the door opened and Jane entered, saying there was a lad at the door wishing to see the Squire.

"Ask him in, Jane," said my brother.

"I did, but he said he could not stay. He only has a word for the Squire, he says."

Oliver went to the door, and did not return for some time; but when he re-entered the room I could see that a great change had come over him, for in his eye was the old light of hope and happiness, and his step was elastic and firm.

"Belle, I am going out a while," he said, hurriedly. "I will tell you all when I return," and with hasty steps he left the room, and in a moment I heard the street door close upon him.

Two hours later, when Hermon Rutledge had left me with a "good-night," Oliver returned; and hardly had the door admitted his egress into the parlor, before he broke out with—

"Belle, this night has been a blessed one! Let me tell my joy in a word. Cornelia is true; and I am a happy man again!"

"Oh, Oliver, how did it happen? What set you right?" I asked, eagerly, springing to his side. "Who was that lad at the door?"—for I could not help connecting his appearance with my brother's new-found happiness.

A grave expression overspread Oliver's face. "Sister Belle," he said, seriously, "do you know that I believe your friend Ellen Perry is a wicked, artful woman! The lad who came to see me to-night was John Sturgiss, he who

owes what good has recently been developed in him to his teacher's kind interest and encouragement. His errand was a delicate but plain one. He said 'he heard that there had been trouble between the Squire and Miss Vernon about a strange gentleman and lover of Miss Vernon's that had come to Hapgate.' You perceive, Belle, that Ellen Perry, in her triumph, must have set this story afloat, for neither you, I, nor Cornelia have mentioned the cause of our estrangement. 'He had heard of the trouble, and he thought maybe that he could do something to set it right. His dear teacher was too good to be unhappy.'"

"He, too, happened to be among the bushes of the lane the day the strange gentleman met Miss Vernon, and he had overheard her say 'she did not love him; she *never* loved him, and she only left her uncle's to escape him, and she wouldn't marry him if there was nobody else in the world to ask her.' John Sturgiss told me this, and further that he saw Ellen Perry walking slowly past, and thought *she* had overheard their conversation, too. Perhaps the lad suspects the use that Ellen may have put her side of the story to; but he said nothing of that; only told his plain, unvarnished statement of facts, and he begged pardon for coming here. But 'he didn't like to see his dear teacher looking so pale and unhappy. He felt sure something was wrong between her and the Squire, and he thought maybe *he* could set it right.'

"Belle, *I*, too, felt sure something was wrong. I came in, took my hat, and went over to Mrs. Perry's. Ellen opened the door herself, and her white face, when I asked for Cornelia Vernon, convinced me of her share in producing our unhappiness. Cornelia came down, looking sad and suffering, and a little proud when she met me. But I will not tell you all that passed; enough that I have been a fool to believe a thought against the truth and faith of my Cornelia; enough that she, as well as myself, is convinced *who* has been the traitor between us, and that she is my own again, and she shall never return to be persecuted by her cousin's unwelcome love, or spend another night beyond this under Mrs. Perry's roof! To-morrow she shall come here. A new teacher must be found for the school, and the same hour, next Tuesday week, that makes you Hermon Rutledge's wife shall make Cornelia mine."

And so, writing out this history here in my diary, on the eve of this night preceding our double bridal, I know that the morrow will bring my own lifelong happiness, and seal my brother Oliver's when it gives him his wife, sweet Cornelia Vernon, the teacher of Hapgate.

THE BLESSINGS OF FLANNEL.

What rivers of ink have flowed from the pens of authors desirous of singing the praises of love—love, which draws down upon us so many evils; whilst these very gentlemen have never so much as thought of consecrating one single drop to celebrate the virtues of flannel, which preserves us from so many pains—flannel, which still clings fondly to us when the illusions of life, one after the other, have pitilessly abandoned us to our fate—flannel, which in an age when so many abuses heat the blood, and in which so many wild and improbable schemes are afloat, the bare enumeration of which causes the great drops of moisture to start from every pore, is ready at hand to preserve us from checked perspiration, and all its attendant consequences. Oh, injustice and ingratitude of man! Homer and Virgil even, who have descanted in such long-drawn sentences concerning the bucklers of Achilles and Æneas, must in some sort be blamed for not giving us any information concerning the flannel waistcoats they wore beneath them; for, happily, a buckler serves one but in exceptional circumstances, whilst flannel is useful in all circumstances of life—we may say almost in all seasons. When the cholera first approached our shores, when fear seized upon all, ourselves among the number, what preservative was more efficacious than the flannel waist-belt prescribed by our medical adviser! Ah, certes, this zone, though perhaps not quite so elegant, made more noise in the world than that of Venus ever did: it dissipated at the same time terror and the gripes which, it must be allowed, occupied us at that period much more than the fabulous attractions of the mother of Love. The peril, after another visitation, has again passed away; but it may return, and we have carefully preserved our valued waist-band, full of gratitude for the services it has already rendered us.

What is there more useful than this fabric to defend us against the unlooked-for assaults of the treacherous atmosphere in which we live—to enable us to brave with impunity those sudden and dangerous transitions from heat to cold, and *vice versâ*, to which we are all in this climate so liable?

In a ship there is but a plank between us and destruction; in the same way when, on leaving a ball-room, a theatre, or other crowded assem-

bly, we are suddenly exposed to the icy blast which howls without, there is oftentimes but this frail tissue between us and death. Yes, flannel repels alike colds, coughs, sciatica, rheumatism, and a host of other "ills that flesh is heir to," which, while on their way towards our poor frames, are stopped short on the surface of the projecting wool, and can proceed no further.

How, it may indeed be asked, is it that we do not hold faster by this true friend, since it is, to the letter, that which *touches us most closely?* In the aurora of life a tender mother surrounds us with love and flannel; in our hot youth, strong in the confidence of our springtide vigor, we quit with disdain the humble material with which in our infancy we were enveloped; we speak of it slightingly, with irreverence even; but in after years we are brought, by the first approaches of incipient rheumatism, to respect its virtues. We have then recourse to it as to one of those sure friends that we forget in prosperity, but whom, when evil times are fallen upon us, we find ever the same; it receives us into its bosom to quit us no more; it reanimates the old man benumbed with age and infirmities, and forsakes him not until, as a corpse, he is enveloped in the funeral shroud. The French have an idiom to express a man full of respect and care for another: *Il lui tient les pieds chauds*, they say; literally, "He keeps his feet warm." Well, to pursue this figurative language, flannel warms our entire body, of which our best friend can but warm a portion. By preserving throughout all our members a gentle moisture, it vivifies our mental faculties, aids the exertions of the mind, facilitates digestion, promotes a healthy action of the brain; and who knows, perhaps, but at this very moment we owe to it the power of rendering in these feeble lines our humble homage to its virtues?

No, believe it not, dear classical reader, Marsyas was not barbarously flayed alive by Apollo. That most polite divinity would never have been guilty of such a piece of indecorum, not to say infamy; we are here evidently the dupes of the figurative style of the Heathen Mythology. Depend upon it, the god of the lyre merely stripped the vanquished singer of his flannel waistcoat. Deprived of this necessary succor, the latter caught a bad cold, which fell on his chest and killed him. Hercules, in the same way, did not perish on account of having put on a tunic, but rather because he sought to throw it off, or unbutton it at an inopportune moment. The plain facts of the case are simply these: Dejanira had sought to cover her lover with a comfortable winter garment, most probably lamb's wool or flannel, taken from Nessus, and which a mistaken *amour propre* induced Hercules to throw aside. Who knows if, after all, the celebrated Golden Fleece was anything more than the flannel waistcoat of the king of Colchides, which Jason, who might have been, perhaps, suffering at the time from an attack of rheumatism, endeavored to gain possession of, justly regarding it as a panacea for all evils? Flannel, then, we see serves to explain certain monstrous passages which scandalize us so much in the pages of old Lemprière.

We all admire those noble old knights of former days covered with their casques, their thigh-pieces, their arm-pieces, and their cuirasses. They must have shone in the sun like so many animated warming-pans, blinding their enemies before exterminating them. But as for ourselves, how much more do we love to see the good souls of the present time carefully enveloped in lamb's wool and flannel! For these worthy individuals think less of destroying others than of preserving themselves; and the only sentiment we experience on beholding them is the desire of being provided, like them, with such warm, soft, pacific, and eminently philanthropic garments.

Affection.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than to entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of fraternal love. Think it not a weariness. Teach your children to love, to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents, their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong.

ACROSS THE HILLS.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

In Southern Germany, where rise
The Rhetian Alps to greet the skies,
And where, to swell the river Po,
The waters of the Oglio
Forth from their native fountains flow,
When night has come and brought surcease
Of labor to the Tyrolese,
From cottages, with hurrying feet,
The women haste their loved to meet;
And, joining in the twilight dim,
Together sing their evening hymn,
Until, the shadowy hills beyond,
Deep voices to their notes respond,
And far and wide *such* music rings!
For heart to heart responsive sings.

To-night why move their steps so slow
Along the swelling Oglio?
No song is wafted on the air;
Each woman's heart is turned to prayer
For one—the beautiful and fair—
Young Herman's bride, upon whose brow
Death's shades have gathered even now,
Though yesterday her ringing song
Echoed the Alpine hills along.
Who of the band has strength to meet
Young Herman, and the tale repeat?
Each heart grows faint—each cheek grows pale;
Oh, would the winds would bear the tale
Across the hills, or from the sky
Would come a whisper "She must die."

They see the night birds circling round—
They pause and list, but hear no sound;
Then by a common impulse led
The backward way together tread,
And stand beside the dying bed.
A glory rests upon the face—
A something more than earthly grace,
And her low voice, so sweet and clear,
Is music to each woman's ear;
The blessed angels all the while
Her quickened thoughts from pain beguile,
While whispers one, "If death is this,
Who ever counted half its bliss!
'Twould raise to heaven young Herman's heart
If he could see her soul depart."

They watched, he came not, but his bride
Saw visions of a joy denied:
"Lo, Herman comes across the hills!
Oh, how my heart with rapture thrills
And all the air with music fills!"
She said, "List to the song he sings,
It lifts the heart to holier things,
He comes alone with footsteps free;
God surely sends him home to me!
I see the mighty peaks arise,
Lonely and bare up to the skies;
About the lower hills like shrouds
Are gathering the dark'ning clouds—
Behold he comes! my warm heart thrills—
He beckons me across the hills!"

She spoke—her raptured soul had passed
Forth into space serene and vast—
None looked on her to sigh or weep;
She seemed like one who lay asleep,
With angels round the watch to keep;
And while they calmly gazed on her,
There came a youthful messenger,
Who said, "Beyond the hills to-day
Young Herman's soul hath passed away;
But let me gently tell his bride
It was not painfully he died;
In cheerful tone he talked with me,
Then sat him down beside a tree,
And leaned against it wearily.
I thought him tired and did not speak,
But gazed upon the mountain peak,
Then looked, as I was ever fond,
To loftier summits far beyond.
At length I said, 'Come, let us haste,
Nor all our time in dreaming waste;
I must speed on; too long I 've waited'—
I turned—his soul had been translated!"

And everywhere, o'er hill and dale,
The peasants told the wondrous tale,
And with a deepened reverence said
That God through pleasant paths had led
Their steps away from earthly ills,
And called them home across the hills.

TO A BIRD OF PARADISE.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Bird of the glad and joyous wing,
Thy skies are ever bright!
Thou dwellest in eternal Spring
In thy eternal flight.*
Blest being of the upper deep,
Speed on thy bright career,
For none, save mortals, know to weep
The sad, repentant tear.

Sweep the blue air with light'ning wing
Through ambient skies away,
Thou shunner of the toiling earth,
And scorner of her clay!
Into the boundless heaven thou springest
Up with a wild delight;
Wheeling in airy circles, wingest
High, higher still thy flight.

Like to a genius drunk with song,
Thy music floods the air,
And my fond heart hath listened long,
As to a passionate prayer.
Farther and fainter still, and fainting,
Thou meltest 'mid the light
With which the sunken sun is painting
The gorgeous couch of night.

Thus, when thy aerial paradise
Sinks into death's dark night,
There 's none beyond yon darkling skies
More beautiful and bright:
But, if awhile earth keeps me here,
Some future time I 'll rise
On brighter wings to skies more clear,
A child of Paradise.

* Fabled and classic traditions give to this bird no feet, and say it is never known to quit its birthplace—the sky.

JOSIE IN MAPLETOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN'S MASQUERADING."

I.

DEAR KATE: I am much obliged to mamma for sending me here to get me out of the way, while Belle brings that tantalizing Ben Breezy to terms. It *was* great sport to teaze Belle; but I never cared a fig for Breezy—not even enough to flirt with him—had I not liked to make my mother's eldest daughter look to her laurels. So, since mamma has exiled me, I am glad she thought of Mapletown as the scene of my banishment. In the week that I have been here, I have not been in the least troubled with *ennui*, and am already very well acquainted with the chronology of the town; for these Mapletown people are exceedingly frank about one another. Uncle, aunt, and Cousin Fred are very kind to me, and I have as much sport with Uncle Charles as I do with papa at home. When I left New York I made up my mind to be a very wise and proper young lady while under this hospitable roof, and to renounce all my sins, and, in especial reform, to leave off flirting. I have been able to *keep* this last resolution, for a reason which will appear in the account I shall give you of my visit; but as for my other *wickednesses*, I am much afraid they haunt me even in the shades of Mapletown. If you want to cure yourself of mischief, don't go to the country!

Aunt Amy has had a great deal of company since I came here, which she assures me is out of compliment to me; and she smiles as she adds, "or to your city antecedents." When I ask her what she means, she looks at Uncle Charles, who roars out laughing—he is very boisterous, if he is a judge—and shrugging his shoulders, says: "Never mind, Josie, you 'll find it out yourself." Of course this only sharpens my curiosity and my observation; and I mean to study the good people of Mapletown this summer. Aunt Amy is a quiet, dignified, sensible, and intelligent woman, but she has some of the oddest acquaintances.

The day after I came here Mrs. Brief, whose name is a serious misnomer, when you consider her endless talk, called. She spoke to me on entering, and as after that she gave me no further notice, I had an opportunity of making the following observations: She is a very fat woman, and looks in her corsets like a jelly crowded for room, and I could not help feeling a little uneasiness lest the jelly should drop over when the corsets moved. She has a yellowish complexion, clear gray eyes, and rather agreeable features, and keeps her chin well elevated on account of the shortness of her neck. She talks in a loud, sounding voice, and pit-a-pats with her feet and hands. She had not been in the house two minutes before Uncle Charles jumped up from the back parlor sofa where he was taking a nap, and came in, exclaiming how glad he was to see her.

"Yes, Judge," said she, "I am glad to see you, too. I have just been telling your wife that she has the most devoted husband in Mapletown. Mr. Brief always gives me all the money I want, but la! he would never think of presenting me with a bunch of flowers; much less take the trouble to send them twenty miles, when he was attending to court business."

"That 's a handsome dress you have on," said Uncle Charles, looking at her rich robe silk very admiringly.

"Oh yes; I think it 's a beauty. I got it when I was in the city last spring, and gave Madame Bonelle *carte blanche* to trim it according to fashion, and she made it cost a pretty sum, I assure you."

"But that is of no consequence," suggested Aunt Amy, "as Mr. Brief makes no complaints against your bills—a trait almost equal to sending bouquets."

"Why, Amy, you pretend to me that you think more of my little attentions than of having handsome dresses," protested my uncle.

"For *my* part," rejoined our visitor, "I like either well enough; but prefer the dresses by all means, as the neighbors take no notice of the bouquets, while they are sure to remark the other; and I cannot afford to throw myself on my dignity like the wife of a judge, and a learned lady, too."

While this conversation was going on, Mrs. Brief's eyes had been taking an inventory of my dress; but here she withdrew them to cast a glance of contempt at my aunt's simple muslin, and at the same time changed the topic of her talk.

"You recollect what a fuss the Reindeer family made about Amanda's wedding presents? Well, Fannie Cromby, who was in the same car with the wedding party when they left for the

California steamer, says she kept looking at her diamond watch every ten minutes during the whole trip; and that she saw Mr. Banbee whisper to her two or three times; and that at last, when a new set of passengers came on the train, he bawled out so as to have everybody hear: 'Come, Amanda, isn't it about time you looked at your watch?'"

"Oh," said Aunt Amy, "she must have been very much embarrassed."

"Not a bit," uncle declared; "she never was embarrassed in her life; but that was very funny in Mr. Banbee; I 'd like to see the fellow."

"The next thing we shall hear will be hat Mrs. Banbee has the most fashionable house in California; for, poor as she always has been, she knows how to make a parade. By the way" —turning to address me for the first time—"we have a rich California bachelor in town now, and rumor says he has come in search of a wife. A number of our Mapletown girls have gone to California as brides; but perhaps Mr. Oro will make a different selection. I should say you might get him, if you tried."

I am afraid I blushed a little, notwithstanding my flirtation with poor Breezy, for you know the Carleton blood about such matters; but I thanked her for the implied compliment, and assured her I should not venture to compete with the Mapletown young ladies.

"Oh, we all know," said she, "that city girls have the advantage, no matter what the men say about admiring country girls. Men love to be fooled with arts, whatever they say against it; and if I had any young ladies, I should teach them the value of a proper knowledge of this peculiarity of menfolks."

Just as this prudent remark was uttered, the very gentleman in question was shown into the parlor, accompanied by a young lady whom aunt introduced as Miss Althea Stile. She was a handsome girl, and easy in her manners, but I found it required all my self-possession to encounter the glitter of her blue, but opaque eyes, that hid such unfathomable thoughts under the white and down-falling eyelids. I *felt* rather than saw the scrutinizing mental critique upon myself which she was making, while she kept up a lively conversation upon the usual topics. She soon took her cue, and commenced to flatter me, saying a great many kind and pretty things about feeling sure she should find it pleasant to have my society in her walks and drives about her country haunts, and my taste to help her enjoy the beautiful scenery by which Mapletown is surrounded. Much more agreeable talk she lavished upon me, but I could not help seeing that, while she was saying these fine things to me, she was looking obliquely at Mr. Oro, which gentleman did not appear to hear all that was intended for him, but was earnestly conversing with my uncle.

Mrs. Brief now rose to go. "Come and visit me, Miss Carleton," she said. "I shall take an interest in seeing that you have a fair chance with the rest"—glancing at the Californian, who just then, thinking to notice her departure, intercepted with his eyes that look of reference to himself which had accompanied the significant words. Oh, I fear my eyes blazed, as Ben used to say they sometimes did, for, when I recovered my composure a little, I noticed Mr. Oro looking at me with an amused expression, which for the moment made him quite hateful, though he is good-looking enough, certainly. I did my best to seem unconscious, but Miss Stile's eyes did not allow me to forget the allusion to Mr. Oro; nor her sarcastic smile fail to inform me that I should never become her successful rival in that quarter, if she could prevent it. So you see, dear Kate, that even in the country, we cannot quite ignore that evil trinity: "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

I shall write again in a day or two. In the mean time send me some news of Ben and Belle, for I am vowed not to write a word to Belle until she lets me know her wedding-day is fixed. You may tell her, if you like, that I am enjoying myself amazingly. JOSIE.

P. S. You will surely tell me, Kate, whether Ben ever speaks of me, and if he seems to miss me? J.

II.

DEAR KATE: I am sorry Ben proves so constant. I fancied his name very aptly expressed his character, and that it made little difference to him what bloom he sighed over; and I still believe that, notwithstanding his present mournfulness, Belle will find him her gay summer breeze after another week given to forgetting my all too deathless sweets. There 's poetry for you, Kate. If Ben could hear it, he would be lifted to the seventh heaven of delight, poor fellow!

You want to know more about my Cousin Fred? Oh, you needn't think I am keeping back anything, for I am not. Fred went off to some summer resort of painters, three days after my arrival. There is not the least probability that my discreet aunt is going to allow

Fred and me to get up a tender sentiment this summer. I have nothing to tell you of, except my improving acquaintance with the Mapletown society. The calls, which Aunt Amy still asserts are intended for me, continue to increase in number, until I am likely to have quite a visiting list. But as these calls are chiefly made by ladies more of aunt's age than my own, and as they usually commence some gossip about somebody, I pursue my habits of observation almost uninterrupted. Once in a while I hear a story in this way worth recording, as an example of manners or morals in the "rural districts." For instance, yesterday there were two ladies retailing this precious bit of scandal to my uncle:—

First lady. Judge, did you hear of that affair down town last night?

Judge. I am not sure I understand you. What do you allude to?

First lady. Oh, if you have heard anything at all, it is the same, of course. I never was so amused.

Second lady. Well, I must say I was quite as much shocked as amused. It is a shame to Mapletown.

Aunt Amy. Why, what is it? Let us hear about it.

Judge. Yes, let us know about it, Mrs. ——.

First lady. You must have heard, for it is town-talk, that Mrs. Brierly accuses Mrs. Hughes of acting the part of go-between for her daughter Sallie and Dr. King, whose engagement was broken off by Sallie's mother last winter. Mrs. Hughes has denied knowing anything about the prohibition, and avers that she supposed Sallie and the Doctor only came to visit her just as the other young people did, and that she was conscious of no interference in their behalf. Well, it seems that, after all this, Mrs. Hughes allowed the Doctor to come there when Sallie was visiting her, and a few nights ago somebody wrote an unmentionable name upon her door, which she found there in the morning. Mrs. Hughes, you know, is very resolute; so she said nothing, but sat up the next night to watch for the offender. So last night it appears that, after watching until about twelve o'clock, curled up against the inside of the front door, she heard the sound of chalk, tracing with a grating noise the odious name upon the door, when crash! the door flew open, and somebody stumbled on the threshold! "Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Hughes, "I have you now." But before she could tear off the culprit's hood, for it was a woman, the mysterious person picked herself up and escaped down the street. (Here my aunt gave a sympathizing "Oh!") But she did not intend to be outwitted that way, and immediately gave chase, and had followed the runaway down Maple Avenue to Main Street, where the gas was still burning. It happened that some young men were out rather late, among them Dr. King, and just as they came to Kelly's Saloon they were surprised at hearing a great pattering of slippers, and the Doctor only had time to turn round when a woman in a cloak fluttered like a huge bat right into his outstretched arms—for I suppose the Doctor thought it was a different sort of game he was catching; and just then another woman's voice flying down towards him, crying out to "Hold her! stop her! don't let her go!" Of course the Doctor held on in the prospect of a little fun; but what was his astonishment when Mrs. Hughes came up and seized his captive by the arm. (Uncle Charles laughed, and fidgeted in his chair, and second lady exchanged looks with my aunt.) "In Heaven's name, what does this mean, Mrs. Hughes?" asked the Doctor. "Bring her to the light, Doctor; I want to see her face," was the answer; and as the Doctor knew there must be a good reason for so strange a request on the part of his old friend, he helped her drag her struggling enemy to the lamp-post.

Second lady (bursting with impatience). And whom do you imagine she found under that old hood?

First lady (hurrying on). "Good gracious, it is Mrs. Brierly!" exclaimed the Doctor, when her face was exposed; and he let go his hold quick as lightning. "Yes, Doctor, it is just who I supposed it was," said Mrs. Hughes; then she only said in a stern voice, "Degraded woman!" and turned back towards home, the Doctor accompanying her.

"If I had been the Doctor," said Uncle Charles, "I would have offered my arm to the other lady; it would have been a first-rate chance to ask for Sallie, for she would not have dared to refuse him then."

"I don't think the Doctor will be in a hurry to claim his mother-in-law, since the affair is all out," said Aunt Amy.

"Pooh!" cried second lady. "The Doctor is not troubled with scruples, any more than Sallie is with delicacy, though, poor child, I am sure she is not to blame for her want of it, having such a mother."

"Mrs. Hughes entered suit this morning," uncle said; "but the friends of Mrs. Brierly will stop it, of course."

"Then you knew all about it, you naughty man!" first lady cried, in a deprecating voice, as if she had told the story upon ungenerous compulsion.

"Oh, I was not sure I knew *all* about it, and I wanted to hear the rest."

"Ah, you are a regular gossip, Judge!"

At this stage of the conversation there entered Miss Brown, a little dumpy figure, with a pale face, and large Jewish nose, and lifeless black eyes. Uncle Charles had told me beforehand, as he had about Mrs. Brief, that she was one of his favorites, so I had a double interest in observing her.

"I am glad to see you, Betty"—handing the footstool to accommodate her stature to the height of the sofa. "How is your mother, and how is Abby?"

"Mother is as well as usual, but Abby has appeared rather languid of late, and we were afraid she might be going to have a fever, so father told the Doctor to call; and first the Doctor gave us a great fright and then a greater diversion."

"And how was that?"

"Old Dr. Cromby is so funny, sometimes, and he knows that Abby is cowardly. In the first place he felt her pulse, and asked her several professional questions, after which he requested to see her tongue. 'Oh!' he exclaimed. 'Why, what is it, Doctor?' asked Abby, quite pale. 'What a *long tongue* you 've got, Ah!' said he, and roared out laughing. Poor Abby was too much mortified to say a word, and the Doctor went off laughing, and declaring that she was cured, for nothing ailed her but laziness, and she was frightened out of that."

Of course we all laughed at this story, and the other visitors then took leave.

"Have you met Mr. Oro?" asked my aunt of Miss Brown.

"No, I have not; I hear Althea Stile has carried him off—at least that he is unconscious of anybody else in Mapletown."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Uncle Charles.

"I don't know how I am to see him," remarked Miss Brown, with great simplicity and a corresponding dejection.

Uncle Charles looked delighted with this sensibility. "You shall see him, I promise you that. Amy, we must have a little company for Josie here, and get the young folks together. So you see, Betty, the way is clear, and as I give you this early invitation, you have no excuse for not looking your best."

"I should practise my music, if I were you," suggested my aunt.

Miss Brown looked grateful, and promised to remember to do so. Directly after, she went away, inviting me to visit her. As soon as she was gone, I ran to Uncle Charles, and, holding both his hands, demanded to know if that conversation had been as much in earnest as it seemed.

"Certainly," said he.

"I will refuse to believe it!" I exclaimed; whereupon he fell to laughing immoderately.

"Why, is there no planning to secure husbands in New York?" asked my aunt.

I thought of Belle, and remained silent. But then, you know, Kate, there was no planning to get him for a lover in the first place; only mamma insisted that as he belonged to Belle by first rights, Belle should have him, and not me, for which act of justice I am feelingly grateful. Don't fail to keep me advised of Belle's progress in coaxing back her truant. I shall write to you about our party next week. I suppose you are going to Catskill with mamma's party. Well, I don't envy you until I have seen a little more of Mapletown.

JOSIE.

III.

DEAR KATE: What you tell me about Ben's improving spirits ought to rejoice me, I suppose; but if he had grieved for me a little longer, I think I should have felt more touched. However, I do not reproach him, having to give you an account of my late humiliations. In the first place, all the young people were invited to my aunt's to dance and make music, and a few older ones to play whist. When the company began to arrive, I watched pretty closely for some bearded face to play off against the all-fascinating Californian; but, much to my disgust, I found I should have to make my choice from an indefinite number of slim, prim, sleek-haired, downy-chinned tape-sellers and three doctors, not one of whom could presume to compare himself with Mr. Oro. It was no wonder, I thought, that the young ladies were running a race for the one manly-looking man among them. Besides—must I confess it?—my dear Kate, not one of the ninnies asked me to dance; and if it had not been for Uncle Charles and Mr. Brief, who is a fine-looking, agreeable man—quite a contrast to that amber-colored jelly in a red satin holder—I should have been quite passed by. However, I bore it bravely, and tried to devote myself to entertaining such of our guests as were wall-flowers. As for the

young ladies, many of them were pretty and all dressed in the profoundest fashion—quite *à la* the Fifth Ave-*nudites*, as Cousin Fred styles the *bon ton* of our city. The dancing was good, and the singing passable; and I did not observe that the Mapletown ladies wanted attention, from which I inferred those downy-chinned youths were *afraid* of your humble correspondent. Miss Brown was untiring in her obligingness when asked to sing, and Miss Stile and myself performed a duet; but as the ever present Oro was at her side, turning over the music, I took a resolution to sing no more in such company. I am determined not to augment the seeming host of that gentleman's *suitors*.

While I was chatting with Mrs. Hughes, a pleasant-looking little old lady, with soft, silvery curls around her face, and wondering why nobody had the good taste to fall in love with her, for she is a widow, Miss Brown came up to me and whispered: "Oh, I have just made such a dreadful mistake!"

"Indeed! It is nothing so very bad, I hope?"

"O yes, it is; I called Mrs. Grant Mrs. Lyons instead."

"Is that all? The slightest apology ought to put that right."

"I should not dare to apologize, for fear of making it worse."

"And why, pray?"

"Because—hold down your ear a little—Mrs. Grant is known to be an illegitimate sister of Mrs. Lyons; but the families being so respectable, nobody ever mentions it. The resemblance between them is so marked that strangers often make the mistake I did; but it was stupid of *me*, who have known them all my life; and the families highly respectable, too."

The case was certainly beyond my skill, and I was relieved to see my uncle coming toward us, bringing Mr. Oro, whom he introduced to Miss Brown for a waltz, and I really enjoyed the little simpleton's triumph as her face, quite cleared of its cloud, smiled at me from under her partner's arm. I stood looking at the waltz until it was ended, and still stood smiling inwardly at my fallen estate, when the Californian presented himself before me with a request to favor him in a dance. "I am pledged not to dance to-night," I said, which was true enough, Kate, for when I found myself slighted by all the Mapletown beaux, I resolved to refuse the only one who I was sure would ask me.

"Ah, well, then," he replied, good-humoredly, "we will take a walk about the room, with your permission." And, placing my hand on his arm, he led me about at will, talking in a clever, gentlemanly way.

Seeing Miss Stile seated in a circle with others, who were talking over some society's matters, I impelled him by a motion to pause behind her chair. She quickly detected our vicinity, and bending back her head with graceful sauciness—

"You will come to our Mite Society, will you not, Miss Carleton?"

"Pardon me," I said, "but I do not know what a Mite Society is."

"Why, a society of mites—what else?" was the answer, accompanied by a short, dry laugh, in which her companions joined.

I instantly felt that I had been made ridiculous because I was "the city girl," and I think Miss Stile witnessed the second display of fireworks from my eyes which she had directly or indirectly set off. The effect, however, was lost upon her, for she pretended great coolness, and the sarcastic rejoinder I was about to utter with the intention of trying her nerve was cut short by my escort remarking, in slightly impressive tones, that "the society derived its name probably, not so much from the littleness of its members, *however aptly it might do so*, as from the smallness of their contributions; and if I wished to test the truth of his definition, he should be happy to wait upon me to its next meeting."

It was very egotistical of him, I admit; but the arrow drove home, as the confused expression of Miss Stile's countenance plainly confessed. She was afraid she had made a false step in rousing his championship.

"Come, come," said she, with a sudden effort, "who is trying to sharpen wits? Miss Carleton, I confess myself a *mite;* and now let's have another duet."

But I excused myself, and went to speak to the only girl in Mapletown that I have taken a liking for, and she is the minister's daughter, Fanny Legare.

"Do you know my Cousin Fred?" I asked, in the pursuit of a topic.

"Certainly, I am acquainted with him," was the frank reply, which received a deeper meaning, however, from the charming blush which flitted over her face at the same moment. Ah, Kate, I stumbled upon a fact that time which I shall keep in remembrance till Fred comes home. I had nearly made a goose of myself by squeezing her hand and telling her I was glad of it.

Well, so the evening came to an end at last, and I sat down to talk it over with my uncle

and aunt. "Do tell me," I asked, "if you think Mr. Oro is conscious of the efforts that several persons are making to marry him?"

"I think it very likely," answered my aunt, placidly.

"And isn't he disgusted?"

"Why should he be?" asked my uncle. "Does not a man know that when he possesses the solid attractions of half a million, he is fair game for your sex? And why not? Men have everything in their hands, all the good things of the world, and why may not women show their desire to share them?"

"Very well argued, my philosophic uncle. I hope I may dance at his wedding."

"Which you could not do unless you had me for a partner—eh?" This cruel allusion to my forlorn condition that evening sent me pouting to bed.

Yesterday aunt and I went to return some calls, and among other places called at Miss Brown's. It was a long time before she made her appearance, and in the mean time we were entertained by her sister of about fourteen years, a tall, bright-eyed, lively girl, quite the opposite of Miss Brown, who, when she came in, dismissed her to her mother.

"Abby is growing very pretty," said my aunt.

"Do you think so? I thought she was too tall."

"O no; I should say that when she plumps up a little more, she will be quite a handsome figure."

"Well, she is the most singular child in the world. What do you think she did the other day, when Mr. Oro called?"

"Something original, I have no doubt."

"It seems father had found out that he used to know Mr. Oro when a boy, and the day after your party he brought him home to dinner. It happened that we had no girl in the kitchen, and Abby was assisting mother about the cooking all the morning, and consequently looked 'like a witch.' We were both in mother's sitting-room, which you know has a bed in it, when we heard father coming through the hall, and a gentleman's voice in conversation. What prompted Abby I don't know, but before I could remonstrate she had darted under the bed, and in another moment Mr. Oro was in the room. All went very well for a few minutes; but when Abby heard father say he had brought this gentleman to dinner, and heard, moreover, mother's voice repeatedly calling her from the kitchen, and knew how much she was needed, she began to make efforts to escape. As the bed was near the door, and the door behind our backs, she was slowly dragging herself along the floor, so as to get a 'good ready' for flight when she could stand upright; but the noise attracted Mr. Oro's attention, and he turned his head just as Abby was emerging from her hiding-place, with her watchful eyes fixed intently on him. I think the whole matter must have been instantly revealed to him, for he burst out into such a fit of laughter as seemed wholly irrepressible, and was not able to get over it entirely while he remained."

"I am sure I should have laughed as well as he, if I had seen it," said my aunt; "but how did Abby take it?"

"Oh she said nothing about it, as the best way of having it forgotten."

I think this Miss Brown and her anecdotes almost the funniest things in Mapletown. There is to be a wedding among the *bon ton* next week, at which I expect to be present. After it is over I will write again. Love to Belle, if she has forgiven me, and don't tell her that I was not asked to dance! JOSIE.

IV.

DEAR KATE: You are mistaken about my being homesick and too proud to confess it. I am just as much amused as ever with Mapletown; but I *would* like to hear that Ben was a little more fond of Belle, for she dotes on him, I am sure. And then, of course, I want the glory of being bridesmaid next autumn. I am not the least envious of your pleasure among the Highlands, because, in my opinion, the scenery around Mapletown is as beautiful as any in the State, and not lacking in rocks and waterfalls either. I promised to give you an account of the wedding, and I must hurry over it a little, for I have something to tell you besides. The bride was not rich, but of a good family, according to Mapletown heraldry; and the groom was from Nassau Street. The bride was pretty enough in her white robes, and her maids gay enough in blue, pink, and yellow crape flounces, with bouquets. The attendants of the groom were imported from Nassau St. for the occasion. In honor of this importation I understood there would be extraordinary ceremony at the reception; no one being allowed to approach the newly-married without a proper introduction by the Nassau Street attendants. But the guests not being altogether *au fait*, considerable misunderstanding was the consequence.

"Your name, if you please," politely requested one of them, of a tall maiden lady entering just before us. Taking the inquiry as an intimation that she was not an invited guest, the indignant spinster thrust the meddlesome stranger aside, and passed on to pay her respects to matrimony. Our little party had just done so, and were lingering a moment, when in came the officiating clergyman, a little late for him.

"Your name, sir," promptly demanded the head groomsman.

"My name! my name, sir, is Legare!" By this time his identity was understood, and Mr. Legare permitted to congratulate the two he had just made one. I did not arrive in time to observe whether the bride's father and mother were introduced to her by the gentlemen from Nassau St. or not.

Aunt Amy and I were just laying off our hats when Miss Brown came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Grandison, I have made such a foolish blunder again this morning."

"Why, my dear Betty, what has happened?"

"When one of the groomsmen offered me his arm to present me to the bride, I mistook his intention, and kept my hold until he asked me to excuse him, as he must return to his duty."

"O well, never mind," said my aunt; "that was nothing at all. The truth is, I think the blunder was in allowing utter strangers to present old acquaintances to one another."

So much for the wedding. When the evening came for the Mite Society's meeting, Mr. Oro called for me to go. Now, I had been secretly debating in my mind whether or not I should forgive Miss Stile and go, or hold myself aloof from her set altogether. But I am forced to confess that the pleasure of a triumph over that young lady, who I felt sure could have devoured me for envy, induced me to accompany Mr. Oro to this meeting. The night was lovely, the moon at its full, and the air burdened with the perfume of roses in the height of their bloom. The blossoms of the locust trees along the street shed a delicious odor, and a faint zephyr just tossed the graceful branches overhead into a whispering motion. You know I am not sentimental, Kate; but there was something so bewitching about the whole scene and atmosphere—the quiet, the strolling promenaders, and the delightful evening coolness—that I soon drew off my little country hat, and, letting it swing on one arm, turned my face to the gentle breeze, and repeated those lines—

"Oh, air of June, ye should be waft from heaven,
Such happy longings grow beneath your touch"—

which I always admired so much, and my companion listened very attentively; indeed, I felt vexed by the profound silence which followed, and had no doubt he was thinking I had done all this for effect. "I beg your pardon," I said, "for compelling you to listen to my declamation. It is a most foolish infliction, as I am ready to acknowledge; and I wouldn't be thought romantic for the world. Romantic people are my aversion."

"You have ideality," said he, "and, as I have just discovered, a fine poetical taste. They are near neighbors to romance, if I am not mistaken. But I will agree to think you as matter of fact as you please, if you will condescend to repeat for me that song from 'The Light of the Harem': 'From Chindara's warbling fount I come.' It is just the inspiration of such a night as this."

"Since you had the patience to listen to me, *per force*, I cannot refuse that you should listen from choice"—and I repeated the musical verses from first to last. By the time it was finished, we were at the house where the society met that evening.

"You will not remain long here," said Mr. Oro, as we entered the gate.

"And why?"

"Because, with such a heaven as this shining over us, you cannot content yourself by the light of a gas-burner, nor be amused with the prattle of a lot of giddy girls. In short, I give you just time enough here to deposit your half dime, and say good-evening to your friends."

"And what then, may I ask?"

"I shall take you home again."

"What presumption!" I cried, laughing, but half vexed.

"O no; I hope not. Confess now that it was your own wish."

"But you could not know it."

"I am a seer. I know a great many things; and amongst the rest that you don't like the people you will see here to-night."

"Allah is just," I answered.

The hall was filled with young people arm in arm, and girls with their arms about each other's waists, promenading, singing, laughing, and talking. But they eyed me askance, and no one offered to make me welcome. One or two of the gentlemen bowed to me. Miss Brown and Miss Stile were absent. I saw none of my elderly friends, and was glad to escape as soon as possible. Just as we passed out of the gate again, Miss Stile encountered us.

"Ah, Miss Carleton!" said she, "I have just come from your house, where I called for you. You are not going away so soon? You think you must? Well, then, I shall not go in. To tell the truth, I only came out to-night on your account, and shall return home immediately."

"Will you walk with us, Miss Stile?" asked Mr. Oro.

"Thank you, if Miss Carleton will come round by our house; 'the longest way round is the shortest way home,' you know."

"Certainly," I said. And so we walked home with her.

"Come in," said she, when we were about to say good-night; "I have a little matter to talk over with you both." And when we were seated, we learned that there was a picnic in contemplation, which was to be arranged on a very select principle, and was to proceed to Table Mountain, a celebrated locality, where our dinner would be served on the grass in Arcadian simplicity. Miss Stile offered to take the responsibility of completing the arrangements, if we approved of the plan, which, of course, neither Mr. Oro nor myself could reasonably object to. After this was settled, we had some music, and again I started for home.

"Will you not repeat for me once more those lines which I heard for the first time from your lips this evening?" asked Mr. Oro, as we walked slowly up the still, moonlighted street. I could not refuse, though I felt a great embarrassment in complying; and when I had finished, he said: "I shall never forget them, nor the occasion when I first heard them." After that a silence fell between us, and he parted from me at my uncle's door.

"Why, Josie has a fever, I really believe, wife," exclaimed Uncle Charles when I had settled myself more quietly than usual in a corner of the sofa. "Just look at her cheeks and eyes!"

"Are you well, Josie dear?" asked my aunt.

"A little tired, auntie, that's all."

"Well, how did you enjoy the Mite Society?" queried uncle.

"Stupid."

"Ha! ha! it has made you witty, Josie; for 'brevity is the soul of wit,' you know."

"I won't stay in Mapletown another week!" I cried, with sudden passion.

"Why, Josie!" exclaimed my aunt, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," I answered, and began to cry.

In vain my uncle and aunt tried to console me, and find out the cause of my trouble. I just cried until I felt better; then laughed, and assured them I was only a little nervous.

"We must write to Fred to come home," said my uncle. "It is too dull for the poor child here, with nobody to amuse her but those who won't or can't."

At this I felt my spirits brighten, for I thought if Fred were only at home I could pretend a flirtation with him, and so keep that assuming Mr. Oro from taking my devotion for granted. I have no doubt he imagines I am as desperately enamored of him as Miss Stile, or as much in want of a husband as Miss Brown: but I shall undeceive him. I hope Fred will get home before the picnic. I shall write to him myself in the morning, and tell him Fanny Legare is sick. Don't be surprised to hear I am in New York, for if Fred does not come home I shall go back and keep house for papa.

JOSIE.

V.

DEAR KATE: Fred is at home, so you need not expect to hear from me in New York; and the picnic is over—and I know not how to tell you the rest of it; but I hope Ben and Belle are thoroughly reconciled, as you seem to think they are. Well, Kate, as I said, the picnic: Miss Stile's picnic is over, and several people are glad of it; but most of all, your cousin and correspondent, Josie. But before I proceed to an account of it, I must give you one more anecdote of Miss Betty Brown. Early on the morning of that eventful day, Miss B. favored my aunt with a visit. As it was supposed she was to be of the party, my aunt said—

"Why, Betty, are you not getting ready for the picnic? You are surely going?"

"Mrs. Grandison," she answered, with a most dolorous expression of countenance, "I *cannot* go unless you can lend me a pair of gaiters. This morning, when I went to dress, my only decent pair were nowhere to be found; and after searching everywhere, and asking mother, I came to the conclusion that Abby must have taken them away with her to the country—she is always getting my shoes or gloves and collars. Father is gone away, too, and I hav'n't a dollar in my purse; so you see I am forced to stay at home, unless you will charitably lend me a pair of gaiters."

"Oh, certainly," said my aunt; "but I do not think mine will fit you. Perhaps Josie has a pair she can lend you: have you, Josie?"

Thus appealed to, I ran to my closet, and soon returned with two pairs, of which I gave her the choice. She took the freshest pair, thanked me very gratefully, and hurried home to put them on. Aunt Amy laughed. "That 's the last you will ever see of your gaiters, Josie. I am sorry you let her have the newest pair."

"But she *took* them, aunty."

"Because you allowed her," returned my aunt. "She is very strange about such matters, but she is always borrowing something to wear."

"Strange, indeed," I answered, "if she forgets to return it."

As the carriage soon called for me, I thought no more about the gaiters; I went as the guest of Miss Stile; and Mr. Oro, and Fred, and Fanny Legare were all in our coach. We had a very merry time, for I had made up my mind to be as gay as possible, and to slight Mr. Oro, two things which I think I succeeded in doing that morning; and Fred was as full of jokes and puns as a minister's son, as I told him, to Fanny's great embarrassment.

"Why ought we to follow Althea in everything?" asked Fred.

"Oh, because she is Al-the-a Style," I answered, readily enough.

"Very good. What does Co. stand for, Josie?"

"For company, I believe; sometimes for county."

"Just so. Then why is this Californian like a certain river?"

"Because he is Oro-no-co!" cried Miss Stile, delighted, and turning to that gentleman, who was remarkably silent—"Do you hear that, sir? You are *no company* for Mr. Grandison."

"Pray allow me to propose a query," said Mr. Oro, very gravely. "Why is Miss Carleton *not* in love with Mr. Grandison?" Nobody could guess that. "Because she is his cousin!" he explained, looking steadily at me.

I felt the blood rush up to my cheeks, but I turned my face away, and all the rest laughed at the oddity of the conundrum which was *no* conundrum. "So he dares me to try to deceive him by devotion to Fred, does he?" I thought, with inward anger. "His confidence is as amazing as it is unfounded, and I hope he will find it out before long!" Everything happened very pleasantly, and Mr. Oro had recovered spirits when we all sat down to dinner on the top of the mountain. I do not know what strange impulse inspired me, but I took a resolution to go in search of a spot called the "Natural Bridge," which I had heard of, and, as Fred was deeply engaged with Fanny, and Miss Stile was making herself agreeable to Mr. Oro, I asked Miss Brown to go along. After a little persuasion, I induced her to accompany me, and as she had previously been there, I trusted to her to find the way. We chatted along cheerfully, she telling me some queer stories about Mapletown people with great frankness, and I putting in the interjections and "do tells" at the proper places. We must have been walking an hour, when Miss Brown declared herself bewildered, and uncertain about the locality of the bridge. I suggested the propriety of returning; but when we wished to return, we were equally uncertain about our direction, for the sky had suddenly clouded over.

"We are lost," said I.

"They will come and find us," answered Miss Brown, growing quite white with terror.

"Yes, I hope so—of course they will," I now answered, confidently; "but I fear it is going to rain, and our friends will be delayed by our foolishness. Well, let us keep on, for we may meet them."

But, Kate, we did *not* meet them, and the most terrible storm overtook us, making it dark in the woods while it was yet day, and lengthening out that horrible night interminably. We shouted and cried ourselves hoarse, and when the storm drowned our voices, we sat down on the wet ground with our arms about each other, and sobbed in sympathy. I do not think I should have been much frightened if Miss Brown had not been so nervous, afraid of bears and wolves, and lightning and darkness. But as she did not reproach me as the cause of her trouble, I felt grateful, and really began to be fond of her.

At last, in the dark and rain, drenched to the skin, and exhausted with walking and shouting, we fell asleep for a little while, only to waken with a sense of overpowering numbness, for the wind had risen with the bleak, cloudy morning, and up on that mountain would have chilled us to death but for the protection of the woods. We had rubbed our hands and stamped our feet as briskly as we could, and again set out to find our way, when, after half an hour's walk, we heard a shout. Raising our voices together, we answered with all our strength, and were answered again with a cheer. Quickening our steps almost to a run, we staggered on toward the cheering; but being quite exhausted, I stumbled on the root of a tree, and fainted from the concussion. When I wakened, I was lying on a bed of shawls, and Mr. Oro was chafing my hands, while Miss Brown and

her father did the same for my feet. A little wine was put to my lips, and I began to feel my strength return.

"Do you feel able to be moved now?" asked Betty's father, when I made a motion to sit up.

"O yes, I think I can soon walk," I answered. "I must not keep Betty here, for she will perish with cold."

"I will *carry* Miss Carleton," said Mr. Oro, "for I can do it with ease. Go on with your daughter, Mr. Brown." And as I could not remonstrate except at the expense of others, I silently consented to be borne in his strong, manly arms.

"Ah, Josie," he whispered, sadly, "you have given me the heartache, poor darling! Why did you run away into this danger?"

"Because of your miserable conundrum," I replied, not daring to look up. "But where is Fred?"

"Your uncle and cousin are looking for you on another side of the mountain, but we will signal them in a few minutes. We thought you were fallen down the cliff, and looked for you first at the foot of the mountain on the cliff side. Oh, what horror was that, Josie! But not finding you, we sent all the other ladies home with the news, and commenced another search. The storm hindered us; we could neither hear nor see. And what did *you* do, poor child?"

The tenderness of his voice took all the naughtiness out of me, and I cried like a baby, and I cry now when I think about it. Everybody was very kind to me after my adventure, and Miss Stile resigned my future husband with a very good grace. Poor Miss Brown, she is welcome to my gaiters! You can tell Belle and mamma, Kate. JOSIE.

VI.

DEAR KATE: It is a wonderful coincidence that Belle should have had her engagement to confide to you on the same day you received my last letter. How important you must have felt, with two *fiancées* to sympathize with! It was very fortunate, too, for I do not think Belle would have taken it very kindly if I had been first with such an announcement; and since I found out that I have liked Mr. Oro all the time from our first acquaintance, as I now know that I have, I could not have teazed Belle as I used to. It must be a dreadful discomfort to be jealous; I found out that by my own late experience, for—do you guess it?—I was really jealous of Althea Stile, though I did not believe it then. When I began to realize it, and to think how I was deceived about my own feelings, and to remember how *he* always understood me better than I did myself, my vexation made me guilty of some of my old wickedness. I feared he might think me too easily won. This shame took such possession of me, after I was fairly recovered from the excitement of the eventful picnic, that I once resolved I would refuse to see Mr. Oro again, which resolution was softened in the course of that day into a determination to be only very dignified with him when I should see him again. But to show you how our resolutions are often kept, that very afternoon, when Fanny Legare and I were in the garden, looking at the cherry trees, Fred came seeking us, bringing Mr. Oro along to aid in the search. At first I was as dignified as I had promised myself to be, and was as coolly polite as if I intended never to become Mrs. Oro; but just as the effect began to be perceptible in his surprised looks, Fred tossed a bunch of cherries at me, and I was pretending great enjoyment of them, when lo! I threw them as far as I could, in disgust at finding them every one with a worm at the heart.

"What is that for?" asked Fred.

"Ugh! worms!" I cried, shuddering, for I detest the ugly things.

"Never mind, Josie; give them some vermifuge," replied Fred, with such a funny affectation of being in earnest that we all laughed as merrily as possible. So that was an end of the dignity.

But when Fred and Fanny had strayed to some little distance, Mr. Oro took my hand, and, looking at me very earnestly, said, with an emotion I did not quite understand: "Josie, perhaps it was ungenerous of me to take advantage of your weak and excited state on that terrible, yet to me happy, morning, when I held you in my arms, and told you—what you must have known before. If I was, and if you regret anything you then allowed me to believe, I charge you to tell me so at once, for, Josie, I have a strong nature, and if it once takes its bent, and afterwards finds itself deceived, I will have suffered irreparable injury, which, stern man as I am, I shrink from contemplating."

Do you think that I could stop to have my small revenge then, Kate? No, my naughty resolves were all flown off like thistle-down, and I was silly enough to have a choking in my throat, which kept me silent until I blushed with embarrassment. Finding that I could not talk, and feeling his eyes still fixed on my face,

I gave him my other hand, and glanced my eyes up at him that he might see the tears just ready to fall. I did not see how he looked, but I heard the changed tones of his voice, so soft and glad, as he repeated that stanza from Coleridge—

> "'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
> And partly 'twas a bashful art,
> That I might rather feel than see
> The swelling of her heart."

So you understand by what I tell you, Kate, that it is not like managing Ben, and I have given up all attempts at little coquetries, for I think he sees into all my motives with a penetration quite frightful if I were not now resolved to be good.

I am much better pleased with the Mapletown ladies than I ever thought I could be. Mrs. Brief, to whom I am persuaded Uncle Charles has whispered my engagement, looks at me with such delighted eyes I really cannot help being grateful for her good wishes. She said in my presence the other day that she "wished she had a daughter to make a wedding for;" and I believe she would adopt me for the occasion if she could get permission. Mrs. Hughes smiled at me very significantly as she remarked that "there would be one match made in Mapletown which could not be attributed to her manœuvring." But it is Miss Brown—my dear Betty—who shows the kindest spirit. If she had shown envy or hatred toward me for carrying off the prize she was striving for in her simple, guileless way, I could have borne it better; but, instead of that, she lavishes amiable attentions upon me, and flatters me with her outspoken praises until I am ashamed of myself. I have determined to make her a handsome present, and I would gladly turn match-maker, and provide her a good husband if I had the opportunity and skill necessary to such delicate affairs. As for Althea Stile, although I think she was disappointed, she bears it off bravely, and is more friendly and less sarcastic than before. That dreary, terrible night on the mountain seemed to bring it all about.

After all our fright and fatigue on that occasion, Fred declared he was not going to let the matter drop that way, but should try his fortune at another picnic, and he only hoped somebody would get lost. Of course I knew who that *somebody* was well enough. Fred proposed to take the management of affairs upon himself for this time, and as nobody interfered he did so; or rather, after inviting his guests, he gave his commands to an old negro, who is a frequent caterer to the young men's parties, and rested satisfied. This old fellow, Jupiter, or Jupe, as he is called, gave us quite a laugh that morning when he came to get Fred's orders. I had observed a large number of strangers in our streets, and had not known the occasion of their visit, when Jupe coming in, I asked the reason of him.

"Why, missis, I belebe it is de festival of a societa which has something to do wid de liquor business."

"How so—to put it down?"

"O no, missis, just de other way, if I understands it."

By this time, Fred and Uncle Charles were in a roar of laughter, and I looked around inquiringly.

"You old rascal," began Fred, "who would have suspected you capable of such a joke!"

"I, sah? I beg your pardon; I 'se neber known to joke; quite too pious, bless de Lord."

Another burst of laughter followed this denial.

"Why, Josie," cried Uncle Charles in a perfect convulsion of merriment, "don't you see! these strangers are the Sons of Malta, come here to hold a festival with the Mapletown lodge, and Jupe has got them converted into a society on *malt* liquors."

Poor, pious Jupe looked quite crestfallen at this explanation; but Fred hastened to change the subject. "By the way," said he, "there is one or two of these Sons that I must call on. Nice idea, decidedly. I 'll go this minute and secure them for the picnic, as their jubilee does not commence until evening."

Well, our picnic, which came off day before yesterday, was as great a success as the other had been a failure, in complete enjoyment. Nobody got lost, notwithstanding Fred's desire on the subject; but if I were to judge by appearances, I should say a certain affair was settled between him and Fanny Legare. And better than all that, Althea Stile made a conquest of a dashing young lawyer from Albany. I never saw a clearer case of love at first sight; and I do not think she is altogether insensible either. On Fred's invitation he stayed the day after the festival, and went that evening to call on Miss Stile. So you see, Kate, it is all going to end like a play; everybody is going to be married—everybody but poor Betty Brown. I am daily expecting to hear Fanny's confession, and when it comes, I am going to invite her in a very cousinly way to visit me in New York before I am married.

You "wonder if I shall go to California." Not for a year at all events. I have his promise

to spend the coming winter in New York. He has written to papa to get his consent to our marriage at the same time with Ben and Belle. Shall we not be gay? Fred and Fanny will perhaps join us during the winter. I wonder when mamma will order me home to begin the *trousseau*.

Harry, that is his name, though I have never ventured to call him by it, says I must stay here as long as possible, because he loves Mapletown better than a city, and he fears I shall forget my pretty rustic ways when I return to town. And certainly it is pleasanter sauntering along these cool quiet streets of a morning or evening, by sunlight or starlight, than promenading Broadway in a crowd; and a ride here through the lovely country is a thousand times more agreeable than gazing from a close carriage at a sea of other carriages, stages, and people. I shall never be so conceited again as to despise the country or country people's ways. But there goes the bell, and I know who has rung it. *Au revoir.*

P. S. I may as well tell you that Harry called to show me papa's letter. We are to be married in October, and I am to stay here only until mamma returns, in a week or two. But we have made up a little party of my friends here, who are to escort me half way home, and Harry goes on with me to see my family. Then, my dear, you need not expect to hear from me again, until I can see you face to face, when I shall have many things to tell too tedious to write. Love to you and all. JOSIE.

VISIT BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO HEBRON AND THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

IT is so seldom that these remarkable places have been visited by Christians that we are induced to copy for the benefit of our readers, to whom we know it will be interesting, the following article from a foreign journal.

The *London Times* publishes an interesting extract of a letter, probably from the pen of Canon Stanley, describing the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Mosque of Hebron. It is dated Jerusalem, April 9, and opens with details of the difficulties which had to be overcome in gaining admission to the Mosque. The Porte granted a vizierial letter, which, however, left the matter to the discretion of the Governor of Jerusalem. The Governor's reluctance was only overcome by the firmness of General Bruce, and the adroitness of Mr. Noel Moore, the interpreter of the Royal party, and at length all was arranged. Dr. Rosen, the well-known Oriental traveller, joined the party for this visit. The letter proceeds to recapitulate the history of this, "the most ancient and the most authentic of all the holy places of the Holy Land:"—

"On the slope of that hill was, beyond all question, situated the rock with its double cave which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite as his earliest possession in Palestine. 'There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife; and there I buried Leah' (Gen. xlix. 31); and thither, when he himself died on the banks of the Nile, his body, embalmed with all the art of Egypt, was conveyed, with a vast Egyptian escort, to the frontiers of the Holy Land, and deposited, according to his dying wish, 'with his fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan.' (Gen. xlix. 29, 30.) Of all the great patriarchal family Rachel alone is absent, in the tomb selected for her by Jacob on the spot where she died on the way to Bethlehem. We are not left to conjecture the reverence that was paid to this spot when the descendants of Abraham dwelt in the country and occupied it as their own. Josephus expressly informs us that it was surrounded by them with vast walls, existing even to this day. That these walls are the massive inclosures on the exterior of which so many eager eyes have been fixed, in our own times, can hardly be doubted. Their size, their beveled frames, their agreement with the description of Josephus, which became still more conspicuous as we approached them close at hand, and saw, more distinctly than could have been otherwise possible, their polished, well-wrought surface, accords with an early Jewish origin, and with no other. But beyond this has hitherto been a matter, if not indeed of total ignorance, yet of uncertainty even more provoking than ignorance in itself. From the accounts of the pilgrims of the seventh and eighth centuries we learn that already by that time a Christian church had been erected within the Jewish inclosure. This church, after the expulsion of the Christians by the

Mussulmans, was known to have been converted into a mosque. Whether the cave was visible within the building is a matter on which the mediæval visitants to the spot vary so widely as to leave us in complete doubt. But that it lay within was never questioned by any, whether Jew or Mussulman; and the tremendous sanctity with which these last occupants have invested the spot is, in fact, a living witness of the unbroken local veneration with which all three religions have honored the great Patriarch, whose title has, in the mouths of the native population, long superseded the ancient appellation of 'Hebron,' now called by no other name than 'El-Khalil,' 'the Friend of God.' Within this sacred precinct, accordingly, for 600 years no European, except by stealth, has ever set foot. Three accounts alone have in modern times given anything like a description of the interior; one extremely brief and confused, by an Italian servant of Mr. Bankes, who entered in disguise; another by an English clergyman (the Rev. Vere Monro), who does not, however, appear to speak from his own testimony; and a third, more distinct, by Ali Bey, a Spanish renegade. While the other sacred places in Palestine, the mosque at Jerusalem, and the mosque at Damascus, have been thrown open at least to distinguished travellers, this still remains, even to royal personages, hermetically sealed. To break through this mystery, to clear up this uncertainty, even irrespectively of the extraordinary interest attaching to the spot, will, I have no doubt, appear to many an object not unworthy of the first visit of a Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, and as such it has been felt by his Royal Highness, and by those who have accompanied him on the present occasion.

'To resume my narrative, which I will confine as much as possible to such points as need not involve a discussion of mere antiquarian details. At the head of the staircase, which by its long ascent showed that the platform of the mosque was on the uppermost slope of the hill, and, therefore, above the level where, if anywhere, the sacred cave would be found, we entered the precincts of the mosque itself, and were received by one of its guardians, a descendant of one of the companions of Mahomet, with the utmost courtesy on his part, though not without deep groans from some of his attendants, redoubled as we moved from one sacred spot to another. We passed without our shoes through an open court into the mosque. With regard to the building itself, two points at once became apparent: first, that it had been originally a Byzantine church. To any one acquainted with the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and with the monastic churches of Mount Athos, this is evident from the double narthex or portico, and from the four pillars of the nave. Secondly, that it had been converted at a much later period into a mosque. This is indicated by the pointed arches, and by the truncation of the apse. This building occupies (to speak roughly) about one-third of the platform. I proceed to describe its relation to the sepulchres of the patriarchs. It is in the innermost of the outer porticoes which contain the two first. In the recess on the right is the alleged tomb of Abraham, on the left that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. The shrine containing the tomb of Sarah we were requested not to enter, as being that of a woman. The shrine of Abraham, after a momentary hesitation, and with a prayer offered to the patriarch for permission to enter, was thrown open. The chamber is cased in marble. The tomb consists of a coffin-like structure, like most Moslem tombs, built up of plastered stone or marble, and hung with carpets—green, embroidered with gold. The three which cover this tomb are said to have been presented by Mohammed II., Selim I., and the late Sultan, Abdul Mejid. I need hardly say that this tomb (and the same remark applies to all the others) does not profess to be more than a cenotaph, raised above the actual grave which lies beneath. But it was impossible not to feel a thrill of unusual emotion at standing in a relation so near to such a spot—an emotion, I may add, enhanced by the rare occasion which had opened the gates of that consecrated place (as the guardian of the mosque expressed it) 'to no one less than the eldest son of the Queen of England.' Within the area of the church or mosque were shown, in like manner, the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah. They differed from the two others, in being placed under separate chapels, and closed, not with silver, but iron gates. To Rebekah's tomb the same decorous rule of the exclusion of male visitors naturally applied as in the case of Sarah's. But, on requesting to see the tomb of Isaac, we were entreated not to enter, and on asking with surprise, why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be raised in the case of his far less eminent son, we were answered that the difference lay in the characters of the two Patriarchs:—

"'Abraham was full of loving kindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront; but

Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Palestine) had endeavored to enter, he had been driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunderstruck.'

"The chapel, in fact, contains nothing of interest; but I mention this story both for the sake of the singular sentiment which it expresses, and also because it well illustrates the peculiar feeling which (as we were told) had tended to preserve the sanctity of the place—an awe amounting to terror of the great personages who lay beneath, and who would, it was supposed, be sensitive to any disrespect shown to their graves, and revenge it accordingly.

"The tombs of Jacob and Leah were shown in recesses corresponding to those of Abraham and Sarah, but in a separate cloister, opposite the entrance of the mosque. Against Leah's tomb, as seen through the grate, two green banners reclined, the origin and meaning of which were unknown. The gates of Jacob's shrine were opened without difficulty, but it calls for no special remark.

"Thus far the monuments of the mosque adhere strictly to the Biblical account, as given above. The variation which follows rests, as I am informed by Dr. Rosen, on the general tradition of the country (justified, perhaps, by an ambiguous expression in Josephus), that the body of Joseph, after having been deposited first at Shechem (Joshua xxiv. 32), was subsequently transported to Hebron. But the peculiar situation of this alleged tomb agrees with the exceptional character of the tradition. It is in a domed chamber, attached to the inclosure from the outside, and reached, therefore, by an aperture broken through the massive wall itself, and thus visible on the exterior of the southern side of the wall. It is less costly than the others, and it is remarkable that, although the name of his wife (according to the Mussulman version, Zuleika) is inserted in the certificates given to pilgrims who have visited the mosque, no grave having that appellation is shown. No other tombs were exhibited in the mosque. Two, resembling those of Isaac and Rebekah, which were seen (by one of our party only) within an adjacent smaller mosque, were afterwards explained to us as merely ornamental.

"It will be seen that up to this point no mention has been made of the subject of the greatest interest to all of us—namely, the sacred cave itself in which one at least of the patriarchal family may still be believed to repose intact—the embalmed body of Jacob. It may be well supposed that to this object our inquiries were throughout directed. One indication alone of the cavern beneath was visible. In the interior of the mosque, at the corner of the shrine of Abraham, was a small circular hole, about eight inches across, of which one foot above the pavement was built of strong masonry, but of which the lower part, as far as we could see and feel, was of the living rock. This cavity appeared to open into a dark space beneath, and that space (which the guardians of the mosque believed to extend under the whole platform) can hardly be anything else than the ancient cavern of Machpelah. This was the only aperture which the guardians recognized. Once, they said, 2,500 years ago, a servant of a great king had penetrated through some other entrance. He descended in full possession of his faculties, and of remarkable corpulence; he returned blind, deaf, withered, and crippled. Since then the entrance was closed, and this aperture alone was left, partly for the sake of suffering the holy air of the cave to escape into the mosque and be scented by the faithful; partly for the sake of allowing a lamp to be let down by a chain, which we saw suspended at the mouth, to burn upon the sacred grave. We asked whether it could not be lighted now. 'No,' they said, 'the saint likes to have a lamp at night, but not in the full daylight.' With that glimpse into the dark void we and the world without must be content to be satisfied. Other entrances may exist or have existed, and the knowledge we have acquired of the different parts of the platform would enable us to indicate the points where such apertures might be expected; but for the present, it was the full conviction of those of the party best qualified to judge that no other entrance is known to the Mussulmans themselves. The unmistakable terror to which I have before alluded is of itself a guarantee that they would not enter into the cave if they could, and the general language of the Arabic histories of the mosque is in the same direction."

The writer goes on to anticipate the results of the visit, and to refer to the indirect benefits which may be derived from the use made of it. He states, among other things, that Dr. Rosen constructed a ground-plan of the whole platform. The conformity of the traditions of the mosque to the accounts of the Bible are clearly ascertained. "To explore the recesses of the cave, and to discover within them (if so be) the embalmed remains of Jacob, must," he says, "be reserved for another generation." He adds:—

"P. S. It may be observed that the shrines of Isaac and Rebekah, standing as they do in the centre of the mosque, occupy a position altogether unusual in Mussulman buildings, where the corners are the places of honorable burial. This and their peculiar structure would lead us to suppose that they stand on the exact sites described by the early Christian pilgrims. The belief of the guardians of the mosque is that the massive inclosure was built by genii, under the direction of Solomon. The mosque they ascribe to the Egyptian Sultan Kalarun. They account for the tomb of Joseph by saying that his body was buried in the Nile for 1,005 years, after which the secret was revealed to Moses by an Egyptian, on condition that Moses should marry his daughter. Moses did so, and carried off the body to Hebron. It would seem from the account of Arculf that there were seven tombs there to this day, but that the seventh was that of Adam. The tradition of Adam's burial in Hebron, however, appears to be a Christian, not a Mussulman, tradition, founded only on the Vulgate. It occurred both to Dr. Rosen and myself that Arculf's expression about the low wall (*humili muro*) might be explained by his having seen it only from the inside of the platform, whereas modern travellers have seen it only from the outside, where its height is much more striking."

TOO LATE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

Clasp closer, arms, press closer, lips,
In last and vain caressing,
For nevermore that pallid lip
Will crimson 'neath thy pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even;
She has forgot you now, I trust,
Amid the joys of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's cold mist had dimmed her eyes
To earthly forms forever.
She heard your footstep in the breeze,
And in the wild bee's humming,
The last breath that she shaped to words,
Said, softly, "Is he coming?"

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever sod did cover,
Safe—never to be wrung again
By you, O fickle lover!
Your wrongs to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping;
The only one you could deceive
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go—not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken;
Go—pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."

MADELEINE.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Hazel eyes and chestnut hair,
Falling o'er her shoulders bare—
Waxen cheek and fairy form,
And a heart all true and warm—
Such was Madeleine.

Joyous as a summer bird,
In the wildwood branches heard—
Song that gushed as glad and free
As the streams that seek the sea—
Gentle Madeleine.

Her young life was like a stream,
Rushing on 'mid sunshine's gleam—
One to seek the sounding sea,
One the vast eternity—
Long lost Madeleine.

Seventeen times the flowers of June
O'er the earthland have been strewn,
Since in grief we made her grave
Where the cypress branches wave—
Beauteous Madeleine.

She was blessed to pass away
Ere life's hopes had known decay;
Ere her heart had learned to know
Everything was false below—
Happy Madeleine.

Now I seem to see her stand,
Singing with the angel band,
On the shining shore of light,
Clad in robes of spotless white—
Angel Madeleine.

COME NOT AGAIN.

BY WM. BELL.

Come not again! for thou didst do me wrong;
That thou wast weak and foolish well I knew;
And I am punished, justly punished, too;
The heart is weak, but oh, the *will* is strong!

Come not again! the famished, needy heart
That craves for love, as do the poor for alms,
And turns away with full and thankless palms,
Will starve at last despite so base an art.

Leave me alone! Once more I'll fight alone
The sickness which possesseth heart and brain;
I never wish to see thy face again.
Yours be the shame; the scorn is all mine own.

And dream not thou that one regret survives,
To trouble rest with idle hopes or fears;
The heart grows calm, for with the circling years
Still change our inner and our outer lives.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

"Go ahead, driver; don't wait no longer for me," said I to the conductor, as I stepped aboard the train. I 'd seen my trunk safe on, shook hands with father and a lot of the neighbors, and kissed Kitty Caraway right in the face of the whole crowd. As the whistle yelled and the locomotive took a good start, I waved my new red bandanner at Kitty and settled back in my seat with a feeling of satisfaction only equalled by the occasion. I had on my best boughten suit, and also a smile which I make no doubt would have passed me off for a bridegroom on his bridal tower if there 'd been a purty girl beside me, which there wasn't. But I knew Reub Lummis was a feeling worse than sour apples from seeing me kiss the one I did when I come away, for he 'd made up his mind he 'd cut me out in that quarter. And so he had till the things happened which was the occasion of my present journey.

It was of a Tuesday I started. Wall, the Tuesday before I 'd come of age. I 'd been out all day, breaking ground for corn and potatoes, and thinkin' to myself that I was twenty-one at last, and wondering if Kitty Caraway didn't feel sorry she 'd give me the mitten, and gone home with Reub from spellin'-school the last time it kept: likewise if father had any intentions of givin' me part of the farm to work for myself.

When I washed myself to the pump and went in to supper, I thought at first mother had company, the table was set so nice, with a white tablecloth, and custard pie and preserves.

"Come, 'Bijah, set by; the buscuits is getting cold," said she.

"Who 's here?" says I.

"You be," says she; "you 're company tonight, 'Bijah. We 're a-keeping your birthday. Come, husband, set by."

So we sat down. First I went round and give mother a smack, comin' nigh to breakin' the china teacup she was sitting in its saucer; but I b'lieve if I 'd broke it out and out she 'd only have laughed, she and father was in such good humor.

Ploughing hadn't hurt my appetite, and I pitched into the chicken fixings in the same style that I 'd pitched into the work. They didn't say much till I was ready to push my chair back, and then father he cleared his throat, just as he did in the Sunday evening exhortations, for he was a deacon, and began: "How would you like to keep store, 'Bijah?"

Now, if there was anything in the world I 'd had an ambition for, it was to keep store; I 'd never expected any such good luck, though, and I just stared at him, without exactly knowing what he was driving at.

"Because," said he, "mother 'n I have talked it over. You 're the only child we 've got to pervide for; you 've been an obedient, dutiful son, and the long and short of it is, if you like storekeeping better 'n farming, you can just pack your duds, go down to York, buy your stock, and begin for yourself."

"Jeru—sha!" said I, jumping up so sudden as to knock my chair over, and cutting a pigeon-wing 'fore I stopped.

"'Bijah," said mother, mildly, "don't swear."

"I didn't come within gunshot of swearing, mother. But what am I going to buy goods with, father, I 'd like to know?"

"Cash, my son."

"Where 's it to come from?"

"From a certain linen bag in the bureau drawer," said mother, speaking before she 'd thought, for she 'd meant to let dad tell the story.

"We hain't spent all we 've made in the last twenty year," father went on; "we 've had your futur' in our eyes; we 've—"

"Yes," broke in the old lady again, "I 've had that futur' in my eye every pound of butter I churned, every egg I laid up to carry to town. A good many of them hard-earned dollars were put in by me, my son."

"How much is there?" I couldn't help asking.

"Guess," says mother, proudly.

"Two hundred dollars?"

"Two thousand," said both of 'em, in the same breath.

"Je—mima!" hollered I, cutting another wing.

"And a hundred more," went on marm, "that I 've laid up myself to pay your expenses to York and back. And we 've hired the store down to the Four Corners, that Job Higginson has gone out of, and you 'll have the post-office with it, and there 's great need of a store there, folks say, and you 'll be sure of *our* custom, at

least, 'Bijah, and Aunt Susan's, and a good many of the neighbors'. I shall buy all my calicoes of you, and the kersimere for your father's pantaloons, and our tea and groceries; and you can trade for my butter, which is always snatched up; and we're sure you'll do well if you don't go in debt, nor trust too much; and I want you to bring on some first-rate tea, 'Bijah, and be sure and don't buy fadey calico."

The old man had leaned back in the chair, and let mother tell the hull story, for she'd got started and couldn't stop, and when she was through, he went in the keeping-room, and unlocked the bureau drawer, and took out a bag, and come in, and put it down on the table, and says:—

"There's our birthday present, my son."

Well, I hugged 'em both till they was out of breath; and I couldn't help crying a little, as well as laughing, and marm cried, of course, and we had a great old time, and I didn't sleep a wink that night. And that's how it happened I was on the way to York, feelin' about as contented as human nature is ever allowed.

It was of a Tuesday I started. Wall, the Sunday night before, I concluded I'd try my luck with Kitty Caraway. I'd pretty much made up my mind she favored Reub the most; but I knew the reason of it—Reub's father's house was a two-story brick, with a piazza in front, and he kept a farm hand to favor Reub, who lazed around, and had plenty of time to be perlite to the girls; while my father's house was a story and a half frame, and I hadn't no partic'lar time, 'cept Sundays and evenin's. I was better lookin' than Reub, and smarter by a long sight, and Kitty knew it, but she thought I wouldn't be so well off. Girls, as a general thing, are mighty romantic, but their romance allers settles on a new coat or a big house, like a butterfly on a hollyhock. Kitty hadn't heard of the rise in life I'd experienced, and I calkilated on a good share of enjoyment in letting her know of it at the right time. I put on my best suit, and a dandelion in my button-hole, for it was too early for other posies, and set out about sundown. When I come to Deacon Caraway's, there was Kitty, all alone in the keeping-room, looking considerable ashamed of the mitten she'd give me, and prettier than ever, with blushing and looking down. However, she soon picked up her old spunk, and began being as saucy as a spring wind. I didn't mind her independence much, not even when she twitted me slyly about the spellin'-school and the sugarin' off, when she'd accepted all Reub's wax hearts and egg-shells, and none of mine. As it got along towards nine o'clock, and I knew the old lady would be calling out that it was bedtime before long, I hitched my chair close up to Kitty, and took hold of her hand.

"I'm of age, now, Kitty, and I'll be ready to get married next fall; will you have me?"

"'Bijah Beanpole, go along!"

"Can you hitch horses with me—yes or no!"

"No, of course not! I didn't s'pose I'd give you encouragement to make so free." And Kitty snatched away her hand, and flashed a look at me out of her bright eyes that was orfully bewitching.

"Wall, good-by, then, Miss Caraway," says I, standing up and holding out my hand; "you'll at least shake hands with me when I'm going to be gone away so long?"

"Where are you going, Mr. Beanpole?"

"Oh, to New York, to buy goods."

"Buy goods!" murmured Kitty.

"Yes, all sorts of fixins for my new store. Didn't you know I am going to be a store-keeper—on my own hook, too? Father give me a couple thousand dollars on my birthday, to begin on, and the store's rented, and the sign's bein' painted; you ought to see the sign, Kitty—

ABIJAH BEANPOLE

in great gold letters, on a blue ground. It's splendid. I s'pose it ain't as pretty a name as Reuben Lummis, but it looks very well in gold letters."

"I didn't know you was goin' away, or maybe I shouldn't have spoke so short," murmured Kitty, drooping towards me like a four-o'clock towards the sun. "How long'll you be gone, 'Bijah?"

"Oh, two or three weeks. I'm sorry I can't pick out the wedding-dress, Kitty. I'd had an idea, that *next* time I went to York, I'd have a bride hanging to my arm, all dressed in white, walking up and down Broadway, and goin' to the Museum."

"O 'Bijah!" she whispered, melting like maple sugar.

"It's right handy to be the wife of a store-keeper—nothing to do but to pick out the handsomest patterns when the goods come. Always plenty of pearlash and tea, and white sugar when company comes, and a bridal tower to begin with."

A pair of arms stole around my neck, and a pair of lips were turned up in a dreadful provoking way.

"I don't care the snap of my finger for Reub

Lummis, and I can't see what makes you throw *him* at me."

"What colored calico do you prefer, Kitty, pink or blue?"

"Oh, pink!" with a little sob.

"How many yards of ribbon does it take to trim a bonnet?"

"A-bou-bou-bout four, 'Bijah."

"You 've got a breastpin, I see; the one Reub Lummis gave you last New Year's."

"It 's brass," said Kitty, pulling it out of her collar and throwing it into the fireplace.

"Did you tell me how many yards of white mull to buy?" says I.

"What for?" in a tender whisper.

"The wedding-dress."

"Well, 'Bijah, if you *must* know, I s'pose about ten, yard wide, will make it. Swiss mull, recollect."

It 's a wonder I did recollect, considerin' what come next. I ain't a going to distress my own feelings studying what Reub Lummis's was, when he heard I was goin' to York, and seen me kiss Kitty in the face of the crowd, to the station. I reckon it 's altogether probable he give her up, in spite of the pillows in front of the two-story brick.

"Feel happy?" asked a fellar, setting on the seat in front of me, with a pair of mustachers sharpened to a pint, and kid gloves on. He 'd been sittin' sideways and eyein' me for some time.

"I reckon I *do*, stranger. I feel too happy to contain myself. I feel like a thrashing-machine when the wheat 's out; and if you 'll oblige me by stepping out on the platform to the next station, I 'll set myself in operation."

He pretended to smile, but was evidently sceart, and subsided into about a dozen little finified capes that he called an overcoat, and remained there till he got an excuse for taking a seat in another car. It 's a free country, ain't it, where a fellar can't grin when he 's enjoying himself, without being taken up for it! I sot out with the intention of having a good time, and included in the bill was the privilege of larfing as much as I wanted to. Now I 've never been troubled with being bashful, like so many country boys. I calkilate to keep my eyes open, and if I can find out what I want to by asking questions, I generally ask a few. Some people, so stiff and sot up that they can't answer a civil question, call me inquisitive, as if it wasn't desirable to be of an inquiring turn of mind. I 've found out pretty much all I know in that way—easy and cheap.

There was some very obliging little boys come round in the cars and give us picture-papers to amuse ourselves with; but just as I 'd get interested in 'em, they 'd come along back and take 'em away. We was tearing along tremenjously, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when all of a sudden the engine give a yell, and we pitched into the dark quicker 'n no time. What had took place was unbeknown to me; I couldn't see, and there was such an awful crashing and roaring I couldn't ask anybody. I didn't know but the engine had pitched into the Black Swamp, and was making downward for a place I 'd always been warned against going to. I held my breath, and grabbed hold of the rim of my hat, and you 'd better believe I felt nowise onwilling when I saw a streak of daylight ahead. In a minute more we was all right.

"What 'n thunder was that?" I made free to ask of a person on the next seat, who sat there looking as cool as a cucumber.

"That?" said he, as if surprised, "oh, that 's a great bore."

"I should rather think it was," said I. "My hair stood up so I had to hold my hat on. I 'm glad there wer'n't nobody hurt. I was afraid my hat would get smashed. I set great store by that hat."

"I should think likely," replies he; "you seem to have had it some time."

"Going on five year. It 's my first and only. However, I calkilate on getting a new one when I get to York. I 'm going down there to buy goods. Could you tell me what tavern I 'd better put up at? I don't want none of your common affairs. I 've got a hundred dollars to pay bills, and I want none of your cheap taverns. I want to tell the folks when I get home that I 've seen the elephant."

"There 's several I could recommend, though maybe none of them would be quite good enough. The Fifth Avenue is tolerable, and the St. Nicholas is quite respectable; perhaps the latter would answer your purpose as well as any. It 's convenient to the business part of the city."

As he was so accommodating about answering, I spent a very pleasant two hours asking him about one thing arnther, and finally it got dark and I fell asleep, and when I waked up we was in the depot to the city. It was going on eleven o'clock; I felt dizzy with my long ride, and as sleepy as if I 'd been sitting up a-courting. I 'd had nothing to eat since an airly breakfast but a cold boiled egg and a dozen doughnuts mother put in my pockets; but the idea that I was actually in the great metropolan waked me up

pretty thoroughly. I follered along with the rest.

"If you want the St. Nicholas coach, there it is," said the person who 'd been so accommodatin' in answerin' my questions. "Good-by, Mr. Beanpole. I wish you much success in your search after the elephant, and that you may leave New York with as good an opinion of it as you had when you came into it."

"Good-by, stranger," said I, shaking hands with him. "I sha'n't forget your perliteness in answering a few civil questions."

I squeezed into the coach with a couple a dozen more, and had the privilege of looking at the coat collar of a fat man who had planted himself on my knees during a painful and protracted ride of three-quarters of an hour, so that I didn't get much idea of the town, though it was nigh on to as light as day.

When we got out, I saw we was in front of a big white stone tavern, considerable larger than I expected. I went with the rest into the bar-room, and writ my name in the book with a flourish that showed I wasn't ashamed of it. There ain't a more rising family in our part of the country than the Beanpoles, and I 'd given writin'-lessons to a whole class of boys in the deestrict school; so I made a good big B, and finished off the pole with a quirlicu that did me credit. The clerk smiled when he examined it. I was too sleepy to care about supper, so I was took up about forty flights of stairs, till I finally stopped and asked the boy if he calkilated I wanted to go to the next world 'cause I 'd come to New York for a spell. "Here 's your room, sir," says he. I confess I was disapp'inted to be turned into a little room no bigger than the spare bedroom to home, when it was such an all-fired tremendous big house outside. I was follered by my trunk and umbreller, and was glad enough to lock the door and go to bed. I felt oneasy about my money, which I 'd carried in two inside pockets mother had sewed in the lining of my coat. "If any of them rogues get in here, I 'll play them a trick," thinks I. So I took my pocket-book, with some cents and quarters in it, and my silver watch, which hadn't gone for several years, and put 'em conspicuously on the chair clus to the head of my bed, while I tucked away my two thousand dollars between the tick and bolster, and fell asleep so sound that I never waked up till long after broad daylight. Wall, I found my watch and pocket-book safe, put on my clothes, brushed my hair slick, took a look out the winder and saw a brick wall, and amused myself pulling at a tossel 'twas a hanging close by. 'Twan't long till a knock come to the door. I opened it and saw a nice little feller; I thought he might be the tavern-keeper's brother.

"Good-morning," says I, with my Sunday-go-to-meeting bow.

"What do you want?" says he.

"Nothing in particular, thank you," says I.

"What did you ring the bell for?" says he.

"I didn't ring no bell," says I.

"Yes, you did; half a dozen times," says he.

"You can see for yourself I hain't got any bell. There ain't such a thing in the room. Howsomever, since you 've come up, you may show me down to breakfast if it 's ready. I 'd rather set out to find the cows down to the big woods than to try to find my way out of this."

"Jerusha!" thinks I as I went into the dinin'-room, "wouldn't we like this for a place to dance, on Fourth of July and New Year's, down to Beanville!" In imagination I had my arm about Kitty's waist, whirling her round several thousand times without stopping; but I was so near starved out—not a hot meal for twenty-four hours—that the smell of the vittals brought me back to where I was, and I got a seat at one of the tables, and looked around to see what they had in the eatin' line. As I 've said, I wasn't naturally bashful, and felt as much to home with a hundred or two of strangers as if I 'd been in marm's kitchen, with the sun shining in on the floor and the chickens running round the yard outside.

"No, you don't! I hain't used it yet," I said, as a feller went to grab my plate and carry it off.

"I thought you 'd like a beefsteak, sir," said the fellar, half larfin.

"Oh," said I. "Live and larn! I 've no objection to a beefsteak. You can take my plate if you bring it back all right. Say, waiter," said I, when he came back with it, "give me all the chicken fixin's, and tell me the names, so 's I can run 'em off when I get home. We 've heard a good deal about your big taverns down our way, and I can't abide to pay three dollars a day without getting suthin' like my money's worth."

He seemed to be a good-natured chap; he flew around, and brought me some *omelet snuffle*, a tip-top article, whose principal ingredient was eggs; some *pome de tare*, which tasted more like fried potato than anything else; some *fricaseed chicken, with ruffles* (as I didn't see any ruffles, I concluded it was made out of that kind of chicken that has pantalettés on; any way, it was first rate); some *codfish à la Nan-*

tucket, and more things than I could remember, though I writ the names down of some, as you see.

I made a good breakfast, and took a bee-line for the front door, curious to get my first peep at Broadway. I wa'n't in a particular hurry to begin buying goods, as father told me to stay and enjoy myself a spell. So when I got out on the front steps, I put my hands in my pockets, and stood a-looking on.

There was a great many people going by; it was about nine o'clock when I began to watch 'em, and by ten the crowd was greater 'n ever. I kept wondering when they would all get by, and pretty soon I made up my mind to speak to a very nice, genteel-looking feller standing on the steps in front of me, picking his teeth.

"What 's going on?" said I. "Is it trainin'-day, or conference, or anything uncommon?"

He looked round at me mighty sharp, and didn't answer at first. I thought maybe I 'd made too free in speaking to him; he was fixed up to fits, had a purple glove on one hand, which he 'd drawed off t'other to show a diamond ring that made my eyes water.

"Beg your parding," says I; "probably you didn't know my name? 'Bijah Beanpole, of Beanville; everybody there knows it—settlement named after father. I 've come down to York to buy goods. Father 's setting me up a store at the Four Corners."

"Ah!" said he, bowing and smiling as soon as he heard my name. "Is it possible? Yes, I 've heard of your family when I was on a pleasure-tower through the country a year or two ago. Your first visit to the city I take it?"

"You 're right there, Mr."

"Brown. Brown at your service, Mr. Beanpole. I should be pleased to exert myself in showing you some of the lions, or being of use to you in any way. You must beware of sharpers, Mr. Beanpole. You 'll meet them everywhere—even among the merchants of whom you buy. You can't be too careful. The city is not like the country, sir."

"So I 've been told," I answered, feeling a little scart, and thinking of my money that I 'd left in my bed-room, with the door locked. "I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard, Mr. Brown. It 's very kind in a stranger," for, really, I hadn't expected such an extra genteel chap would take so much trouble about a stranger.

"I can't bear to see young men made fools of by those who take advantage of their trusting natures. Really, I 'd like to have you go to the Opera with me to-night, if you 've no other engagement. Do you buy on credit or for cost?"

"Two-thirds each. I 've got two thousand dollars in gold with me to make a beginning—good, solid gold."

"Ah, is it possible? Very good start for a young man. I trust you deposited your money in the safe. It 's too large a sum to be carrying about with you."

"I didn't know I could deposit," said I. "However, I ain't such a fool as to be a toting it round. I 've left it safe between the tick and bolster of my bed."

"That 's right. Better give it to the clerk, though, before you go out; lock might be picked. Did you say you 'd go to the Opera with me this evening? If you 'll excuse me, now, I 've an engagement with a friend; but I 'll call for you at seven. What number is your room?"

"No. 2040. I 'll be on hand, Mr. Brown."

"And so will I. Good-day; I 'm happy to have made your acquaintance. Ha! I believe there 's a runaway, or something. Wonder if anybody 's hurt. Better go and see what 's the fuss, Mr. Beanpole."

I looked up and down, but didn't see any *particular* fuss; fact was the town looked as if everybody was rushing to a fire or a funeral; a heap worse than Beanville does when the circus comes in. By this the women were out, like pinks after a shower. You never saw such a lot of feminines in your born days, sailing along, with their sails set to catch the wind, full-rigged; je—whillidens! wouldn't Kitty have opened her eyes to see 'em! They was so thick they trod on each other's gowns, which went sweeping along.

"Rather expensive to sweep sidewalks with," says I, seeing them mostly the best kind of silk. Wonder what they 've got their Sunday rig on to-day for. Wall, I stood there full two hours. Then I thought I 'd jine the crowd and see where it would take me to. But first I concluded to hand my cash over to the clerk, as my kind friend had advised.

So I went up stairs. I didn't need to unlock my door; it was already done, and standing a little open. I went in. I rushed up to the bed. I pulled off the pillow and bolster—my money was gone!

I rushed down stairs like a distracted person, and into the office.

"It 's gone! it 's took! it 's stole!"

"What 's gone?" asked the clerk, and the crowd gathering around.

"My money—my two thousand dollars! all in gold, every cent. What 'll father say? Oh,

I wish I 'd never come to York! I wish I 'd never tried to set up for a storekeeper! He told me how 'twould be. That feller, there, on the steps this morning asked me where it was, and told me to take care of it."

"What fellow?" asked the crowd.

"Mr. Brown. The chap with the purple gloves and the diamond ring. He inquired if I hadn't give it to the clerk yet. He warned me. Oh, Lord! oh, Kitty! what 'll you say now?"

"'Twas your friend, Mr. Brown, that took your money," said the clerk.

"Him, with the diamond ring? Oh no! he warned me—"

"He took it," cried the crowd; "we 'll set the police on his track right away, and *maybe* you 'll get your money back, stranger."

"And if you do, you 'll look out for Mr. Browns next time."

"But I sha'n't get it back. He 's been gone these two hours. Two thousand dollars, all in gold. Money that 's been earned by hard work, that father and mother have worked for, and done without. To think of the butter mother's churned, the eggs and chickens she 's raised; the corn father 's planted and hoed, the—the—and to think what a cursed fool I 've went and been. It 's too bad! it 's—boo-hoo!" I could not help it, if they was all a-looking on; I jest broke down and cried out loud.

(To be continued.)

SINGLE LESSONS, FIVE DOLLARS.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

Mrs. Marshall had been out all the morning on a kindly errand. There had been a sudden death in the neighborhood, under peculiarly painful circumstances. The family in which it occurred had few intimate acquaintances, and her heart yearned over the motherless children. She had done what she could, which was little; she had given ready sympathy and tears for the desolate household, and had been able to assist them in procuring mourning for the funeral. It was a burning August day, and by the time this was accomplished she was fatigued and heated, and a dull throbbing in her temples foretold a coming headache as the result of the morning's excitement.

Her home looked delightful as she came up the neatly kept lawn, under the shadow of the old trees; the house had been made cool by closed blinds, and her own room, which had received its weekly cleaning in her absence, had a quiet restful air, very inviting after the glare of the burning noon. The bed, particularly spread with fair white linen, and as smooth as hands could make it, tempted her, but dinner was nearly ready, and she indulged herself only by throwing off her street dress and boots, for a wrapper and slippers. It was Saturday, and the wrapper, which had been worn through the week, was by no means fresh; but it was cooler than any other, and the slippers were the easiest in her collection, although they had already been condemned for some very observable holes in each side. Mrs. Marshall was naturally tidy and orderly, and but for the force of circumstances would never have appeared at her dinner-table in this style; but there were only the children, and no visitor, except her husband's sister, who, though "the pink of neatness" herself, readily excused the unusual carelessness, knowing what had brought it about.

"You are not eating at all," she said, kindly, after a little while; "you should have lain down before dinner; you are over fatigued."

"I believe I must lie down presently, though I shall not have much time; Mr. Marshall comes out in the early train on Saturday, and Horace will be with him. I must be dressed by five, and it is three now; after three"—

Yes, nearly twenty minutes past when they rose from the table; and Mrs. Marshall had just gained her room, when the waiter came to say that "a poor lady" wished to speak with her.

"A woman, or a lady? you know what I mean," said Mrs. Marshall, arresting the disrobing process she had already commenced.

"She looks like a lady, ma'am; but she 's in a great deal of trouble, and would like to see you herself, just a minute, plaze."

Mrs. Marshall was tempted to send down word that she was engaged, but any one in trouble always enlisted her ready sympathy; more than that, she felt that advice and kind words were as much her duty as almsgiving, so she wearily replaced her brooch, and drew the easy slippers towards her again. She did not exactly like to see any stranger in such a dress, but the least exertion was a task, and she must use expedition or she would have no rest at all.

A pleasant-looking person of thirty or thirty-five rose to meet her. She was dressed with perfect neatness and simplicity, and with that appropriateness which belongs to the French woman. A plain gray dress and cape, with collar and cuffs of snowy linen, her black hair brushed as smooth as satin, over a broad forehead, and hidden away under a white straw bonnet, with purple ribbons just touched and changed by the sun. Her eyes were dark, large, and sad, and as she began to explain why she had come her lips quivered painfully.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, madame," she said, in a low voice, with a little foreign accent. "I am a stranger to you, but I have heard of you."

This was nothing strange; such cases were constantly occurring, where one lady in the neighborhood, taking an interest in some poorer neighbor, would do all she could in her power to relieve them, and tell them of others kindly disposed.

Mrs. Marshall was instantly interested. The ladylike appearance of the stranger, and her evident distress and diffidence, awoke every womanly feeling in her behalf.

"Sit down; pray sit down," she said, as the lady still stood making her explanations, and twisting her parasol in her hands nervously.

"I know I am a stranger to you, madame, but I never was in such trouble in my life—never." And here she broke down for a moment, trying in vain to conquer the tremulousness of her voice.

That any one should be afraid of Mrs. Marshall, who always had an ear for every pitiful story that a wayside beggar might have to tell, and who looked upon any one in sorrow or trouble as a "king's messenger," not to be lightly turned away! She could not bear to see it.

"Don't distress yourself; there, I understand it all; it does not need any apology; I dare say you are in trouble. Do you live near here?" she said, looking into the unfamiliar face.

"I have been here not long. I live up on the hill, on Frenchman's Hill, they call it."

"Oh, is your husband the bird-cage maker?" Yet the bird-cage builder always seemed a thrifty, well-to-do person, and had a pretty little cottage of his own.

Mrs. Marshall had often thought of the little French colony on the hill, the only spot on the outskirts of the town where her errands of good will had never called her. They were tidy and industrious, and never seemed to need assistance. She was glad, since one of them did, that they had applied to her. We will not say that there was no feeling of internal satisfaction at having been thus selected. She was not conscious of it at the moment, but probably the evil Presence that delights to sully even our best actions, whispered—"She must have been told how charitable you are, and how ready you are to comfort or assist people."

Possibly he had gained a hearing in the morning, when she was trudging about in the sun, and so bestirred himself more readily. We say "possibly," for she did not confess to any such suggestions, but we are all very much inclined that way, and the applicant who tells Mrs. Smith that Mrs. Jones did not give her anything rich as she is, and that Mrs. Brown had said she was sure Mrs. Black *would* help her, for she always helped every one, is apt to get all she asks for. Mrs. Marshall did not consciously give heed to any such internal prompting.

"That is not my husband," the woman said, growing a little more composed, though her lips still quivered. "I live near there, madame; I have been here six week. My husband is gone to France. I nevar need money when he is at home. I nevar need money before. We had a store, madame—in St. Louis—and lose a great deal of money, twenty-one hundred dollar. It was a great deal."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Marshall, encouragingly. She had just the air of one of those neat Frenchwomen in the small drygoods shops and variety stores. "It must have been very hard."

The stranger looked up gratefully at the kind tone, and went on more steadily.

"Then we came to New York, to see what we could do, and my husband he hear that his fader and mǫder was dead in France, and leave him little money. I will have plenty when he come home, but I must borrow some now."

"Oh, she only wants to borrow," thought Mrs. Marshall; "that is encouraging. I should like to help her, she seems so tidy and civil. Poor soul! and her husband is in France, and she here among strangers, out of money; how unpleasant it must be!"

"How did you happen to come to Williams' Bridge?" she inquired. "Did you have any relations here?"

"I will tell you; my child was sick; I have two children; the doctor say we must come in the country. It was the doctor's wife tell me to come to you."

"Oh, Mrs. Hillman?"

"Yes, madame, the doctor's wife just below. I go to her, I tell her all my trouble, and ask her to help me. She say the doctor was away, she have no money in the house. I ask her if there was no oder ladies around here I can go to; she say you go to Mrs. Marshall, she will help you."

"Oh, that is it," and Mrs. Marshall began to understand the case. It was some patient of the Doctor's, probably called in for the sick child, and having no other acquaintances in the neighborhood she had naturally applied to his wife in her trouble.

"Mrs. Hillman was right; I will certainly help you if I can," Mrs. Marshall said, kindly. "When is your husband coming back?"

"On the twenty-fifth of this month, madame, and I can pay you again. I will tell you. He leave me money; then my broder he say he must go to California, and he will send me what money I lend him. I lend him fifty-tree dollar, madame, but he have not send it yet. So I have to ask a woman to take my clothes—I have good clothes, madame—and lend me ten dollars. Now she says she is going away; she is going in the six o'clock train, and she will take all my good clothes if I do not get the ten dollar."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said Mrs. Marshall; "I dare say they are worth a great deal more." And she glanced at the neat apparel of the speaker; from the trim boot, just showing under the hem of her dress, to the bright gold rings in her ears, her only ornament, save a heavy wedding-ring and guard on one ungloved hand.

"I do not like to sell my ear-ring and my brooch—my husband give them to me; but I bring them, madame; I thought you would keep them, perhaps, and lend me the money. I bring my brooch in my purse." And she began to take out a brooch to match her ear-rings from an otherwise empty purse.

"What a taste the French have for trinkets!" thought Mrs. Marshall, instinctively placing her hand on the well-worn pin that fastened her wrapper at the throat. "Here is this poor soul with ornaments far handsomer than any of mine. But I can't take them; it would look like distrusting her."

The lady held out the brooch. "If you will take it, madame, and keep it to the twenty-fifth —it is only fifteen days." "She has counted it often enough, I dare say," thought Mrs. Marshall. "It is hard for me to ask you, madame—I never want help before; but my husband is gone, and I am in so much trouble." Again a mistiness that might soon be tears dimmed her large, pleading eyes, and the tremulous voice faltered.

Mrs. Marshall never had had a case of this sort before, among all her dealings with the poor. There was much begging, and but little borrowing at Williams' Bridge, although one poor neighbor, to save her pride a shock, did occasionally ask *a loan* of twenty-five cents rather than beg for it. But this was a different thing; the applicant was evidently perfectly respectable and reliable. She asked distinctly for what she wanted, and no paltry sum. She was so ready, too, to make it good. Mrs. Marshall could not bear to take what had evidently been love-tokens from her husband, and yet she did not like to refuse a pledge that it appeared a comfort to offer. Her delicacy of feeling decided.

"I do not like to take your brooch, but I suppose you will feel better if I do."

"O yes, madame; I would be so glad. I beg you to take it, and my ear-rings, too." And she hurriedly began to detach them.

Mrs. Marshall held out her hands for them, feeling very much ashamed of so doing all the while; it seemed such meanness to distrust the poor soul.

"If we lived in New York, now, it would be another thing. I should have to risk hurting her feelings, and go and inquire about her," she thought, as she went up stairs slowly, turning over the matter in her mind. "I suppose Louis would say I ought to as it is, and I would go quietly if it was any other time; but the sun is so scorching, and I should not get back in time to dress for the train. I am too tired to dress without resting; I should not be fit for anything this evening. It would be a shame to doubt her, too; she tells such a straightforward story."

Thinking thus, she turned over the brooch, which was large, and had evidently been carefully used, for it was scarcely tarnished, to see if there was any inscription or initials; but neither of the ornaments was marked. They were not to her taste—too large and showy, but of a new pattern, which she had seen several of her acquaintances wear; a centre of black enamel, with a wrought gold border, and a gold pendant from the centre, with two loops formed of red stones—carbuncles—though Mrs. Marshall did not suppose the stones could be real.

"See there," she said, passing through her sister's room on her way to her own. "Isn't that fine!"

"Very," said Miss Marshall, who paused in

combing out her long hair before the glass. "Why, where did you get them?"

"They belong to a poor neighbor of ours, who wants to borrow some money, and begs me to keep them till she returns it. I hated to do so, but I suppose she will feel happier."

"Let me see"—and Miss Marshall bent forward to examine them. "Not very good taste, has she? But, then, I like a little jewelry, and that good." She turned back to her dressing-table, where a single diamond lay on the green velvet toilet cushion. It was plainly set with a rim of black and silver, the whole brooch scarcely larger than an ordinary stud; it was her favorite, almost her sole ornament in use, and even as it lay quietly, proved its rare value by the soft light flashing from it.

Mrs. Marshall was quite as decided in her taste, and her husband had always held jewelry a relic of barbarism, a poor tribute to any woman of modern times, so that her experience was very small.

"I wonder if it is really good?" she thought, as she selected an empty box, and placed it safely in a drawer, a doubt for the first time crossing her mind.

"Let me look at those again, please," said Miss Marshall, coming to the door. "How much does she want you to lend her?"

"Ten dollars."

"It's not worth that much—I don't think it is, but the French are never scrupulous about real values, you know. Are you going to lend her all of it?"

"I said I would." And Mrs. Marshall hurriedly recounted the story.

"Oh, then Mrs. Hillman knows all about her, I suppose. But I thought the jewelry looked too new, as if it had never been worn. Well, I must say you have had your share of applicants for relief since I have been here."

There was something in the last suggestion. The brooch looked *very* new, the ear-rings a little more tarnished. Mrs. Marshall took up the key of her money-drawer with a little hesitancy. She had expected to find ten dollars in a certain purse; there were but five. She remembered, too, that she had thought, when putting it up, "there is five dollars, for a wonder, without any immediate claim on it." She opened another porte-monnaie, rather more plethoric; it was "house money," and never applied to her own use; but there was a roll of ten-dollar bills, and she thought she could borrow one for the two weeks.

Still, with the doubt just infused in her mind, a wonderful prudence came over her. "I have no right to risk the house money, but I can do what I like with my own; and I always try to be so conscientious and exact in the use of my means I do not believe I shall be allowed to lose it"—as if she had stood on the bank of a river, and threw in a golden coin, saying, "I mean to do right; I don't believe it will sink." The dread of really hurting an innocent person's feelings came over her again, and the ill presence, assuming the soft voice of a ministering angel, as it can at will, whispered: "Say not unto thy neighbor, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." And again, as she stood irresolutely by the open desk:—

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

"Better to give to two unworthy persons than to deny one really in need," she had often counselled herself, and this was such a peculiar case! She brought it home; how would she feel if among strangers in a strange country, with her husband absent, and a sick child to care for, if such a strait had come upon her, to have her word questioned and her honesty suspected! She took what was, for her, an heroic resolution, to be prudent, and went back quickly to the parlor. The sad eyes were raised with a hopeful look; how could she disappoint them!

"I find I have but five dollars," she said, hurrying over the unpleasant reconsideration of her first generous promise. "I will lend you that, and perhaps Mrs. Hillman will lend you the rest."

"She might as well divide the risk with me, if there is any," she reflected.

"Well, madame," and the low voice sank despondingly, "perhaps she may be so kind; but if madame will give the all, and take my wedding-rings; the woman go at six, and my good clothes go too." She drew off the heavy, shining circlets.

"O no," said Mrs. Marshall, involuntarily. Her own wedding-ring had never been off her finger from the moment her husband had placed it there. She was almost superstitious about withdrawing it. "Oh, I could not take that!"

But the lady urged it; and Mrs. Marshall began to feel ashamed of her doubts. "She knows I suspect her; she wishes to convince me that it is all right; she will give up her wedding-ring, in her husband's absence, too!"

"This will convince Adelaide that she is not an impostor; for these I know to be good

gold," she thought, as they lay in her hand. "Well, I will take them," and she turned away a second time.

"She seems so anxious, Adelaide, and is even willing to give up her wedding-ring and guard. See, these are real, and so large; they must have been respectable people." But as she turned them over she noticed that there was no date on either!

Miss Marshall had been thinking over the matter. She resided in town, and a near relative, who was the almoner of a Dorcas society, had told her of so many ingenious devices.

"Large enough, and good gold, apparently, but hollow, perfectly hollow; only see how light they are. I don't say she means to deceive you; but I would be careful, Jenny."

Mrs. Marshall felt very uncomfortably as she went back to her desk. Undoubtedly the right way would be to go and inquire the truth of the woman's story; but it was utterly impossible in her fatigued and wearied state, and so hurried for time, and then, what she thought most of, the dread of injuring an innocent person's feelings!

"Well, I will lend her five dollars on her honor," she decided, hurriedly. "If she is not honest, it may touch her, and even then it may be returned. If she doesn't, I can go without my new boots, and make my gloves do another month. Dear knows, I want to do right!"

She gathered up the shining trinkets in her hand—brooch, ear-rings, and rings—and taking the bill returned to the waiting applicant. She placed the jewelry and the money in her hands.

"Here, I have brought you back your ornaments; I cannot keep them," she said; "it is not my way. I always like to help a poor neighbor when I can, and I believe you to be perfectly honest."

Here she paused, and looked steadily into the listener's face. "If she is not, she must show it!" was her thought; but not a muscle changed, only that wistful, appealing look, and the surprise of having the ornaments returned.

"I will lend you five dollars on your word; it is all I can really call my own. See, I trust you perfectly. I do not know you, but I will believe you; I will not believe you deceive me. You can take the money."

"But if madame will take the brooch perhaps."

"No," said Mrs. Marshall, steadily.

"Or the ear-rings; my brooch I have not worn much."

"I see that it is quite new," said Mrs. Marshall, thinking of her sister's warning on that score.

"My ear-rings is more soiled; my little children climb up on my knee and pull them, madame knows"—and she tendered them almost humbly.

"Yes, but I do not care to take any thing but your word. I would not lend you the money at all, if I did not think you were honest." And again Mrs. Marshall looked steadily and searchingly in the woman's face.

"Not many ladies would do so, madame; you are very, very good."

"No," thought Mrs. Marshall. "Lewis says there are not many such soft-hearted 'stupids' in our vicinity."

"I will go to the doctor's lady, she will lend me the rest? You think so, madame? I tell her you have help me?"

"Yes; tell her I have loaned you half of what you need; if she can she will give you the rest, or perhaps tell you some one else to apply to." And Mrs. Marshall received the grateful woman's thanks standing; for it was late, and she felt still more nervous and excited from the interview. The thanks were neither profuse nor stereotyped, but quiet, fervent, and respectful, a relief, after the noisy wordy Irish benedictions she often received.

She stood for a moment watching the neat figure as it passed swiftly down the gravel walk, which the gardener was rolling for the Sunday inspection his master was sure to give. The man looked up, both bowed, and the gate closed upon her.

"Was that a Frenchwoman, ma'am?" asked the nurse, as she came in leading her little charge by the hand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Marshall, abruptly; "have you ever seen her before?"

"O no; but I thought maybe it was some lady's French nurse come of a message; she was a tidy one, any way."

It was too late for the nap, and Mrs. Marshall sat down in her easy-chair and put her hand on her throbbing temples. She did not feel satisfied; she was half inclined to be vexed with her good sister for having such a suspicious temper, and at herself for allowing her heart to lead her head, as it had done more than once before in her history.

"It will do no harm to send down and see what Mrs. Hillman really does know about her," was a thought full of relief. "Nora!"—and she went into the hall calling her Nora, whose movements were always as quick as her wit. "Nora, you saw that person who was

here just now; she says her name is Mrs. Sauty"—unfortunate name for the reality of her story! "Hurry down to Mrs. Hillman's, ask Mrs. Hillman what she knows about her, and whether she has lent her five dollars; tell her I have done so. Possibly she may be there still; if she is, tell her the lady would like to see her another moment."

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl, and with all quickness, but greatly wondering who the mysterious stranger could be that had interested her mistress so deeply.

It was not five minutes before she returned in breathless haste; reflection had taken the place of feeling, and Mrs. Marshall was almost prepared for her message.

"Mrs. Hillman sends her compliments, and she 's just been there and gone, and she never laid eyes on her before to-day, and she 's sorry for you, for she 's afraid you 've lost your money."

"Did she tell Mrs. Hillman I had lent it?"

"No, ma'am; she said you said you *would* lend her five dollars if she would lend her five."

Hateful duplicity! "False in one thing, false in all." Mrs. Marshall's face burned with mortification, with anger, with *remorse* at her own careless wastefulness. She, who always held herself responsible for every talent's tenfold repayment, who had been so happy of late with increased means of usefulness, and gratefully hoped it was a reward of her faithfulness in small things, acknowledging it as a trust, who made a conscience of every dollar she expended for herself or family, to throw away such a sum recklessly upon a professional impostor, perhaps; for if she was an impostor, her perfect naturalness could only have been acquired by long practice!

She knew so many ways in which it might have been expended with good results! She had longed to make a useful parting gift to a friend going over the sea, to purchase a new dress for a poor body who could not get to church for want of clothes, and there was another behindhand with her rent, and yet another whose husband had broken his leg, and she expecting additional domestic cares! Forty demands at once sprang up suddenly to her recollection for that very five dollars she had thrown away.

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, what can I do? Why should such an experience happen to *me*, when I try so hard to do right! What can I do?" And with her face still bowed, she sought the never-failing help that had made many a "crooked path straight" for her wandering feet.

She acknowledged her fault as humbly and as openly as a child; she promised to do better for the future if she might still be trusted with means to relieve the unfortunate; and then she felt calmer, as if forgiven though erring. "Perhaps God will help me to get it back again, or put it into the woman's heart to send it to me—such things have been!" And with the thought she sprang to her feet and went out into the hall. The window towards the stable yard was open, and she saw the man putting the horse into a Rockaway. She had herself given him a message to execute before he went to the train.

"Nora would know her again," she said to her sister, who came out to sympathize with her in the annoyance. "I think she may go with John, and he can stop her if she sees her coming out of any house; she has probably gone down the road on the same errand."

A fierce shriek from the express train tearing along the track, the white line of vapor issuing among the trees, half a mile or so away, gave a new direction to her thoughts. If she was a professional impostor, she would perhaps be satisfied with her day's work, and return to New York in the down train, nearly due; it might be gone before John reached the depot; but he could inquire at all events, and if such a person had been passenger, it would end any farther search, and be a "melancholy satisfaction" at least.

Nora's quick mind caught at the idea. "I should know her in twenty, and John and the porter could keep her safe enough, if she 's there and going," she said to her hurried instructions. John was just driving round from the stable.

"You have no time to lose, Nora. Drive fast, John. Oh, I wish I could go myself!" And Mrs. Marshall glanced down at her limp wrapper, the creased white skirt, the dilapidated slippers. But no one would see them in the carriage, and she could accomplish twice as much herself. What could John and Nora do, after all, but identify the person?

There was not a moment to lose. She snatched a broad garden hat from the stand, trimmed with bright blue ribbons, and threw a large gray travelling cloak over her shoulder, hoping with all her heart that she should not meet any acquaintances. It seemed as if John would never get started, or get over the ground half fast enough when they were outside the gate. Every load of hay requiring transportation for

miles around appeared to be on the road expressly to delay them, so of carts for mending the road, and small children who persisted in seeing how closely they could run before the horse without being knocked down. Every nerve was on a strain, every moment she expected to see the cars rushing into sight, and John taking matters as quietly as if he were just jogging to the depot for his master.

"Keep a good look-out, Nora. You look on that side, and I will on this."

But there was not a glimpse of the stone-colored dress and the purple ribbons, though they had arrived at a hill that commanded the whole road.

"How foolish I was to expect to find her here!" she thought. "She may be partially honest, after all; she could not have known about Frenchman's Hill if she had been a stranger, and located herself so correctly." It was almost a relief not to trace the object of her search. She thought of telling John he might turn, but concluded, as she was so near, she might as well inquire of McCarty, the railroad porter who lived near the foot of the hill, if he had such a neighbor. There were more people than usual in waiting for the down train. She hurriedly scanned the groups scattered about the ladies' waiting-room as they drew up to the door.

"There she is, ma'am," called out Nora, excitedly. "I see the purple ribbons!"

"No; you are mistaken." And Mrs. Marshall drew a long breath of relief, ending in a half sigh of disappointment. She was not an open impostor, at all events, and yet to have found her would have ended the affair.

"But she is, ma'am—sure, she is; I see the purple ribbons," persisted Nora, instinctively starting out of the carriage herself. "There, in *the gentlemen's room, Mrs. Marshall!*"

And there she was, true enough, in a far corner, evidently seeking to avoid observation, and attended by a tall, showily-dressed man, with the unmistakable profile and beard of the Hebrew race.

Mrs. Marshall almost sprang over the wheel as she leaped to the platform. In her indignation at the barefaced trickery, and coming so suddenly upon its full proof—for what could she be doing here, if her story was true? and who was this attendant? Her peculiar costume—half chamber, half garden—was entirely forgotten as she swept through the little crowd of men straight up to the stranger, her hat falling back upon her shoulders, the open skirt of her wrapper streaming backwards. She felt as if she could have shaken the woman on the spot, as she advanced, unmindful of the stares she encountered. The woman did not see her till she stood directly before her.

"I have come for that money," she said, without parley. "Where is it?"

"But, madame—"

"You have deceived me; you have not told the truth." She felt as if her face was on fire, and her voice sounded so hard that it startled her.

The start of astonishment had passed from the woman's face, and the old beseeching look was there.

"I have tell madame the truth; I—"

"What are you doing here, then? what are you waiting for this train for?"

"I was going to see a lady I know at the next station." The man came up quickly, with a puzzled, questioning look, evidently seeing something had gone wrong.

"Who is this man, then? He is your husband. You said he had gone to France. Give me the money," said Mrs. Marshall, impatiently.

"It is my broder, madame. Tell her, Henri."

"I am her brother, madame. I just meet her here—"

"I did not know he was return. You see, madame, I meet him when I leave you, by accident. I have tell you the truth."

"I am on my way now to see about that"—and Mrs. Marshall pointed to the hill before her. "If you are honest, you shall have it again. Give it to me now."

The waiting groups drew nearer. Mrs. Marshall did not recognize any of them but the gardener belonging to a friend's place, on his way to town for a holiday Sunday. They were nearly all men of that class, and showed evident interest in what was going on.

The woman drew out her purse slowly. "I have change it for the tickets," she said.

"Never mind; give me the rest."

She exchanged glances with her accomplice quickly—a flashing, half determined look you would never have supposed those pleading eyes capable of giving.

The man glanced at the little group of curious faces around them and nodded. Mrs. Marshall looked up at him; the full, red lips, and bold black eyes, the showy necktie and guard-chain told their own story.

"She tell you right, madame. But you shall have the money." And he drew out of his own pocket silver to complete the sum.

Mrs. Marshall grasped the whole amount eagerly, scarcely believing her own good for-

tune. "You are not telling the truth," she said, "and you know it. I ought not to let you go, even now; I ought to have both of you arrested. How dare you deceive me so!" And she turned away, for the first time conscious of her peculiar toilet, and that she was the centre of observation.

The woman started up and hurried after her through the throng. The threat which had escaped Mrs. Marshall's lips, she scarcely knew how herself, had evidently startled her.

"You will find you are mistaken, madame; but I give you the money, as you think so. I will come and show you."

"Very well." And Mrs. Marshall did not even look up at first, as she disposed of her dress in the carriage.

"I will come, madame—on Monday, madame"—and she put out one foot on the carriage step to detain the vehicle, glancing up the long railroad track as she did so.

"I will hear what you have to say then. Drive on, John"—and she looked up to see the dark eyes flashing, and the white teeth gnawing the thin lips nervously. "I am going now to inquire at the place you directed me to. Come, John." She leaned back in the carriage, exhausted, but too thankful for words that she had regained the money.

"That was good for you, ma'am," said Nora, rejoicingly; "but she oughtn't to be let go, deceivin' others with her fine story."

"No one else will be such a fool," said Mrs. Marshall, almost plaintively. "And now, John, for the bird-cage man's."

"She's walking after the carriage," said Nora, twisting her head back to watch the pair left on the platform; "both of them are, and there comes the train."

"They won't miss it, never fear for them," said John, nodding his head sagaciously; "the ould beggars!"

And so it proved: for they turned as soon as it came in sight, and hurried back to the depot.

"Good riddance," said Nora, as she saw them climb in a car, and drew in her head contentedly. "It's just lucky you are, and that's a fact."

But who shall say it was luck? Not Mrs. Marshall, who looked upon the most trivial event of her life as directed by an ever-watchful Providence, and saw that this experience was fraught with its own lesson.

"Of course no such person had been heard of there," she said, recounting the adventure to her sister-in-law. "I knew it perfectly well before I went up the Hill, but I sent John to inquire, to make sure. It is a lesson I shall never forget."

"But I don't see why you should have had such an experience," said Miss Marshall.

"I do," said her sister, humbly; "to teach me to be calmer, more moderate in my judgment of people, not to let myself be imposed upon by a pitiful story, and take no pains to prove it true, and so deprive those of help who really deserve it. I see, Adelaide, that we are not only to be ready and generous, but wise and careful stewards for God."

We have given Mrs. Marshall's experience without adding one incident or word to an actual transaction, thinking that it might serve to remind others of the lesson she was so dearly taught—"*It is required of a steward that he be found faithful!*"

DREAMS.

BY C. H. E.

DREAMS—what are dreams? Our lives are dreams,
Whose sad awakening makes us weep;
Then who'd from slumber wish to rise,
Or lose the joy of such sweet sleep?
The gaudy pageantry of day
Allures with pleasure's siren strain.
But O for me the eye of thought,
The mind's sweet sleep, and dreams again!

Let others court the garish sun,
And bathe their hearts in beauty's smile;
In worship and in homage bow
To that which beckons to beguile;
Or at the wassail board of mirth
Help there to swell the reveller's train;
But O for me the eye of thought,
The mind's sweet sleep, and dreams again.

In these fair visitations, oft
Come pictured faces long since cold,
And loving eyes whose lingering look
Again our yearning souls behold—
The hands we've folded for the grave,
The voice that soothed our every pain;
For me, for me, the eye of thought,
The mind's sweet sleep and dreams again.

Within the heart's lone sepulchre,
Lie vanished days, and months, and years;
Hail'd first with youth's most gladsome smile,
But wept with age and sorrow's tears,
They rest embalmed with holy love;
Those tears, fond memory's fresh'ning rain;
Then O for me the eye of thought,
The mind's sweet sleep, and dreams again.

Youth gayly dreams of coming joy,
When present fading all too soon,
Its morning tints scarce in the sky,
Ere deep'ning to the hues of noon;
Night curtains all, of joy or woe,
(Alike dispensed to all, the twain);
It's dawn again, the eye of thought,
The mind's sweet sleep, and dreams again.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XII.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

TEARS fell from the widow Wilmot's eyes as she would have welcomed Aunt Sophie to her home. A brief time the sisters stood listening to voices from the past, then Mary dropped the hand she had held, with an almost crushing pressure, as she said:

"Oh, Sophie, I am very glad you are come; but Thomas is not here to welcome you now."

"His wife and his children are none the less dear to me, because he awaits us all in a holier home," responded Mrs. Laselle.

Just then a pretty, delicate-looking girl came gracefully in, and after languidly greeting her aunt, threw herself upon the sofa. Isabel Wilmot looked very sweetly in her dainty wrapper with its rose-colored facings, and there was as much pride as rebuke in her mother's tones as she gently chided her for neglecting to dress for the afternoon. Old recollections thronged Aunt Sophie's mind as she looked upon the beautiful girl, whose delicate, oval face, with its pure complexion, wavy brown hair, and dreamy blue eyes, was a beautiful, idealized copy of that of the boy brother who had shared the sports of her childhood.

"I see Isabel has not outgrown her resemblance to her father," she remarked.

"No, she will never outgrow that, I hope," replied Mrs. Wilmot; "but here come the boys from school. Your first glance will assure you that they belong to me."

As John and Jamie stepped forward and offered their hands to her, the contrast was most marked between their prompt activity and the listlessness of their sister. Very soon, Mrs. Wilmot excusing herself to prepare tea, after sending her boys upon errands, Aunt Sophie was left alone with her niece, who briefly answered all her questions, but evinced no interest in any subject which was proposed.

As they went to the table Mrs. Laselle was introduced to the boarders. Mr. Bond, a pleasant, middle-aged gentleman, and his wife, led the conversation for some time upon subjects of general interest; then rallied Isabel upon her taciturnity, and she pettishly replied:

"You know I never talk when I have the blues, and I have had them desperately these three days."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said Aunt Sophie, mildly; "that disagreeable word should be expunged from every young lady's vocabulary, and the state of mind it designates be struggled with and conquered."

"I never need to conquer the blues," replied Isabel; "they go off of themselves when something new turns up to kill time."

Aunt Sophie's face expressed grief and surprise, but she said nothing. The half awkward silence was broken by Mr. Hovey, a young man sitting opposite Aunt Sophie, whose expressive eyes had flashed forth a questioning, grateful glance at her remark.

"Is it not," said he, "becoming a fashion for sensitive young ladies to imbibe the spirit of the poet, when he says—

> 'It were sweet
> To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
> To the influence of mild-minded melancholy?'"

"There is no such fashion in my latitude," replied Aunt Sophie, smiling; "and I certainly shall not encourage its introduction."

"But do you believe," said Isabel, in a tone expressive of growing interest, "that everybody ought always to be alike happy?"

"O no; I should not expect to see you as happy as now if you were homeless or friendless, though I might ask you to be cheerful even then."

"But ought everybody to be happy who has no positive trouble?"

"I will not undertake to say, as I have no conscience for other people's oughts." Isabel's interest was fairly roused now; her long lashes no longer languidly swept her cheek, but the blue-veined lids were lifted, disclosing the half saucy eyes which emphasized the words—

"Aunt Sophie, do you never have the blues?"

"If I do, I do not encourage them by recognition."

"Ah, but you admit that you are not always equally happy?"

"Yes, I admit that," said Mrs. Laselle, intending thus to drop the subject till another time; but the social Mr. Bond said—

"You forget, Miss Isabel, that though we are not strangers to you, we are to your aunt. She will like home questions better at her own table than at ours." Aunt Sophie bowed her acknowledgment, and he continued:

"Since I have no headache, and the wind is not in the east opposite me, we might perhaps

profitably consider this, but too common, infirmity of our nature. What say you, Mr. Hart? do you suppose that reasoning upon the matter would make the next storm powerless to you?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied the gentleman thus appealed to; "I believe my feelings are incorrigibly like a barometer. I would recommend the plan of Addison's Infirmary to Mrs. Wilmot. Sending each of us off alone, to regain our spirits, would at least prevent our annoying others."

"I would like to go myself when overtired," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"But, mother," said Isabel, laughing, "your Infirmary must be large if all our needs are to be treated. Let us see: Mrs. Bond's low spirits, Mrs. Farr's nervous spells, and Mrs. Hart's dumps will entitle them to rooms. Then there are Mr. Bond's headaches, Mr. Hart's east winds, Mr. Farr's constitutional hypo, slightly varied for Mr. Weld's Lowpo. You will go when you are tired, and I—when I have the blues. Is that all?"

"John will want a place when he is out of tune, and Jamie when he is cross," replied Mr. Bond.

"And I have the toothache occasionally, you know," chimed in Mr. Hall.

"Count upon me for the day after each ball," said Miss Hyde.

Then, as laughter echoed about the table, Mr. Bond remarked:—

"Look out, Hovey, or you will find yourself keeping house alone!"

"Ah, but I have heard him acknowledge to different moods at different times," said Miss Hyde; "so perhaps he will join the rest of us."

"If I am not mistaken," responded Aunt Sophie, "you are each to go separately that you may not annoy others. However, I would not recommend loneliness for any of the states of feeling you have mentioned, because I do not think it advisable to wait for them to wear off. It seems to me much better to resist all morbid sensibility, and it is often easiest to do this by forgetting ourselves in seeking the happiness of others. We are all of us more or less susceptible to atmospheric influences; but the dampest east wind loses its power over one who is cheerfully employed. Sometimes every sense ministers to our pleasure, and we are in tune with the whole bright world about us; then again everything sets our teeth upon an edge, and we might believe those teeth to be like those of an old lady in a story I have heard extending through us to the soles of our feet, so pervading is our uneasiness. Sometimes our souls expand in the glad consciousness of power, and, at other times, these very souls seem ready to yield to pitiful physical pain. I suppose we can hardly hope to fully understand our wonderful, threefold natures in this life, but we are bound to try to control and improve ourselves. We expect children will be cross sometimes; we are far less excusable than they if we are as easily disturbed by trifles."

"Do you think that we can always tell the causes of depression, so that we may avoid them?" asked Mr. Hovey.

"Not always, even for ourselves, and much more rarely for others; since many a mortal has entailed upon him from ancestors morbid inclinations which entitle him to pity only. My observation leads me to believe that very many more mental, and even spiritual disturbances have their rise in physical causes, than a careless glance would reveal. We certainly should not be heedless about the matter if we are subject to occasional unreasonable depression; for in very many instances low spirits are legitimate fruits of habits of life, which might and should be altered. If we grow stronger, happier, and more cheerfully even-tempered as we grow older, we are probably just to ourselves; if we do not, we most likely fail somewhere." There was a look of doubt and surprise upon several faces, and Mr. Hart said:—

"Are we to understand that you think people should be happier in old age than in youth?"

"I certainly think that as one grows older he should hold his happiness more independent of outward circumstances. Some find doleful kind of enjoyment, I own; but it is such as they have prepared for themselves. Because one man looks for happiness in late suppers or other sensual indulgences, and finds his natural reward in poor, short-lived pleasure, irritability and physical pain, even if he escapes remorse; because another thinks to find it in political excitement, and has only the unsatisfactory, feverish ambition; and a third, neglecting all his nobler faculties in his greed for gain, finds but the pitiful joy of the miser, we should not forget that he who loves the right and strives to do the will of his Father in Heaven, will walk in a happier, as well as a holier path. Because one woman seeks for happiness in fashion and display, and finds that the brief joy is soon lost in the hours of ennui and dissatisfaction; because another overlooks all the little duties which lie around her, and sighing for some larger sphere of action till the neglected opportunities become as sharp thorns in her pathway, learns that vain aspiration leads to discontent,

and because still another foolishly fancies that her happiness must be wholly dependent upon external circumstances and surroundings, the lot of the true Christian woman is not the less a blessed one. I think that you will not always find that it is those who have the most heart-crushing trials that wear the saddest faces."

"I agree with you there," said Mrs. Farr; "my husband's father has always been a prosperous man, but has been constantly subject to pitiful turns of melancholy. He used to go about with the saddest face imaginable, exciting the pity of some, and the mirth of others. Latterly he takes to his bed and sees no one. His hypo bed excites many a laugh, but he unquestionably suffers."

Anecdotes and repartees followed as they lingered around the table, and Aunt Sophie noticed that Isabel's laugh was becoming frequent and merry. When the boarders retired, Mrs. Laselle would have remained with her sister-in-law as she performed the usual domestic duties, but seeing that Mary really preferred her leaving, she went with Isabel to the family parlor. All clouds had now left the sweet face, and Aunt Sophie would have as thoroughly enjoyed her playful mood as she admired her grace and beauty, had she not remembered the dissatisfied expression which accompanied the words, "something new to kill time," and mentally contrasted the little, helpless fingers, lying idly or toying with the tassels of her wrapper, with those of the mother, upon whom so many cares devolved. By and by Mrs. Wilmot came up, and set about mending Jamie's pants, as she chatted.

"Oh dear," exclaimed Bell, "I believe that boy has a genius for wearing out clothes! I was hoping you would fix my dress this evening."

"I think I shall have time when these are done," said the indulgent mother.

"That's right; you always have my things done in time like a dear, good mother as you are," responded Isabel; and Aunt Sophie saw that the pleasant words were ample reward for the fond woman's toil. Thus the evening passed. Mrs. Wilmot was not too busy to be social; Isabel was very pleasant and entertaining, and the boys were intelligent and respectful.

The next morning Aunt Sophie insisted upon taking the tea-towel, that thus she might chat with Mrs. Wilmot over the breakfast dishes, and their conversation naturally turned upon Isabel, who had not yet appeared. Mrs. Laselle spoke of the extreme youthfulness of her looks and manners, to which her mother assented by saying:—

"Indeed, I can hardly realize that she is nearly nineteen, she seems so like a child in her harmless caprices and pretty, sportive wilfulness. I have never found it in my heart to cross her, since she is so like her dear father. I think she is quite as much predisposed to consumption as was he, and therefore I feel that I cannot be too careful of her. I am very anxious about these occasional turns of melancholy, when she is so quiet and sad. Thomas used to be so for days together when he was first ill. I think that he realized his danger even then, though his disease flattered me, as consumption always does. I tremble lest our sweet Bell is already touched with the blight which so often beautifies as it destroys. You do not think the bloom upon her cheek can be hectic, do you?"

"No, indeed; your fears for her health are certainly groundless. But have you no anxiety lest your own strength should be overtasked?"

"O no," replied Mrs. Wilmot, laughing, as she held up her hard, muscular arm with a gesture of conscious power; "I have no predispositions to illness; the rule is health with me, and very rare have been the exceptions."

"But you were not always as strong as now."

"No; you doubtless remember me as a delicate girl."

"Yes, I do remember, and your mother was very tender of you. Would you ever have gained the strength you have if her care had been continued till now?"

"I never thought of it, but I don't know as I should."

"You certainly would not. You were not physically strong when your husband left you, after his long and expensive illness, with your three children to bring up, and little to depend on save this large and well furnished home, with its dear associations."

"I was all worn out then."

"Yes, dear Mary, you were worn by grief and anxiety far more than by unusual toil; but you were strong in your love for your children, and in the independent spirit which led you, even in your sorrow, to realize that it was your privilege, as it should be your happiness, to provide for your little ones. I believe you commenced taking boarders immediately?"

"Yes, and I should laugh now to think how hard I worked that sad winter but that the recollection even is painful to me. I am sure I was oftener over weary then with but two boarders than I am now with ten."

"I can well believe that your three children and two boarders made a family to tax your

strength of six years ago far more severely than fourteen can do to-day."

"I know they did; but now I can afford to hire, when I choose, and besides the boys save me a great many steps. They not only do all the outdoor errands, but John is very handy at setting tables, and Jamie will wipe the dishes, rub the knives, and do a variety of other chores when I am hurried. It does not hurt schoolboys to work at home; they will have only the more strength to meet the claims of after life."

"You say well that it does not hurt the boys, and I would add that it would not hurt Isabel to lighten your tasks. Let your good sense teach you that even as your own strength has been increased by exertion, hers may be. We do not so much fear that the fine Damascus blade will be injured by proper use as that it will be corroded by rust. Take care that the rust of inactivity does not unfit your child for the realities of life. But here she comes for her breakfast."

As the doting mother, with anxious inquiries as to how her daughter had slept, and whether she had any better appetite than usual, hastened to place upon a server the dainties which should tempt the pampered palate, Aunt Sophie's love of beauty gave the little face and figure power to thrill her with pleasure, as it quickened in her fancy lively images of like loveliness. But when Isabel went to her place in the dining-room, accompanying the thought that the half opened rosebud has beneath its beauty the germ which shall fulfil its mission, and the graceful humming-bird gives added pleasure because of its flashing motions, came an earnest longing to see this fine nature active for good. Not that Aunt Sophie was blind to the good which the beautiful, sweet-tempered girl was involuntarily doing in that household; she saw that the mother gained added strength for cheerful, self-denying labor as her heart fed upon proud, fond hopes for her beautiful child, and that the boys were more manly and more unselfish because of their almost idolatrous love for the sister, who expected and received chivalric attention from them, and in her gracious moods sometimes helped them in their studies, or most winningly joined them in their evening games. It was not chiefly for the sake of her mother or brothers that Mrs. Laselle wished Isabel to awaken to a realization of her duties in life, though the mother might thus be less anxious for the future and the boys might gain a truer ideal of what a woman should be; but she wished that her niece might know the joys of an earnest nature now, and also place her future happiness upon a comparatively sure foundation. The strong feeling that Isabel would derive the greatest benefit from learning to use her own powers gave her words an influence over the unselfish Mrs. Wilmot which they could not otherwise have had. That lady's sterling good sense, however, made her easy to convince that activity and accompanying cheerfulness might be more likely to make her child strong enough to resist the approaches of the dreaded disease than her present indolence. She was morbidly sensitive upon the point that even her sister-in-law should consider Isabel obliged to work in the kitchen; but when Aunt Sophie explained to her the care she had taken to instruct her own daughters in the details of housewifery, that they might be superior in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and thus never at the mercy of servants, she was ready to allow the force of the reasoning which had reconciled her to so constantly calling upon her boys as even more applicable to Isabel, since she would not only, like them, be more ready to meet any future demand upon her strength, but she would be more likely than they to wish to do or direct just the labor she might learn now.

Aunt Sophie did not undervalue the accomplishments which Isabel had been taught at so much expense of time and money, but she predicted that she would find more time to devote to them if she were taught the value of the minutes. She argued that if fashionable accomplishments were only allowed as the elegant superstructure upon a solid foundation of more necessary acquirements, they would not so frequently settle and fall amid the sands of commonplace, but might ever hold their relative position as halls for pure pleasure and cheerful recreation when the young girl's duties should grow more arduous with her growing age and strength.

During Mrs. Laselle's visit she had numerous conversations with her sister-in-law upon the subject, and to many of them Isabel was an interested listener, sometimes taking part in them. Bell acknowledged that she was happier than now before she completed her studies, because the days did not seem so long when stated lessons took their appointed time. Aunt Sophie had some suggestions to make as to the impropriety of her speaking of having already finished her studies, since she should realize that the years of school discipline were but preparatory to the more important lessons, from nature or from books, of after life.

Adding example to precept, when Mrs. La-

selle learned that her hostess was trying to find time to replenish her chests of bed-coverings, she asked for the materials which could be collected in the house for the purpose, and very soon was busy upon them, to such profit that when Uncle Charles came for her, two tasteful quilts were ready for use, and, best of all, nearly half the work upon them had been done by those quick-motioned little fingers that had been wont to flutter only to the detriment of such tassels or ribbons as came in their way. Isabel was naturally intelligent and active, and hence did not find the difficulty which many would have done in overcoming the habits of self-indulgence which false notions of gentility had led her to contract. She loved and respected Aunt Sophie, and thus readily strove to emulate her example, till, finding that the days flew more happily, she was encouraged to persevere.

After her aunt returned home, Bell took up the correspondence, which had been neglected by her busy mother, and it proved a source of pleasure and profit to both households. More than once the young girl gratefully referred to the lessons she learned over those quilts, and hinted that her profiting by such instructions was likely to make the happiness of her life, but it was more than a year before she explained the matter; then, after urging her uncle and aunt to come to her wedding, she naively continued: "You will come, of course, if it is possible, dear auntie, for if it had not been for you and these dear, pretty quilts, which I have kept upon my bed as monitors, I should have lost my happiness. My Ernest, whom you may remember as Mr. Hovey, looked upon me as a temptation when you were here, since in my presence he could but forget the earnest aspirations he had been wont to cherish and the noble motives which actuated him elsewhere. He loved me, but he tried to believe that he did not, for he had such a noble, good mother that he knew a woman ought to be something better than a child. He could not have introduced me to her then without blushing for his choice, so he made up his mind to change his boarding-place, since he feared that his feelings might get the better of his judgment. He need not have feared, though, for he is a man in whose soul love and duty could conflict only to the danger of the former, and I love him better for that, since it is not that his love is less, but his duty more. When he saw that I had learned something of the earnestness of life from you, he gladly decided to remain with us, because he had faith in me, spite of all my self-indulgence and indolence, and his timely words often gave added force to your wise teachings. I know you will like him, as he already likes you. May our Heavenly Father help me to be worthy of his love, and of the approval of my own womanly conscience! Come and see our happiness, and give us such counsel as may help us in our endeavors to attain unto the stature of the noble ideals we cherish."

Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie accepted the urgent invitation, and were most heartily welcomed. Every face was radiant with happiness as they gathered about the long table, and all annoyances were ignored. At the close of the cheerful meal, as Mr. and Mrs. Laselle lingered by the dining-room stove, Mr. Bond, who was as social as ever, joined them, and rubbing his hands together in a self-gratulatory way, said, cheerily—

"I am right glad, Mrs. Laselle, that you have come to see the concluding chapter of our romance. It has certainly been a beautiful one. I saw, when you were here, that young Hovey was susceptible to the charms of our sweet lady-bird; but he was a man about it, and of course I kept mum. He used to look very sad, when she would rattle on about the blues, killing time, and all that, for he could but see that she was a child, while he wanted her to fill a woman's place. But she was a lovely-tempered child, and the right stuff was in her. It was wonderful how suddenly she dropped her self-indulgent habits, and commenced trying to assist her good mother. She made no half way work of learning house-work. The first we knew she had commenced upon the cooking, with a will.. She made some droll mistakes at first, but she made us laugh over her spoiled dishes till we gained in digestion more than we lost in nutriment. All the boarders saw how eagerly Mr. Hovey was enjoying the change; but there is nothing of the match-making mamma about Mrs. Wilmot, and Bell was too wholly engaged in her work of making herself good for something, as she termed it, to think of his increasing attentions as unusual. But when Mrs. Wilmot was sick so long and dangerously, in the summer, and Bell, spite of her recently gained powers, had her hands and heart full, he encouraged and strengthened her, till, somehow, she learned to depend on him, and since then their love has been so bright, pure, and joyous, inciting each to self-improvement for the other's sake, that it has made us young again, in our sympathy with them. We are all pleased with the match.

Some of us have been members of the family so long that Bell seems almost like a child of our own, and there is no one to whom we would more willingly yield her than Ernest Hovey. But I beg pardon; Mrs. Wilmot will delight to tell you of him, and you will soon see evidences of the change wrought in Miss Isabel's habits."

"Love is a most potent teacher," said Aunt Sophie, as Mr. Bond, with a bow and a smile, briskly gave place to Mr. Hovey. The young man heard the remark, and responded—

"Yes, but Love must go to school to Duty, before it can attain to its full, gladdening power."

Very pleasant was the evening, Uncle Charles and Aunt Sophie heartily enjoying their sympathy with the happy, hopeful, family circle. After the others had retired, the sisters-in-law had a long and earnest conversation upon the lessons which life had been teaching them since their last meeting. Mrs. Wilmot's experience had been rich in such hours as ripen the soul. When Aunt Sophie had listened eagerly to her account of that illness when the seeming nearness of death had given new beauty and new significance to life, she said, gently—

"And it was thus, dear Mary, that you learned that it is not and cannot be a kindness to any loved one to assume her duties."

"Yes, I learned it all, and my heart blessed you that you had prevented the effects of my folly by arousing Isabel's noble, womanly nature, when I was ready to forget that she could have any other duty than to be beautiful and gay. She would have found necessity a far sterner teacher during the days when I lay senseless, had she not already learned something of activity and self-reliance, and I should have sadly missed her loving care. She is not less beautiful, less sweet-tempered, or less ladylike, that she is competent to manage the affairs of a household; but she is healthier and happier than when her days were divided between the sofa, the street, and the table. Her husband will find her loving, hopeful, active, and conscientious, a helpmate, ever ready to cheer and encourage him, as he manfully bears 'the burden and the heat of the day.'"

A little more than a half dozen years later Aunt Sophie made a brief visit at the home of Ernest and Isabel Hovey. Frequent letters from her niece had apprised her of the blessings which had come to them, but she none the less enjoyed the cordial welcomes of the home-loving man, and the healthful, girlish-looking matron who proudly called her attention to her rosy little ones.

"Our pretty mamma has learned that many cares bring many pleasures, has she not?" said Ernest, as his eye followed the retreating footsteps of his wife, as she took the children to their beds.

"I think so," was the reply; "she seems to believe and act the truth that 'the more one does, the more one can do.' I see the piano is open, and judge that she has not given up her music?"

"O no; she says the babies like that as well as she, and she claims her hours for reading and music as recreation. Her constant activity lectures me; but I cannot see that she is overworking."

"She certainly does not look like it," replied Aunt Sophie, smiling; "intelligent activity is the law of her life, and it will not harm her so long as she is incited by cheerful motives. Many a woman is called over-worked when the amount of labor she accomplishes has no appreciable relation to the power she would have, if she were capable of using it intelligently, and that she cannot do so is probably as often the result of defective education as otherwise."

THE FOREST FLOWER.

BY JENNIE E. CHENEY.

I DWELL in a forest far away,
  A greenwood deep and lone,
Where mosses creep and dewdrops weep
  In the shades so weirdly thrown;
Where sylvan fairies with zephyrs walk,
And the winds with gloomy shadows talk.

Oh, 'tis strangely wild and beautiful,
  Far off in the wild wood green,
Where the moonbeams bright, and sweet starlight
  Glance the dark pine boughs between,
And white birches gleam like silvery spires,
Solemn and pale till the moon retires.

The song-bird makes his sweetest note
  Deep in this forest shade,
And nightly doth hymn, in the twilight dim,
  His orison undismayed;
Wondering, I list the beautiful strain—
Echo steals near and repeats it again.

The wandering zephyr lingers near,
  As low, fond words it breathes,
And the sunbeams glance, with a trembling trance,
  To kiss me through the leaves;
Lovers though fickle, truer I ween
Are they than many a maiden hath seen.

I could not dwell in the noisy town,
  Or brave the noonday heat;
Far better I love this lonely grove,
  Untrodden by human feet;
Here safely I dwell in my leaf-shaded bower,
A modest and happy forest flower.

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DURFEE.

(Continued from page 62.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE haggard look which the morning light disclosed upon my countenance, proved an annoying tell-tale.

"What *is* the matter, child? It 's makin' ye downright sick?" Hannah exclaimed, in a tone of querulous compassion.

"So *it* is," I thought; but to me it was intensified in a manner of which Hannah, although accustomed to plume herself upon knowing if anybody knows, could have but little idea. My stepmother regarded me with a look of inquiry, but said nothing. She had evidently her own source of trouble, as Hannah had hinted.

The usually blithe Alice I was not surprised to see thoughtful and reserved. Once during the day, I remember looking up suddenly, as one will do under a fixed gaze, and encountering her eyes, tearful I am sure, bent upon me with anxious scrutiny. She removed them quickly; and for the remainder of the day, for many days indeed, I cannot well say whether she or myself manifested the greater shyness; each was burdened with a painful secret.

I had begun to fall into the apathy and dreamy torpor which so frequently succeed a state of high nervous excitement, when I was unexpectedly roused to activity by a conversation with my stepmother.

"Avis," she said, as she entered my chamber, and carefully closed the door, "this wretchedness has fallen upon you also."

"Upon whom should it fall?" I thought, but I said nothing. I had forgotten for the moment that there could be other sources of wretchedness than such as my own immediate experience afforded. My stepmother looked dissatisfied at my silence, but I awaited her explanation.

"When I became the wife of your father, I certainly believed him to be a man thoroughly honorable, one whose integrity could never be questioned."

I received this remark with a start of surprise, but with something of relief. It turned the current of my thoughts at once to Hannah's indignant report of the neighborhood gossip; and the shrewdness of her observation, that Mrs. Heath "warn't born and brought up with the Square," seemed about to become apparent.

"Would you imply that you have seen cause to change your belief?" I asked, indignantly.

"I had every reason to suppose him a man of property, engaged in a prosperous business," she continued, evasively.

"What then?"

"He did not undeceive me."

"Is that all? Possibly he may have imagined himself to be negotiating exchange upon a basis somewhat different from that which he carried in his pocket," I suggested, with some severity.

"Nevertheless, it is the duty of an honorable man to"—

"To anticipate all the reverses of fortune which the future may have in store for him?" The irony of this conclusion to her unfinished sentence was not agreeable.

"You understand me, Avis!" she said, sharply and hurriedly. "The time has not been so long as to admit of great change, and I ought not to have been left in ignorance of the true state of Mr. Heath's affairs."

"Certainly not, if the information would have had weight in your choice," I said, drily. I repented my asperity directly. The color rose to her cheeks, but she retained her self-possession.

"It might have had some weight in my estimate of the developments which have been made since his death," she said, quietly, but with significant emphasis.

Was it possible that Hannah's suspicion was correct, and that Mr. Hoard had been poisoning her mind by the artful insinuation, in which he was held to be an adept? A grasping, unscrupulous man I had been led to regard him, whose great aim for many years seemed to be to supplant my father in the lucrative business which he conducted. And to this end he had gathered up claim after claim, until he had become by far the largest, as he was the most ungenerous among the creditors. But that he had the baseness to asperse, covertly even, the character of his debtor, or that, so doing, he should be able to implant in the mind of a wife doubts of her husband's uprightness, I was loath to believe. If so, I must accord to her one thing, viz: that the silence and forbearance which had left her ignorant of the

character and aims of this man were impolitic, if not reprehensible.

Further inquiry showed me that my stepmother had been initiated into all the rumors current in the neighborhood. Some passing indignation, and the simple refutation I had rendered to Hannah, had disposed of the report so far as they affected myself. My father's good name rested in the panoply of a lifelong integrity, against which such brittle missiles must be speedily shivered, or recoil upon the assailant. Whether really they had a graver aspect to my mother, or whether she referred to such an impression the irritability and anxiety which properly grew out of her discovery of my father's insolvency, I do not care to judge.

"It was strange and unkind in us to conceal from her the extent of my father's embarrassment, and the immediate cause of his illness," she said, commenting upon the explanation and defence which I gave. "Everything must go, I suppose," she added, despondingly, after a long pause.

"Not quite so bad as that, we hope."

"Not so bad? Mr. Hoard tells me his demands alone are enough to swallow three-fourths of the property."

"Mr. Hoard makes himself very busy!" I said, rather contemptuously, irritated by the frequent reference to authority so repugnant to me. The remark, however, carried no meaning to my unheeding companion, who had now wrought herself to a state of excitement utterly foreign to her accustomed manner. I had not judged amiss of the fortitude of my stepmother under this unlooked-for trial.

"We may starve, for what I see," she concluded, finally—"that is, Alice and myself. You, I suppose, have a different prospect, as you will be married."

"Your daughter is much the more likely to be provided for in that way," I responded, with a coolness that astonished myself.

She turned upon me a look of amazed inquiry. I felt no disposition to enter upon an explanation. Coolly as the retort had been made, it was by no means certain my stoicism would last, and womanly pride forbade betrayal of my proper feelings to the mother of Alice.

"What do you mean, Avis?" said she, half angrily, striving at the same time to read my face, which was turned resolutely from her to the landscape through the window.

What could I say? To refer her to Alice would be not only cruel, but foolish, since the information of Alice extended no farther than to the fettered and quietly repulsed admiration of Ross.

To the reiterated "What can you mean?" I could answer nothing; my disclosure had been premature; and as the only alternative to a mortifying exposure of the misery that possessed me, I walked out of the room, merely murmuring, hoarsely—"Some other time!"

Although nearly three weeks had passed, during which I found myself embarrassed by the reception of regular dispatches from Ross to which I could not properly reply, my renunciation lay still in the desk where I had deposited it in those first moments of bitter haste. Not that I in any manner wavered from the decision so summarily formed, but an instinctive dread had seized upon me that the reception of this letter must be the signal for the upspringing of all those ideas of honor and duty, perhaps of compunction and fancied return to tenderness, which would hasten Ross at once to seek an interview and explanation. How to forward the missive and at the same time avoid this result had for many days constituted almost the sole movement of my mind, groping fitfully and blindly in its lethargic gloom. Through this gloom the colloquy of my stepmother swept as a sudden gust through smouldering fire. It gave shape and vitality to my vague and irresolute dreaming.

I had some faith that the friendly sagacity of Lawyer Crofts might be able to secure to us a small maintenance. Upon this, however, I resolved to make no claim. With tolerable health, common sense, and habits of industrious application, a woman should be capable of commanding the necessaries of life, even though wanting in the advantage of having been bred to any special pursuit. So I reasoned in my inexperience. Perhaps inexperience was of service to me here.

It is true that, as I turned over my capabilities, I was somewhat surprised to find no one of them trained and girded for the task of serving me in this unlooked-for manner. A very diffusive sort of culture is that which appertains to woman for the most part, serving indifferently well to the most orthodox end of forming a sympathetic basis in the relations of wife and mother, but very little to the purpose in the charge of maintaining the constant repairs and furnishings of "the house I live in." In this indefinite kind of education I was not deficient; but when I examined myself to determine *what I could do*, needlework, and that of the simplest and least remunerative kind, appeared my only

resource. For teaching, either in the more practical departments or in music, of which I was fond and not altogether ignorant, I had not the precise and assured knowledge that would recommend me in an age when the duties and qualifications of a teacher are perhaps somewhat too scrupulously and arbitrarily defined.

It gave me a momentary trouble, the thought of all the tedium and fatigue of the poorly-compensated toil in store for me; but the conclusion to which I was forced assisted in the solution of my problem, as it opened the way to my immediate removal from home.

I had a far away cousin, a worthy woman, to whom I was greatly attached, and I had faith in her liking for myself. Among all my friends this lonely woman stood forth to my mind as the one appointed to lend the helping hand in this time of my great need. She, in the not very distant village of Moorville, won her livelihood by the slow and desultory occupation of plain sewing. I resolved to go and ask of her the lessons needed even in this poor art.

The dawning of a definite purpose stimulated my torpid energies. In the measures needful for its pursuance I found diversion and quickening from the vapid prostration which, I have said, succeeded the intense suffering I had been called to endure. Upon leaving my stepmother I set myself at once to the task of gathering up my wardrobe, together with such portable mementos of my mother as I most prized. The moneyed value of these was not great; they were to me what they could be to no one else. I occupied myself diligently, like one who has no time to lose, but the evening fell upon my work half completed.

I was impatient of the delay. In a few days, Ross had written, he should be at liberty to return to investigate and pronounce upon my unaccountable behavior in leaving all the correspondence to him. The characteristic vein of playful extravagance which once had been an unfailing source of pleasure and mirth now struck me as levity and added evidence of his indifference. "Rose-lipped nymph! Mysterious, songless bird!" Conceits such as these were, I thought, too finical for just and felt expression.

Ross would be here, but he was not yet come. The package I had so promptly arranged for him three weeks previous, lay still before me; my fate was yet, as it were, in my own hands. I trembled as I became conscious of this thought, and found myself dallying with memories and feelings repelled and ignored so steadfastly, but how ineffectually my throbbing temples and laboring heart too plainly attested. I trembled, for reason said, sternly, that it was external fortune alone—a hollow image, possibly, in the end, not that even which it was in my power to mould. The love which should have been to it as the life-blood had fallen to another; fallen, it had not been given, but had fallen upon the beautiful, unaware, like the blessing of the Ancient Mariner.

Either the growing conviction of this, softening my first resentment, or the proper recoil of a nature warped for a time from its better impulses, made me recognize the taunt conveyed in my letter to Ross as ungenerous and unworthy of me. Impromptu as it was, I remembered the wording perfectly. The underlined *prophetic*, and the accompanying card, brought a blush of mortification as I recalled them. Drawing a sheet of paper before me, I meditated a simple statement of the change in our relations, which should give no unnecessary pain, and leave to myself no troublesome regret.

HEATH PLACE, *August*.

You wonder at my silence; it is not strange. But it will no longer remain to you a matter of wonder; nor will you, I think, be surprised at my seemingly abrupt leave-taking of the engagement that has subsisted between us, when you are informed that, on the evening previous to your return to B——, I was, by your own confession, made aware of your chagrin in view of it. Believe me, I do not write in a spirit of blame, but merely, with the most earnest wishes for your welfare, to assure you of your perfect freedom from all bonds to—

A foolish tear filled the place of the tardy signature. I took another sheet and made a copy, subscribing myself "Your friend, always, Avis Heath," and subjoining in postscript—

"I entreat, as the greatest favor you can accord me, that you will seek no farther communication upon this subject. It could yield only pain to us both."

This substitute being duly sealed and addressed, I drew forth the condemned note. Had I a secret longing to retain the little coil within? What harm could there be? None, surely, in the possession of the silky brown lock, but a world of harm in the sanction of its retention and of the feeling that prompted it, which its presence could serve only to foster. Preluding thus, I held the sealed note in the blaze of my lamp for an instant, and dropping it upon the hearth, watched it slowly consume.

Still bending over the embers, a light tap at my door startled me. I placed my foot on the

flickering rim that yet remained, conscious of a shudder, chased by a grim smile; for the reiterated tapping brought to mind "The Raven," and their mystic significance woke rarely, as the weird lines coursed through my fevered brain—

"And the raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door."

The raven may have been at hand, but I opened my door only to greet the pretty figure of Alice. The look of concern with which, upon entering, she gazed into my face, rendered too visible by the lamp in my hand, made me instinctively turn away and place the light on the mantel. As I again faced Alice, I noticed that she was in her night garb, over which she had hastily drawn a wrapper. She had evidently risen from bed to pay me this untimely visit, of which I half divined the motive.

"Is anything the matter!" I asked, in a voice harsh as if croaking the conclusion of the haunting stanza.

"No, no, nothing," Alice stammered, standing, with a little appearance of embarrassment.

I drew a chair for her, but instead of seating herself she followed, as I resumed my place at the desk, and throwing her arms about me burst into tears.

"Alice, child, what ails you?" I asked, caressing her. "Something *must* be wrong. What disturbs you so?"

"I could not sleep, and I thought—indeed I could not help coming—to talk with you." She said this brokenly, amidst her sobs, but grew calm through her earnestness as she proceeded: "What is it—what does it mean? Indeed, something *has* happened to *you*, Avis?"

"I have lost my best friend, Alice," I said, quietly, I fear evasively.

"Yes, yes, but it is not that; there is something besides to trouble you so; I am sure there is!"

Poor child! Had her mother repeated my unguarded remark? Either through this, or by her own intuition and observation, she guessed the truth which she durst not suggest. Neither must I reveal it to her.

"Yes, I am sure there is," she urged again. "You are so grave all the time, and—and you do not talk with me. Oh, Avis, have *I* done wrong? have I harmed you in any way?"

My own eyes filled at this appeal, which I had no voice to answer. I clasped the light form more closely, and kissed the cheek moist with fast falling tears.

"Don't grieve in this way; don't, Alice!" I entreated, at length. "You but add to my trouble, which I must learn to bear as best I may. I am going away, Alice. Nay," I continued, perceiving that she started at the announcement, "it is best; I shall be better away."

"At Aunt Lyle's, Avis?"

Not heeding this query, I occupied myself with slipping the note, just written, beneath the fastenings of the package it was to accompany.

"They wished you to come? it will be good for you to go?" Alice pursued, still interrogatively. "But"—her eye had caught the superscription, and her breath and utterance grew hurried—"no! you must not go, Avis! Ross, that is Mr. Sands, will be here. Ah, you must not go!"

"I shall leave this for him," laying aside the parcel I had been preparing. The thought crossed me to leave it in Alice's charge, but the impropriety of so doing was at once manifest. "I will leave it," I repeated, "and he will find it in his room when he arrives."

"He will be so disappointed! He will go for you directly, I am sure. Have you written? will he understand?"

"He will understand," I assented, with some unavoidable bitterness of emphasis. "And, Ally, dear," I added, quickly, feeling the necessity and fitness of closing the dialogue here, "will you go to sleep now? it is very late"—and I kissed again the tearful, childlike cheek and brow as I guided her from the room, scarce suffering myself to note the bewilderment yet apparent in her countenance and bearing.

I drew my breath heavily as I closed the door after her, oppressed, though at the same time relieved by this interview. Shadows, undefined and grim, lay still between Alice and myself, but it was something to have bridged them by this interchange of sympathy and gentle feeling. As I passed the scene in painful mental review, I did not well see what other I could have done. I felt glad of the conversation, on the whole, which, if it had served no other end, had partially made known my plans. Late as it was, I devoted another half hour to the writing of a note to Lawyer Crofts, indicating my intention with regard to the relinquishment of my share in the residue, if such there might be, of my father's property; desiring him to bear in mind the papers important to Thane, for which I had more than once hunted the library in useless search, with such other items as it seemed needful for me to notice.

In the languid habit to which my frame had fallen, the very extremity of my excitement opened the way to its own remedy through the exhaustion which lapsed finally into a deep, oblivious sleep, such as I had scarcely known from the time of my father's death. When I awoke, I was aware of a consequent tone and elasticity which would fortify me for this day of trial and fatigue.

Holding in especial dread the explanation of my proceedings, which, I felt, would be surely demanded by Hannah, I took an early occasion to summon her, upon some trivial pretext, that it might take place privately. My relief was great when she greeted me with her approbation of my visit to Aunt Lyle, which, she said, Alice had named.

Was it wrong to leave them in the mistake? Though not for a kingdom, as I thought, would I have gone then to Aunt Lyle in my destitution of purse and heart, I, who had never been able to divest myself of the feeling of complicity in their forced removal from Robinton, who had well nigh made the rash vow to see them no more until I could produce the lost title, which, I was persuaded, must finally be found.

"Yes," Hannah nodded, with emphatic approbation, "as I've been a-tellin' Alice, it's jest the best thing in the world for ye. They set their eyes by ye, Aunt Matty and Aunt Relie, and young Greystun, to be sure—"

"Hannah, will you help me move this?"—pulling impatiently at a heavy old camphor-wood trunk.

"Well, I never! 'Tis full of gold, I reckon. As I was sayin', Aunt Relie 'll nuss you up e'en a'most 's well 's I could do it myself, if I had time. But, bless your heart, I can't find time for anything!"

"I'm not sick, Hannah."

"Don't tell *me;* I've seen ye afore now, when ye had red cheeks, 'n' a face chock full of sunshine. Sakes alive! how ye 'd run round the house, peert 's any kitten!"

The rather imaginative sketch drew from me a smile, not too sunshiny, if its reflection in Hannah's face, her rather dubious shake of the head, and the accompanying remarks were true indices of its quality.

"Um!"—muttering in undertone. "Won't dew, anyhow. She 't used to be running over fun from mornin' to night, day in 'n' day out! Of course 'taint in natur' to be so cheerful jest now; but"—Hannah here gave her hearer the benefit of her full voice, not exactly "a low voice"—"the short 'n' the long of it is 't never was in ye to go 'bout lookin' so maugre ef there warn't somethin' the matter; 'n' I'll tell ye what—ef ever I could jest get time to run up in the parster—'n' I'll dew it—ain't there no way I c'u'd send it tew ye, I wonder? Barb'ry bark 'n' cider 's the best thing in the world for jarnders. What on airth"—Hannah's eyes here fell upon the mass of articles collected the day before, which I now began to store in the old trunk, a venerable heirloom in my mother's family. "'Tain't possible ye 're goin' to carry all that stuff with ye, is it?"

"No, Hannah; I'm going to pack the greater part of it, as you see, and leave it in your care. I don't like these things should go in the sale—inventory, rather—you 'll remember, if there should be one; you know whose they were."

"Bless ye, yes, I know, ef anybody knows. I'll see to it, I warrant ye, though I mind ye won't be gone so long. 'Self-praise goes but little ways,' they say; but I guess ye know ye can trust me to take keer. La, now, I'll be back in a minute, but, sure 's I'm alive, I left that cake in the oven, 'n' that careless hussy"—the remainder of the sentence was lost *en route* to the kitchen.

I had strapped my trunk, and crowded the last parcel into the indispensable carpet-bag. There was yet an hour to stage time. I had my own reasons for preferring this mode of conveyance, to the evident amazement of all, even of the good lad Robert, who proposed to drive me to C—— "in no time," innocently assuming with the rest that this was my destination as the first move in my journey to Drayton, whereas the route to Moorville would branch off at the half-way house. I had no great motive or intent for secrecy in the movement beyond that of a disinclination to enter into a discussion of my plans; but it had fallen out quite naturally through the mistaken supposition of Alice, and I was not sorry.

I had yet an hour. Once I might have fancied how an hour in such circumstances would serve for regretful survey and leave-taking of favorite haunts, of spots dear and sacred, through clustering associations, in this home of my childhood and youth; I had already begun to hold the latter in retrospect, not less than the former, this home to which henceforth, if my intentions were fulfilled, I must be in a manner alien—at best only an occasional visitor.

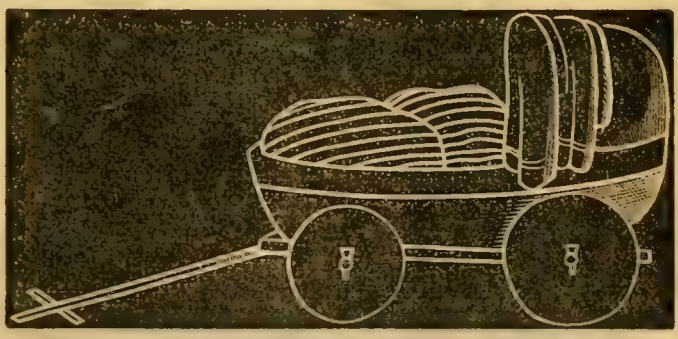
Reader, yet in the morning dew of sentiment and romantic fancy, be assured that you will foster and pursue the fire only while it penetrates with warmth friendly and enlivening. Even the proverbial moth, when fairly disabled in its silly flutterings, struggles instinctively

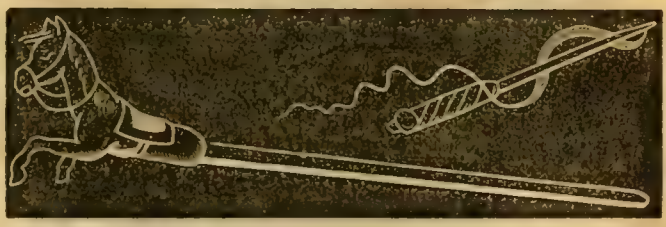
though blindly for release from torture, from the flame clinging and consuming still.

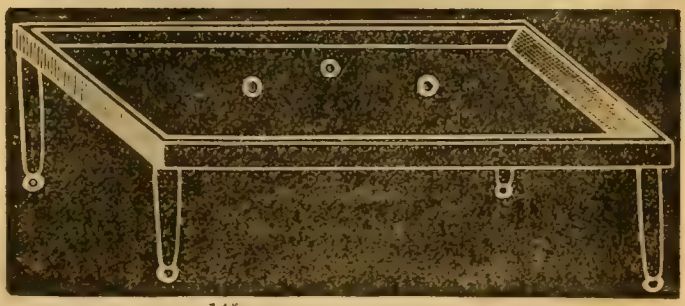
That hour of waiting was passed by me in the needless task of restoring order to my rummaged drawers, book-shelves, writing-desk, anything, that there should be left no space for thought or feeling; and this not because I consciously willed it, but that nature, true and loyal, seeks unbidden the road to safety.

(To be continued.)

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.







NOVELTIES FOR AUGUST.

Fig. 2.

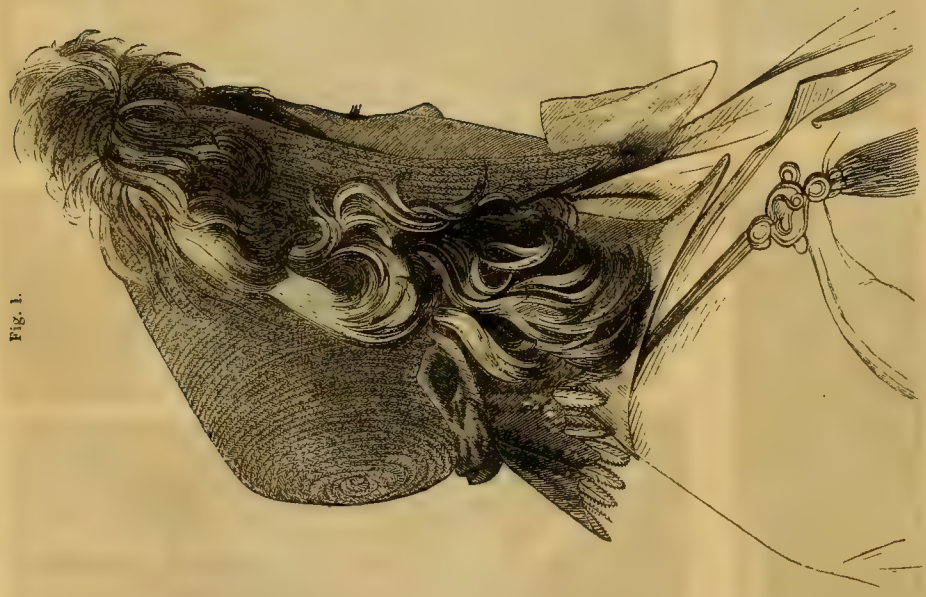


Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Light gray straw hat, trimmed with gray feathers. Gray silk cape, with a fall of black lace; Vesuve flowers inside.

Fig. 2.—Chip straw bonnet, trimmed with pink roses and a barbe of black lace embroidered with straw and fringed ends. White silk curtain, with black lace in the centre.

CAPS.

We present to our lady friends three pretty styles of caps.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3.—Morning-cap in the fanchon style. Made of muslin, and trimmed with cerise ribbons.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 4.—French dress cap, trimmed with green ribbon.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 5.—Round crown cap, trimmed with narrow velvet.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 6.—Buff *piqué* dress, braided with black mohair braid.

Fig. 8.

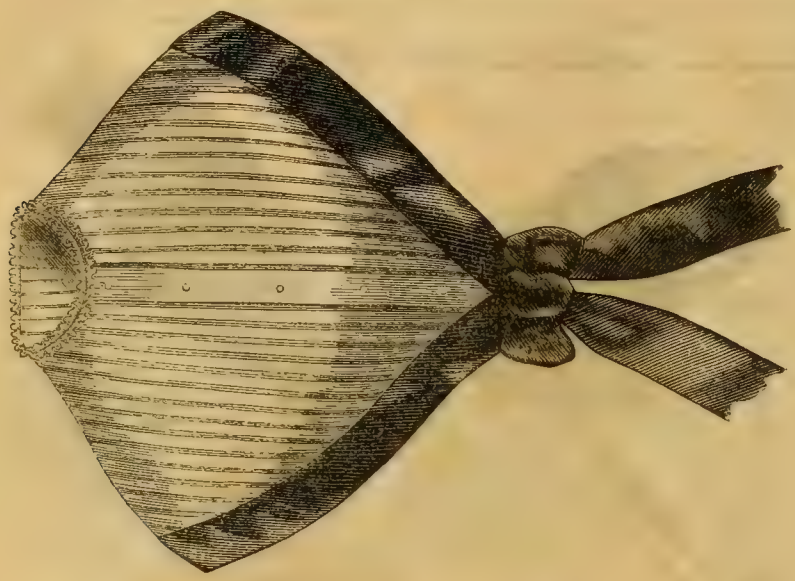


Fig. 8.—French fichu. (For description, see Chitchat.)

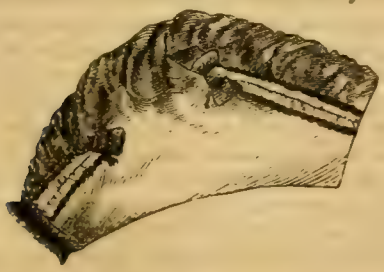
Fig. 7.

Fig. 7.—Zouave jacket and Garibaldi shirt. The jacket is of white *piqué*, braided with black braid.

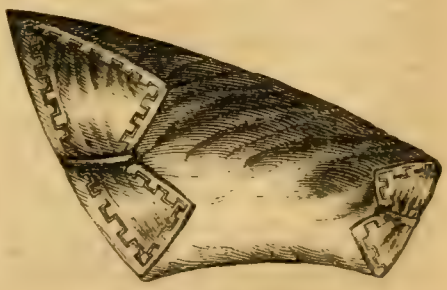
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Jacket à la Militaire.—The material is thick black taffetas, or rep silk, ornamented with very rich guipure and crochet ornaments. The shape is one of the prettiest of the sack styles. The sleeve plain, with a deep, pointed cuff. The decorations consist of a medallion border, and volant of superb guipure; collar, and epaulettes of lace, with jet pendants, and ornaments on the back of the sleeve of crochet and jet.



The Madina Sleeve.—This sleeve is alike on both sides, and is a very elegant design. It is cut peculiarly, being all in one piece; the outside of the sleeve being longer than the other part, and gathered to form a puff; deep gores are taken out at top and bottom, and the seam trimmed and finished with a bow; at the wrist it is made large enough to pass the hand through.



Arlene Sleeve.—A plain flowing sleeve, with

pointed *revere* and cap. The trimming is of braid or velvet, and a band of same confines the plaits, that are laid between the two points of the *revere* and of the cap.

Madeline Jacket.—This jacket is fitted in the

back by a side shape, and in front one dart seam, with side pockets just below the waist.

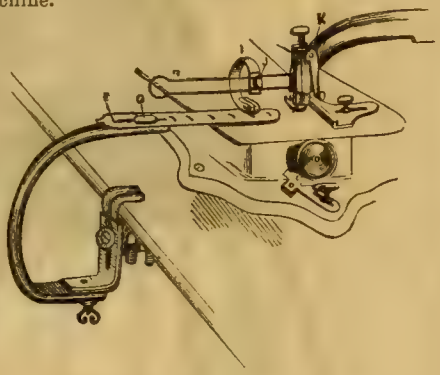
Clara Dress.—The style of this dress is suitable for misses from six to twelve years. The

skirt is simply cut about six inches longer than it is desirable to wear it, and gathered about four inches from the bottom, so as to form a puff about four inches deep, and separated about every six inches by velvet, gimp, or ruching, according to the materials made up. The berthe is a straight piece, formed in the same manner.

Daisy Waist.—Full lace waist separated into puffs by insertion, through which narrow ribbon or velvet is run. Full sleeves, puffed at the top and at the wrist. Swiss bodice of silk, bordered with plain velvet. Shoulder straps of velvet, with shoulder knot and ends.

A charming waist for a young lady, worn with a rich skirt, either in silk, or thin material, such as *barège* or grenadine.

Self-tucking Attachment for sewing-machines.—A practical and very useful improvement, and important to those who possess a sewing-machine.



Tucking now forms so important a part of the labor that is performed on a sewing-machine, that a simple yet efficient aid to this rather tedious process is more than ever required. This aid is secured in this "tucking" attachment, which performs the work of folding and creasing a second tuck while stitching the first, thus greatly facilitating the operation, besides accomplishing it much more accurately.

All persons who have done much tucking on any machine know that the labor of measuring and folding is much more difficult, and takes much more time, than that of merely stitching. All this is saved by this tucking attachment, which is invaluable in families or dress-making establishments, where there is tucking to be done. The Tucker is very simple and easy of adjustment, and never gets out of order. It does not retard, but rather facilitates, the regular operation of the machine, so that experienced hands say it works more rapidly, and with greater ease. Our own experience in using it has been so entirely satisfactory, that we can recommend it with pleasure to those who are so fortunate as to possess a good sewing-ma-

chine. In fact, once tried, it becomes indispensable as a sewing-machine itself.

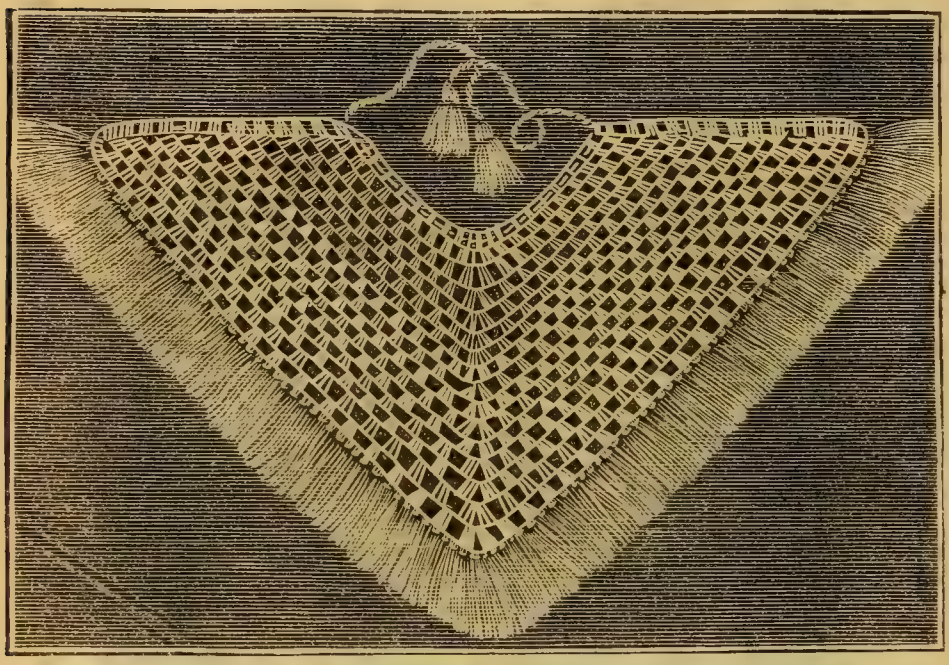
They are retailed at $5 each. Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway, has the exclusive agency for them, but we suppose they can be ordered through any of the agents for the various sewing-machines. When ordering, it is necessary to state on what machine they are to be used.

TABLE COVER BORDER BRAIDED ON CLOTH.

The table-cover is one of those articles which constantly require renewing more or less frequently—of course, according to the usage to which they are subjected. It is very useful to be able to take a square of cloth and enlarge it to the necessary size by means of a border, which at the same time renders it ornamental. The design we are now giving is for an oblong of two different patterns, to be executed on two different colored cloths, in two different colored braids, and placed alternately. Thus, supposing the centre of the cloth to be a deep gray, the border may be scarlet and blue, with maize-color braid on the blue, and black braid on the scarlet. Supposing the cloth to be a deep crimson, then a border of black and violet braided with maize on both looks well. If green, purple and nut-brown, braided with maize and black, will also be in good taste. There is also another mode, which gives this sort of table-cover an Oriental look, and that is, to take every possible variety of colored cloths, braiding them with as many different colors. The oblongs can be joined together, either on their long or their short sides, so as to make the cloth larger or smaller; and if increased dimensions should be required, a strip of cloth of any suitable color may be added on each side of this border, braided with any simple pattern. When the different parts have been braided and joined together, they should be pressed down on the wrong side, with a cloth between themselves and the warm iron.

EMBROIDERY.

BIARRITZ SHAWL.



Materials.—Three ounces of black and white partridge, and one ounce of violet-colored wool, large bone crochet-hook.

With the partridge wool make a chain of 70 stitches, turn back, work 1 double into the first stitch; 1 chain, 1 double into the next stitch; * 2 chain, miss 2 loops, 3 treble into the next stitch, repeat from * 10 times more; this brings it to the centre; then make 3 chain, then repeat with two chains between the trebles, 11 times more; finish the end the same as the commencement.

2d row.—Four chain, 2 treble in the 1 chain, between the two double stitches; 2 chain, * 3 treble under the next 2 chain; 2 chain, repeat from * to the centre; then make 3 chain, and 3 treble, under the three chain in last row, making 6 treble in the three chain; now repeat to the end, making both sides to correspond.

3d.—Join on the wool in the last stitch of the 4 chain; 4 chain, work 2 treble, before the 2 treble in last row; this is to increase the size; each row is commenced and finished the same; then 2 chain and three treble, the same as last row; work 12 rows of the partridge wool, then 10 more rows of violet and partridge, alternately.

For the edge.—Join on the violet wool, in the first stitch of the 4 chain, at the neck; 3 treble, under each four chain, down the front; under the last work 5 treble; 2 chain, 3 treble, under the 2 chain of last row; 2 chain repeat to the centre; then work 6 treble without any chains between; finish round the other side the same.

For the collar.—Join on the partridge wool, in the first chain stitch at the neck, commencing on the wrong side; work 2 treble under the first chain; 2 chain, 3 treble, under next chain; 2 chain, repeat to the centre; then make 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, under same chain; then repeat to the end; work another row like this with the same wool, then join on the violet, and work a row without the chains between the 3 treble, and make 6 in the centre instead of 4; cut some wool of both colors, about 3 nails in length, take one piece of each double in half, and tie in on each side of the shawl for the fringe; in doing this be careful to take only one loop of the wool; take 2 pieces of wool, and crochet for the string to run in at the neck, and finish off with a tassel at each end, made of the wool. The colors may be varied according to taste.

EMBROIDERY.

THE ART OF VITRO-MANIE.

Potichomanie, or the art of decorating glass to imitate china, and Diaphane, or the art of clearing glass, were well known some ten years since. Some persons produced exquisite specimens; others, and the greater number, utterly failed, from want of knowledge of style, and an entire deficiency of taste; and, therefore, both arts fell into disrepute, possibly some day to be revived again. All fancy work, such as the above, and crochet, and knitting, are now followed with avidity by ladies of all ages in *la belle France*. The word Vitro-manie, translated literally, means "burnt in glass work," or, as we should term it, stained glass. A good imitation of stained glass can be produced by drawing a design on the outside of a window with some burnt umber and varnish. This design can be filled in, either according to taste or pattern, with the following colors, which must all be mixed with a spirit. Varnish technically known as "white hard varnish," gamboge, carmine, burnt umber, burnt sienna, Prussian blue, and all colors which by mixing with varnish would be *clear*, not *opaque*. But one of the newest, and perhaps the prettiest, ornamentations for windows is *decorative glass work*. The materials are inexpensive and readily at hand. The best prints for the purpose are those appended to pieces of music, colored groups of flowers, or any other designs. Heads alone look well; but whatever be the design, it must first be colored; the frontispieces of music generally are. To give an example of the mode of proceeding, take one of these frontispieces, damp it through with a sponge and water, let it remain on a clean and smooth cloth till of an equal wetness; then get a frame of a slate, the full size of the lithograph or nearly so; with a piece of rag rub some paste on the flat edge of the frame, letting it lie well on the surface; take up the print, place it on the frame, press the paper well down on it, let it remain some hours till dry; it will then, when tapped with the fingers, sound like a drum. Then procure some crystal, or white hard varnish, or Canada balsam, and varnish the picture on both sides. When dry, varnish it again, and perhaps a third time, as the oftener it is varnished the more transparent it will be, but it must be perfectly dry between each varnishing. The picture parts of music frontispieces are generally inclosed with an oval or square; take it out of the frame, and cut it in either of these lines, if there are any, as the case may be. It is now ready for putting on the window; but first get a square of figured net, such as is sold for caps and sleeves at a draper's. Have the net the exact size of the pane of glass. Get some thin white paint, mixed principally with turpentine, or buy a tube of flake white, costing sixpence; this is already a thick white paint; with the point of a knife mix it with a *very little* turpentine, and a sufficient portion of varnish to render it thin. Paint over, somewhat thickly, a sheet of paper. Lay the oval or the square design which has been varnished on to the net, and cut away the portion of the centre of the net where the design will come. Now lay the net from which the centre has been cut on to the paper, so that it shall absorb the paint on one side of the net; let it stay a few minutes, then take it up and lay it on the glass, taking care that it touches the glass in every part. Let it remain on the glass for a quarter of an hour, then strip it off; a perfect impression of the net will be left on the glass. When this is *quite dry*, varnish the back of the picture again; varnish also the *clear portion of the glass*, which answers to the shape of picture; then place the two varnished surfaces together, pressing the print well on the glass, that it may not slip. The window pane will now be complete, and will last for years.

The detail of this process is elaborate; but its manipulation is neither troublesome nor tedious.

EMBROIDERY.

THE ALCESTE HEADDRESS.

COMPOSED OF LOBELIA BLUE VELVET, WHITE BLONDE, AND A WHITE PLUME.

TAPE TRIMMING.

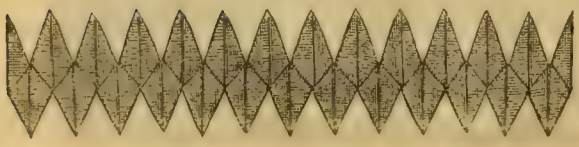


DIAGRAM OF TAPE TRIMMING.

The plain strips with lines on them are intended to show how the tape should be folded to make tape trimmings.

NETTED JUPON.

This petticoat is very light, and supplies the place of crinoline, so much in fashion. Five reels of cotton are required, two meshes, one an inch wide, and one three-quarters of an inch.

Net 109 stitches on the wide mesh; on the narrow mesh net 3 plain rows.

5th row.—In every third loop net 2 stitches.

Net 5 plain rows. Now unite it, and net round.

11th.—In every sixth loop net 2 stitches.

Continue to net in plain rounds till the netting is from seven-eighths of a yard to a yard in length, according to the height of the person it is intended for. Then net a row on the wide mesh, in which a whalebone or steel, neatly covered and joined, is run in, and which keeps out quite stiff; and in every alternate round for 4 times, put a stiff blind cord. Set it into a band at the waist; it should be well starched.

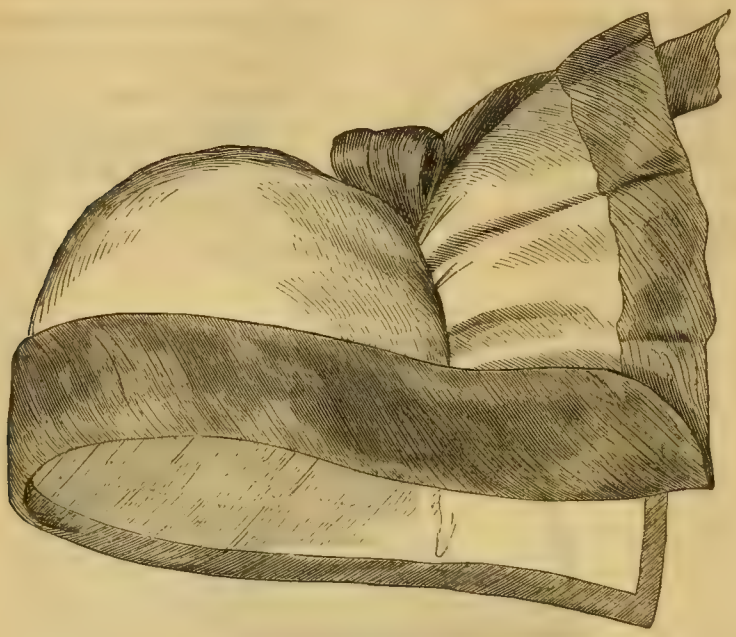
SAC MATHILDE.

Materials.—Rich velvet, gold braid, and soutache, satin, and the Mathilde trimmings, consisting of a gilt clasp, ornamental cords, and very handsome tassels.

Bags being once more very much in vogue, we have great pleasure in presenting our readers with one of the newest and prettiest designs. The bag is made of velvet, with a band between the two sides, about an inch wide along the bottom, but gradually narrowing to half that width at the sides. In the centre, a piece of the velvet, in the form of a Maltese cross, is cut out, and satin being gummed underneath it, shines through. The edges of the velvet, where they join the satin, are covered with gold braid. The rest of the design is worked in some rich fancy soutache.

The tassels are of the richest *passementerie*, the drawing giving no correct idea of their beauty. The bag must be lined with white silk.

HOOD.



To be made of white cashmere, bound and lined with cherry-colored silk.

HEART-SHAPED PINCUSHION.

To be made of scarlet cloth, embroidered with white beads.

Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

PEACHES.—The following is the best plan for preserving peaches in cans:—

Take the peaches, either just ripe or fully ripe—this does not matter; pare them, and if you desire to preserve them whole, throw them into cold water as they are pared, to prevent them from losing color. When everything is ready, place them in the can, adding merely as much sugar to each layer as is sufficient to render them palatable; set the can in a vessel containing hot water, and allow it to remain in boiling water until the fruit becomes heated through; this will require, if a quart can be used, from twenty minutes to half an hour. The temperature required is about 160° F. A very little experience will enable any one to know the proper temperature. It is not possible to heat the contents of the can in this way above a temperature of 180°, unless the cover is fastened down, which is not necessary; but it is evident that it is desirable to subject them to as little heat as possible. When heated sufficiently, seal at once, by heating the cover, and pressing at once firmly into place, and allowing a weight sufficient to keep down the cover to remain upon it until the cement hardens. The proper temperature of the lid is easily and conveniently ascertained by putting a piece of rosin about the size of a small pea on the cover, when it is put upon the stove; as soon as the rosin melts the cover is ready to be put in place. This precaution is necessary, as the solder with which the parts of the lid are joined together easily melts.

It is not absolutely necessary to use sugar in this process, but, as it assists in the preservation of the fruits, they can be sealed at a lower temperature than if it is not used. As sugar is used to render the fruits palatable, there can be no objection to using it when preparing the fruit for family use, as it will, in any case, be necessary, and there is no reason why the sugar should not be used before the can is sealed, as afterwards.

If soft peaches are preferred, they should be cut up as if intended to be eaten with cream, and need not be put into water. When ready, they should be put into the cans and heated in the manner described above. It is not necessary to heat them in the cans, but a larger quantity may be more conveniently heated together, and put into the cans or jars while hot, and sealed. A flat stew-pan, lined with porcelain, will be found well adapted to this purpose. It must, of course, not be placed directly over the fire, but in a vessel of water which is set directly on the fire. By this means soft peaches may readily and certainly be preserved for winter use, in such condition as scarcely to differ at all from the fresh peach. A most delicious dessert may thus be secured, much more readily, and at less expense, and much more palatable than the ordinary preserve. This method of preserving fresh peaches has been fully tested during the summer, and may be relied upon.

Another way.—A lady of Philadelphia, whose peaches keep beautifully and retain much of their delicious flavor, takes half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches. The sugar is put into a preserving-kettle, with half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, heated, and the surface skimmed. Into this syrup the peaches, after being pared, are placed, and boiled ten minutes. The peaches are then put into the cans while hot, and immediately sealed up.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them till they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

BLACKBERRIES.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid, or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery. To make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf-sugar; put it over a gentle fire and cook it until thick; then put to it a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy; stir it a while over the fire, then put it in pots.

BLACKBERRY AND WINE CORDIAL.—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent receipt for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage and an *infallible specific* for diarrhœa or ord nary disease of the bowels:—

Receipt.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf-sugar; boil again for some time, take it off, and, while cooling, add half a gallon of best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influence, before.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Bruise the fruit to a mash, and strain it through a cloth; measure your juice; take an equal quantity of water, boil it, and when cold pour it on the dry fruit that you have strained; let it stand six hours, and then strain it, and add it to the juice; to every quart put rather more than half a pound of sugar; let it remain in an earthen steen, close covered for a week; then turn it into a clean cask; bung it up close for a month or more, and then bottle it off.

GRAPE JELLY.—Strip from their stalks some fine ripe black-cluster grapes, and stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst, and the juice flows freely from them; strain it off without pressure, and pass it through a jelly-bag, or through a twice-folded muslin; weigh and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it till dissolved fourteen ounces of good sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, keeping it constantly stirred, and perfectly well skimmed. It will be very clear, and of a beautiful pale rose-color.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces; put the quinces

in a preserving-kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing.

PRESERVED CITRON-MELONS.—Take some fine citron-melons; pare, core, and cut them into slices. Then weigh them; and to every six pounds of melon allow six pounds of the best double-refined loaf-sugar; and the juice and yellow rind, pared off very thin, of four large, fresh lemons; also, half a pound of race-ginger.

Put the slices of melon into a preserving-kettle, and boil them half an hour, or more, till they look quite clear, and are so tender that a broom-twig will pierce through them. Then drain them; lay them in a broad pan of cold water; cover them; and let them stand all night. In the morning tie the race-ginger in a thin muslin cloth, and boil it in three pints of clear spring or pump-water, till the water is highly flavored. Then take out the bag of ginger. Having broken up the sugar, put it into a clean preserving-kettle, and pour the ginger-water over it. When the sugar is all melted, set it over the fire; put in the yellow peel of the lemons; and boil and skim it till no more scum rises. Then remove the lemon-peel, put in the sliced citrons and the juice of the lemons; and boil them in the syrup till all the slices are quite transparent, and so soft that a straw will go through them; but do not allow them to break. When quite done, put the slices (while still warm) into wide-mouthed glass or white-ware jars, and gently pour on the syrup. Lay inside of each jar, upon the top of the syrup, a double white tissue-paper, cut exactly to fit the surface. Put on the lids of the jars, and paste thick paper over them. This will be found a delicious sweetmeat, equal to any imported from the West Indies, and far less expensive.

TOMATOES.

THIS delicious, wholesome vegetable is spoiled by the manner it is served upon the table. It is not one time in a hundred more than half cooked; it is simply scalded, and served as a sour porridge. It should be cooked three hours—it cannot be cooked in one. The fruit should be cut in halves and the seeds scraped out. The mucilage of the pulp may be saved, if desired, by straining out the seeds, and adding it to the fruit, which should boil rapidly for an hour and simmer three hours more until the water is dissolved and the contents of the saucepan a pulp of mucilaginous matter, which is much improved by putting in the pan, either before putting in the fruit, or while it is cooking, an ounce of butter and half a pound of fat bacon cut fine, to half a peck of tomatoes, and a small pepper-pod, with salt to suit the taste. The fat adds a pleasant flavor, and makes the dish actual food, instead of a mere relish. The pan must be carefully watched, and but little fire used, and the mass stirred often to prevent burning, towards the last, when the water is nearly all evaporated. The dish may be rendered still more attractive and rich as food by breaking in two or three eggs and stirring vigorously just enough to allow the eggs to become well cooked.

Tomatoes, thoroughly cooked, may be put in tight cans, and kept any length of time; or the pulp may be spread upon plates and dried in the sun or a slow oven, and kept as well as dried pumpkin, dried apples, peaches, or pears, and will be found equally excellent in winter.

For every-day use, a quantity sufficient for the use of a family a week may be cooked at once, and afterwards eaten cold or warmed over. We beg of those who use this excellent fruit to try what cooking will do for it. It has been eaten half-cooked long enough. It never should be dished until dry enough to be taken from the dish to the plates with a fork instead of a spoon.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one dozen of ripe tomatoes, put them into a stone jar, stand them in a cool oven until quite tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp in the liquor which you will find in the jar, but do not strain it, add two teaspoonfuls of the *best* powdered ginger, a dessertspoonful of salt, a head of garlic chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of Chili vinegar or a little Cayenne pepper. Put into small-mouthed sauce bottles, sealed. Kept in a cool place, it will keep good for years. It is ready for use as soon as made, but the flavor is better after a week or two. Should it not appear to keep, turn it out, add more ginger; it may require more salt and Cayenne pepper. It is a long-tried receipt, a great improvement to curry. The skins should be put into a wide-mouthed bottle, with a little of the different ingredients, as they are useful for hashes or stews.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Slice the tomatoes into a tinned saucepan; season with pepper and salt, and place bits of butter over the top; put on the lid close, and stew twenty minutes. After this, stir them frequently, letting them stew till well done; a spoonful or two of vinegar is an improvement. This is excellent with roast beef or mutton.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most receipt-books direct. Let them lie in strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes, and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly to remove the seeds; then to every two quarts, add three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little Cayenne pepper, with a little salt; boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle; add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Another way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated; mix together, and boil about three hours; or until reduced to about one-half; then bottle, without straining.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Oyster Patties.—Take of oysters sufficient for the patties you may want, strain the liquor and return it to them, mix them with very fine bread-crumbs until they are of a proper thickness, add a little scalded cream, and season the whole with pepper, salt, and Cayenne pepper, warm it in a saucepan till it begins to simmer; when cold, put it in the paste, and bake it in the shape of small mince pies, three inches in diameter. The beards and horny parts should be cut off, and the oyster cut into two or three pieces.

Veal or Lamb Tendons.—When the tendons are cut, they are to be braised in good broth three or four hours, with a slice of bacon above and below each. Then make a rich puree sauce of asparagus, peas, or anything you choose to rub through a sieve; glaze the tendons, and lay them round the dish, the sauce in the middle. Peas stewed in a rich sauce are equally good, or you may serve them on spinach.

Thale Cannon or Col Cannon.—Steam the potatoes in very little water, then mash them with a fork; in the same saucepan have ready some greens, boiled and chopped very fine, and some finely chopped onions, raw; mix them in the saucepan with the mashed potatoes, add a little pepper and salt, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut; mix well, heat over the fire, and dish.

To Stew Pigeons.—Take care that they are quite fresh, and carefully cropped, drawn, and washed; then soak them half an hour. In the mean time, cut a hard white cabbage in slices (as if for pickling) into water; drain it, and then boil it in milk and water; drain it again, and lay some of it at the bottom of a stewpan. Put the pigeons upon it, but first season them well with pepper and salt, and cover them with the remainder of the cabbage. Add a little broth, and stew gently till the pigeons are tender; then put among them two or three spoonfuls of cream, and a piece of butter and flour for thickening. After a boil or two, serve the birds in the middle, and the cabbage placed round them.

To Broil Pigeons.—After cleaning, split the backs, pepper and salt them, and broil them very nicely; pour over them either stewed or pickled mushrooms in melted butter, and serve as hot as possible.

Curry of Lamb, Rabbit, or Veal, all Uncooked.—Cut all the meat from the bone; stew the latter in a pint and a half of water to a pint; cut the meat in slices, pepper and salt it, and fry it with butter till it is light brown; put a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, and two onions finely chopped, into an oval iron stewpan; put this pan over the fire, and let the onions fry till also of a light brown; put the meat in the pan; mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with half a pint of the stock; *strain* it over the meat, stir all up together, and stew for ten minutes; add, according to the meat, or of the flavor required, from a quarter of an ounce to half an ounce of curry powder and a teaspoonful of Chutnee sauce, and the juice of half a lemon; stir this and the meat together; and if the latter is from five to six pounds, stew it gently for three hours; if rabbits, only an hour and a half.

Mayonaise.—A fine sauce for eating with cold meat, poultry, fish, or for pouring over salad. Two fresh yolks of unboiled eggs, half a saltspoonful, or rather more, or salt, and a little Cayenne, a third of a pint of oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cold water, an onion. Put into a large basin the yolks only of two large, fresh eggs; beat them and strain; add a little salt and Cayenne; stir these well together, then add a teaspoonful of salad oil, and work the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it appears like cream; pour in by slow degrees nearly half a pint of oil, continuing at each interval to work the same as at first, until it assumes the smoothness of custard, and not a particle of oil remains visible; then add a couple of tablespoonfuls of plain or tarragon vinegar, and one of cold water to whiten the sauce; a very tiny onion, shaved, finely chopped, and bruised with the point of a knife; add all together.

Oyster Pie.—Take seventy-five oysters, and examine them well that no piece of shell remains; pour the liquor off them, strain it, but do not add it to the pie until all the other ingredients are in. Boil two eggs until hard, chop up the yolks very fine, and mix them up with one-quarter pound of crumb of bread, seasoned with a little mace, Cayenne, salt, and pepper. Have a deep pie-dish ready, put a layer of oysters at the bottom of it, then a layer of the eggs, bread-crumbs, and seasoning, and some small lumps of butter; then another layer of oysters, and so on, until your dish is full and the oysters are all used up; then add the liquor, and cover it over with a paste. It must be lightly and quickly baked.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

To Make Fancy Biscuits.—Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar, and some orange-flower water. Pound the almonds very fine, and sprinkle them with orange-flower water; when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted through a silk sieve; put the pan on a slow fire, and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off, and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, etc., and cut it into various shapes; make an icing of different colors, dip one side of them in it, and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them colored pistachios, or colored almonds, according to fancy.

Orange Custard.—Boil the juice of twelve oranges with a little of the rinds, and sugar to your taste. Strain it, and when cold add a pint of cream and the yolks of twelve eggs. Stir all together over a slow fire until it thickens.

Boiled Rice Pudding.—Swell a large cupful of rice in milk until it is quite soft, then mix with it two eggs, milk and cream sufficient to make it very thin. Butter a mould well, stone some raisins and stick them over the mould. Add currants and sugar to the rice. Fill the mould and tie it over and boil it. Before sending it to table, pour a custard round the pudding.

Almond Icing.—I think the following a good receipt for icing cakes: Take some blanched sweet almonds, and beat them in a mortar with a little rose or orange-flower water (to prevent them from oiling), sufficient to form a layer of an inch thick on the cake. Let it dry in a slow oven; frost with pounded lump sugar and white of egg. This must be dried in the same manner.

Gingerbread Pudding.—Half a pound of treacle, half a pound of flour, half a pound of suet chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger. These ingredients must be all mixed well together and boiled four hours. Should any be left, cut it, when cold, into slices about half an inch thick and fry them; it is sometimes preferred thus arranged to when it is fresh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Glossing Linen.—Inquiry is frequently made respecting the mode of putting a gloss on linen collars and shirt-bosoms like that on new linen. This gloss, or enamel, as it is sometimes called, is produced mainly by friction with a warm iron, and may be put on linen by almost any person. The linen to be glazed receives as much strong starch as it is possible to charge it with, then it is dried. To each pound of starch a piece of sperm, paraffine, or white wax, about the size of a walnut, is usually added. When ready to be ironed, the linen is laid upon the table and moistened very slightly on the surface with a clean wet cloth. It is then ironed in the usual way with a flatiron, and is ready for the glossing operation. For this purpose a peculiar heavy flatiron, rounded at the bottom, and polished as bright as a mirror, is used. It is pressed firmly upon the linen, and rubbed with much force, and this frictional action puts on the gloss. "Elbow grease" is the principal secret connected with the art of glossing linen.

To Clean Paint.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Preserving Skins with the Hair on.—The following simple mode of curing skins will make them as good as if regularly tanned: Stretch the skin tightly and smoothly upon a board, hair side down, and tack it by the edges to its place. Scrape off the loose flesh and fat with a blunt knife, and work in chalk freely, with plenty of hard rubbing. When the chalk begins to powder and fall off, remove the skin from the board, rub in plenty of powdered alum, wrap up closely, and keep it in a dry place for a few days. By this means it will be made pliable, and will retain the hair.

Plants in Bedrooms.—Some persons are so fond of odoriferous plants and flowers as to have them in their bed-chamber. This is a very dangerous practice at *night*, many of them being so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants not in flower, and without smell, injure the air during the night and in the absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. A melancholy proof of this, recorded by Dr. Curry, occurred at Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire. Mr. Sherbrook having frequently had his pinery robbed, the gardener determined to sit up and watch. He accordingly posted himself, with a loaded fowling-piece, in the greenhouse, where it is supposed he fell asleep, and in the morning was found dead upon the ground, with all the appearance of suffocation, evidently occasioned by the discharge of mephitic gas from the plants during the night. Instances of men having slept in woods during the night, and being found dead in the morning, are not uncommon.

Transfer Ink.—Mastic in tears, four ounces; shellac, six ounces; Venice turpentine, half an ounce; melt together; add wax, half a pound; tallow, three ounces. When dissolved, further add hard tallow soap in shavings, three ounces; and when the whole is combined, add lampblack, two ounces. Mix well, cool a little, and then pour it into moulds. This ink is rubbed down with a little water in a cup or saucer, in the same way as water-color cakes. In winter the operation should be performed near the fire.

The following plan of treating fruit trees is now practised with much success: Place a pail of water close to the tree, and twist a piece of soft rope or hemp two or three times round the stem, letting the two ends remain in the pail, which ought to be filled regularly every morning. This supplies a gentle and continued moisture to the tree, which is of great advantage to it, and renders any other attention unnecessary.

To Season Earthenware and Iron.—It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water, letting it heat gradually till it boil, then letting it cool. Brown earthenware especially may be toughened in this way. A little rye or wheat bran, thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing from being injured by acid or salt. New iron should be gradually heated at first, as it is apt to crack.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

To Clean Feathers for Beds.—Mix well a gallon of clear water with a pound of quick-lime; when the lime is well dissolved, let it settle, and pour off the lime-water; put the feathers in, adding two gallons of water; stir the feathers occasionally, let them remain in the water three or four days, then squeeze them out and wash them well in a tubful of clean water, then squeeze them out and put them in nets or mosquito nets, and loosely tie them up, hang them up to dry; when they begin to come through the nets, tie a sheet loosely around them, and hang them up in the air and sun to dry; open them occasionally, and pull them apart. The process will be complete in about three weeks.

To Remove Stains from Marble.—Make a paste of whiting and alcohol, and cover the stain; let it remain on until dry, and then wash it off with warm water and soap.

Sewing on Black Cloth.—To remedy the difficulty which persons with defective eyes experience when sewing on black cloth at night, pin or baste a strip of white paper on the seam of black cloth to be operated upon; then sew through the paper and cloth, and when the seam is completed, the paper may be torn off.

Cup Cake.—Four cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cream, four eggs, one nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup of raisins, and one of currants.

Loaf Cake.—One pound of flour, three eggs, one cup sugar, one butter, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of rose-water, nutmeg, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

Seed Cakes.—One cup of cream, one of sugar, one egg, and caraway seeds; mix and roll out.

White Soap.—Take a pound box (a sheet-iron, not a tin one) of the Concentrated Lye, knock off the lid carefully, and throw box and contents into one gallon of boiling water. Next morning add two gallons more, and when the whole is boiling, throw into it four and a half pounds of clean fat; boil gently for two hours and ten minutes, then sprinkle into it a half pint of salt, and boil for thirty-five minutes longer; add a half gallon of hot water, and boil again for ten minutes; then pour it into a wet tub or box. The next morning cut the soap into cakes with a twine.

The quality of the soap will be improved by the addition of a quarter of a pound of powdered borax.

The soap should be allowed to harden before using; turn over the cakes and expose them to the air to promote the drying.

Editors' Table.

HAPPINESS—AND WHERE TO FIND IT.

O happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content—whate er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Plant of celestial seed! if drop'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?—POPE.

IN the homes of the good and loving, where the heart affections are so purified by faith in God, and so brightened by hopes of heaven that the humble door of the lowliest earthly dwelling-place opens up and out to the gates of the "Celestial City"—in such homes there is happiness. Yes, in such a home there must be happiness, because the dwellers there have a real desire to know the right and do the good; they feel warm gratitude to God for all His blessings, and yield sweet submission to the sorrows that, in the righteous laws of His divine appointment must come to all the homes on earth.

Labor, pain, death, are the lot of fallen humanity, inherited as the penalty of man's first disobedience, and therefore inevitable; but these inflictions will not destroy the earthly happiness of those who sincerely believe in God's Word, rely on His promises, enjoy the hope of His love and strive to do His will. It is one of the most beautiful forms of happiness to see or read of the fidelity which faith in God brings to the heart of true believers; they can draw crystal waters of happiness from the deepest, ay, the darkest wells of sorrow. This shows the power of the heart to be far stronger and more creative than the power of the mind. Learned men, by the exercise of intellect, have discovered that coal and diamond are identical in substance; they have coal in plenty, but with all their knowledge and ingenuity have never been able to transmute this substance into even the smallest diamond.

The real Christian, taught by the love of God in his heart, believes and *knows* that afflictions, to those who trust in the Saviour's love, are blessings in disguise, and this faith does transmute his sorrows into that submissive adoration which ends in songs of joy, that by this purifying process the dross of selfishness has been eliminated from his character, and his soul enriched with the pure diamond of Charity, which has been able to pour out its blessings to other mourners who needed all things.

Such an example is particularly worthy of being studied by every lady who wishes to be happy. Woman must have *love* in her home or she will fail miserably in all her efforts after happiness. No devices of human ingenuity, no appliances of wealth, no pomp of power, no resources of learning can secure this home happiness; it must be made with and by the heart. An example will better explain our meaning than pages of description; so we will give a few photographs from a book which all our friends would be better and wiser for examining.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.—TENNYSON.

AGNES AND THE LITTLE KEY.*

(WRITTEN BY HER FATHER.)

Mercy, encouraging thought,
Gives ever affliction a grace.—COWPER.

THE grace, which Divine Mercy gives to the afflicted, who truly turn to the Fountain of all Mercies, was never portrayed more beautifully than in this heart history of grieving and of comforting. It begins with a sweet strain of memory that will move the soul of every parent who has watched in joy or in sorrow over a sleeping infant. What a lovely picture this is:—

"She was not quite one year old. I cannot venture to describe her. My heart swells and is ready to break at the thought of some sweet, touching feature, some winsome way, the posture and motion of her hands or feet, her inarticulate noises with her lips, the pressure of her mouth against our cheeks, that being as far as she had advanced in kissing. Sights of her asleep, when her mother and I stood over her with lamp in hand, are as deeply stamped on my mind as views in the Alps. I could tell you every dimple which we detected as she lay on her back, a knee or an arm disengaged from her clothing. All her mimicry of sounds and of motions, and her little feats, which astonished herself and made us shout; her morning bath, she a little image, with her very straight back, plashing the water with her feet; and other nameless things, raise the question and leave it in doubt, whether I wish there were more of them to remember, or whether it is well for me that she had been developed no more. Human bliss arrives at perfection as frequently in such scenes and experiences, as when we have made calculations for happiness; indeed we are never more happy than during the little sudden tournaments of love with a young child; and the man who has a wife and child, supplying him with these inadvertent pleasures, will find in the retrospect that he was most happy when he least suspected it. *To know when we have in possession the means of true happiness, and to rejoice in it, and feel satisfied, is rare.* Would that I had thought more of this when my little child was with me." Pp. 9–10.

Such are the reflections of a grave clergyman, who holds a deservedly high place in the esteem and love of those who can rightly estimate the worth of eminent talents, united with great scholarly attainments, both devoted, with fervent faith in the Word of God, to the service of Christ our Saviour in the way His divine Gospel enjoins. Are not his suggestions as wise in their reasoning to the mind of the good father as they are tender and true to the deepest, sweetest feelings of the loving mother's heart? One other scene from the little span of Agnes's life, when she was with her parents at the dinner table (pp. 29–30):—

"She (the baby) was regularly brought in with the dessert, tied into her high chair, and then began the chief pleasure of our meal. Her little body was kept in exultant action; the table was thumped and beaten; and, as the things rattled, she felt encouraged to pound the more. The oranges excited her desire; and, reaching and stretching after them with a straining noise in her throat, her face would growered, till her determination was soothed by her effort to say "please," or something which was as an equivalent, when her efforts to grasp and hold the orange, which was rolled towards her, proving, literally, fruitless, she made us laugh at her, she striving to laugh as loud as we."

* * * * * * * *

"Sometimes I looked at her with a feeling of awe. Mine, indeed, she was; but in what a subordinate sense!

* Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

That perfect frame, that wondrous mind, that immortal destiny, often made me shrink into nothingness at the contemplation of her—feeling that God, in making her, had rolled a sphere into an orbit which is measureless, making it touch mine, but having a path of its own, which cannot be comprehended in that of another, not even in that of an earthly parent. I was glad that there was an infinite God to possess this infinite treasure, and control it; for it was too much for me. My enjoyment of her was often overshadowed by these thoughts. Still she was to me a perfect joy. Her beautifully unfolding life left me nothing to desire.

"But the destroyer came. It had been an exceedingly hot summer, and cholera infantum began to waste the little face and frame. We saw that she must die; we nevertheless maintained a cheerfulness of feeling which afterwards seemed to us unnatural; but no doubt was kindly given to bear us through the trial."

* * * * * * * *

"I fear that some of you will smile if I say she seemed to me the sweetest little thing that ever died; that, as she lay in her last sleep, no sight could be quite so beautiful and touching; that the loss of a child never, probably, awoke such tenderness of love and grief. Suffer me at least to think so without debate." Pp. 11–12.

The deep misery of the first hours of bereavement is most touchingly painted, and the sweet uses of that sorrow turning to the promises of the Gospel and submitting to the will of "our Father in heaven," which faith was the inspiring source of services of love and sympathy to every mourning heart that needed such relief, are drawn with a life and fervor that cannot fail to move all who read with the warmest interest. Their own sorrow made them love all who were grieving; and, as the father remarks—

"When we love God, I do believe afflictions make us love Him more. We cannot be stationary in our feelings towards God in times of great sorrow; we either go back from Him, and are cold towards Him, which is a dreadful sign; or we cling to Him, and say: 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?'"

In the Middle Ages many good Christians thought a life of piety was best attained by seclusion from the world, by living in deserts, in natural solitudes, and in solitary cells. In our modern days the reverse of wrong has by some "fanatics of a foolery" been taken for right, and not a few enthusiasts in this Socialistic philosophy have sought to organize what we may call *Gregarious Homes* by living together in phalansteries, with a community of goods and labors. These experiments have signally failed in promoting happiness. Experience proves that God's institution of family life is not only the happiest in this world, but the most salutary to ripen the soul for heaven.

See the Christian husband and wife in the little book we have been commending. It is no fancy sketch, but the real experience of facts and feelings. How they lead each other to "brighter worlds!" How vainly would that tender sympathy in sorrow, that striving for the comfort and improvement of one another be sought for by the eremite in his hermitage, the worldling at his club, or the Socialist in his cold, unsympathetic crowd! Many experiments have been made, are now being made by vain man in his philosophical, sensual, or mystical pursuit of happiness; but if he would enjoy the best felicity of which his nature is capable he must come back to the Bible standard and its teachings.

These eternal truths were set forth last month in the burning words of Genius from the great poem of Mrs. Browning, which we counselled our friends to read attentively. Now we would entreat them to place "Agnes and the little Key" on their list of *must haves* when they think of books which they have not read. It was written particularly for the bereaved; but the lessons it inculcates will be of universal benefit. Besides, there are few families exempted from the lot of mourners or sympathizers with those who weep for the "gathered flowers" of the household garden. The book is written with simple beauty, the style exactly suited to the narrative.

THE FINE ARTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Thirty-Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is now open in our city. We gave, last year, an elaborate article on this Academy. It deserves to be highly praised, not only for the earnest and steady progress which it shows in this science of creating the beautiful, but for the opportunities it offers to all who desire to examine these creations of genius and enjoy the healthful pleasures which a cultivated taste for the perfections of art confers on the intelligent observer.

We are glad to see that some of the best productions among the new pictures are the work of women. "The Wheat Field," by Miss Fidelia Bridges, is a sweet reverie of Nature, where we see flowers, weeds, and the golden wheat-ears growing together in the beauty of contrast that makes a perfect harmony of forms and tints.

Miss Henriette Ronner has several good pictures; the best—indeed, a real gem of its kind—is that of "The Moving," or Dogs Drawing a Wagon. It is a remarkable painting. Each dog has a distinctive character, a different and admirably delineated expression; while all the details—the boy who is conductor, the wheels, the ground, the atmosphere—all are executed in masterly style. Then, there are some capital "poultry pieces" by Miss Mary Smith, "The Rival Chiefs" is very good; and "Speculation" and "Tribulation," by Lilly M. Spencer, are excellent.

There are scores of landscapes worthy of praise, if we only had room. "Among the Clouds at Catskill," by Mr. E. D. Lewis, is a beautiful picture. In this sultry season it looks doubly attractive. "The Path in the Wood," by Mr. W. T. Richards, is finished with the perfection of artistic taste—that is, the beauties seem *natural* in their loveliness; we consider it one of the best landscapes in the gallery.

There are some good portraits, but nothing remarkable in this branch of art. The new historical pictures which will draw attention are: "Christ Among the Doctors," by Rothermel, in his characteristic style, that usually brings out the meaning of the picture by the variety of personages introduced, each actor strongly marked in his countenance or costume. "Zeisberger Preaching to the Delawares" is a remarkable picture, which shows much skill as well as talent in the artist, Mr. Schussele. He has another picture of great beauty—"Evangeline"—in the gallery.

In sculpture we noticed several beautiful contributions, but have only room to note a Portrait Bust of the good Samaritan, Mr. Barclay, and a medallion likeness of a child, both by Broome. This is a way of portraying the face in which Mr. Broome is eminently successful; as it is much less expensive than a bust, he is likely to have many sitters.*

---

* In the classic art of sculpture American genius leads the world. In the International Exhibition now open in London there are two statues which are spoken of with the highest admiration. One figure is that of Cleopatra, the other a Sibyl. The *London Times* says that "nothing has entered into the building which approaches them in originality of conception and power of execution." These wonderful figures are the work of our countryman, "the accomplished American sculptor," Mr W. W. Story, son of the late eminent Judge Story, of Massachusetts.

Upon the whole, we are glad to find that Philadelphia is keeping up her reputation in the Fine Arts. One feature of the establishment is to be highly commended—the "School of the Academy;" and this, we learn, is very flourishing, both in the number of the pupils and in their progress and success.

THE "SILVER WEDDING."

A BEAUTIFUL sight is a fair young bride,
As she trustingly clings to the bridegroom's side,
While she utters the vow, with unwavering faith,
Which shall make her his till the hour of death

And lofty emotions attend the hour
When the wealth of manhood's love and power
Is pledged as a shield and a sure defence
That shall never betray her confidence.

But a lovelier sight is the faithful wife
To whom twenty-five years of wedded life
Have brought no change, save a deepening glow
Of the love that was plighted so long ago.

And the noble one who has been her stay,
And tenderly guarded her all the way,
Bears a holier signet upon his brow
As he stands to renew the *unbroken* vow.

Then come to the wedding, O fair-browed son!
Let thy girl-bride witness what truth has won.
And say in thy soul that the heart of thy choice,
As the bride she beholds, shall have cause to rejoice.

O beautiful daughter! thy dark, dark eyes
Ne'er saw a more beautiful vision arise.
Oh, bless ye the day that the wedding began,
And give thy dear heart unto just such a man

E L T D

MODERN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

THE last number of the *Edinburgh Review* has a long and able article on the relations of mistress and servant in the household. We gather from the statements that domestic service in England and Scotland is not a matter of pleasure to either of the parties concerned; that the "troubles of housekeeping," which have been thought chiefly indigenous to our American institutions, are not only felt, but that a revolution in domestic service has already gained such power in the old country that new measures must be adopted, or home comforts, as hitherto enjoyed, will be in great danger of sad changes, if not destruction. The Reviewer makes some sensible reflections at the close, enforcing duties on both parties, which are as necessary to be observed in our country as in Great Britain. We have often urged on our readers the duty of considering household management an art of which no LADY should be ignorant; perhaps the authority of this British writer may strengthen our views, so we will give his conclusion of the matter:—

"In the first place, it appears *ladies* should apply themselves in their youth or in their early married life to the study of household management, that they may at once know what to require, and obtain the respect of their domestics by proving that they are mistresses of the art as well as of those who practise it.

"In the next place it is necessary that the employing class should exert themselves to see that some provision is made for the special training of domestic servants. Matters cannot mend while the training is left entirely to the humblest class of mistresses—the wives of farmers and tradesmen, the widows and single ladies of small means, who cannot afford to take qualified servants—at a time when service is itself despised and disliked as degrading in comparison with more independent industry. There must be schools of cookery, of laundry work, and of family sewing It is not so easy to say how nursery training and practice in the housemaid's function are to be provided. As for the nursery work, the Hospital for Sick Children admits pupils, not only to learn the care of the sick, but to be trained in the management of infants and healthy children. But how many such opportunities exist in the whole kingdom? As for the housemaid's function, the attempts made, in the form of industrial schools for girls, to prepare them for service, have not, thus far, been successful. They are either left empty or the industrial part of the business is shirked Here and there one hears of a modern cooking school, or of an ancient foundation, where girls dressed in serge frocks and white tippets are professedly trained for service; but if such institutions were all and always what they profess to be, they would not fill up a hundredth part of the existing deficiency It is for the housewives of England to consider what can be done. The greatest step taken will be when we can raise the lowest social class into the late position of that which is escaping from our command; when we can replenish domestic service from schools which will have rescued pauper and ragged children from pauperism and raggedness. Meantime, the whole of society will be of one mind about *their* share of the case—that they have no right to expect good domestic service unless they understand it themselves, and have provided means for the rising generation of domestics to understand it also."

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, FOR HEATHEN LANDS.—We have good news for all who are interested in this good work. Mrs. Mason's efforts have been greatly blessed; she was warmly welcomed when she reached London; English ladies took her by the hand and raised money to aid the Mission. *Over a thousand dollars* were contributed for native teachers and schools in Burmah.

Mrs. Mason was in Calcutta at the last dates, is now, probably, among her dear pupils in the Karen Mission School for Girls. Her book* was to be published in London, and her friends there were confident of a large sale. The American publishers have already disposed of a large edition, and a second series is out. We can heartily commend this interesting book. Our own "Expectations" of selling many copies have not yet been realized; but now, when money is so plentiful, and *one dollar bills*, just the price of the book, are easy to transmit by mail, we hope to have many orders. We want to sell *a hundred copies* this year. And we want a hundred new names on our list of subscribers to the Mission The following note, postmarked Portland, Maine, inclosing *one dollar* from an anonymous contributor, was very welcome:—

"Inclosed, please find one dollar, for the Karen Mission, from a friend to the cause."

We hope to have many similar favors to acknowledge in the Lady's Book before December.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to

* Great Expectations Realized: or, Civilizing Mountain Men. By Mrs. Ellen B. Mason. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

To our Correspondents.—These articles are accepted: "Portrait, No. 2"—"Ralph Lester"—"Romance of Old Letters"—"Listen"—"It makes no difference now"—"Reunited"—"Boarding Round"—and "Lines."

We must decline the following: "Blind"—"But a Dream"—"The Battle"—"The loved ones gone before"—"Woman"—"The Lost"—"The lost Ticket"—"Night"—"Self-examination"—"From a leaf in an Album"—"Death" (some great thoughts and fine lines, but not finished poetry)—"The lost Arts"—"A good Bargain"—"Song"—"Benevolence" (the writer must not be discouraged; study, perseverance, and carefulness to improve all opportunities for acquiring knowledge, will soon win success).

We have other articles on hand. Several have been returned. In all cases where this return is expected, stamps to pay the postage should be inclosed.

Health Department.

(*From Hall's Journal of Health.*)

USES OF ICE.

In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammations of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in summer; to use it at all with any safety the person should take but a single swallow at a time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls.

To drink any ice-cold liquid at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestions.

On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean, and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crushing between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhœa, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera.

A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp, has allayed violent inflammations of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there.

Water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest, with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up well in the bed-clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

All inflammations, internal or external, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or ice water, because it is converted into steam and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.

HINTS ABOUT SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

The means.—To all, we say, get in the first place the requisite funds, after having paid the newsman, the milkman, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor, and the dress maker the very last cent due; for summer is a hard time for them all, by reason of the general decrease of business, and how could you enjoy anything justly with money which belongs to them?

The costume.—Our wives and daughters lose three-fourths of the pleasures of summer travel by the inexcusable, the execrable perversion of true taste and common sense, in dressing for a rail car or a steamboat as if they were going to a court reception. It does not seem that they have no more sense of the fitness of things than idiots. Cannot some few gentlemen have their own way for once, and thereby set the fashion by dressing in the families for a summer travel in plain, substantial garments, allowing no member anything beyond what a small carpet-bag would contain, and which should be the sole article which each one was to take care of. Let us all "put ourselves upon our behavior," and not on our dress.

Who are benefited.—To children and young people, spending the summer in the country may be made highly advantageous; but it is questionable whether those who have passed forty-five are not better off in their own homes in the city, enjoying their undisturbed routine, and the quiet comfort which attaches to sameness at the change to the down hill of life. To such, an excursion for a day or two has its advantages; but beyond that, it is for the most part, ordinarily, a penance and a bore, unless in the few cases where a "home" in town can be exchanged for a "home" in the country.

HINTS ABOUT CHILDREN.

The moral teachings should commence with the earliest infancy; the physical as soon as there is bodily locomotion; the mental, meaning thereby the literary, not earlier than the completion of the sixth year, not even to the extent of learning the alphabet or repeating by "rote;" mere mechanical memorizing. This brain education is specially advised in reference only to children whose situation in life allows them to study until they are twenty-one. The children of the poor—those who must go to work and earn something—can with safety begin at the age of three or four years, for three reasons:—

First. They are out in the open air nearly all the time during daylight.

Second. Their food is plain and not over-abundant.

Third. The early necessity that they should do something for a living does not allow time for special brain disturbance; and any slight tendencies in that direction would be counteracted and repaired by the constant muscular activities necessary to their condition. But those children who will have nothing to do but "get their education," up to the day of entering their twenty-first year, ought to do nothing for the first third of that period but to eat, and sleep, and play out of doors from morning till night, all the year round, except when rain, sleet, or snow are falling. It is the exercise daily, "regardless of the weather," which works so many almost miracles in the renovation of human health.

The vanity of parents is fed by the "smartness" of their children; but early ripe, early ruined, may be said of all precocities. If not actually ruined, there is almost in all cases a sudden "giving out" of the mental powers, and the prodigy of yesterday is the mediocre of to-day, and the *non compos mentis* of to-morrow.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A LIFE'S SECRET: *A Story of Woman's Revenge.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," etc. etc. Perhaps the greatest evidence of the success of the works of Mrs. Henry Wood is the rapidity with which they are being issued from the press. One is scarcely read before another is announced. She is, perhaps, the most popular romance writer of the day, having obtained a sudden yet not undeserved reputation. "A Life's Secret" is her latest work, and has been published in this country in advance of its appearance in England. It is also undoubtedly her best. We will not spoil it for our readers by revealing its plot; yet we may, however, say that it ends happily. The author, for once, lets the nobility alone, introducing neither earl, lord, nor lady; and descends to professional people and tradesmen, weaving into the story an account of the origin and result of a builders' "strike." Price 50 cents.

THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS: *A Novel of Real Life.* By George Augustus Sala, editor of "Temple Bar," author of the "Seven Sons of Mammon," etc. This is a novelette, rather than a novel, and has very little plot, with still less action. It is, however, one of the most pleasingly written books of the month, with smooth language, careful descriptions, and fresh ideas. L'Abbe Guillemot is the most affable of priests, and the little church where the remains of the ancestors of the Craintriens rest is drawn so accurately that one can see it as if in a picture. Price 25 cents.

THE STOLEN MASK; *or, The Mysterious Cash Box.* By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc. A pleasant little romance, founded on fact, of the origin of the plaster "masks" of Shakspeare's face. There is something really touching in his description of the old player, who worshipped Shakspeare, and looked upon John Philip Kemble as his especial prophet. Price 25 cents.

The Petersons have in press, and will soon issue, a new novel, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, entitled "Love's Labor Won." It is spoken of, by those who have had opportunities to judge, as better even than her previous works.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA: *A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon.* Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. This most carefully prepared and reliable encyclopædia has reached its forty-eighth part, being, we should judge, about one-fourth of its ultimate number. The three parts before us contain a quantity of valuable information, and many of the subjects are illustrated by engravings. Price 15 cents per part.

THE BOOK OF DAYS: *A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar.* Parts 2 and 3. We have before us a work, new to us in plan, which promises to rank next to an encyclopædia in usefulness. It is issued in numbers in pamphlet form, and when completed, will make a work of two or three large volumes. It takes each day in the year, giving all its important events, and everything of an interesting character pertaining to it. It includes in its information matter connected with the church calendar, phenomena of the seasonal changes, popular notions and observances in regard to times and seasons, notable events, biographies and anecdotes, articles of popular archæology tending to illustrate the progress of civilization, literature, etc., and curious fugitive and inedited pieces. It is printed in plain type, and is illustrated by a number of wood engravings. Each part contains sixty-four pages, and is published at 20 cents per part.

—

From CARLTON, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LES MISERABLES. *Fantine: A Novel.* By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Chas. E. Wilbour. The world has been benefited by the death of a single obscure individual in France. The story runs that for twenty-five years Victor Hugo has suppressed his "Les Miserables," on account of some difficulty with his publisher; and now, upon the decease of the latter, the most remarkable book of the age is suffered to be made public. We should say books, rather, for there are a series of five, treating of the same theme, and, if we may judge by the titles of the subsequent ones, all connected in story. Hugo has attempted the great work of showing how society is itself responsible, in a measure, for its criminals, by its treatment of those who have made a single false step. "Fantine" is the first of the series of these books, and has for its hero and heroine Jean Valjean, a convict just from the galleys, and Fantine, an unfortunate woman. Though treating of characters and subjects abhorred and forbidden, there is nothing in the book which can disgust the reader, or which panders to depraved tastes. It is, in truth, written in most beautiful and chaste style, though its beauty is somewhat marred by its indifferent English translation. In his attempts to heal the festering wounds of society he probes deeply and unhesitatingly, and in consequence we shall not be surprised to hear some crying out, and see some shrinking at his touch. But this to the skilful physician is the more certain sign of disease. If books can effect anything, it seems that the influence of this for good must be measureless. The first portion of "Fantine" is devoted to a brief sketch of M. Myriel, Bishop of D——, a person who has a passive influence rather than an active part in the events narrated. It is a model of a biography, and aside from the rest of the book will be read with interest by all who can appreciate a character so simple-minded and overflowing with benevolence as he. For Hugo, whether he has drawn from real life or not, has clustered around the bishop all the virtues that he could conceive as belonging to a good and truly great man. As sequels to "Fantine," "Cosette" and the books following will be anxiously looked for, and cannot be issued too soon. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00.

LYRICS FOR FREEDOM; *and other Poems.* Under the auspices of the Continental Club. A collection of poems by different members of the Continental Club, which are, according to the opinion of the Secretary of the Club, good, bad, and indifferent. They are upon

every subject that bears any relation to war in general, and the present war in particular; and of every variety, from a funeral dirge to a humorous address from Jonathan to John Bull. Price $1 00.

ARTEMUS WARD, HIS BOOK. With many comic illustrations. Artemus Ward is the most original humorist of the day, completely casting all rivals in the shade. He is, in American literature, what Doesticks attempted to be, and might perhaps have been, if he had not stranded on the shoal of vulgarity, and finally gone down in the muddy waters of commonplace nonsense. The sketches of the "wax figger man" have been exceedingly popular in the newspapers, and now that the best are collected in book form, they cannot prove less acceptable to public taste. Price $1 00.

WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE. *A Novel.* By the author of "Paul Ferroll" Several years ago Mrs. Clive published a book called "Paul Ferroll," in which the hero murdered his wife without apparent cause. Suddenly the authoress seems to awake to a sense of the necessity for some explanation, and a second book is written as an introduction to the first, in which the public are informed why he killed her. Mrs. Clive makes out a very fair case against the woman, but we think hardly a sufficient justification for her murder. It is quite an absorbing story. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00.

—

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

REPLIES TO "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." By the Revs. E. M. Goulburn, D. D., H. J. Rose, B. D., C. A. Heurtley, D. D., W. J. Ivens, D. D., G. Rorison, M. A., A. W. Haddan, B. D., Chr. Wordsworth, D. D. With a preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. This is the second volume reprinted in this country (we do not know how many have appeared in England), which the celebrated "Essays and Reviews" of a year or two since has called out. In this there are seven essays, each written by different persons, and each in reply to one of the original essays and reviews. The publishers of the book themselves made selection of the writers, and each has written independently of the others. The various subjects are treated ably, and the volume will be joyfully received throughout the Christian world, as doing much toward building up that faith in religion which the original work attempted to destroy with such seeming ruthlessness.

JOURNAL OF ALFRED ELY, *a Prisoner of War in Richmond.* Edited by Charles Lanman. This is a book something similar to the one entitled "Prison Life at Richmond," giving a full relation, in journal form, of the capture and detention of Alfred Ely among the rebels. The book is embellished by a fine portrait of the author. Price $1 00.

FIRST LESSONS IN MECHANICS; *with Practical Application.* Designed for the Use of Schools. By W. E. Worthen. The title of this book is sufficiently explanatory of its character.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH: *its History, Authority, Duties, Benefits, and Civil Relations.* A Series of Discourses. By the Rev. N. L. Rice, D D.; the Rev. William Hague, D D.; the Rev. Harvey D. Ganse; the Rev. William Adams, D. D.; the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D. With a Sketch of the Sabbath Reform, by the Secretary of the New York Sabbath Committee. The title tells the subject and describes the character of these sermons, preached in the city of New York during the winter of 1862. Those who wish to strengthen their own faith in God's commands to keep the Sabbath Day holy, will find in this work ample reasons, eloquently and powerfully set forth. The publishers have been liberal with plain large type, and this is a great boon in these days of much reading. It should have a large sale.

STORIES ON THE PARABLES. By A. L. O. E. *The Black Cliff. The Broken Chain, etc.* Like all the writings by this author (whose real name is still unknown), these stories for the young and unlearned are among the very best sent forth. There is nothing wanting in interest or morals.

—

From C. M. SAXTON, New York:—

OPEN AIR GRAPE CULTURE; *a Practical Treatise on the Garden and Vineyard Culture of the Vine, and the Manufacture of Domestic Wine.* Designed for the Use of Amateurs and others in the Northern and Middle States. Profusely illustrated with new engravings and carefully executed designs, verified by direct practice. By John Phin, author of essays on "Open Air Grape Culture," to which was awarded the first premium of the American Institute. To which is added a selection of examples of American vineyard practice, and a carefully prepared description of the celebrated Thomery system of grape culture. The title of this book is so complete that little need be added. The aim of the work has been to collect all possible information in regard to the subject of grape culture, and modify and adapt it to our own climate and wants, and explain and simplify it sufficiently to make it of practical advantage. A second volume is promised to treat of the same matter.

—

From E. D. BARKER, New York:—

THE PULPIT AND ROSTRUM. *The Sabbath, and its Relations to the State.* A Sermon, by Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D. The concluding discourse of the "Sabbath Series," delivered in St. George's Church, New York, March 9, 1862. Price 10 cents.

—

From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

AGNES AND THE LITTLE KEY. By her Father.

BERTHA AND HER BAPTISM By the same author.

CATHARINE. By the author of Agnes.

We have given a sketch of "Agnes" at pages 195–6: whoever is interested in that book will be in earnest to read the other two. You will not be disappointed. Each, in its way, is a finished work, containing the pearls of truth polished and strung with such perfect beauty of thought and illustration that the heart of the reader will be taken captive by the charms of life shown thus within the power of the good in all classes of the people. At this time, when so much suffering and sorrow are abroad in the land, when so many "bereaved parents" are weeping over their lost sons, the pride and hope of the household, we do not know of any book, excepting always the BIBLE, that will show more truly how this grief can be turned to submission and made the means of promoting not only the real improvement of soul, but the *happiness* of all who, like the parents of the lovely "CATHARINE," believe in the Saviour and trust the promises of Divine Love. These books are remarkable for the interest with which the author has invested subjects that we *must* at some time contemplate: Death here and

the Life to come! The duties of the Christian are shown to be the best pleasures of man and woman. One scene from "Bertha," "The Road-side Baptism," is a pearl of price which the reader will keep, never be forgotten. There is nothing dull, nothing gloomy, nothing sectarian; but all who have the desire to know what true love to God and love to man really mean will find enjoyment as well as profit in these books. To women their worth is inestimable.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

RAVENSHOE. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." This book has been laid upon our table at so late a date that we have found time to do no more than turn a few leaves. Therefore we cannot pretend to give it anything like a fair notice. It is well written, and promises to be interesting. It is a story of English life.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR AUGUST PLATE.—"Daniel Webster at the Tomb of Shakspeare." We were induced to have this beautiful design made by that accomplished artist, Schussele, from reading the following extract from a lecture, delivered some time since, by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston. We think the likeness a good one, and it has been so pronounced:—

"To peruse the plays of the great poet on the very spots where the scenes are laid is one of the most satisfactory incidents in a traveller's journey abroad. 'Romeo and Juliet' read in the open air of Verona, on a quiet summer evening; 'Julius Cæsar' amid the ruins of Roman temples; 'The Merchant of Venice' while leaning over the bridge of the Rialto; and 'Othello' while floating in a gondola in and out of the watery streets of the Fairy City; and those noble historical plays in England, Scotland, and France, on the very spots where events had time and place—this is to enjoy to the top of your bent the magic of the poet's mind. One of our own great statesmen, than whom no one living knows better than he knew every hidden or discovered beauty of Shakspeare, while in other lands, is said to have gone about with a searching glance for every spot hallowed by the poet's genius which came in his path of travel. One who had the high privilege to be with him in his rambles about England—himself one of the most honored of the living writers of Europe—spoke thus," said the lecturer, "in my own hearing, of our great patriot, now lying in his new-made grave by the side of the sounding sea. 'I have seen,' said he, 'all the prominent members of that splendid galaxy which shone so proudly eminent during the trial of Warren Hastings—Burke, Fox, Sheridan these eyes have beheld in all their majesty of genius. But I have seen another and a kindred spirit, during my old age, whose presence filled and satisfied my imagination more than all or any of these whose forms I have just recalled—a man who, had he been born in England, would have founded a peerage, and taken his seat highest, next the throne. A few years ago, I saw Daniel Webster standing at the grave of Shakspeare, and heard him solemnly recite, as we stood in Stratford Church, Hamlet's soliloquy on immortality! The most splendid specimen of power and dignity then walking this planet I saw beside the tomb of that most majestic monarch of mind. As your great countryman reverently uncovered that noble forehead, and gazed with a look fraught with the deepest meaning on the hallowed shrine before us, I thought that never before, since the Bard of Avon died, had his grave been looked on by a more commanding spirit.' That, indeed, was no common grouping around the Stratford monument—Webster at the tomb of Shakspeare!"

We must add the following anecdote of Webster, which is too good to be lost—"from grave to gay:"—

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Men at some times are masters of their fates.
SHAKSPEARE.

In Mr. Webster's boyhood there lived in his native town a man by the name of Hammond, a rough, uncultivated, but kind-hearted, honest fellow—half farmer and half backwoodsman. Hammond's boys were expert in gunning and fishing, and Mr. Webster, who always had an especial fondness for such sports, was often accompanied by them in his excursions, and became well acquainted with the family.

After a time the Hammonds emigrated to some wild region near the Canada frontier, and for several years Mr. Webster lost all traces of them; but during one of his college vacations a desire to see his old friends again determined him to search them out. After some trouble, he succeeded in discovering their place of abode, and a somewhat fatiguing journey brought him to the log cabin of the eccentric old wanderer, who had fixed his residence as far as possible from the settlements, which were becoming too densely populated to suit his ideas of comfortable life. Hammond and his good dame, with their stout boys, were of course delighted to meet Mr. Webster again, and the rude hospitalities of the cabin were extended with open hands. The family was poor, much poorer than he had expected to find it, but not the less cheerful and happy were its members.

Supper was at once provided by the kind hostess, for, said Hammond, "Dan'l's hungry, and we must do the best we can for him, wife." Young Webster had a keen appetite, and enjoyed the meal; but for the first time in his life partook of a dish which even Parker, with all his ingenuity and originality in providing tempting *entrées*, never would have dreamed of. This was nothing more or less than *grass fried in lard*, which formed the principal portion of the meal.

The "fodder" having been duly discussed and cleared away, Hammond entered into conversation with Mr. Webster, and among other things was anxious to know what pursuit his young friend designed to follow. Mr. Webster replied that he had not definitely made up his mind, but supposed he should be either a physician, a minister, or a lawyer.

"Dan'l," said Hammond, "you've a good head, and can make a figure in the world, if you don't throw your chances away. Now, I have some experience, though I haven't much larnin', and I'll give you a bit of advice for old acquaintance sake. Don't you go to bein' a doctor; it's hard work gettin' up of nights, and trottin' round with those eternal saddle-bags. Nor I wouldn't be a minister, neither; it's a poor kind of livin', and you'd be tired of this everlasting preachin'; and as for the lawyers, *they're all infernal rascals*. Now, Dan'l, I'll tell ye how ye can make a fortin', and won't charge nothin' for it, neither—*be a conjuror;* Dan'l, be a conjuror. You're just the right sort of chap for conjurin', and them fellows make a power of money. A good many of the people *lose their cows, and there's a way to*

tell how they've gone. I don't know how; but you've book larnin', and can find out and know everything, jist as these chaps do, and, besides, you can tell fortins. Take my advice, Dan'l, and be a conjuror."

Mr. Webster was greatly diverted, but took care not to offend his worthy old friend, who was exceedingly earnest and sincere in giving his simple views. He promised to reflect, and decide carefully. After partaking again of *fried grass* at breakfast, he took an affectionate leave. Hammond's parting words were, "Don't forget, Dan'l; *conjuring*'s the thing for you."—*Boston Journal.*

Kittatinny House.—Mr. Brodhead, the courteous and attentive proprietor of this establishment, announces that his house is now open for the reception of visitors. The Delaware Water Gap is one of the most attractive and delightful places in the United States, and the Kittatinny is a most comfortable and home-like hotel.

Pennsylvania Central Railroad.—One of the most gigantic results of modern enterprise is apparent in the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, which, under the management of its efficient directors, promises soon to take its place far in advance of any railway corporation on the continent, in the extent of line controlled and vastness of its corporate powers. The history of the growth of this road from its beginning, in 1846, when its original charter contemplated a line only from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, up to the present time would occupy far too much space. But now the company have a complete line through the entire length of Pennsylvania, with numerous short branch lines, and control of the operations of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago road. Besides this, a lease has been taken in perpetuity, during the past year, of the Sunbury and Erie road, a line of nearly three hundred miles, of which about one-half is already completed. In such energetic hands, this long contemplated and much needed route is certain of early completion.

The business on the Pennsylvania Central has steadily increased from year to year since its opening. Each year has seen more tons moved, more passengers carried, and a consequent improvement of income over the one preceding. There have been no fluctuations in its stocks, such as have characterized many other companies; but they have been uniformly good, and at this moment are worth their full face in United States treasury notes, silver, or gold. The company have regularly from the first paid dividends of six per cent. per annum, from the net earnings of the road; and have at the same time had ample means to pursue their plans of extension and improvement.

From statistics of the different railroad companies for the year 1861 it is seen that the increase of receipts from all sources on the Pennsylvania Central is over a million of dollars more than the increase of receipts on the New York Central. This shows that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad is rapidly extending in business, and taking its place in importance among the roads of the country. It also shows that its affairs are in the right hands, and that the company have reason to feel satisfied with the prudence and judgment of its officers. Its plan of operations seems to be a consolidation of a through trunk line from the seaboard to the commercial centres of the West; and the day cannot be far distant when it will become the eastern portion of a continental central route between the two great oceans of the world.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

New Music by the Editor.—We have just published, at 25 cents each, two new songs, arranged with easy piano accompaniment, to which we would ask the attention of our readers. The first is Fleuve du Tage, or Beautiful Valley. The other is entitled At the Gate—

"Tap, tap, tap, at the gate he came."

Those who wish can order these with the three songs as follows, which have already become popular: O Lady, Touch those Chords Again, Poor Ben the Piper, and The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars. We will send the five for $1.

New Military Quadrille.—Firth, Pond, & Co., New York, publish a splendid new composition of some length —U. S. Army Calls, by R Stoepel. This is especially adapted to the present time. It has a handsome colored lithographic title; sixteen pages, 75 cents. They also publish Estratour Galop, by Helmsmuller, very pretty, 25 cents. La Gentillesse, Morceau brillant, by Gehring, 30. The Volunteer's Farewell, nocturn, pictorial title, 35. Also the following songs, etc.: Forget Thee, ballad by Balfe, 25. In my Mountain Valley, from Benedict's Lily of Killarney, 25. Washington and our Country, new patriotic song, 40. Standard of Freedom, by J. R. Thomas, author of Cottage by the Sea, 35. As Pants the Hart, beautiful sacred song and chorus, same author, 30 cents.

New Music from O. Ditson & Co.—Bear them Home Tenderly, touching ballad of the battle-field, 25. Keep the Heart Light as you Can, 25. I Love them Yet, or The Home of my Childhood, by Glover, 25. Also Chant du Berger, a fine study, 25. Farewell, beautiful nocturn by Riche, 25. Fort Donelson, Military Divertimento, by Vireck, 35. Pastorelle e Cavigliere, a delightful study for the advanced performer, by the distinguished Gottschalk, 13 pages, 60 cents. Battle of Roanoke Island, a spirited descriptive battle-piece, one of Chas. Grobe's best compositions, with handsome colored title, 60 cents.

From J. H. Hidley, Albany.—Young Soldier's Return, Polka Militaire. Good Luck Quickstep. Schrieber's Band Drum Polka. Three fine military compositions, 25 cents each. Victory March, spirited, and appropriate to the time, by Otto Fox, 35. Red Coat Polka, by Warren, beautiful military piece, with colored title, 50. Le Triomphe, Grand Galop, by Gockel, with portrait, 50.

From Horace Waters, New York.—Seven Sons Galop, performed in the popular burlesque, 35. Music Box Galop, by Herring, 35. L'Etoile de la Mer, Valse, 35. Brilliant variations by Cull on the Star-Spangled Banner, 40. Our Generals' Quickstep, Grafuella, with colored vignette of all the generals, 50 cents. Comet Schottische, 52. Spirit Polka, 25. Union Valse, La Grassa, 25. General Scott's Farewell, march, 25. Volunteer's Polka, by Goldbecke, 25.

Also songs and ballads, each 25 cents: Brave McClellan is our Leader Now. Johnny's so Bashful, by A. Cull. Shall we Know Each Other There, same. Pleasant Words for All. Always Look on the Sunny Side. Rock me to Sleep. By the Lone River. Hark, the Signal. Three Cheers for our Banner. There is a Beautiful World. A Penny for your Thoughts. Little Jenny Dow. Why have my Loved Ones Gone? A Dream of my Mother Land; and I Will be True to Thee. All beautiful; the last five by Stephen C. Foster.

All musical correspondence and orders for music to be addressed to Philadelphia, to the Musical Editor,

J. Starr Holloway.

MARINETTE, WIS., *April* 2, 1862.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Sitting here in my far northern home, this dreary, *dreary* day, I bethought me of my long indebtedness to you; and wondering what I could write that would be pleasing and interesting to you and the many readers of your Book, the idea came to me that perhaps a picture of the Menomonee of nine years ago, compared with the present, might not be all uninteresting.

A pen and ink picture of our (then) new home in the far West! It seemed to me a sad change from the sunny valley of the Susquehanna. But it was a pretty place; the house stood on a broad bluff overlooking the river; at our left, half a mile away, and on the opposite side of the river, those long, low, irregular buildings were the "old water mills," where, night and day, the saws kept up their ceaseless din; the other buildings grouped about were the boarding-house for the men without families, the store, the barns, and the lowly roof-trees called *home* by those of the laborers who were blessed with wife and children. Following the river bank, you see here and there a house, with its chickens, cows, and pigs, and round all, like a dark frame round some large, grand old painting, frowns the dim forest. The river here is broad and beautiful, and dotted with little islands green as a fairy's ring and almost as small, and it sweeps away in calm, majestic flow till it is lost in the restless waters of the bay, just visible far away to the right, where the sun first bids us good-morning. How I love the ever-changing waters of that green old bay! There is such sympathy there for the unquiet heart. How like some great human grief seem the rise and fall of those never quiet waters, always heaving, moaning, swelling, as if some great agony were pent within that giant breast! It soothes me inexpressibly, when weary and restless, to watch the play of the waves. I could sit for hours in a dreamy reverie which their restlessness induces. When we first came here, it seemed to me that I should always be homesick for the hills, but each year as it passes makes me more in love with the bay. If I am a few days where I cannot see it, I grow restless and unhappy; and when it is bound in its ice fetters, as *now*, I grow so weary, *weary*.

Away up this beautiful river is what was *then* the

"Forest primeval
Where the lofty pines and the hemlocks
Were standing like Druids of old."

Alas! I fear the unfeeling lumbermen have made sad havoc with those forest kings. They told us of cascades and waterfalls rivalling Trenton and Genesee in beauty and grandeur. Ah! how dearly I would love to see those beauties ere civilization has spoiled them! But there is no way but by pushing a canoe up many, many miles, making a portage where the river is shallow and the "rapids" too swift. Then, we must sleep in open air, or in the tents or "bough house"—how would you like that? I expect we must wait till a railroad has opened up to us these beauties of nature. Ah! how many changes will come to us all ere that!

But come, now, and look with me again. Our present home is a neat white cottage, with a veranda, standing on the same bluff, only a few rods below our first home on the grand old Menomonee. We have lived up the river, and down the river, on both sides; but have come back where we look out on the same country as at first. But how changed! The old mills are burned down and the last vestige of them washed away; the barns, the boarding-house, and store, with a very few other roofs, are standing, but all has a deserted, forlorn look. But look farther down on that bold bluff. Along the river the forest has disappeared, and neat, comfortable homes have sprung up. The "Lair" (though deserted of the *lions*) stands over them, and it is a lovely place. And look away to the left. In summer we can see the smoke of five mills from our front porch. Mene Haune is quite a village; I expect every winter to hear that she has applied for a charter—these western towns are so ambitious.

Now the ice is in the river, so you cannot see how the piers, and booms, and piles have obstructed navigation and spoiled the beauty. When the mills were above us, there was nothing in the way of fair sailing from the mouth three miles up the river, except those beautiful islands. Now they are going to take one of them for a lumber yard! Ah, well, "no great loss without *some* gain." We have a daily boat from the *city* of Green Bay during the season of navigation, and a good winter road. In those days we had only two mails per month, and *sometimes* they were dreadfully behind time. Soon we shall hear the shriek of the locomotive; then we we will shake hands with Philadelphia, all rail from Green Bay to the Atlantic. Ever faithfully yours,

MENOMONEE SUE.

PEMBERTON SQUARE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 26 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass., Rev. GEORGE GANNETT, A. M., *Principal.* Twelve Professors and Teachers; number of family pupils limited to twenty. This school furnishes unsurpassed facilities for the acquisition of conversational French, and the best instruction in every department of female culture. Being one of the first that inaugurated, it is now zealously carrying forward the work of physical education, under the direction of Dio Lewis, M. D. To a limited number of pupils it also offers a pleasant home and all needful attentions.

THE *Prattsville News* sends us the following poetical notice:—

Swift as the weeks and months roll round,
And seasons go and come,
This Queen of monthlies is always found
In our "own dear happy home."

Our wife and daughters dearly prize
This Book so chaste and fine,
And o'er its leaves, with eager eyes,
They read through every line.

Then who would not at once subscribe
For this matchless magazine?
'Tis the book of books to the fair young bride,
Or older ones, I ween.

Its fashion plates are just the thing
To keep one in the fashion;
Its reading, too, will always bring
Knowledge to the million.

Three dollars will this book obtain
For eighteen sixty-two; (1862)
To Godey send your money then,
And it will come to you.

Direct—L. A. Godey, Chestnut Street,
Number 323,
In the city of Philadelphia,
State of Pennsylvania.

SUCCESSION OF SAME AND SIMILAR SOUNDS.—Repeat the following three times in succession without a mistake: I saw five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said to those five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids: Braid broad braids, brave maids.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.—Our gay season has closed with a grand crash of miniature balls and official festivities, of a more than usually magnificent description. Two *bal costumes*, given at the Minister of State's and the President of the Corps Legislatif, at which about 2000 people were present, have attracted great attention. Both the Emperor and Empress were present at the former in domino, with the Prince Imperial dressed as a French marquis. The latter ball, however, bore away the palm for splendor and ingenuity of toilet. The following description of a few of the costumes, by the hand of a lady who was herself a chief actor in the gay scene, may amuse some of your fair readers:—

Madame de Morny herself received her guests in a magnificent Chinese costume, composed of two or three tunics of rich silks of well contrasted colors, embroidered in flowers and fanciful designs of the gayest tints. The dress was made high to the throat, round which and the shoulders were thrown rich necklaces and ornaments of immense value. The costume reached down to the ankles, in that respect forming a striking contrast to the greater number of toilets present, which were chiefly remarkable for being in the *nude* style, leaving much more of the feet and ankles to be seen than is usual in the ordinary dress of the day. Madame de Morny's feet, though not perhaps actually of Chinese dimensions, did not disgrace the character of the attire. Her hair was turned up in front into a sort of cushion, and was literally strewed with diamonds, flowers, and tufts of feathers, and the whole effect, though strange and fanciful, was becoming and pleasing to the eye. Madame Walewski, as a *Forense de Cartes* (fortune-teller), had on a bizarred costume of white satin, embroidered all over with cards in gay colors. At the lower part, above a gold band, were embroidered a row of *eyes*. The corsage was ornamented with sequins and hieroglyphics, and in front were the outspread wings of a bat. The headdress was elaborately composed of embroidered cards, surmounting a gold band covered with hieroglyphics. The cost of this elaborate dress was 3000 francs. A Mme. Tolstol, a Russian lady, had on a charming costume called *nuit d'hiver* (a winter's night), upon which much ingenuity had been expended. A white satin dress was ornamented at the lower part with a wreath of dead leaves, above which flames were represented in embroidery. A tunic of the lightest gauze was thrown over the whole, sprinkled with white marabout feathers to imitate the falling snow, but which was so light and transparent as to allow the flames of the winter fire and the dead leaves to be visible through it. The headdress on one side consisted of a small fagot from which flames were issuing, and on the other dead leaves, while marabout feathers floated down the back. Mme. Bartholdy, who had figured as "Undine" at Mme. Walewski's ball, was dressed in a very perfect costume of an Egyptian, or rather a representation of the Sphynx, the ornaments, etc., having been carefully copied from Egyptian jewelry in London, in the British Museum. Two Spanish-American sisters were striking—the one as a *Bohemienne*, or gipsy, the other as a "star." Mme. Pereina, a lovely Brazilian, personified an "angel;" Mme. de Peire, a well-known beauty, wore a fantastic dress, and called herself *mode de l'avenir* (future fashions); a yellow satin skirt, covered with carrots and vegetables of every description, and of prodigious dimensions, caricatured very successfully the ruling passion for material decoration. Amongst the male characters, by far the most amusing was that of *Une poule qui pond*, a "hen laying eggs," assumed by M. de Choiseuil, who, with an appropriate "head" and "tail," and a basket on his arm, distributed Easter eggs and *bon mots* for the benefit of all the company, who crowded round him during the evening. His, or rather, perhaps, one should say her, eggs were worth having, too, for they opened, and if not absolutely golden, were filled with those pretty trifles and elegancies which ladies admire and covet. His success was complete, and his assumed character the best sustained throughout the entertainment.

MESDAMES MARTIN & THOMAN, of 947½ Broadway, New York, are constantly receiving new styles of fancy-work. They are always ready to give instructions in all the different varieties of knitting, canvas, and crochet work. All orders are promptly executed, and the materials are all of the best. We would suggest to all lovers of fancy-work to pay them a visit, as they are so obliging, and do their utmost to give satisfaction. They have opened a depot for the summer at the corner of Catherine and Touro Streets, Newport, R. I. Their establishment will be invaluable to the lady visitors of that celebrated resort.

THE word Timbuctoo, supposed to be rhymeless, was once mated by a London professor of mathematics, who was challenged to find a rhyme for it, in the following:—

"If I were a cassaowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin, and bones, and *hymn-book too!*"

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore, it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

NUMBERLESS are the "methods," says a Paris correspondent, of "learning English without a master" placed before the French public at this moment. The pronunciation is of course the great stumbling-block, and it is to overcome this difficulty that the *Méthod Glashin*, "approved by the University," is offered to French students of our vernacular. The following is a specimen of the supposed English equivalent for the correspondent French phrases: "Goudd morninne, seur—Aï amm verré ouel, zhanuke Godhe—Aiund you, seur, aou ar you?—(note, *familiar*)—Verré ouel—Aïammverréhappé to si you ouel." "If you read the above pronunciation to an Englishman," say the directions, "and he understands you, you may rest assured that you possess the veritable English accent, so difficult to acquire."

A DRAMATIC CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

COURAGE.

BY BELPHEGOR.

Dramatis Personæ.

DOCILE CCCXVI., *King of No-where.*
CURDELEON, *a Knight.*
BOWDOWN, *a Courtier.*
RUNFAST, *a Messenger.*
PRINCESS LOVLIETTA, *daughter of King Docile.*
LORDS, LADIES, KNIGHTS, ETC.

ACT I.—COUR- (CUR-)

Scene—The Palace. KING DOCILE *on throne, attended by* CURDELEON, BOWDOWN, *and Courtiers. Noise of distant voices heard; the King rises.*

King. What dreadful noise doth break upon our ear?
Louder it grows and seemingly more near.
It cannot be a riot, in this town
For ninety years a riot 's been unknown.
As Frenchmen have it, I am not *sans peur*,
So that strange noises quite affect *mon cœur.*
Ah! if assassin's knife should mark my fate—
Bowdown. My liege! a man 's dismounting at the gate;
Foaming and smoking is his breathless steed,
And where he 's plied the spurs I see it bleed;
Covered with dust his clothes—he comes this way!

Enter RUNFAST *hastily; he throws himself before the King.*

King. Why, what 's the matter? Speak, what would'st [thou say?
Run. O mighty king! you're ruined, lost, undone—
King. What! stocks ain't down?
Run. Worse!
King. No one has run
Away with my dear daughter?
Run. Worse by far!
King. Ha! has some foreign pow'r declared a war?
Run. Worse!
King. Speak, slave, speak! destruction on your head!
My defunct queen ain't risen from the dead?
Run. No, no, your majesty; far worse; the town
Is threatened by that dog of ill renown,
The dragon-monster, whose rapacious jaws
Munch men and women, houses, churches, stores.
King. Call out my army! the cur's blood shall be shed.
Quick!
Run. Sire, I grieve to say your army's fled.
King. Fled! and left *me* here! perdition snatch 'em!
I 'll strike their heads off—when I catch 'em.
Must I, a king, be made a foul dog's prey?
Hence horrible and unreal thought, away!
But something must be done; who kills the thing
Shall be rewarded by a grateful king.
Of some unheard-of island he 'll be made
The gov'rnor, and more he shall be paid
Ten thousand dollars from my private coffer.
Does no one jump at such a gen'rous offer?
Dare I believe my eyes? Will no one go?
What, no one? then fall Cæsar, O, O, O!

Enter PRINCESS LOVLIETTA.

Prin. What woeful noise makes pris'ners of my ears?
How 's this? my royal father bathed in tears!
King. Oh! daughter, daughter, we are lost, undone;
That cursed cur of curs beneath the sun,
The monster, dragon, dog, or what you will,
Does threaten your poor parient to kill.
My army 's fled, and there 's no knight so bold
To fight the thing for love of king or gold.
So 't is as plain as five and five make ten
I 'll be chawed up. O, O!
Prin. Say, are ye men
That ye stand by and hear your sov'reign weep?
Arouse! arouse from your lethargic sleep!
Pull out your swords and rush upon the foe!
Alas! they move not; my words are "nary go."
Ah! I have a notion! who rids the land
Of this fierce monster shall receive my hand.
Curdeleon. What, will you wed him? then *I* 'll try to [slay
The monster-dog!
King. You will? hip, hip, hooray!
I am a man again—I mean a king.
Prin. Brave knight, to bind my promise take this ring.
King. Hem! valiant knight, excuse me saying so,
As life 's concerned, I prithee haste and go;
Delays are ofttimes dangerous, you know.
Cur. Quite right; and now with my good sword's as- [sistance
I 'll—
King. Yes, curtail the cursed cur's existence.
Cur. I will, unless success crowns his resistance.
Prin. May Heaven speed thee in thy dang'rous task!
King. Preserve my life and crown—that 's all I ask!

ACT II.—AGE.

SCENE—*a Garden. Enter* PRINCESS LOVLIETTA.

Prin. O woeful day! accursed to my sight,
That throws in danger so beloved a knight.
Blinded to fear he rushes on to seize
The monster's life. O I 'll feel ill at ease
Until I hear the newsboys in the street
Loudly announce the enemy's defeat.
I feel his absence so that I could cry—
Ah! here he comes to bid a last good-by.

Enter CURDELEON.

Cur. Dear Princess, I would have a parting word,
And ask your blessing upon this my sword.
I go this hour to fight the monster who
Threatens your father and his court to chew.
If I 'm successful, you my wife shall be;
If I 'm defeated, 'tis all *down* with me.
Prin. Then be successful.
Cur. I will—if I can;
If not, I 'll fall like any other man;
Shouting thy name until of voice bereft,
Then whistling it until I've no life left.
And though in body death from you should tear me,
I 'll come to you in spirit.
Prin. Don't; 'twill scare me!
Cur. Well, then, I won't; so, Princess, have no fear.
In *propria personæ* I 'll be here.
And now I go the monster to engage!
Prin. O haste! each hour from you will seem an age.
Fortune attend thee, and preserve thy life
To ripe old age!
Cur. Farewell, my love, my wife!
Farewell! I shall return with hard-earned fame;
New styles of hats shall be blessed with my name;
Poets and authors shall record my capers;
My portrait shall adorn the weekly papers;
And this one line shall glare on hist'ry's page:
"He killed the greatest monster of the age." [*Exit.*

SONG. *Air "Old Dog Tray."*

Princess.

The eve of joy is past, and *mourning*'s come at last,
I 'll make up my mind for an unhappy day;
I never thought that I, a princess, should e'er cry—
But oh, my knight has gone away.
Oh! oh! oh! Curdeleon,
Why did you go-o away?

Curdeleon (outside).

I went away, my life,
To get you for a wife,
Also the monster-dog to slay.

Enter KING, CURDELEON, BOWDOWN, *and Courtiers, from different directions, and join in the chorus.*

Yes, yes, yes, Curdeleon,
That 's why you went away:
To save your monarch's life,
To get yourself a wife,
Also the monster-dog to slay.

ACT III.—COURAGE.

SCENE—*the Palace.* KING DOCILE *on throne, attended by the* PRINCESS *and others.*

King. No news as yet; I 'm in a shiver quite;
Suppose I died, in what a sorry plight
The land would be; it couldn't get another
Like unto me, unless it were my brother,
And he is dead. O daughter! I 'm afraid
Into mincemeat the gallant knight is made.

If so, your poor old father's life and crown,
Like buttered pancakes, must go down! down! down!
Prin. Courage, my father, and fear not slaughter!
King. Run and consult the seventh daughter's daughter!
Look in the Oracle and Book of Fate,
And see what signs mark death of some one great!
See if there is a comet in the sky;
There are no comets seen when beggars die.
Chuck up a penny!—Ha! was that a shout?
Bow. My liege! the newsboys call an extra out.
King. Haste then and get it; never mind expense;
[*Exit* BOWDOWN.
The people pay; I call that common sense.
How long he is! I stand 'twixt hope and fear.

(*Re-enter* BOWDOWN *with a newspaper.*)

Ha, what 's the news? Speak, sirrah; do you hear?
Bow. My liege! I—I think we have been sold;
The paper by its date is two weeks old.
King. The imp! and did he dare his king to fleece?
Thunder and lightning! where are the police?
I might keep asking where forever;
Except on pay-day I see 'em never. (*Cheering outside.*)
King. What means that cheering in the street?
Bow. (*looking off*) The knight,
Your majesty, has come back from the fight!
King. Returned! then speak; is he alive or dead?
Bow. Alive, site.
King. Then all right on that head!

(*Enter* CURDELEON.)

Welcome, courageous being! Are you sure
You 've killed the—the—
Cur. There 's proof outside the door;
I 'll drag the monster in.
King. No, no, don't!
Cur. Then go outside and see 't.
King. I guess I won't!
I 'll take you at your word; and since you 've done
What you 've been bid, I 'll make you now my son.
Your courage, sir, has saved my crown and life,
And in return my daughter is your wife.
Take her; may joy be thine! Much more I 'd say,
Did not this marriage terminate the play.
Perhaps, my friends, you 'll guess the answer to it;
It seems hard, but take courage and you 'll do it.

BOWDOWN. CURDELEON *and* PRINCESS. KING.

CURTAIN.

DOMESTIC WINES.—A very worthy old lady of our acquaintance prided herself upon her manufacture of these wines, candidly confessing, however, that she never tasted them herself, as they disagreed with her. She was fond of making experiments upon new materials, and was in the habit of asking our opinion upon the results. The smell of these abominations was enough for us, although, out of respect to the old lady's feelings, we endeavored, by a little cheerful banter, to avoid passing sentence upon them. It happened, however, on one occasion when we called upon our venerable acquaintance, that some of these unfortunate wines were, with the usual intended hospitality, brought forward, and our attention was particularly directed towards a dark, inky-looking liquid, which we were informed was a new discovery. We prudently were satisfied with its appearance and smell, in which decomposition had evidently been going on at a rapid rate; but a friend who had accompanied us was too polite to decline, and imbibed a portion of a glassful, and, but for the assistance of a medical man immediately after he left the house, he would probably have died from the effects of the poison. We were asked what we supposed this wine was made from. We pleaded ignorance, but speculated upon mushrooms. The old lady, however, informed us that it was real HOCK, for she had made it from the *hollyhocks*. Our friend's sufferings induced us subsequently to persuade her to destroy what stock she had remaining, with a promise to make no more.

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

GODEY'S Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—We call attention to the advertisement on our fourth page of cover of the land sales on the border of this railroad—the garden spot of the world. Persons with a little money can here make most desirable investments. There is certainty in transactions with this company, which is not the case when dealing with many land companies.

OUR RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.—These receipts, that we publish every year, have been collected from the best authorities, and most of them have been tried and found good. Our subscribers could not get as many good receipts as we publish from twenty cook-books.

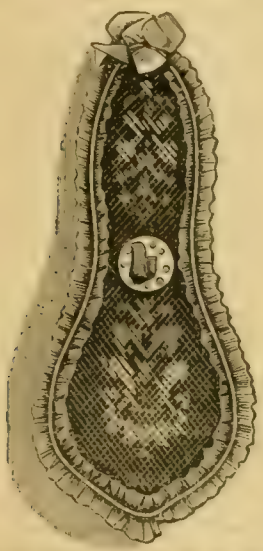
POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

IMPERATRICE PORTE-MONTRE.

Materials.—Black filet, finest size, four skeins gold thread, a little vert-islay crochet silk, six yards of satin ribbon to match, one inch wide; two yards gold cord; two of green and gold ditto. Cerise satin, wadding, flannel, card-board, and two watch-hooks.



This very novel appendage to the bed has almost less work than any other article for the same purpose. Begin by cutting two pieces of card-board, eight inches long, and in the form and proportion seen in the engraving. Cover this with flannel on one side, and with a thick coating of wadding on the other. It is to be considerably thicker along the centre than at the edges. Over this, on both sides, sew the satin.

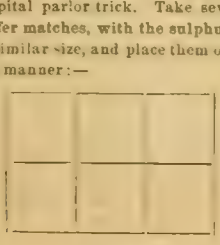
Darn the filet in gold, and vert-islay silk, according to the design given. These parts which are nearest each other are in silk, as are the other parts engraved in the same way; the rest are in gold. These pieces of filet are sewed over the *wadded* sides of the foundation.

The edge is then finished with a silk cord. The ribbon, quilled along the centre, is then sewed on, a little within the edge, and the stitches concealed with the gold cord. Add a loop of cord, and bows at the top, and the hook, as indicated in the engraving.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

The Magic Squares.

This is a capital parlor trick. Take seventeen pieces of wood (lucifer matches, with the sulphur ends cut off, will do) of a similar size, and place them on the table, in the following manner:—



The puzzle you propose is—to remove only five matches, and yet leave no more than three perfect squares of the same size remaining. This seeming impossibility is rendered easy by removing the two upper corners on each side and the centre line below, when the three squares will appear thus:—

To make a Shilling turn upon its edge on the point of a Needle.

Take a wine or porter bottle, and insert in the mouth a cork, with a needle in a perpendicular position. Then cut a nick in the face of another cork, in which fix a shilling, and into the same cork stick two common table forks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downwards; if the rim of the shilling be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned round without any risk of falling off, as the centre of gravity is below the centre of gravitation.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. S. A. S.—Sent pattern, May 16th.

Mrs. J. S.—Sent white Garibaldi 16th.

Mrs. P. J.—Sent braiding patterns for your Zouave 16th.

Mrs. C.—Sent articles by Adams' express 17th.

Mrs. H. P. C.—Sent patterns of little boy's suit 17th.

Mrs. M. R.—Sent box by Adams's express 19th

M F.—Sent ring and cross 19th.

Mrs. C. V. L.—Sent ring and cross 19th

Mrs. C. R.—Sent infant's patterns 19th.

L. C.—Sent articles by U. S. express 20th.

Mrs. W. H. F.—Sent mantle pattern 20th.

Mrs. R. T. W.—Sent pattern 21st.

Mrs. M. S. H.—Sent article 21st.

Mrs. B L. N.—Sent article by Adams's express 21st.

Mrs. H. G.—Sent Garibaldi shirts for your little girls 21st.

Miss E. A.—Sent pattern 22d.

Mrs. L. H.—Sent *piqué* coat 22d.

Mrs. D. P. L.—Sent infant's *piqué* cloak 23d.

Mrs. P. H.—Sent braiding patterns for slippers and pincushion 25th.

H. R. C.—Sent pattern 27th.

Miss D. E. T.—Sent ear-rings and pin 27th.

Mrs. A. W. G.—Sent braided *piqué* dress 27th.

Miss S. J. L.—Sent pattern 29th.

Mrs. D. T. P.—Sent infant's wardrobe 29th.

Mrs. F. B. L.—Sent pattern June 2d.

Mrs. T. S. A.—Sent black mohair braid 2d.

Mrs. T. M. V.—Sent children's wardrobe by express, and sent you receipt 6th.

Miss R. H.—Sent braiding patterns 7th.

M. S.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. H. M. M.—Sent pattern 11th.

Mrs. C.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. D. W. G.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. R. D. T.—Sent articles 13th.

Mrs. M. C. B.—Sent pattern 13th.

Mrs. L. McK.—Sent pattern 14th.

W. A. W.—Sent articles 16th.

Mrs. E. W. P.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mrs. R.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mrs. W. H. L.—Sent pattern 18th.

M. E. M.—Sent headdress 18th.

W. M. S.—Sent articles 18th.

Mary R.—We will publish an engraving in September number which will explain more fully.

Miss J. H.—Pronounced Gō-de, with accent on first syllable.

Miss S. P. L.—He is married, and is the happy father of eight children. No chance there.

Mrs. M. M. D.—Address "Cooper Volunteer Refreshment Committee" to our care, and we will send them your letter.

Miss H. R. D.—They are called "Peg Tops."

Mrs. W. B. Y.—Mrs. H. has returned, much improved in health.

Miss A.—In the early ages they were called "Mysteries."

Mary.—Take equal parts of ox marrow and castor oil, melt them together, add a little brandy, and flavor to suit; beat them well together with a spoon.

E. L. C.—Third finger of left hand.

W. B. C., New York.—That is the plan we have always adopted. Much obliged to you. It is astonishing to find that there are so many stupid bookbinders. We have a diagram that we intend publishing; but would not common sense suggest the plan you mention as the proper one?

L. D. R.—Read the notices on cover of this and July numbers, and judge for yourself.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXI.—(*Continued.*)

504. The following experiment is also very important: pay great attention to it. Take any solution of lime, pour in a solution of carbonate of potash or of soda, a precipitate will fall (488, No. 2). Repeat the experiment with a solution of alumina; the alumina will fall. Now vary the treatment as follows: To the solution containing lime add an excess of acid, say hydrochloric, then pour in a solution of carbonate of soda, or of potash, by degrees, until the acid is totally saturated, or more than saturated. Under these circumstances the liquid becomes charged with excess of carbonic acid, and except the solution be very concentrated, no precipitate will fall; proving that, although lime be soluble in excess of carbonic acid, alumina is not: hence furnishing us with an elegant analytical method of separation. Nor are lime and alumina alone in this category. The substances which participate in the quality are represented as follows:—

Dissolve in excess of Carbonic Acid.	*Do not dissolve in excess of Carbonic Acid.*
Lime.	Alumina.
Magnesia.	Oxide of Iron.
Oxide of Manganese.	

Presently we will turn this knowledge to account.

505. Mix some potash solution of alumina with sal ammoniac solution; boil; ammonia is evolved, and all the alumina is thrown down.

506. Heat a little of the gelatinous-looking hydrate of alumina upon the blade of a knife held in a spirit-lamp flame, or in an iron spoon. Remark how it shrivels up; and also how, after having been strongly heated, it refuses to dissolve in acids and alkalies.

507. *Analysis of a mineral containing alumina, of iron in the state of oxide, and lime.*—A solution of this mineral may be imitated artificially. Take a little hydrochloric acid mixed with a few drops of nitric acid, throw into it a few particles of iron filings, and boil for a few seconds, until the iron is all dissolved. Then add a little lime or chalk (carbonate of lime), and when it is dissolved put in a little alumina in the state of hydrate; finally, a little magnesia. How can these substances be separated? A very convenient way is the following:—

508. I will assume the existence of an excess of acid; if not, add more; then dilute the solution with water to the convenient working degree, say with five or six times its bulk of water; and pour in a solution of carbonate of soda or potash gradually. At length all the iron (in the state of peroxide) and all the alumina (in the state of hydrate, or combination with water) will fall, leaving all the lime and magnesia in solution (505).

509. Separate the mixture of oxide of iron and alumina on a filter, wash thoroughly, then add liquor potassæ (502), by which means all the alumina will be carried through the filter and obtained in solution, all the oxide of iron remaining behind.

510. Obtain the alumina by boiling with solution of sal ammoniac (505).

511. Separate the lime from the solution containing lime and magnesia, by means of the conjoint addition of sulphuric acid and alcohol (494), or by oxalic acid or oxalate of ammonia.

512. All the ingredients are now reduced to very simple states; the alumina has returned to the state in which we used it; the iron is converted into an oxide, in which the amount of iron is known; the lime exists as oxalate or sulphate of lime, from which the amount of lime may be deduced by calculation; and the magnesia remains in solution. Under the head of magnesia no means were pointed out for separating it in the course of analysis, simply because this seemed the most convenient opportunity for conveying the information. The precipitating agent is a mixture of ammonia with phosphate of soda; but its application requires much delicacy. The liquid operated upon must be cold, and *not acid;* if alkaline, no matter.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR AUGUST.

WATERING-PLACE TOILETS.

Fig. 1.—Rich grenadine robe, with four small flounces trimmed with bands of ribbon and bows, placed a quarter of a yard apart. Tunic skirt, which just touches the flounces, and is trimmed in the same style. The corsage is low; sleeves long, puffed, and close at the wrist, where they are finished with a fluted ruffle of lace. The chemisette is richly embroidered, trimmed with black velvet, and finished at the neck with a very full ruff. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with black velvet, a white plume, and a rose.

Fig. 2.—White muslin dress, with five embroidered flounces. Corsage high, and made with a yoke; sleeves only reaching the elbow, and the undersleeve just made sufficiently wide to pass the hand through. The neck of the dress is finished with a box-plaited ruff. Green ribbon sash, with fringed ends. Belgian straw hat, trimmed with green ribbons and roses.

Fig. 3.—Blue silk skirt, trimmed with five rows of narrow velvet. White plaited waist, high neck, and long sleeves. Black velvet corsage, with velvet shoulder knots.

Fig. 4.—Pink silk skirt, with three rows of black velvet above the hem. Plain muslin waist, close at the throat, and long sleeves, finished at the wrist with a narrow cuff. Zone waist, made of black silk, and trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 5.—White muslin dress, trimmed with narrow fluted flounces, headed by a puffing of muslin, with a mauve ribbon run through it. The puffing extends up, and crosses only at the sides of the dress. Surplice waist, also trimmed with puffings. English straw bonnet, with mauve cape edged with lace, and trimmed with a tuft of violets and a feather tassel. The inside trimming is of roses and violets.

Fig. 6.—Pine-apple fibre dress, made with three flounces bound with blue silk, and headed by a quilling of blue ribbon. Pompadour waist, trimmed with quilled ribbon, and close chemisette, finished at the throat by a ruff. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with black ribbon and wild flowers.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Our chat this month begins with an echo of the chat of all the fashionable ladies of Paris—*Le Jupon Impératrice!* the marvellous petticoat invented by the fair Eugenie herself. It is described as being made of cambric muslin, starched as stiffly as possible. Its circumference is six yards at the widest point, and it is covered by nine flounces of still greater circumference. The lowest of these flounces is a mere frill; the second, a few inches longer and wider, completely covers the first; the third does the same to the second, and so on, until one deep flounce falls completely over the other eight. It is said that upon the petticoats worn by the Empress each of these flounces is hemstitched like a pocket-handkerchief, and the outer one, in addition, is nearly covered by embroidery. The effect of this skirt, underneath a ball-dress, or thin dress of any kind, is so charming as to call forth a torrent of the most flattering adjectives of which the French language is capable. We do not anticipate that this petticoat will become very popular in the United States, as it must necessarily be as expensive as several ordinary skirts, and would seem to require a French *blanchisseuse* to do it up.

We think, therefore, that hoops are likely to reign for some time. Among the best hoop skirts are Madame Demorest's, which are very light and pliable. The steels are very close together, and are connected by cords which do not slip, this being the ordinary fault of hoop skirts.

Besides the white waists, which are worn with low-necked bodies, there are numerous styles of fichus made of muslin, tulle, or lace, and trimmed with ruches, velvets, and bows of ribbon. Among the new ones is the Neapolitan, formed of puffings in tulle and application. This style is open on the shoulders, and has three rounded points formed of insertion and puffings, hanging down in front. Bows of ribbon, with fringed ends, are placed on the shoulders, and a ruching of ribbon goes all round the fichu and points. The French fichu is a pretty variety of this useful article, so very comfortable in warm weather. It is made of clear muslin, laid in box plaits, sewed upon the shoulders, and falling in a point both before and behind. It is trimmed with a broad black velvet, and finished at each point by a bow and ends. We give an engraving of this fichu on page 182 of this number. Many of the fichus cross on the breast, and terminate in long, rounded ends trimmed with velvet, or in pointed ends which fasten underneath the sash or waistband. Insertions of black and white lace are much worn on the pelerines; also small black velvet rosettes. Many of them have sleeves to match, made very full, and confined at the wrist by velvets or ribbons.

Young ladies are wearing very narrow black velvets, tied round the throat, with several loops and long ends falling behind. The effect is very pretty, and apparently increases the whiteness of the neck.

The newest fans are of white and black lace, lined with colored silk, such as mauve, salmon, cerise, and green. The handles are of mother-of-pearl, and the shapes various. We noticed for mourning a fan of black lace over white silk, and mounted in jet and steel. For ordinary use we recommend the little straw fans trimmed with ribbons or velvets of fancy colors. Linen fans, of different shades and styles, are also much used, especially as a pocket or travelling fan.

Morning and dress caps are unusually pretty this season. They no longer resemble the old-fashioned cap, but are rather an elegant headdress.

Among the new coiffures we remarked a fanchon of point lace, trimmed with a ruching of blonde and black velvet, which encircles the face. On the left side was a bouquet of forget-me-not's, and another bouquet of the same flower fastened the two ends just below the chin.

Another was a Pompadour cap, of figured tulle, with drooping crown, crossed by narrow green velvets. The front was square, and formed by a double barbe of white and black lace, having long, rounded tabs of tulle, crossed by a green velvet ribbon.

We think, however, that the full round cap, somewhat of the Corday style, is the favorite of the season. It is made of both plain and costly materials, looks well of either, and is generally very becoming. The cap is composed of a full round crown, caught into a band, which fits closely to the head. The trimmings are various, but the usual style is a ruching of pinked or *chicoré* silk, ribbon, velvet, or tulle. A very pretty one of this style was of thin muslin, trimmed with a *chicoré* ruche having a guipure border, a style now much in favor, and trimmed only with a long narrow cerise ribbon, crossing on the head, and a long bow falling behind. Many of the little muslin caps are trimmed with a ruching of the muslin, bound on each edge with a colored ribbon or black velvet, the ruching graduated in width, being very narrow at the top, where it is fastened by a bow and ends. This is a remarkably pretty style for a mourning cap, substituting tarletane for the muslin, and binding the ruche with black ribbon. Some are trimmed with a fanchon put on in a point, and others have merely a ribbon of some delicate shade, twisted round the crown and tied at the left side with a bow and ends.

A very pretty morning cap is composed of a fanchon of Valenciennes insertions, bordered by a row of lace; a very small plain muslin crown, drawn very full, is added to the fanchon. This cap is trimmed in front with two rows of Valenciennes, mixed with narrow velvet rosettes. A rosette is placed at the side of the fanchon.

For young ladies, there are a great many beautiful headdresses, all however encircling the head. Among the prettiest was a coronet headdress, composed of a torsade of black velvet with a white edge. A little to the left, near the top, there was a bow with a bunch of rosebuds in the centre; behind, rather to the right, another and larger bow with long velvet streamers. Another was a *chicoré* ruche of black lace, rounded to form a kind of coronet, with a lace bow on the forehead, three tufts of Vesuve velvet on the right side, and a black lace barbe, forming a bow behind. A more stylish headdress was a wreath of black velvet, twisted in with a gold cord, the wreath being square in front, and having loops of velvet blended with gold wheat-ears hanging down on the left side. Another black velvet coiffure was decorated with steel triangles and chains; another very stylish one was composed of a diadem of black velvet, worked with stars in gold and jet, and at the back three rosettes of black velvet edged with gold, and in the centre of each a red daisy, with jet heart. A very simple headdress was a plait of scarlet velvet, with a very beautiful black and gold butterfly placed on the centre of the forehead. Another was of black velvet, mixed with old oak leaves and branches of fruit.

Mourning being also subject to the caprices of fashion, we will give a few hints as to the styles now in vogue. For deep mourning, there is nothing new. Bombazines, and all lustreless materials, with English and French grenadines, *crêpe* maretz, and *barèges* trimmed with *crêpe*, are used for dresses. English grenadine makes a very pretty *crêpe* like trimming, and is not so expensive.

Shawls like the dresses are much worn. Mantles are of the scarf shape, quite deep at the back, with long square ends in front. They are made of *crêpe*, grenadine, or grenadine *barège*. Deep mourning bonnets are either of Neapolitan or *crêpe*, with an English *crêpe* veil thrown over them, plaited at the sides of the bonnet, and kept in place by long jet clasp pins.

For lighter mourning, custom permits the introduction of a few colors, such as pearl, gray, lilac, and purple. For light mourning-dresses, there are organdies, grisailles, lutongs, satin de Mai, grenadine *barège*, Chambery gauze, checked silks, etc. The trimmings are various, consisting of flounces, gauffered ribbons, and ruches edged with lace.

Many of the thin skirts are laid in single plaits round the waist, and the skirts faced about three fingers deep with crinoline instead of being lined. In Paris they are sewing straw in the facings of dresses to make them stand out.

The most exquisite grenadine shawls have come out this season, to match both gay and mourning dresses. They excel both in quality and design, and are a novelty.

One of the newest half mourning bonnets is of black crape covered with white, giving it a peculiar gray tint, and trimmed both inside and out with silver-hued leaves, which gives it a charming appearance.

For travelling and walking dresses, lutongs, mohair *glacé*, alpacas, plain India silks, and checked silks, all made with mantles of the same, are the principal styles. Mantles like the dresses are made scarf shape, and quite shallow at the back, leaving long square ends in front, and trimmed to match the dress. *Cuir* is decidedly the most fashionable color, and looks beautifully braided with black or brown. Full suits of it are worn, the bonnets being made of grass cloth, and the parasol of pongee lined with colored silk, with a bright ribbon bow on top.

Brodie's thin mantles consist of *barège*, *crêpe maretz*, *fil de Chevre*, and *barège Anglais jaspé*, all very stylish, and trimmed with frills. Besides the real lace points and mantles there are at very moderate prices mantles and burnous of French silk lace, Pusher lace, Chantilly, Lama lace, and others.

The newest mantle for the present season is made of black tulle, with plaits passing in contrary directions, forming a kind of checker of dead squares; the border being a double row of Honiton lace.

We have lately seen quite a new article, cotton ribbons. At a short distance it is difficult to distinguish them from silk ribbons. They are very pretty for wash dresses, can be had of all colors, and of different widths, and are said to wash well.

The *crêpe* or waved style of hair is in favor now with our ladies. It is generally very becoming, but as it injures the hair very much the heavy braids are more worn. In our next number we will give cuts representing an entirely new style of arranging the false braids for these plaits. By this method they can be easily and quickly plaited in, and they do not strain and drag the hair as in the present style of arranging them. We only regret the cuts did not arrive in time for the present number, as we know the ladies will be delighted with them.

FASHION.

[illegible] FOR SEPTEMBER 1862

BRINGING THE OLD MARE HOME.

UNFURL THE BANNER.

NEW NATIONAL SONG.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

WORDS BY J. W. McDERMOTT.

MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Allegro, ma non Presto.

1. Un - furl the ban-ner of the free! True hearts should ne'er for - get The
2- We need no trumpet call to wake The spir - it of the past, Spring

stars our fathers loved to see, That spar - kle on it yet; The
to the halyard ropes and shake The old flag to the blast. And

stars whose light, in days gone by, Lit up the hor - i -
loy - al hearts will greet the sight, And raise it to the

zon, With the red fire of lib - er - ty, Till free - dom's cause was won.
sky, And bear it bravely through the fight, En - wreathed with vic - to - ry.

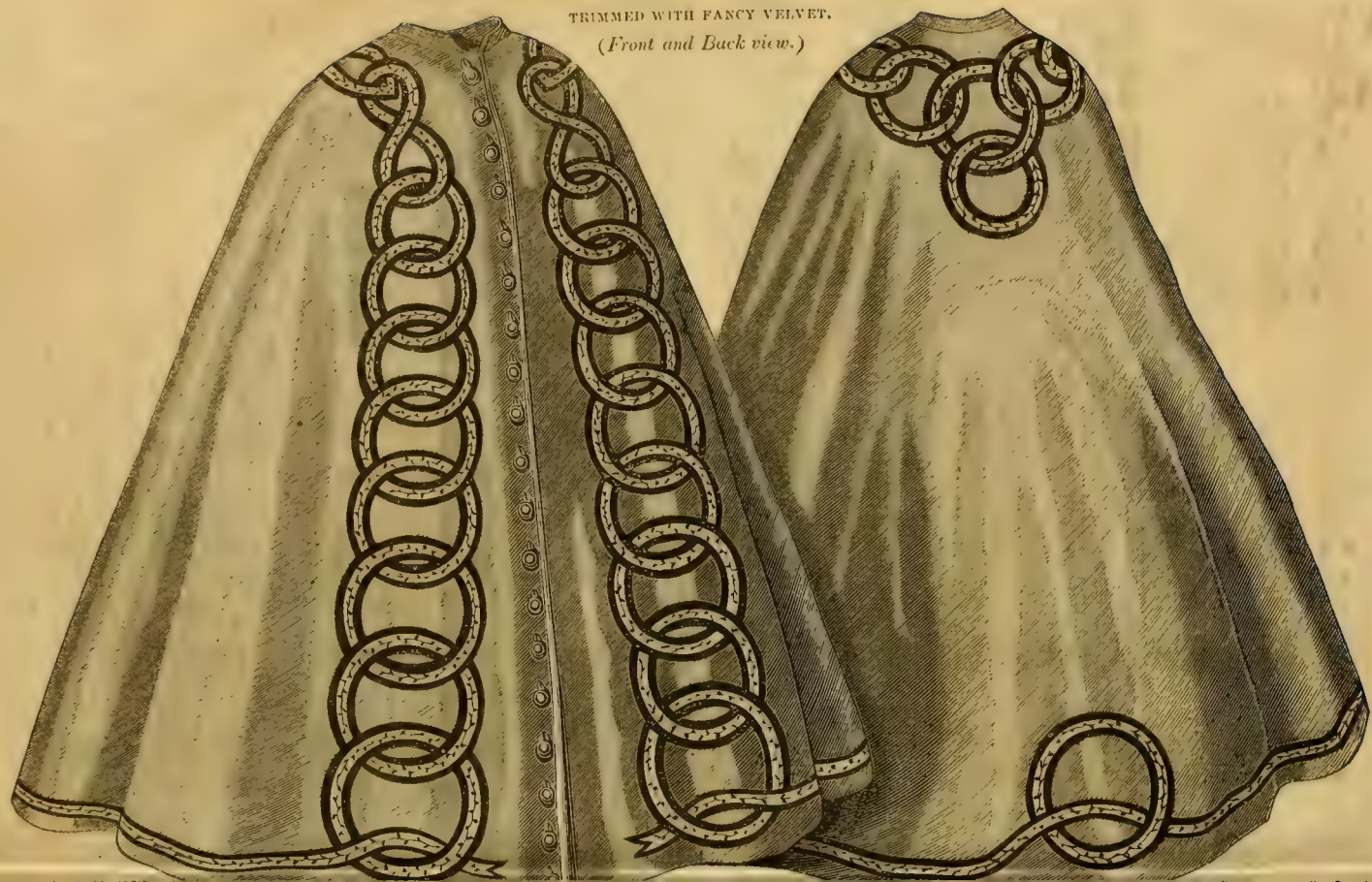
3.

Behold its swelling glorious wave,
Above the eagle's nest,
Across the broad Atlantic's wave,
The prairies of the west;
The city spire, the gallant ship,
The highest mountain crag,
While blessings flow from every lip,
"God bless our honored flag."

FALL WRAP.

TRIMMED WITH FANCY VELVET.

(Front and Back view.)



STREET SACK, OR SAUTE EN BARQUE.

BRAIDED WITH BLACK VELVET.

(Front and Back view.)

Fig. 1.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

Fig. 2

Fig. 1.—Straw hat, with white silk cape, and scarlet velvet in the middle, covered with black lace. The trimming consists of black feathers and scarlet velvet. White strings.

Fig. 2.—Black silk hat, worked with straw, and trimmed with Azurline blue velvet.

Fig 3.

Fig. 3.—Mauve silk hat; it is trimmed with black lace and a deep shade of mauve ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Gray silk hat, to be trimmed with black lace and Magenta feathers.

Fig 4

THE SEVILLIAN.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This style is intended for a later period than the present month, being an autumn garment. As our friends have already supplied themselves with their summer pardessus, or if desirous of additions, lace garments are of course the most *recherché* for the present season.

The Sevillian may be made of taffeta or thin woollen stuffs, as it may suit the taste of the wearer. The ornament consists of an elaborate pattern, embroidered in black braid; this is so arranged as to similate across, cording upon an apparent slashing of the skirt.

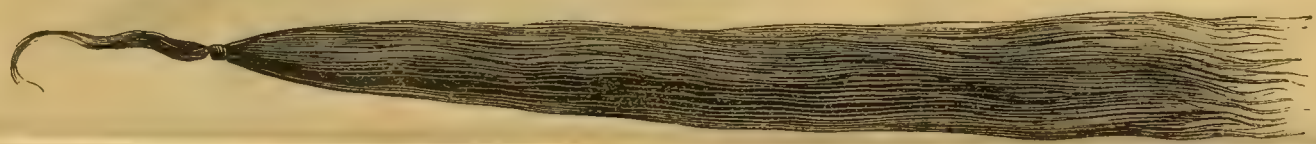
VESTE OR CHEMISE RUSSE.

This veste can be made of Nansouk or of white or colored cashmere. It is ornamented with chain stitch or braiding. Patterns of it can be furnished by our Fashion editress.

Fig. 1.

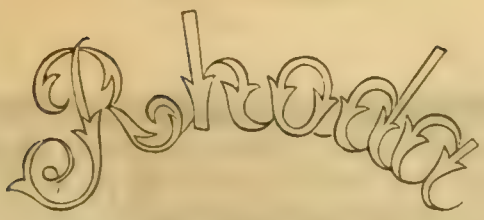
Fig. 2.

NEW STYLE OF ARRANGING FRONT BRAIDS.—(*See description, Fashion Department.*)



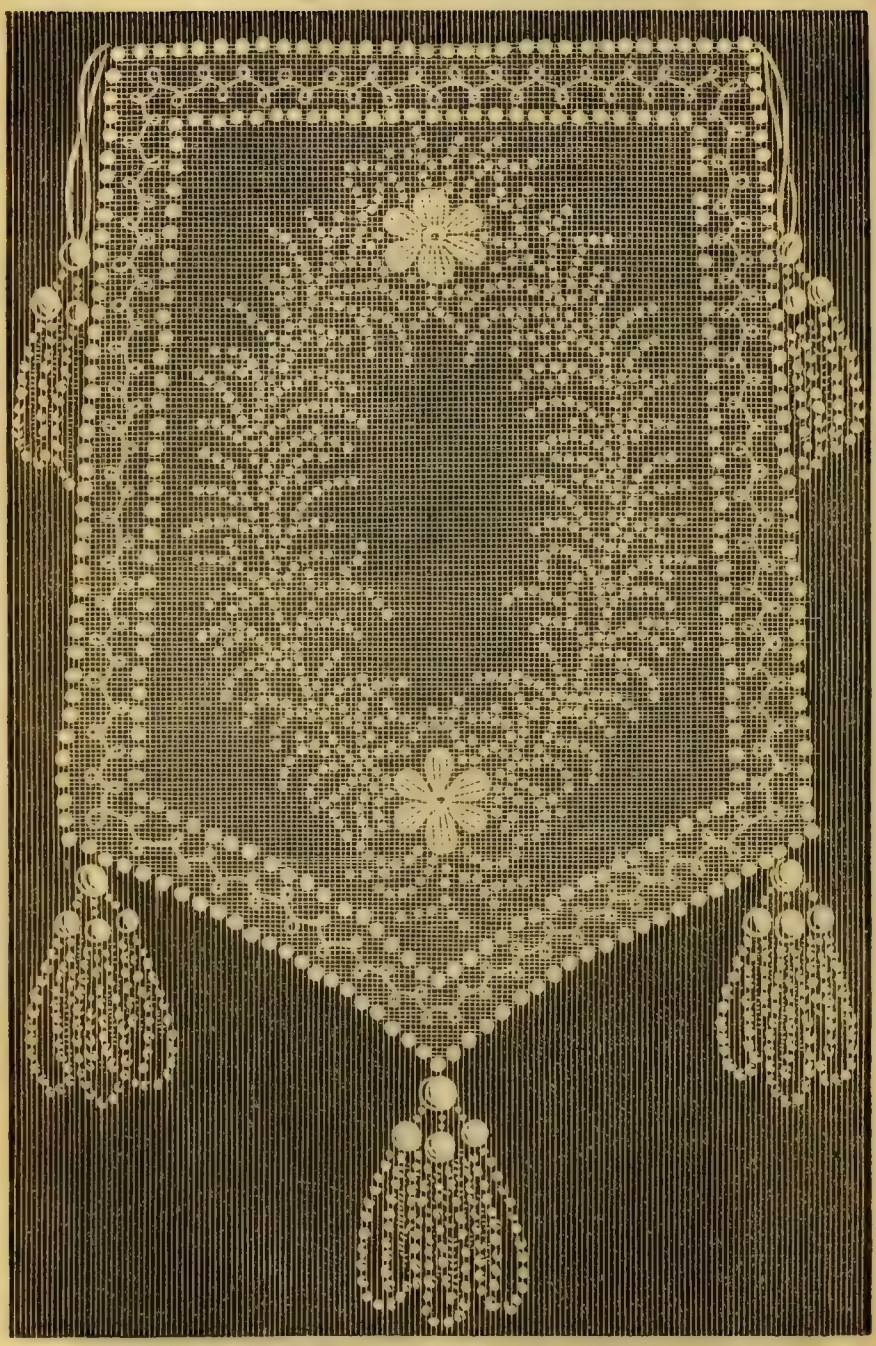
FRONT BRAID.

NAME FOR MARKING.



DESIGN IN VELVET RIBBON AND BRAID.

(See description, Work Department.)



HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

(See description, Work Department.)

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

ALEXANDRIA.

This Nile was populous with floating life
For ages ere the Argo swept the seas;
Ere Helen woke the fires of Grecian strife
Thebes had beheld a hundred dynasties;
And when the poet, whom all grandeurs please,
Named her the Hundred-gated, and the Queen
Of earthly cities, she had reached the lees
Of her large cup of glory, and was seen
Image and type of what her perfect pride had been.

MONCKTON MILNES.

Along thy waters, lined by palaces,
(Rich and fantastic as the poet's dream,)
Are mingled minarets, fretted domes, and spires
Of rarest sculpture, that appear to float
Gently away upon their liquid base.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

ALEXANDRIA (or, as it is now called by the natives, El Iskendereeyeh), once the splendid capital of Egypt, and one of the most celebrated cities in the world under the government of the Ptolemies, is now a squalid, miserable city, with narrow streets, unpaved, unswept, and unclean—dry and dusty in the hot season, and floating with mud in the rainy season. A gleam of sunshine is as rigidly excluded from the generality of Alexandrian streets, as a member of the swell-mob from Her Majesty's drawing-room. However, sometimes a hole in the matting, stretched across the streets from roof to roof for the purpose of excluding the rain and sunshine admits a stray sunbeam, that revels with provoking playfulness in the gloomy place; dancing o'er the heaps of filth and garbage in the corners of the street, the richly-gilt pipe-bowls on the shelf of the tobacco merchant, and dazzling the eyes of the smokers collected around his shop. Sometimes we encounter pools of stagnant water, filled with decomposing vegetable matter and the carcases of animals.

Alexander the Great gave a Macedonian architect, named Dinocrates, an order to erect the city between the sea and Lake Mareotis, about the year B. C. 332. The greater part of the ancient city was confined within the present walls, and was divided by one main street, 30 stadia* in length, which extended from the Necropolis at the western end of the city to its eastern extremity, and was intersected by another street 10 stadia in length, which ran from Lake Mareotis in a northerly direction. By having the streets arranged in this manner, the city was exposed to the influence of the north winds, which rendered it healthy; but, as the prevailing winds are southerly, the malaria from the Mareotic lake must have swept over the thickly populated city, and destroyed thousands of the inhabitants, as it has done in the present century, although I am aware that the ancients managed the internal arrangement of their cities better than their successors in the East, in the present day. Where the present Pharos or lighthouse stands, Sostratus Cnidius erected the celebrated lighthouse which is said to have been 400 feet high, and surmounted with a telescopic mirror of metal, for the purpose of enabling ships to be seen at sea when a considerable distance from the low shores of Egypt. It was erected B. C. 283, and overthrown by an earthquake about A. D. 703.

Pharos is now a peninsula, but anciently was an island connected to the mainland by a dyke called the Heptastadium, which had a passage at each end for ships to pass from one port to the other. Opposite to Pharos was a point called Lochais, which ran out into the

* A stadium was the principal Greek measure of length, and was equal to 606 feet, 9 inches, English.

sea, and terminated in a place called Acro-Lochais, where the Pharillon now stands.

Between Lochais, Cleopatra's Needles, and the Rosetta Gate, was the court end of the city, called Bruchion, where the theatre, various temples, the palaces of the Ptolemies, and the Museum formerly stood; about a mile to the south-west of this was the Necropolis (city of the dead), which was the great burial-place of Alexandria. To the north, and somewhat to the east of the Necropolis, was the Rhacotis, which bordered on the old harbor or port Eunostus (safe return); this contained the great temple of Serapis, which was destroyed by Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, A. D. 390. He set fire to the building, and utterly destroyed it. The north-east part of the city was bounded by the new or great port, and the south-west part was bounded by the old harbor, or port of Eunostus; both of these remain in the present day; the latter was united by a canal with the lake, which was also connected with the town of Canopus by a canal, which supplied the city with river water, kept in cisterns underground, traces of which are to be seen even in the present day.

During the Ptolemaic dominion Alexandria flourished and was a most important city. The spoils of victory adorned it, and each age improved its condition in a commercial point of view, and added to its appearance, so that at one time it rivalled Rome in splendor and size, and usurped the position of Tyre. Alas! how changed it is at present—its lofty towers and splendid palaces are buried beneath the sand, built into rude walls, or heaped in confused masses as rubbish.

"Thou mighty city, in fine linen clothed,
Purple, and scarlet; decked with gold, and pearls,
And precious stones,"

thou art fallen even with the dust!

When Alexander ordered this city to be built, he intended that it should be worthy of his great name, and surpass others in its splendor and riches. The walls, which were sixteen miles in circuit, were finished in seventeen days, a sufficient proof of the power of a monarch in those times, and the ability of the people, for these walls were flanked with lofty towers, and were composed of solid masonry.

From the time it was founded until taken by Cæsar, B. C. 46, it was held by the Greek kings of Egypt. It was taken by Dioclesian, A. D. 296; by the Persians, A. D. 615; by the Saracens under Omar, A. D. 640; and by the French, 1798, who were expelled by the English in 1801. Under the sway of Mohammed Ali—an iron one, 'tis true—Egypt has greatly improved and gradually raised herself above the surrounding cities in commercial importance, although every one who has studied the subject must allow that the views of Mohammed Ali were very erroneous in many respects, and his people severely oppressed.

Under the present government there is much to hope for and much to fear; may the people's hopes be surpassed, and their fears be groundless!

There are many interesting historical associations connected with Egypt that cannot fail to present themselves as we wander over its land and its ancient shores, where Jacob and Joseph sojourned with their families for 400 years; where the chief events in the life of Moses occurred; where Joseph and Mary dwelt with the infant Saviour, "until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son" (Matthew ii. 15).

Profane history furnishes us with many interesting names in its pages associated with this city—Alexander the Great, Cleopatra, Cæsar, Dioclesian figure in its annals, and also the Ptolemies.

The seat of learning for ages, its schools of theology and philosophy, physic and astronomy were celebrated far and near, particularly the latter, which till the time of the Saracens was famous among all nations. The valuable and celebrated library, which the ambition, pride, and the wealth of the Ptolemies had collected from all parts of the earth, was destroyed by the Saracens under Caliph Omar, A. D. 642, and its 800,000 volumes appropriated as fuel for the 4,000 baths of the city, during a period of six months.

Lower Egypt is nothing more than an extensive and fertile plain, well supplied with water by the numerous subdivided branches of the Nile, and by the countless canals that intersect it. The cultivated soil of this district consists exclusively of the rich alluvium deposited by the Nile after its annual inundation. The Nile, being swollen by the rains of Abyssinia and interior Africa, commences to rise at the summer solstice, until it attains its greatest height, about or soon after the autumnal equinox; and, after remaining at its maximum for about the space of four days, it gradually falls. The alluvial deposit takes place during the period the waters remained stationary; this earth is brought down by the river in its course through Nubia and Upper Egypt, superimposed upon the substratum of primeval sands, annually

increasing, and diffusing spontaneously, by means of filtration, its fertilizing power to a considerable depth in the soil.

Lower Egypt possesses the greatest number of equatorial plants, which must be attributed to the water of the Nile bringing many seeds from the south, which take root and propagate themselves here. Thus, we find the olive, myrtle, lentisk, carob, tamarisk, pomegranate, citron, banana, sycamore, fig, caper-plant, various kinds of mimosa, together with the *cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear. At Cairo, in some of the gardens, we observed the weeping willow, cypress, white and black poplar, tamarind, *cassia fistula*, and our common elm, which only rears its head to the height of a common shrub. The doum, *Crucifera Thebaica*, and the date flourish at Memphis; and the *cyperus papyrus* (παπυρος), from which the Egyptians of old formed their paper, is found on the banks of the Nile. Nor must we forget the *carthamus tinctorious*, the sacred onion, the bean, oleander, blue and white lotus, and *acacia Nilotica*, that grace certain parts of the Nile's dark banks.

The climate of Alexander, so extolled by the ancients for its salubrity, and particularly by Strabo and Josephus, has now become extremely unhealthy. The constant exhalations from the damp, soft soil, and the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in the atmosphere during the winter months develop many diseases, particularly malignant fever, dysentery, rheumatism, catarrh, and ophthalmia. The atmosphere is literally saturated with saline moisture, which is evinced by the clothes, boots, woollen goods, etc., of the residents, and the hygrometer; moreover, the saline incrustations on the walls of the houses convince when other proofs do not.

The humidity of Lower Egypt, which is proverbial, may be justly attributed to its vicinity to the sea, and the low nature of the soil, which is frequently swampy. As we advance towards the tropics, the humidity decreases; its intensity is observed to be about the period of the Nile's overflow, and the heavy dews.

The plague was unknown in ancient Egypt during a long series of centuries, although we have good reason to believe that serious epidemics prevailed at times. However, since the sixth century of the Christian era, the practice of embalming the dead has been discontinued, chiefly on account of St. Anthony (who died in 356) preaching against this ancient custom, the consequence of which was the abolition of embalming, and the appearance of the plague in 543, which ravaged Egypt, spread over Europe, and devastated it for half a century. Before July, 1834, Egypt had been exempted from plague for many years; but between 1831 and July, 1834, the plague appeared several times at the Alexandrian lazaretto, and its appearance in July, 1834, has been attributed to various causes, but chiefly to the importation of prohibited articles, disembarked from vessels that had arrived from places infected with the plague.

The causes of plague may be ascribed, I think, without doubt: 1*st*, to the filthy state of the villages, more especially that of the Ras-el-tin; 2*d*, to the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances during the hot weather; 3*d*, to the badly constructed huts, the floors of which are lower than the ground outside, no windows, the door insufficient for free ventilation, and the atmosphere *warm* and *moist*; 4*th*, to the crowding of many people in too small a space; 5*th*, to the use of brackish water, insufficient and bad food, and physical and moral misery; 6*th*, to the want of proper drainage and free ventilation in the streets, prevented by the huge projecting windows, and awnings spread across from house to house; 7*th*, to the evaporation from the salt marshes; and 8*th*, the present mode of burial, which does not allow the bodies to be properly interred, but half exposed to the heat of the sun.

The population of Alexandria before the downfall of the Ptolemies was given by Diodorus at 300,000 free citizens, but from many causes it rapidly decreased. Before the plague of 1834 it consisted of 60,000 people, viz.:—

Arabs	20,000
Turks	6,000
Negroes and Moors	4,000
Armenians, Copts, and Jews	4,000
Europeans	5,000
Workmen in the arsenal	6,000
Seamen	12,000
Soldiers	3,000

In 1798, when the French invaded Egypt, it was estimated at 6,000; the present population is said to be about 35,000.

The *houses* are generally built of white calcareous stone, covered with plaster made of lime, chopped straw, sand, and salt earth, and have mostly flat roofs covered with cement; some of these have the foundation walls of stone, and the superstructure of bricks taken almost entirely from the ruins of the old city.

The *huts*, which are on an average eight feet square, are of the most miserable description, being composed of mud; the floors, lower than the ground outside, seldom having any other hole than the door, which serves for smoke,

domestic animals, and owners to pass in and out.

The temperature of Egypt is variable throughout the day; the thermometer, which was high at sunset, generally falls eight or twelve degrees during the night, so that the nights are seldom, if ever, oppressive. The mean temperature in the shade in Lower Egypt during the summer is from 90° to 100°. The mean temperature at Cairo in the winter is 58°46; spring 73°58; summer, 85°10; autumn, 71°42.

The prevailing winds are the hot southerly winds, which sometimes last for three days together, and extend over a period of somewhat more or less than fifty days, commencing in April, and lasting throughout May; they are very oppressive, even to the natives. When these winds blow during the period of the plague, it is always more severe, and this is supposed to rise from their being charged with malaria from the Mareotic district. The scorching *simoom*, and the oppressive *khamsin*, bringing with them clouds of impalpable dust and sand, and swarms of mosquitoes, fleas, etc., and the suffocating *shurkiyeh*, are very distressing to travellers. During June, the wind generally blows from the north and north-east; and continues in July to blow from the north, varying from north-west to north-east. Towards the end of July, and part of September, it blows from the north, strong in the day and calm at night; and towards the end of September the wind comes from the east.

Fogs sometimes occur in winter, and are so dense that it is scarcely possible to distinguish objects at a short distance. They only continue a short time.

Dew is rare in winter, but very abundant in summer in Lower Egypt during the north and west winds, and it disappears when the wind changes to south.

People in England generally believe that it never rains in Egypt; but such is not the case. I have been drenched many times in Alexandria, and been in some smart showers in Cairo. Moreover, my recollections of El-Ghizeh are associated with a severe storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. However, rain does not fall often, the average of upwards of forty years being only from twelve to sixteen days in the year. The rains commence in October, continue in November and December, and terminate in March. Sometimes rain does not fall for a week, and then it comes down pretty heavily for six or eight days.

Hail is rare in Lower Egypt, but more common in Upper Egypt; and snow is very rare in Lower Egypt. When snow fell at Alexandria in 1833, and at Rosetta and Atfeh, the old people of the country declared that they never recollected such an occurrence before.

The atmosphere generally is characterized by an excessive clearness and transparency, giving a beauty to the sun, as it rises and sets, that cannot fail to delight those who love to look at Nature's glorious scenes, and transfer them to canvas; and the nights are most beautifully serene.

The best time to visit Egypt is the autumn, the later the better; and I would advise any one wishing to ascend the Nile to start in October.

Having settled all the preliminaries for a journey to Cairo, laid in a stock of provisions, not forgetting some ale and flat-irons, frying-pans and kettles, our party, consisting of fourteen, mounted our donkeys and rode to the Mahmoudieh canal, which establishes the communication between Alexandria and the Nile. It is one of the wonders performed by Mohammed Ali, being completed in about six months. He gave a month's pay to 250,000 men, women, and children, who were ordered to enlarge and deepen the ancient canal, called Kalydi, without being furnished with any tools. They literally dug their graves with their hands—for more than 30,000 of them perished in the undertaking from disease and want. It is fifty miles long, ninety feet broad, and twenty feet deep; and its banks are generally crowded with dirty Arabs, children with sore eyes, half-naked women, donkeys, bales of cotton, groups of camels, and various kinds of merchandise, through which we had to thread our way; then passing by a forest of masts that seemed to grow on its banks, we embarked on board our kanghia, or canal boat, which looked something like the body of an omnibus placed on a narrow coal barge near to the stern; and two masts, with huge lateen sails, rigged forward.

I soon stowed all the provisions and travelling apparatus below the loose planks of the deck and in the cabin, spread carpets and cushions in various parts, and speedily converted the gloomy-looking boat into a comfortable floating hotel, with the "Union Jack" at the stern.

It is well for people to exclaim, "Take things coolly," but if ever any one recommends me to adopt that plan in future, I shall forthwith request them to take a trip in a Nile-boat, abounding in fleas, B flats, cockroaches, rats, mice, and mosquitoes, with the thermometer ranging from 85° to 90°, and if they can take it coolly then,

they must have more philosophy than any of our party, or even Mr. Mark Tapely, of good repute.

The voyage up the canal was monotonous; no breeze to make us move quickly through its dirty waters, the men were obliged to tow us with ropes, and as we passed some Arab mud villages, we received a full salute of dog-barking, and which we generally returned with another of stones just by way of compliment. With the exception of these little greetings, a few acacias waving on its banks, some mimic salutes from ale-bottles, and the winding of the canal (which might have been cut straight), there was nothing occurred to notice until we arrived at the locks at Atfeh, about one o'clock the following morning, a period of fourteen hours and a half after we started. Having passed through the locks, we moored the boat to a post in the bank, and brewed a bowl of punch to celebrate our *entrèe* upon the Nile's broad waters.

The Nile is first seen at Atfeh; and if a crowd of kanghias, mud huts with swarms of pigeons, dirty Arabs, and donkeys to fill in an otherwise sombre-looking scene, without one green tree to wave a welcome with its leaves, can be called interesting, then pray imagine Atfeh to be so. For my own part, I was glad when we left it, and longed to sail on the sacred river.

Nile life is peculiar, and not without its interest and amusements; there are many objects to attract the attention of the novice in Eastern travel. In this place you see mud villages with their conical dove-cots, groves of palm-trees, and waving acacias; in that, rich bending corn and carob-trees, with limes and oranges; then you meet flocks of pelicans, and teal, ring-doves, and hoopoes, that afford sport for the morning and food for the evening. Great herds of buffaloes standing in the water with nothing but their heads above it, enjoying the luxury of a bath and their freedom from the flies, are seen on your right; and huge cracking water-wheels worked by blindfolded oxen, irrigate the land on your left. The morning is spent in shooting, fishing, sketching, smoking, or sleeping—sometimes in bathing; the forenoon in cooking; the afternoon in eating; and as evening approaches, your crew amuse you with Arab songs, music, and dancing. Space does not permit me to relate more in this chapter, but my next Ramble will treat particularly of Nilotic life.

On the evening of the third day, just as we had rounded one of the high banks of the river, we descried before us the distant forms of the Pyramids, rendered more distinct by the sun's declining glory. On our left was an Arab village with its peculiar domed mud huts, and pigeon cones, and a few palm-trees standing in bold relief against the golden sky, while its form was reflected in broad and massive shadows on the water, relieved by gleams of golden light; on our left, the dark brown banks were surmounted by some stately palm trees; and there were three women in the peculiar blue cotton vest of the country, one washing clothes in the river, and the other two bearing pitchers to procure water. In mid distance two kanghias, slowly wafted by the light-winged breezes, glided in the golden flood of light, relieved only by the deep shadows cast from their lateen sails and dark vessels. Immediately before us was a country boat laden with corn, which was tinged with the crimson hues of the setting sun, casting the deep shadow of its form upon the waters, which, hurrying past the stern, danced in merry wavelets crowned with crimson and golden hues. Over all, the sky in beauteous majesty hangs sublime, and purple masses edged with crimson, and golden vistas such as Claude delighted to depict, float in that ethereal sea. The shadows deepen, the brilliant hues of heaven are mellowing fast—

> "For twilight hastes
> To dash all other colors from the sky
> But this her favorite azure. Even now
> The East displays its palely beaming stars;
> There is no end to all thy prodigies,
> O Nature!"

MEMENTO MORI.

BY J. M. L.

A THOUSAND solemn voices tell,
From mountain brow and shady dell,
The solemn story,
And loudly does the story swell,
Memento mori.

The rose that hangs its pretty head,
And blushes in its fragrant bed,
In all its glory;
'Tis written on its brow of red
Memento mori.

The oak with limbs so stout and strong,
That 's braved the winter's blast so long—
Thou trunk so hoary,
Though king you forest-court among,
Memento mori.

A thousand solemn voices tell,
From mountain brow and shady dell,
The solemn story;
And loudly does the story swell,
Memento mori.

CONTRITION; OR, A LIFE'S ERROR CORRECTED.

BY SUTTON ELLIOTT.

(See plate.)

It would be very difficult to find a more lovely marine cottage than that occupied by Edward Rashleigh and his young wife at Newport. It was one of the few villas in that neighborhood which possessed a lawn in the rear, sloping down towards the rocky beach, from which it was alone separated by a mere footpath, and consequently had the advantage of access to the sea through its own grounds, which afforded complete seclusion from all publicity; while the handsome shrubberies and pleasure-grounds amidst which the cottage stood were the admiration of all visitors, no less than the exquisite taste with which the various apartments of the villa itself were furnished and decorated, which were the theme of praise from all their friends and acquaintances; everywhere was obvious the exercise of that refined taste and absence of all gaudy vulgarity which mark their origin as derivable from education and observation. If the laying out of the grounds, and the construction of the conservatories reflected credit on Rashleigh as their planner, no less did the draperies, upholstery, and *bijouterie* of the reception-rooms and boudoirs exhibit the wonderful taste and discernment of their fair mistress.

Edward Rashleigh at an early age found himself his father's successor, not only in a large accumulated property, but to an extensive export trade in New York. For the latter he had little taste; nor was its pursuit at all necessary for the gratification of his more than usually expensive habits. After leaving college, he had, confiding the management of his commercial matters to the excellent hands of those who had for years conducted them, made an extensive tour in Europe, from whence he returned, with no diminished propensity for expense, to marry his cousin, by the mother's side, Kate Osborne, only then eighteen, who of herself possessed no small dowry.

The reader may imagine Kate Osborne as beautiful and amiable as fancy may portray; it will not deceive in either respect. We shall not, therefore, stop to indulge in a picture which, after all, would prove short in description. He was but two-and-twenty, and she, as we have said, but eighteen, when they were married. Mutually possessed of trustful, confiding dispositions, and unincumbered by any of the anxieties that too often mar the entrance into domestic life, nothing could be happier than their existence; if a cloud threw a passing shade over their sunshine, it was but momentary, and soon dispelled by a tender smile or soothing word. Such a cloud, transient as it might be, never arose but from one cause, a somewhat wilful adherence or positiveness on the part of the young husband to any opinion or plan that he had formed, which no persuasion could successfully combat with. This tendency no doubt had strengthened itself into a component part of his disposition, under the influence of the unrestrained control that he exercised over his own actions from so early a period of his life, which left no wish unsatisfied or desire disputed. Unfortunately, all softness and yielding, Kate did not possess the force of character to counteract by a judicious management so dangerous a tendency; all confidence and love, with nothing but the advancement of her husband's happiness in view, she never sought to gainsay or reason against any proposition that he made; so that as a married man he continued to exercise the same unrestrained fulfilment of his own wishes, that had more than once in his still younger days brought him into trivial difficulties; but what may be excused in a boy the world will not overlook in the man.

At the period when our narrative commences, they had been married about six years, with but one addition to their family, a lovely little girl, who, had it not been for the good sense of Kate, would have been sadly spoiled by the over-indulgence of her father; but, though never opposing any proposition respecting the child which Rashleigh made, Kate took care so to order its fulfilment as to rob it of such evil to the child as might naturally result from indiscreet or dangerous gratification, in which direction her husband's interference with the nursery generally tended.

They had left their town house in New York for the villa at Newport somewhat earlier in the season than was either fashionable or usual; for Rashleigh had complained that the city was dull, the streets hot, the roads dusty, and that he in fact was *ennuyée*, and wanted a change.

It was anything but convenient to Kate just at that moment to leave New York, for she was daily in expectation of a cousin's arrival from Europe, whom she had not seen from childhood, a reunion which she had looked forward to with much pleasure; as well as that little Ella, their daughter, was but just recovering from the measles, and she dreaded lest a change to the more bracing atmosphere of the sea might produce some evil effect; but when Rashleigh met the former objection by saying that "surely Cousin Amelia could come down to Newport on her arrival," and the latter, by affirming that "he was convinced change of air was all that Ella required to bring the roses back to her cheeks," with her usual unresisting disposition, Kate's objections were immediately removed. We find them therefore at Newport in the middle of the month of May, and if they did not find much company there, they had at least met plenty of employment. Her choice plants had to be looked after in the conservatories, cabinet councils to be held with the gardiner, new flower-beds to be planned, the *bijouterie* of the rooms to be arranged, as well as some of the furniture itself; so that, with looking after her little girl, Kate's time was fully occupied; and so was Rashleigh's, for he had his yacht to refit, the stables to look after, the shrubberies and the little farm around the house to regard. Their time therefore never flagged during the day, while the evenings were always fully occupied by reading and music, with which Kate regaled her husband, while he indulged in his cigar. Both arrived at the conclusion of the great advantage which the country held over the city in early summer, while Kate thought to herself, "Although Rashleigh is rather positive, and holds to his own determination rather strongly, dear fellow, he is generally right."

It was now the first week in June. The yacht had undergone all necessary painting, decoration, and rigging, which was duly announced at an early dinner by Rashleigh, combined with the proposition that Kate should accompany him on a short cruise in the evening "to see how things worked." A ready acquiescence was given; but when little Ella begged to be allowed to go with mamma, to which the ever indulgent father at once acceded, she vainly interposed her anxiety respecting the risk of cold, evening air, and sea damp; her arguments were all overruled, and the child was permitted to accompany them. It had been a particularly fine day, but as sunset approached the wind shifted, with indications of a change in the weather, sufficient to induce the mate, whom Rashleigh employed for the management of the vessel, to prognosticate wind and rain, and to suggest the prudence of putting the yacht about for the purpose of regaining the harbor before the storm anticipated would begin. His master, however, thought differently, and they continued beating along the shore until the roughness of the water, and the increase of wind which began to sweep across its surface in fitful gusts accompanied by heavy drops of rain, gave a full assurance to the mate's anticipation. The vessel was then put about, but she did not regain her moorings until the wind was blowing a gale, and the rain was falling in torrents; nor until Kate and the child had been perfectly drenched with the waves which broke over the boat and washed its little cabin. Arrived on shore, Rashleigh wrapped Ella in his pea-coat, and running with her in his arms they were not many minutes before they were at home, Kate quite exhausted from her endeavors to keep up with her husband.

The next morning little Ella, who had, childlike, been fearfully alarmed when the storm set in, was found to be suffering from a severe cold, which soon increased to a dangerous fever, that only was conquered by the most skilful treatment and gentlest nursing, leaving the child in a far more delicate condition than that to which she had been reduced by the measles. No father could possibly feel more tender anxiety for his child than did Rashleigh, but he never seemed to attribute her condition to his own wilfulness; he never seemed to recollect that, had his wife's remonstrance been effectual, the child would not have been exposed to the danger; nor that, had he followed the judicious advice of the mate, it would have been avoided. Kate was too gentle, too considerate for his anxiety, to revert to the circumstances.

Some six weeks elapsed, and Ella was sitting at her father's knee, while he was opening his morning's letters, and her mother was helping him to his breakfast, when Rashleigh, on reading one, exclaimed—

"Here is a scolding for you, Kate. Doctor Chambers wants to know how we, but particularly you, could have been so inconsiderate as to take Ella out upon the water in the evening air; I suppose you ought not to have let her go with us."

Kate felt her cheeks tingle a little at the reflection, but, as she raised her meek eyes to her husband's handsome face, she could only say—

"I am sure the Dr. is right; we ought not to have taken her; I thought so, if you recollect, at the time."

"Did you? Then you should not have let her go.'

"But you were so very urgent about gratifying dear Ella, and so confident it would do her no harm, that I did not wish to oppose your wishes."

"Well, dearest, we cannot help it now, and as our little pet is beginning to look so well again, we must only be grateful it was no worse. If the stupid mate had only put about sooner, and got us home before the storm, I even now don't think it would have done her any harm."

"Most likely; but don't you remember that he urged you to return some time before you permitted him, when he first saw the weather going to change?"

"I believe he did; but who could have believed such a sudden change would come about?"

"No one, dear; but I think one should always take the sailors' advice when at sea."

"It 's like most other things that go wrong, generally attributed to me," was the somewhat sharp rejoinder.

"Nay, dear Edward, you cannot for a moment suppose that I would attribute our pet's illness to you—you who doat on her so." And the young wife, with a tear twinkling in her eye, rose from her seat and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"No, dear Kate, I know you would not say a word to vex me, and I know, too, that I am sometimes very positive, and you ought not to give way to me."

The little shower had passed, and the sunshine was beaming again over the happy pair. Rashleigh continued to open his letters.

"Why, here 's one from Tom Merton; what can he want?" He read:—

My Dear Ned: I have only a moment to write. You have a heavy investment, I understand, in ——— Railway bonds; get them into the market as soon as possible; they will be down to nothing in a day or two. You have often given me a seasonable hint; so I write at once to put you on your guard.

Yours, truly, Thomas Merton.

Rashleigh observed, on putting the note aside, "This must be looked to at once; we have too much in these bonds to run the risk of any great depression."

"Have you much invested in them, Edward?"

"I should think eighty or ninety thousand dollars. I cannot exactly say."

"Is it not strange, dear, that Mr. Merton does not say what is producing this change in their value?"

"Well, he might as well have done so, but probably he has got some private information which he is not warranted in disclosing."

"What do you propose doing?"

"Write to Smithson, and tell him to sell at once."

"Had you not better tell him to make inquiries first, and trust to his prudence? He is so very prudent."

"No time must be lost; when these things begin to go down, they fall so rapidly that our loss would be enormous."

"Can you depend on Mr. Merton?"

"Merton! oh, he is a clever, shrewd fellow; never does anything without having a good reason for it; we may rely on him."

"Still, dear, do leave some discretion in Mr. Smithson's hands."

"Nonsense, Kate; you don't understand these matters; leave it to me."

The poor little wife was silent. A letter to Mr. Smithson, with explicit instructions to sell, was immediately dispatched.

It was late on the night of the second day succeeding that upon which this conversation occurred, that an arrival at the villa prevented the retirement of Rashleigh and Kate to their room. It was Mr. Smithson, whose reception then, as at all times, was most cordial. Supper was immediately served for his refreshment; after partaking of which, the old gentleman (he had been the principal manager for the firm of Rashleigh & Son for many years) thus opened the object of his visit:—

"I have ventured to disobey orders, Mr. Edward, in respect to the sale of these railway bonds."

"I am afraid, Smithson, you have done very wrong. The information I have received is so positive and reliable, that there can be no doubt of something disastrous occurring to them."

"That is very strange, for they never were at so high a figure in Wall Street as yesterday and to-day."

"A ruse, an excitement, you may depend on it, got up by those who want to get rid of the stock."

"I think not, sir; the last dividend of the company was the highest they ever made, and everybody reports favorably of it. May I ask the grounds upon which you have arrived at your determination?"

"Certainly, Smithson; I can have no objection to acquaint you confidentially. Kate, dear, will you get Mr. Merton's note from my desk?"

The note was quickly produced and placed in Mr. Smithson's hands, who, having read it, exclaimed—

"Merton, Merton—is that the —— of —— Street?"

"The same."

"Why, the scoundrel has been the largest purchaser in this stock for the last two days; his object is obvious, to induce you to throw your large amount of these bonds into the market, so as to reduce their value, and enable him to realize his purchases at a low figure."

"Can it be possible?"

"Indeed, Mr. Edward, it is; I happened to have the means of getting the very best private information respecting the affairs of that company, and found it so very favorable that I could not think of carrying out your wishes until I had personally consulted with you."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Smithson."

Rashleigh never remembered the advice of Kate, "Leave some discretion in Mr. Smithson's hands," until he caught her soft, gentle eye resting upon his face, and lighting up one of her sweetest smiles, he took her hand, and with a kind pressure said, "I remember."

We have related those two instances, the disastrous results of which were only averted by Providential interposition, to show how dangerous was the wilful persistency in which Rashleigh indulged, and how it threatened to mar not only his fortune, but his happiness and peace of mind.

Some short time after the latter occurrence, Kate presented her husband with another infant daughter; and soon after, two young men of distinction, from England, arrived at Newport, where they soon became, through the instrumentality of mutual acquaintances, on intimate terms with Rashleigh. Their mornings were generally spent in his yacht, or in excursions into the country; and their evenings, or rather nights, for their sittings became late and prolonged, were spent at the card-table or at billiards. These late sittings were subjects of no little concern to Kate; for though she had no reason to dread her husband's being drawn into gambling, or any other vicious pursuit, still the indulgence in late hours was so new a habit, and so recent an innovation upon their domestic happiness, that while she refrained from offering any remark, lest it might be displeasing to Rashleigh, she shed many a silent tear as she sat up, when all the household was at rest, to watch for his tardy return. How much deeper would have been her grief had she known that the vice she thought him least capable of was gradually and nightly fastening its infatuation upon him? that already he had lost most seriously to those new friends? They were men of honor and of station, but they played highly, and Rashleigh's ill luck was unmitigated, and, as usually is the case, the more he lost the greater appeared his desire to play, instigated by the hope of recovering the large amount which he had been compelled to draw from Mr. Smithson, and the loss of which he felt ashamed to acknowledge either to him or to his wife.

As the season advanced at Newport, there arrived amongst the numerous harpies that swarm our fashionable watering-places for the purpose of pandering to the follies, while they plunder the pockets of the reckless or uninitiated, a certain celebrated professor of fortune's mysteries, in the proprietor of a faro bank, which was speedily opened for the amusement of the few and the ruin of the many.

An adjournment from the card-table was one evening proposed to this establishment. Had such a proposition been made to Rashleigh as to visit a gaming-house in New York, he would have rejected it as one almost conveying an insult to him; but what is odious in New York is not only tolerated but sought for at the watering-place, where *ennui* must be dispelled, and the tardy hours dissipated. His companions all hilariously declared for "breaking the faro bank," and Rashleigh had not moral courage to resist, so he became one of the party. The bank was, however, not to be broken that night; most of the party returned to their homes considerable losers, and Rashleigh to a very large amount, indeed; but all determined upon renewing the attack the following night.

They met as appointed, but the result, as far as Rashleigh was concerned, proved even more disastrous. His loss was very large; and when they separated at an early hour the following morning, the sun, just rising above the horizon, seemed to shine reproachfully upon Edward as he softly entered the cottage. He paused as he passed the library door, for he caught a glimpse of a white robe; surely Kate, thought he, could not have sat up to such an hour; he had no right to think she had not sat up, for she had always done so; neither was the library the room where she generally awaited his return. He entered the room; it was indeed poor Kate. When twilight had given place to sunrise, she had left her dress-

ing-room and repaired to the library, the bayed window of which not only afforded a view of the orb as it threw its ruddy rays across the ocean, but what to her was then uppermost, the road by which her truant husband would return home.

Overcome by her watching she had evidently fallen into a slumber, as she reclined in a *fauteuil* that she had drawn to the window. The rosy gleam which the sun was beginning to impart, as Rashleigh approached her, instead of heightening her color, seemed to show more distinctly the extreme paleness of her face, down which the marks of many tears, the forerunners of those that still trembled in her eyelids, were easily traceable; her hair hung in dark masses over her neck and shoulders, white as the snowy robe which had attracted Rashleigh to the room. As she lay in her slumber, he could not but perceive the sorrowful expression of her features, nor fail to see the tears that still moistened the long fringes of her eyelashes; nor to hear the murmured sighs that troubled her gentle bosom; neither could he shut out the conviction that he was the cause of her grief. Whether it was an unwillingness to break her slumber, or whether a reluctance to encounter the reproach which her awaking must convey to him, although he well knew how soon joy at his return would wipe out its remembrance from that gentle heart, he stole into the hall, and bringing his ample cloak, softly wrapped it around her, and then sitting down on a stool at her feet, amid a painful retrospect of his recent follies, and bitter self-upbraiding for his neglect of one he loved so dearly, he awaited her return to consciousness.

It might have been the soothing influence of that mesmeric sympathy which operates the more strongly when loving hearts are brought together, but as Rashleigh took one of her hands so gently within his as not in the least to disturb her rest, her sleep became more and more composed, until at last it was profound; he then too rested his head upon the arm of the chair, and worn out with the anxiety of the night he had passed, and his own remorseful feelings, fell into a sleep.

Thus they slept through the morning hours, unaroused by the housemaid, who had several times entered the room to perform her early duties there, and retired as often, wondering by what chance her master and mistress could have spent the night in so unusual a manner. It was about eight o'clock when little Ella, rushing into the room, exclaimed, "I want my mamma, I want my papa." The well-known voice at once awoke them, and in a moment Kate's arms were around her husband's neck, her breast throbbing against his forehead as she clung to him, while the tears she struggled to conceal dropped in large drops upon his hands.

"Oh, Edward, Edward, where have you been?" were her first words.

"Here, here, dear love, for God knows how long. I found you asleep, and did not like to awaken you, and so we have slept it out till morning."

"Thank God, you are home! But it must have been very late when you returned, for, after visiting baby, I read in the dressing-room until sunrise, when I came in here to watch for you."

He playfully passed his fingers through her disordered ringlets, and said—

"You must not do this again; you must go to bed, Kate, when I am out late; I shall be angry if you stop up."

"Dear Edward, there is no use in my going to bed; I cannot, indeed I cannot rest when you are out."

He did not wish to prolong the conversation. And one might have observed that there was something in Kate's manner which augured the existence of a subject she shrank from entering upon.

It was not long before they were seated at the breakfast-table. Rashleigh was evidently ill at ease, and uncommunicative; and his wife, whenever she could do so unobserved, watched his unusually pale and anxious countenance as he continued to scan the morning papers. At length, as was often his habit, he asked her to open and see what was in the letters which lay upon the table. She commenced opening and reading; they were all the mere chitchat of everyday correspondents, until she met with one from Mr. Smithson, which she read aloud as follows:—

NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR: I am sorry to say that we have, by the arrival of a sailing vessel from Jamaica, heard to-day of the loss of your Barque Anna, off that port; her cargo was most valuable, necessarily. The details of it have not yet been received from our agent there; but strange to say, the captain of the vessel which has arrived says by some unaccountable delay she had not been insured, and that he believed she was a total wreck; if so, our loss cannot be much less than $150,000. But I can hardly

credit the oversight of non-insurance, and those matters are sometimes greatly exaggerated. I think it right to tell you this at once, as it may affect a continuation in the heavy investments which, by your recent drafts, it would seem you are making. Respectfully yours,

T. SMITHSON.

As Kate concluded the perusal of this unwelcome epistle, she raised her eyes to those of her husband, whose face was for a moment suffused with crimson, and then as suddenly became deadly pale; she saw that he was overburdened with inward commotion, and in a moment her arms were around his neck, and her soft, loving voice was pleading comfort to his ear.

"Let not this loss, dearest Edward, afflict you; if it should even be as bad as Mr. Smithson fears, thank God, you are rich enough to bear it. There are a hundred ways by which we can limit our expenses until we have replaced this sum; besides, after all, it may not be as bad as the first report intimates."

Edward drew her closer to his bosom, and ever truthful, he at once said—

"Do not, my own dear wife, think that it is simply the loss of this vessel which afflicts me; that is one of the fatalities which perhaps every man in extensive business has a right to anticipate in the course of his life; my affliction is from another and culpable source, which I have wilfully promoted, the result of which makes this loss now the heavier."

"Alas, then, dear Edward, what Mrs. Tapper told me yesterday evening is true; these strangers have drawn you into gambling, and you have lost heavily. Mrs. Tapper said the amount of your loss has been frightful; that her son told her so."

"I really, dear girl, cannot exactly say what the amount is, until I sit down and add up my check-book; but, alas, it must indeed be large! One thing I will promise, that this night I will pay some few things I owe at the table, and then adieu to gambling forever, forever, Kate."

"Oh, thanks, thanks! Edward, do not let this fret you any more"—and the little fair hand passed caressingly over his forehead and cheek; "so that you play no more, what matters it? If we even live upon my fortune until these losses are made up, we shall not be the less happy, or want for many luxuries, much less comforts. But why, dearest, return to that horrid place to-night?"

It was not difficult for Rashleigh to find a sufficient reason to convince his wife that it was necessary for his credit that he should personally repay the paltry sums he owed to his companions, on the same spot and in the same company where he entailed their debt. Kate well knew her husband's faithfulness to his promise, and, altogether forgetful of their heavy losses, in the delight which the renunciation of his newly acquired vice afforded, she went about her useful avocations with a lighter and happier heart than she had felt for many a day, leaving Edward to sum up the amount of his recent losses, and answer Mr. Smithson's letter.

In something less than a month he found he had drawn upon his house of business for not less than forty thousand dollars, all, or nearly all of which had been lost at play. There was no use thinking of it, so, drawing a check for five thousand more, he inwardly said: "This will pay my debts, and the remaining four thousand are the last I will ever venture on a card; but I may as well see whether they will bring me better luck to-night." So, putting on his hat, he sauntered into the town to get his check cashed at the bank.

He was smoking his cigar, in his dressing-room, the same evening, when Kate brought Ella to bid good-night to and kiss her father. The usual romp took place, and then the father's blessing and kiss.

"You will not be late, dear," said Kate; "I suppose you will be gone before I return from seeing Ella into bed"—a duty which she always delighted in sharing with the maid.

"Yes, dear, I am going now; but I shall be home very early."

An embrace, and they parted.

Rashleigh had been less candid on this occasion, perhaps, than he had ever been before, for, intending to play for the last time, he could not promise when he might return, and his conscience did not fail to smite him. His cigar finished, he made his preparations for departing. On his way he necessarily had to pass the nursery; the door was half open; he could see the little infant lying on Kate's lap, with the fairy form of his "dear Ella" at her mother's knee, with uplifted hands and eyes, repeating her evening prayer. He entered tiptoe inside the door, and, as he continued pulling on his glove, he paused to hear the lisping voice. The words that fell upon his ear from that infant tongue were, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The glove was hastily torn from his hand, and he again passed into his dressing-room; that

touching scene had prevailed. Rashleigh was saved.

It must have been an hour afterwards that Kate revisited the dressing-room, and, to her surprise, found her husband there, and beside him some two or three notes addressed to his late companions, obviously containing what was severally owed to each.

"Why, Edward, have you not yet gone? You will make it so late before you get back."

"No, dearest, I have changed my mind; I shall not go. Are you not glad?"

"O yes, very glad, if you are not making too great a sacrifice for me."

"Come here, Katy"—he placed her on his knee. "Do you know our dear child has taught me a lesson I shall not forget, and filled my heart with sincere contrition for my late folly? As I passed the nursery-door I paused to watch you and the children, as Ella repeated her prayers; the first words I heard were, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' I felt convicted of a great folly, for I was about to submit myself to the same temptation under which I had so lately fallen; and so I returned here, and trust have not only overcome the temptation, but learned in future never to reject the advice of those I love. Had I followed yours, so often given, to withstand the society of these new acquaintances, we should be much better able to meet the reverse which the loss of one ship involves; but I feel that this obstinacy of character is broken down, and that the error of my life is corrected."

And so it was, for Rashleigh was ever after open to conviction, and Heaven evinced its approval, for a few days brought intelligence of the safe arrival of the Barque Anna, which had been got safely off the reef on which she struck; and Kate never regretted those other losses which had been made the happy media of drawing their hearts closer to each other, if it were possible, than they were before.

SMILES.

SMILES are the sunbeams of the face; they make even the plainest countenance interesting, if not really beautiful. One may almost judge a character from the smile. A poet says—

"She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness he never knew
Until she *smiled* on me;
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light!"

A smile may impart hope to the poverty-stricken; it can do no harm, and oh, how much good, no one knows but the happy receiver. They lighten many, many a heart that is sad and cheerless. Another poet prettily says—

"Ah, never does the youthful *smile*
Such angel sweetness borrow,
As when it would the heart beguile
Of one dark hour of sorrow."

A kind, sympathetic smile is never in vain; it lightens your own heart to see the good it does to others. Are there not *many* dark hours of sorrow? Think if you could cheer some—and you may many. Perhaps some day your heart will bound at a kind smile, and if you do not impart them to others, how will you hope to receive them? Smiles and tears are twin sisters, both capable of doing an incalculable amount of good. Even the raving maniac is not insensible to a kind smile.

Give an encouraging smile to the young and diffident; it may, perhaps, be the means of bringing out some bright talent hitherto unsuspected and unknown, for

"A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a *smile* but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour."

Many hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who are their nearest, and who should be their dearest friends, when a kind smile or action from them would have cheered their drooping spirits, and created, as it were, a new atmosphere for them to live in. To win the love of others, you must express an anxiousness for their welfare, an interest in their well-being. Goldsmith, in his "Village Pastor," says:—

"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."

Oh, smile then, and smile right cheerfully; not a cold, frigid smile, for it would freeze instead of melt, but a warm, sunshiny smile; one that carries love and hope in its genial rays. Never forget that

"'Tis good to walk with a cheerful heart,
Whatever our fortunes call;
With a friendly *smile*, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

"Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should all endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can."

WEEDS AND HABITS.

Among the innumerable analogies that may be traced between the phenomena of the natural and of the moral world, there are few more perfect, or more instructive, than that which may be shown to exist between the weeds of the field and garden, and the bad habits, the weeds of the heart.

1. Both commence on a small scale. The Scotchman's little paper of thistle seeds was sufficient to overrun an island as large as England with the noxious weeds. So the little mischievous seed which a man sows in his heart, will bear a crop of weeds out of all proportion to the original germ.

2. Again, both weeds and bad habits mature and multiply without cultivation. Whatever is valuable must be reared with more or less of care and labor; but these natural and moral pests ask only to be let alone. Neglect is the only care they require. Do nothing, and you do all that they ask.

3. They are both lusty and hardy. They are not apt to be nipped up by early or late frosts, or scorched by fiery suns. They are the last things to be drowned out in a flood, or to dry up in a drought. Give them a foothold in the soil, and the smallest possible chance of life, and they will take care of themselves.

4. They are both amazingly prolific. It has been said that a single plant of the weed called "sow thistle" will produce over eleven thousand seeds. We will not venture to calculate how many mischievous seeds may spring from a single weed in the heart, but we know that such things are very prolific.

5. Both are costly and destructive. Though no toil is required to rear a crop of weeds, they eat up the goodness of the soil, and deprive those plants which are valuable of their proportion of nourishment.

6. Again, if suffered to remain long in the ground, they both become very difficult to extirpate. If you would eradicate a noxious plant, you must take it in hand at an early stage. If you wait till its seeds are wafted to every corner of the field, and its roots have spread deep and wide, it will mock your efforts to exterminate it. You may cut it down, or pluck it up; you may burn it, or bury it; you may fight it manfully and patiently; but while you are subduing it in one spot, it will spring up afresh in another, to mock your labors, and vex your soul. So it is with a heart long overgrown with the weeds of bad habits. What a long, and stern, and sorrowful struggle will it require to reclaim that dreary waste, to make it again blossom as a garden! True, terribly true, is the record which declares that it is as difficult for those to do good that are accustomed to do evil, as for the Ethiopian to make white his dusky hue, or the leopard to change his spotted skin. Southey has pictured this struggle, with confirmed bad habits, with great vividness in the following lines, with which we close this sober, though not unseasonable homily:—

"For from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monstrous size
Which ever at his head
Aimed their rapacious teeth,
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He, in the eternal conflict, oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony;
Feeling the pangs he gave; for of himself
Co-sentient and inseparable parts
The snaky tortures grew."

OUR DARLING.

BY EDNA CORA.

God's little angel came to-night
And bore our loved away—
A creature ever fair and bright,
Yet made of mortal clay.

He was a father's precious boy,
On which he loved to smile;
And with him was a mother's joy
Her brightest hours beguiled.

The little marks his footsteps made
Were bless'd in whispers low,
And o'er his head fond prayers were said
For blessings here below.

But God looked down from Paradise
And claimed him as his own,
And made the angels bright arise
That knelt around his throne,

And come below to set his seal
Upon a brow so fair;
And after years would then reveal
His signet shining there.

Oh, he was fair, and lovely, too,
An angel in disguise!
And many hearts around him drew
To lead them to the skies.

'Mid loving friends in happy hours,
Two years have sped away,
And now he pass'd with summer flowers
To one bright endless day.

And though they mourn to give him up,
With breaking hearts of grief,
They drain at last the bitter cup,
And Heaven gives relief.

For there they hope to meet again
With God to dwell on high,
To form in heaven the parted chain,
As angels in the sky.

ONLY ME.

BY GERTRUDE FLINT.

I WAS homely. A homely woman! From the depth of my soul I pity the one who feels this title is deservedly hers. I have seen some homely women who seem entirely unconscious of the fact, and go along through life with all the confidence of a beauty of sixteen. For such I have no sympathy—they need none; but when I meet with a sensitive being, who possesses few personal attractions, my soul goes out in pity for her.

My father was wealthy, and stood high in his profession. My mother was a beautiful woman. There were three of us—Arthur, Grace, and myself. Grace was the youngest, and a lovely child, very like my mother. When we were taken from the nursery to the parlor, to be seen of our parents' guests, mother would say, "This is Maggie, our eldest girl;" this is all I ever knew her to say of me. I remember how earnestly I would be regarded as they would ask, "Whom does she resemble, Mrs. Lee? She is very unlike you or your husband." "I have never been able to determine," mother would reply; "Maggie is our stray lamb. But here is *my* child"—as with maternal pride she would lift Grace to her knee, and smooth back the sunny curls from her white brow. "She is very beautiful!" would be the exclamations, as they would caress my sister, while I would shrink away into some quiet corner, and my little heart would almost burst with the wild wish that I too were beautiful, that I might be loved like Grace.

At school Grace was a general favorite with teachers and pupils. She was conscious of her beauty, and the natural result was she possessed any amount of confidence. When any violation of rules occurred and we were reproved, I would stand like a condemned culprit, while Grace would look up into her teacher's face, with her great blue eyes full of tears, and say, "I am very sorry, ma'am; I will not do it again." And thus she escaped the punishment I always had to bear.

Some may sneer at the thought, but in every female school the pretty, winning face is excused and indulged, while the homely girl returns to her desk with harsh words stinging her soul. As she bends her tearful eyes over her books, who cares? She is so ugly! Who bends over the poor neglected child, and says, in loving tones, "What is the matter, dear?" and watches the light that will spring into those dull eyes that at no other time beam out beauty? Alas! none, none! Sneer at the fact, you beautiful representatives of angels, but your heart has been saved this bitter pang of neglect; but there are many which beat in this great busy world of ours that will bear testimony to its truth. Would to God they were fewer in number!

Grace was the favorite at home. When father would bring presents for us, she must have the choice. "Because, Maggie," he would say, "Grace is the baby." I would submit cheerfully, though I could not prevent my heart saying all the while, "No, papa, not that—you mean the prettiest." I was not jealous of my sister; I loved her too well for that. Though very much indulged, she was a sweet child, and the pet lamb of the flock.

When I was fifteen we were sent to a boarding-school, and Arthur to college. At eighteen I graduated; Grace remained six months longer. When I came home, there was no noise made in the household. "It did not matter for Maggie," mother said; "she would wait until Grace came home to make her debut." So I settled down quietly at home, to await for Arthur and Grace to come. Our house was not exactly in town, but stood upon a hill beyond. It was real country up there. To be sure, in front we could see the villagers moving about, but back of us the great green fields stretched away to the wood; and oh, how I loved to sit at my window, which was at the back of the house, and look out upon the beautiful green meadows, and listen to the songs of the wild birds, as they flitted to and fro through the trees, until my young heart would go forth with a great yearning for something—I did not know what—only something to fill up the great vacancy in my heart. I had never been taught to look "through nature up to nature's God." True, my mother had always taken me to church, and required me to learn my catechism, but there my religious education stopped. When I went to school a few Biblical studies were introduced, but we might learn them or not, just as we pleased, and I always chose the latter.

One evening, after I had been home about three months, mother came in my room. "Maggie," said she, "your father wishes us to go to church to-morrow, and invite the new minister to dine with us. His father was an old friend of Mr. Lee's."

"Well, mamma," I replied, "anything for variety. I have not been to church since old Father Ward died. Who is the new preacher?"

"His name is Herbert Thustan, a young man, and just from Arthur's college."

"Ah, then, we must know him," I replied, eagerly.

Anything connected with Arthur interested me; I believe I loved him better than any one else. He petted Grace, and called her his "pretty little sis;" but when he wanted anything done, or any advice, he always came to me. "Maggie," he would say, "you are the best sister any brother has." Oh, how I loved him for those words! I would have laid down my life for him, had he required it.

When Sunday came, we went to church. The opening services were over when we arrived. Soon after we entered our pew Mr. Thustan arose. There was nothing particularly striking in his personal appearance to a casual observer. He took for his text the words of St. Paul, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." The Giver, the gift, and the value of the gift were the divisions of his discourse. He portrayed the Father in all his matchless love, with enthusiasm; but when he spoke of his love in giving his son to die for man, his large gray eyes kindled into brilliancy. "Oh, the love of God!" he exclaimed, in thrilling pathos, "what is its value? The Apostle has pronounced it unspeakable, and if he, the great and wise St. Paul, could find no words to express this great love, what can I say! May you learn to estimate its value thus!"—and he took his seat. I will never forget the effect that discourse had upon me. I had often heard old Father Ward preach; but there was a new attraction about that young man, just entering upon manhood, and devoting all his energy to so glorious a cause. He was Arthur's friend, too, and I desired greatly to know him, and was sadly disappointed when mother told me he was engaged to dine elsewhere. We walked home quietly. I did not notice the unusual silence of all till father spoke.

"That young man will make a fine orator."

"Yes," returned mother, "and how much I wish Grace was at home; she would be charmed with him."

Ah, mother, there was one near by who knew full well how to appreciate that eloquent young speaker, but she had learned by hard experience her opinions were of little value.

Two weeks passed, and I saw nothing of Mr. Thustan. I was beginning to grow tired of the monotonous life I led, and longed for Arthur and Grace to return. It would be three long months, and I dared not think of how the time would pass. One pleasant evening, for want of something to do, I tied on my bonnet, and went to visit an old lady who lived near us. I found her quite sick, and took off my bonnet to sit awhile with her.

"Mrs. Lewis," I asked, "don't you lead a very dreary life here all alone?"

"No, child, I am used to being alone; but sometimes I long to have some young face like yours to look at. I wish you would come and see me oftener, Miss Maggie, and read to me sometimes; my old eyes are getting too feeble to read much now. Mr. Thustan has been to see me several times, and, Miss Maggie, he reads and talks so sweetly."

"Yes, Mrs. Lewis," I replied, "a good man like Mr. Thustan can do this, while I am not useful to any one."

"Don't talk that way, Miss Maggie; it pains me to hear a young creature like you say that."

"I can't help saying so, Mrs. Lewis, when I feel it."

"But there is a great deal for you to live for."

"No," I interrupted, "nothing for me to live for; nobody loves me." And I finished the sentence bitterly.

The latch of the door was raised quietly, and Mr. Thustan stood in the doorway. I grasped my bonnet, and rose to leave, but Mrs. Lewis had caught my dress, and I could not stir.

"Come in, Mr. Thustan," said Mrs. Lewis, playfully, "and shut the door. I want you to help me cage a bird."

"Please let me go, Mrs. Lewis," I whispered.

Mr. Thustan's quick ear caught the words, and, turning to the door, said, "I am sorry I am intruding, ladies."

I forgot my embarrassment, and said, hastily: "Do not let me scare you away, Mr. Thustan; it is only me—only Maggie Lee"—for I saw I must introduce myself, as Mrs. Lewis thought we were acquainted.

He came forward, and smiled as he extended his hand. "We must be friends, Miss Maggie; our fathers were before us."

After conversing a few moments with me, he turned to Mrs. Lewis, saying—"I have been visiting my flock to-day, Mrs. Lewis, and trying to get my work in order. I find a great deal to do here in Shadeland, and I feel incompetent to perform the great work before me. Oh, there is *so much* for us to live for in this fair world!" He spoke the last sentence so emphatically that I thought he must have heard our conversation. I glanced up into his face; he was looking straight at Mrs. Lewis, as if unconscious of my presence, and he went on: "Yes, a great deal for which we may live, my sister; and, as I said before, I find so much to do in Shadeland that I feel the need of assistance. If I could only prevail upon some of my young sisters to help me, how much we could accomplish. "You, Miss Maggie"—and he turned to me—"are already setting a good example. I see Mrs. Lewis is looking better for your visit this evening. You and I are just starting out in life, and it is right for us to help our fellow mortals all we can. You will give me a helping hand, will you not, sister Maggie?"

"Sister Maggie!" Not even Arthur had ever called me by that endearing title, and my eyes were full of tears as I responded:—

"You think too well of me, Mr. Thustan. I came here to pour my selfish repinings into Mrs. Lewis' indulgent ear. I can do nothing."

"You can, and I believe you will, my sister. Will you promise me to try?"

His voice sounded so pleadingly that I, Maggie Lee, who had never in all my life caused a fellow-being one moment's happiness, promised—what I scarcely knew, only I promised.

When I arose, Mrs. Lewis did not detain me. Mr. Thustan accompanied me to the door. I thanked him in my heart for not offering to go home with me; I wanted to be alone. As he extended his hand at parting, his meek gray eyes were fixed steadfastly upon my face, and he almost whispered, "I want to know you better, sister Maggie; I am coming to see you soon. Good-by. God bless you!"

Away into the woods I went, and upon a rock I sat thinking for a long time. Strange that Mr. Thustan had read my thoughts so easily, and given me just such an incentive to exertion as I needed. Had he urged me into society, the thought of my few personal attractions would have crushed every aspiration upon the threshold; but he had pointed out a higher enjoyment, and I felt it might be mine. I had but little confidence in my own abilities. "Only Maggie Lee" was the sentence that kept me bound to the narrow sphere in which I moved. But amid the darkness that wrapped up my future, one sunbeam had gleamed across the dark horizon, and with that ray in my heart I went home.

A few evenings after, as I passed through the hall on my way to my room, I heard voices in the parlor, and paused to ascertain who was in. I heard Mr. Thustan's voice ask—

"Are your daughters at home, Mrs. Lee?"

"Only Maggie," was the reply. "Grace is at school yet; she is the life of the house. Maggie is so quiet one forgets she is about the premises."

Delicacy forbade his asking for me, and I knew mother would never think of calling me. An irresistible impulse determined me to see him, and going to my chamber, I put aside my bonnet and descended to the parlor.

"Why, Maggie, when did you come in?" mother greeted me with as I darkened the door. Mr. Thustan arose and greeted me with easy grace, remarking to mother that "we met accidentally at a neighbor's." We spent a pleasant evening together, and Herbert Thustan bore away from our home a large portion of the hearts of its inmates.

It isn't necessary to enter into the minutiæ of our acquaintance. We became firm friends. Mother wondered no little "what the refined Herbert Thustan found in Maggie to like so well; but he must have some company till Grace comes;" I read this as distinctly in her face as if it had been written there in words.

Herbert Thustan understood human nature to an extent that few of his age ever attain. He made friends wherever he went, had the power of adaptation to every sphere of life. He would enter into the feelings of every one about him, and each one would feel he cared most for them. The poor revered him; the rich considered him their equal; the profane would hush their bitter oaths at his approach; the gay votaries of fashion would listen to his conversation with deference; every one in his parish loved him, from the wee children whom he would lift upon his knee and caress, to the aged sufferer, by whose bedside he would sit and converse as if he were their son. There was not a servant in Shadeland who would not lift his hat and show a shining row of teeth as Mr. Thustan passed and smiled a "good morning" to them. And why was it? Because in him blended the holy light of the Christianity he professed, and the polish of one of earth's noblemen. His holy life exerted a quiet influence upon every one about him. It was strange

to see the effect of his example upon the humble peasants with whom he boarded. I endeavored to remonstrate with him once for living in such an humble abode.

"Maggie," he said reproachfully, "my Master had not where to lay his head. I have been accustomed to luxury all my life, and I find I must thus humiliate myself in order to be a true follower of Him. You don't know what a great desire springs up within me sometimes to indulge in the luxuries of life; but I cannot do it—I cannot bear being too well at ease. I hope to do the humble family good with whom I live."

"But, Mr. Thustan," I replied, "God does not require us to give up all the pleasures of life."

"No, Maggie; he doesn't require it of you. Let me tell you: Once I lived for myself alone, as if 'twas all of life to live, forgetful of Him who gave me all I had. Through a way which I cannot tell you now, I was brought to see my error. It was my greatest sacrifice to give up the pleasures of the world. But I did it; I tore myself from my dear home and its joys and came here to labor for this people. Do not tempt me to break my resolve."

After that I never mentioned it. During those months Herbert Thustan learned to know me better than any one ever did before. He led me to the Saviour as gently as a shepherd leads a little lamb to the fold. I scarcely knew how he gained my confidence, for I had always lived so much within myself; but I learned to go to him for counsel with a frankness that surprised myself.

The weeks passed rapidly now, and the evening of Grace's return came in almost unexpectedly. She came in all her dazzling beauty; and as I looked upon her proud, graceful figure and lovely face, my own plainness was forgotten. I rejoiced in her beauty, and all the love of my calm nature went out to my fair young sister. She rested all day, for upon the next Arthur would come to pass his vacation in the home-nest. I was impatient to see Arthur, and felt his return would be the rose-leaf in my cup that joy had already filled.

Oh, it is well that these sweet seasons of ideal happiness come to the heart sometimes! Sweet crystal springs in life's descent, where the thirsty soul can pause and refresh itself, forgetful for the time that the feet are yet to gather up the sands, and grow heavy with their burden along the path we must still tread.

Evening came at last, and found me giving the finishing touch to Arthur's room. I had just brought fresh flowers to fill the vases, when Grace came dancing in with, "How do I look, Maggie dear?"

"Like yourself, dear sister; it is the best compliment I can bestow." And I looked proudly upon her. Her slight figure was robed in a blue tissue; her white arms and neck were bare, save bracelets and necklace of pearls. She was lovelier than I had ever seen her.

"Come, Maggie dear," she said, "let me arrange these bouquets, and betake yourself to your room and dress, or Arthur will be here before you are prepared to receive him. Besides, mother has sent for Mr. Thustan to help us welcome Arthur home. I wonder if he—the parson, I mean—is up to flirting? Mother says he is so very interesting."

"Hush, Grace—"

"Don't get angry, sis: I'll not flirt with the parson. You may have him, for I fancy you will make a capital pastor's wife. My aspirations are higher. Away with yourself!" and she pulled the flowers from me. I went immediately to my dressing room; I never cared much for dress; for I felt I looked homelier when handsomely attired; but I must not look too plain by Grace this evening, and for once in my life I stood ten minutes pondering what I should wear. I selected a white muslin with close neck and flowing sleeves. Stepping into the conservatory I gathered a cluster of scarlet verbenas and twined them in my hair, and fastened a bunch with my mosaic pin in my bosom. Still I was plain Maggie Lee, and the old childish longing to be beautiful came welling up from my heart.

"That will do, Maggie; you are looking quite charming enough to captivate the parson," said a voice behind me; and Grace's face looked over my shoulder in the mirror. "Let us go down, for I want an introduction to my future brother-in-law, who has arrived."

"Hush, Grace, you know I can't bear teazing. I'll wager a sixpence that, before the evening is over, you will be up to the ears in love with Mr. Thustan."

"Yes," she laughingly replied; "it will be so well in unison with my feelings to visit the peasants, sing psalms to the sick, and bind my liberty to a parson's straight coat. No, indeed, Maggie! I'll win the wager"—and we descended to the parlor.

With a proud consciousness of my sister's beauty, I introduced her to Mr. Thustan. I noted the admiration that beamed from his expressive eyes, as she extended her hand, with the frankness so natural with her, saying—

"It needed no introduction to tell me who you were, Mr. Thustan. Mother and Maggie have talked about you until I feel we are acquainted."

"And I have heard your name upon the lips of the same couple at every meeting," he returned. And thus they met, like old friends rather than strangers.

We trio had a pleasant time during those few hours. At last my quick ear caught the sound of coming wheels, and we hastened to the door. Arthur bounded from the vehicle, and seemed almost wild with joy at being home once more. My noble, handsome brother! No words came to welcome him in my fulness of joy. Grace threw her arms around him, and in her artless way exclaimed—

"Oh, Arthur, I am so rejoiced to see you I scarcely know what to do!"

"Thank you, little sis"—and his eyes rested lovingly upon the sweet upturned face. "You have grown very pretty." She threw her head back proudly, as she playfully replied: "Come, brother, spare your compliments; I cannot bear to be flattered." He passed on to me—"My own dear Maggie, you are still the same."

"Ah, *still the same!*" How the words sent the hot blood to my face. Arthur's loving eye marked it, and, as he grasped Herbert's hand, he wound his left arm around my waist, saying: "Isn't it joyful, Herbert, to come home and find our dear ones so little changed? I thank you for coming to welcome me. Really, like Grace, 'I scarcely know what to do.' Mother, you and father will have to exert your authority to keep me within proper bounds." And thus, gayly, we reached the house.

After tea, Arthur turned to Grace: "Come, Gracie, let us have some music, Maggie doesn't play."

I was never forgotten by Arthur. Grace went to the piano, and, as her sweet voice warbled forth "Home again," Mr. Thustan crossed over to the instrument and joined his deep voice with hers.

As they sat there before me, the thought came to me, "What a noble couple they would make," and the next broke upon me the conviction that I loved Herbert Thustan. I ran all over the past to see if I had reason to believe I had given my love unsought. He had never told me he loved me, but I seemed necessary to his happiness; he never seemed so happy with any one else. Every word and look had told me this; but that was all.

"What are you thinking so soberly about, Maggie?" and Arthur took a seat by my side. My guilty conscience sent the crimson to my cheek, for I saw Arthur was reading my secret. "My pet bird has been coyed away from me; may its resting-place be worthy of it," he bent and whispered.

"Oh, what have I done, Arthur?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing, dear; no more than hundreds of your sex have done before you," he responded, with a gay laugh. "Now, go with me to the piano," he continued, "I want you to help Grace sing 'The wild bird's song,' I have not heard it since I left home."

I could not refuse, and we went together. Mr. Thustan and Grace were busily engaged in conversation, and did not notice our approach until Arthur spoke. "Grace, I want you and Maggie to sing my favorite. Mr. Thustan arose and proffered me a chair. "Thank you, I prefer standing," I said, for Arthur's arm was around my waist, and I felt more steadfast upon such a prop.

I had never sang for Mr. Thustan. When I told him I had no taste for instrumental music, he never seemed to think I could sing. I could sing well. I was conscious of this fact, as it was the only talent I possessed in common with my sex. Arthur's reference to his "pet bird" and favorite song being so akin, I let my voice out to its utmost in trying to convince him that the bird longed only for the wild woods of its home. When the song ended, Mr. Thustan whispered: "Bravo, Maggie! I am jealous of Arthur. You never sang for me." These words sank deep into my heart; they told me I had received a brother's love alone.

As we returned to our seats, Arthur said: "The nest is feathered, Maggie—the singing bird is caged."

"How well," I retorted, "every one doesn't think alike!"

It was late when Mr. Thustan left, and I sought my room to prepare for retiring, leaving Herbert and Grace at mother's door. I sat down by the open window to wait for Grace. Soon she entered, and, throwing herself upon an ottoman by my side, laid her head in my lap.

"Maggie," she began, "Herbert Thustan is worthy of all the praise you have bestowed upon him. He is very homely, I think, and yet there is something irresistibly fascinating about him."

I expected this, and was prepared for it; and, as I twined my fingers in her fair curls, I said, "So I have won my wager, Gracie?"

"No, no, Maggie, I am not in love. But

once when we were speaking of Milton's Paradise Lost, his eyes kindled into pure eloquence, as he said, 'Eve was a fair being, Miss Grace, but she sinned.' And his voice sank into a whisper, as he continued: 'My imagination never pictured her fairer than you, my young sister. May your heart be as pure and sunny as your face!' I tell you what, Maggie, if Herbert Thustan always seemed so gloriously beautiful as he did then, I could love him; aye, worship him!" And her eyes—those deep, blue orbs—looked out into the calm night, and I knew she was thinking of him.

I knew he would seem so to her always, when she learned to know him well. I closed my eyes, and, in the depth of my silent misery, asked for strength to give him to her willingly. I resolved to make the sacrifice for her, my pure, artless sister.

Six months rolled past, and no one but Arthur knew the conflict between love and duty which was going on in my heart; but I conquered. It was a trial to see Arthur return to college. Before he went he endeavored to remonstrate with me upon my quiet determination. "Tell her all, Maggie," he said; "it is wrong, all wrong. Herbert and Grace will never be happy together; their spirits do not blend like yours. It is your duty to warn her: she is young." "Don't talk that way, Arthur," I replied; "it is right, *all* right." From that time the subject was never alluded to again. Arthur went back to college, and left me to watch over Grace. As I have said, six months passed, and ushered in the "melancholy days" of autumn. They were not melancholy days to our Grace, for they found her the betrothed of Herbert Thustan.

At Christmas, mother and Grace went to the city to visit some relatives. I insisted upon remaining at home with father. I was not fitted for city life, and was happier at home. After they left, Herbert came often to talk about Grace. It was becoming, "only Maggie" with him, too; but now he sought the old brotherly place, and it required all the strength of my calm nature to keep me up. For weeks Grace filled her letters mostly about him. Then came a round of parties, next flirtations, and at last she only sent him a message. I knew not what her correspondence had been with him, but I dared not ask now; for I saw that he was growing sadder at each meeting, though he never complained of her. I did not show my letters to him, but always told him something kind. After awhile a new name was introduced, and her letters teemed with praise of Harry Lake, the accomplished young lawyer. I was prepared for what followed, but knew not how to break the news to Herbert. He loved her so fondly, that it pained me deeply to think of sweeping away with one rude stroke his beautiful dream of love.

One evening I received a letter from Grace. A foreboding filled my heart as I broke the seal. One extract is enough to tell the story. "Maggie," it ran, "Harry Lake loves me, and I have promised to be his wife. Tell Herbert, for I cannot. I thought I loved him; I believe I did before I saw Harry. Tell Herbert not to blame me, for I am right in bestowing my hand with my heart. Mother seems to be pleased, though she doesn't like the idea of not having Herbert for her son-in-law. Perhaps you can love him; you would make him a better wife than I would. Don't censure me, Maggie; you would not if you knew Harry." Before I finished the letter Herbert came in. His face paled as he saw grief in mine. "What is it, Maggie?" he stammered out, as he sat down by me. I was speechless. What could I say? "Tell me, Maggie," he went on; "let me know the worst. I feel, I have felt for weeks, that I must lose her."

"She says you must not blame her, Herbert, and you must not. Remember her youth and her inexperience in such things. Do not blame her."

With a mournful look into my face he spoke. "I will not, Maggie; but, oh, pity me if you can!"

How those words of agony stung my heart; and had it been in my power I would have revoked the sentence. I, who had learned submission from him, took his cold hand in mine, and bade him go to a higher power for pity and comfort. It was a pitiful sight to see that proud young form bending under the weight of grief, and that young teacher of righteousness pleading with me to ask for comfort for him. But the storm passed, and, looking up into my face, he said:—

"I can say it now, Maggie, I can say it now."

"What, Herbert?"

"It is all for some wise purpose. He doth not willingly afflict His children. You will ask our Father to forgive my distrust"—and he was gone. It was a hard struggle for Herbert to bear his sorrow, and nothing but the holy faith of his religion sustained him.

The winter soon wore away, and in the early springtime mother and Grace came home. Herbert went to visit his parents, and they did not meet for several months. In July Arthur gra-

duated, and he and Herbert arrived at the same time. Harry Lake was with us when they came. He was an intelligent, manly fellow, very different from the sensitive, poetic temperament of Herbert. Herbert was much paler than when he left Shadeland; otherwise he was himself, cheerful and entertaining, the life of our little group.

Grace and Harry were married in the fall. I accompanied them to their city home, and passed the winter. When I returned in the spring, contrary to my expectations I found Herbert still in Shadeland, engaged in his old round of doing good. He spoke of changing his parish when I left home. I assisted him in all his little plans, and tried to be a true sister. Sometimes he would take my hand between his, and say, "Maggie, you are the greatest comfort I have;" and I knew how to interpret it now.

Two years, fraught with joy and sorrow, passed over our quiet village. During that time Arthur had graduated in medicine, and located in Shadeland to practice his profession, and "take care of his sister Maggie," he said.

One sweet summer evening I received a message from my old friend Mrs. Lewis to come to her immediately. I had frequently visited her, and noted her fast declining health. I went hastily to her, and found her sinking, as I feared. Herbert was praying with her when I reached the door. I stood until he arose from his knees, and then approached her bedside. Taking my hand in her motherly pressure, she said:—

"Miss Maggie, the summons has come, and I have waited only to see you before I go home. You have been a great comfort to me. May God bless you."

I bowed my head upon her pillow and wept. A hand was laid upon my head, and I looked up and met Herbert's eye fixed steadfastly upon me. "Maggie," he said, "Mrs. Lewis has given you to me, and she wishes to hear you speak the word that will give me a full right. I have wished for this pledge, Maggie, for many months, but have not dared to ask it."

Mrs. Lewis took my hand, and, placing it in Herbert's, folded hers over both. "You do this willingly, Maggie?" she said.

"Willingly," I replied, for I understood the deep earnestness of those eyes now.

And thus we were betrothed.

Arthur was not at home when the message reached me, and I left word for him to come. Soon he came in, and during the evening many of the villagers arrived, and we sat with her all night. Just as the sun came over the mountains the next morning, Mrs. Lewis went home. With sad hearts and tearful eyes we followed her to the graveyard.

Six months after I was Herbert Thustan's bride; Arthur and sweet Lucy Thustan, Herbert's sister, were our attendants; Grace and Harry the only invited guests from the city. The villagers assembled in the little white church to witness the ceremony, and many were the tearful, earnest blessings bestowed upon their pastor's bride.

When Grace congratulated me, she said: "The parson's wife, Maggie. Am I not a good prophetess?" And turning to Harry, "Will you trade your wife to Harry for his, Herbert?"

"No, Gracie," he replied, with a smile, "I prefer 'only Maggie,' with due deference to Mrs. Lake."

"How well every one doesn't think alike—ha! ha! Maggie," laughed Arthur, by my side.

"Very well, indeed, Arthur," retorted Harry, glancing at the little fairy on Arthur's arm.

"The carriage is at the door," interrupted Arthur, confusedly. "Let us go."

Mother greeted us in the aisle with a happy face, and father bent his proud form to bestow a kiss upon—only me.

A year has gone by since we were married. To-morrow is Arthur's wedding-day. Arthur and Lucy will reach Shadeland the day after, and Herbert and I are going up to father's to see if mother and Grace have all things right for the wedding party. Herbert has just brought me a bunch of flowers to lay upon Mrs. Lewis's grave as we pass the churchyard, for this is the anniversary of our marriage.

Gold and Silver Weddings.—These were celebrations once general in some parts of Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that; but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands; all the neighbors from far and near were assembled; the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding-dresses, walked in procession with music to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached such a sermon that every one had tears in his eyes. There was a dinner, too, and dancing and singing, and in the evening there was no end to the noise and shouting when they drove off together, for the second time, as bride and bridegroom—a happy pair.

OUT IN THE RED, RED CLOVER.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

Out in the red, red clover,
I thought for an hour to stray,
While the crimson shade and the purple
Died out from the robe of day.
So I passed from the cottage olden,
The porch where the woodbines cling,
Out into the glories golden
Which follow the vanished spring.

Down through the shaded garden,
And over the rustic stile,
Till ankle deep in the green, green grass,
I tarried to dream awhile:
Tarried to catch the vision
Framed in the ambient air,
And wonder if even Elysium
Was ever than this more fair!

Far in the dim, dim distance,
Just under the sunset sky—
The hills, with their rainbow crownings,
Rose stately, and proud, and high:
Casting a long cool shadow
Over the lake below,
The forest broad, and the meadow
Where nun-browed violets grow.

A wild bird lured me onward.
Heart, oh what did'st thou see,
Pressing the red, red clover,
Under the sycamore tree?
Was it some woodland fairy?
Was it some rivulet sprite?
Or peri, gay and airy,
Escaped from the gates of light?

Ah, but it was no fairy,
Fresh from her bower of green!
Ah, but it was no peri gay,
In robes of gossamer sheen!
For never a wand or a pinion,
And never a crown had she,
To tell of a charmed dominion
On earth, or in air, or sea.

'Twas but a maid all human
Buried in dreamings sweet,
Coy slumber pressing her eyelids down,
And chaining her careless feet;
Only a fair young rover,
A-weary of grove and lea,
Crushing the red, red clover
Under the sycamore tree.

A brown bee softly murmured
Just over each curving lip—
Did he deem them a parted rosebud,
And think of their dew to sip?
And the butterfly, hued like sky-gleams,
Half hid 'mid her shining hair—
Did he think them a nest of sunbeams,
Those curls so wondrously rare?

"Ah, but thy kiss might pain her,
Thou beautiful humming bee!
Ah, but thy touch might alarm her,
Thou butterfly bold and free!"

So I bent o'er the sweet-lipped maiden
And frightened them both away—
The bee with its flower-spoils laden,
The butterfly bright and gay.

I took the rose from her bosom,
She never would heed it now—
I stole one kiss from her blushing cheek,
One tress from her pearl-white brow;
Then leaving the old tree's shadow,
I passed to the rustic stile,
Where, ankle deep in the green, green grass,
I had paused to dream awhile.

Up through the ancient garden,
And into the cottage door,
A wilder dream in my tell-tale heart
Than ever it knew before!
For out in the red, red clover
That heart had gone astray,
While the crimson shade and the purple
Died out from the robe of day!

WE ARE WAITING.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

We are waiting for you, waiting,
And the darkness closes round,
As we listen for the coming
Of your footsteps' welcome sound.
O the hours are long and weary,
And without one ray to cheer,
When your pleasant smile, my darling,
Is not ever, ever near!

Hasten homeward, hasten, loved one,
Let me fold you in my arms;
Let me shield you from vexation
And the outer world's alarms.
Let me smooth from off your forehead
All the marks of burning care,
And your weary, weary burden,
Oh, I pray you, let me share!

We are waiting for you, waiting,
And the stars are in the sky;
And the evening hours are slowly,
O so slowly, passing by!
Hasten homeward, hasten, darling,
For the night is wearing late,
Happy, happy hour that hears your
Welcome footstep at the gate.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Father, *our* child is dead!
He lieth still and cold—
And o'er the green mound's head
Spring's beauteous buds unfold.

Father, *thy* child still lives!
An angel, godlike, sweet—
Guide thou our wand'ring steps,
Till we again shall meet!

ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

I WAS sitting in my room the next forenoon, feeling considerably wuss than I ever did in my life before, holding my pocket-book in my hand, and wondering if I 'd better write to father to send me money enough to come home, for I 'd put all my spendin'-money in with the gold except about five dollars, when a boy come to the door and said the clerk wanted me to step down. I purceeded to obey the summons about as lively as if I 'd been going to the gallows, for I expected he was going to dun me for my bill, though, goodness knows, I hadn't eat enough to keep a chicken alive since breakfast yesterday.

When I got down to the bar-room it was jammed full; everybody was on the broad grin.

"He 's fell away ten pounds in twenty-four hours," I heard one say. Standing by the clerk was a man in uniform that I took to be a soldier, till the clerk begun—

"Your good friend here, this police-officer, has come—"

"He ain't going to take me up because another man stole my money, is he?" hollered I, mad in a minute; I 'd suffered so much I was gitting desperate; I could have fit the hull crowd.

"O no; he has come to restore you your stolen money, every dollar of it, safe and sound."

"Hail *C*olumby!" shouted I, jumpin' up about three feet and coming down on the toes of the feller who had previously remarked on my great loss of flesh.

"Here it is," said the officer, stepping forward and handing me a passel; count it, and see if it isn't all right."

I sot down and counted it, the crowd looking on.

"All right to a cent, mister."

"Well, you may thank this efficient officer for it. He 's been clear to Philadelphy after your friend Mr. Brown. He found him before he 'd had time to conceal the little check he 'd drawn on you at sight. If he 'd been an hour later you 'd never have set eyes on your linen bags again."

Wall, you see, I went to shake hands with the officer; but the sudden change was more than I could bear; I threw my arms about his neck and gave him a hug that astonished him, and burst out crying again; then the crowd cheered till I thought the roof would raise up, but I didn't care, I took out two twenty and a ten dollar gold piece and chucked into his hand, and told him I was everlastingly obliged to him, and if ever he came within forty miles of Beanville to let us know, and mother and father and Kitty would take lots of pains to make his visit pleasant. After the noise subsided a little the officer said he had the gentleman with the diamond ring in the Tombs, that he had had his eye on him before, and that he meant to have him 'tended to this time; that he should hold me as a witness, though if I 'd promise to be on hand, he wouldn't confine me; that court sot in about two weeks, and he 'd try to have the case up early, so I could leave for home if I wanted to.

Then the clerk recommended me to leave my cash in his care; he 'd give me a check for it; or else to go and deposit it in a city bank right away; but I was afraid the banks might break, so I give it up to him.

"And now," said a young feller in the crowd, after everything was settled, "as a friend, Mr. Beanpole, I 'd give you a piece of advice—*don't go out in that hat!*"

He said this so solemnly, that I took off my hat and looked at it.

"What 's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Nothing in particular; only it reveals too plainly that you are a stranger; and when the people of this city see a stranger, they usually take him in. You must have a new hat."

"Yes, one of Genin's latest!" cried the crowd.

"Where shall I get it?" I meekly inquired.

It 's only a step; right here, next door. Come along; I 'll select one for you," and followed by some dozen or twenty, all smiling as if they was going to a wedding, we went and bought a hat. Then I begun to realize that my appetite was coming back; I went into the place where they eat their noon dinner (they have two dinners, it seems, in York taverns) and went through the trial of getting rid of six dozen oysters, stewed, raw, and fried, and promised the waiter to be sure and be back at five o'clock to the great spread.

"And now, 'Bijah Beanpole, its high time

you begun to have a little fun," and with this reflection I sot out towards the Museum. With plenty of peanuts and oranges, I was going along, looking at the sights and having a good time; but when I went to wipe my mouth after I 'd made way with an orange, I discovered that my new red bandanner, the one I 'd proudly waved to Kitty at the parting hour, was missing from my pocket. I 'd left a leetle end hanging out to show it, and I s'pose some rascal had admired the pattern and helped himself.

I didn't have time to waste much sorrow on it, for just then I begun to hear the brass band playing in front of the Museum, and to feel, for the first time, *as if I was really in New York.* I looked up, and saw the flags flying and the pictures of the show on the outside, and listened to the thrilling music proceeding from the railing overhead, till my toes tingled, and I did begin to wish that Kitty was along. Wa'al, I paid my quarter, and went in. The advertisements said it was a great place for moral instruction, and you may bet your life I got my quarter's worth by the time I got up to the Happy Family. One of the keepers got spunky, and told me he guessed if Barnum was around he 'd want to engage me as the Great Yankee Question-Asker. I got pretty well posted in natural history, especially the wax figgers, and bought the book about the giant and the dwarf for ma to read when I got home.

It took some tall walking to get back to the tavern in time for dinner, but I just managed it, without a minit to spare. "Waiter," said I, "put her through." And he did. I was just two hours a-going through the ceremonies. It beat Thanksgiving all holler. Golly, just think of winding off with ice-cream every day! It 's similar to having a little touch of Fourth of July three hundred and sixty-five times a year.

Wa'al, by this time I 'd got to be purty well known to the St. Nicholas. I was congratulated by a good many on recovering my money, likewise on my new hat. Several of the young fellers talked to me considerable, and the one who 'd been the means of my getting the hat asked me how I was going to spend the evening, saying that, seeing as my friend Mr. Brown would be prevented from keeping his engagement with me, he 'd take me to the Opera himself, if I 'd do him the honor. Now father, being a deacon, had represented to me that I 'd better not go to the theatres, and I'd partly promised him I would not; but the Opera wa'n't a theatre exactly, so I said—

"I s'pose 'tain't nothing wuss than a concert, is it?"

"Not a bit," said he, "nor nigh so bad as some. It 's the best and only opportunity you 'll have, Mr. Beanpole, for a glimpse at our first society. I 'd like your opinion of it, Mr. Beanpole, and as to how it compares with Beanville aristocracy. As to the music—do you understand music?"

"I reckon I do," was my emphatic response. "I lead the choir to home, and play the fiddle like a streak."

By this time three or four more had made up their mind to jine us, and we started off. They all seemed in remarkable fine spirits, and I thought it very perlite of them to take a stranger along, and pay all his bills besides—my fare in the 'bus, and a dollar for my ticket. I thought a dollar rather steep; the Hutchinsons or the Continentals never asked but a quarter in Beanville; but as I didn't have to pay it myself, I didn't try to cheapen it.

When we first went in, I could see nothing but about a thousand lamps in full blaze. After we 'd been seated awhile, my eyes got used to it, and I began looking around. Right in front of us, in a little place with a railing round it, sat the band, with their fiddles, and flutes, and all kinds of instruments; and jest beyond hung a great big curtain with a picture painted on it like a panarama. The house was full of people, setting around in a circle as they do to the managerie, only they was three stories high, and about a quarter of 'em was holding something up to their eyes. What it was, or what it was fur, I couldn't make out; it looked like a pair of backgammon boxes, with a pair of spectacles in the end. Pretty soon my pardner took one out of his pocket, and, standin' up, held it up to his eyes, and peeked all around in every direction. Then he handed it to me, and asked if I 'd like to take a look through an opera-glass. So I did as the rest did. It was mighty curious; folks that you could just see 'way on t'other side the room seemed to be setting right before you as large as life; I could make out the flour on some of the women's faces. I 'd got perfectly taken up, staring at a handsome girl—my stars, there wa'n't any of the Beanville girls could come up to *her*, a blue and white feather on a stylish bunnit, a white satin cloak with blue trimmin's, a lot of flounces spreadin' out over the seat, a little fan that sparkled like a hummin'-bird when she stirred it—heigho! wa'al, Kitty wouldn't have enjoyed seeing me look at that girl—when the music started off so sudden I nearly let the little

telescope drop. The curtain rolled up, and a minit after a female appeared at the top end of the room behind the curtain, threw up her hands, and began to take on dreadfully. First she said something very fast, which I couldn't understand; and then, I thought because nobody in the audience was man enough to help her, she sank down close to the edge of the floor, holding out her arms and screaming.

"What 's the matter? Is she a-fire?" said I, risin', and makin' ready to take a clean jump over the band and put her out.

"Sit still," said my pardner, laughing; "she hasn't began yet."

Jest then she turned her head, and perceived a savage-looking chap coming through a door on the other side, scowling awful and saying something. She was so scared she dropped down on her knees, and held out her hands to us to save her, shrieking like mad.

"Let go of me. I 'm not going to sit by and see a woman abused," said I, trying to jerk away from the hold two of 'em laid to my coat-tail.

"The police 'll lam you, if you don't keep quiet," says they. "Don't you like the singing?"

"Singing?" says I.

Wa'al, by this time the man had come pretty near to the female, and she got up and faced him, and he sputtered and she sputtered, and he screamed and she screamed, and he hollered and she hollered, and at last he bellowed. Wa'al, she couldn't do that, so she just give one spiteful yell, and fainted away for nothing but ill-temper. Then the curtain fell down, and everybody patted their kid gloves together and tapped their nice little canes on the floor; and he and she came out before the curtain, as good as pie, holding hold of hands and making courtesies, as school children do when the stage goes by. I never see a quarrel made up as quick as that.

"How did you like the singin'?" says my companion, again.

"Singing?" says I, looking him full in the face, and giving my thumb a significant jerk. "I know I 'm green, young man, and easily taken in, but when you try to make me believe *that* was intended for singing, the joke 's ruther too ridiculous."

There was a short intermission now took place. A good many acquaintances come round the chaps who took me to Opera; highflyers they all were, I tell you, with their kid gloves and their handkerchiefs smelling as sweet as laylocks. I was introduced to all of 'em as Mr. Beanpole, of Beanville, stopping to the St. Nicholas. They didn't seem half so set up as I expected; in fact, two or three of 'em was so friendly as to give me their dagaratypes, and ask me for mine. I told 'em I regretted it excruciatingly, but I didn't happen to have any with me. I thought it queer to see fellows carrying around a pocket full of their own pictures, and giving 'em away so freely; they was on little square cards.

"Ah," said one of 'em, "you must supply yourself with *cart de viseet*, Mr. Beanpole. The young ladies of Beanville will be delighted with them, and you 'll have the pleasure of setting the fashion, you know."

"What kind of a cart is that?" says I. "The girls in my set usually make out to ride in buggies. They 'd give me the mitten quicker 'n a flash, if I was to ask 'em to go in a cart."

"Cart," said he, "is French for card; I meant visiting-cards, like the one I just gave you. That 's all the style now. Convenient, you see—tells who it is at a glance. Really, now, you must go out to-morrow, and have some taken."

It took my fancy as a first-rate idea, so I promised to go. I couldn't help thinkin' how surprised the Beanville girls would be, when I called round and sent in my picture, and how mad Reub Lummis would be to see my carts kicking up a dust.

The music was a-playing again, and I 'll say for that that it couldn't be beat; but as to the singing, I 'm down on that, and always shall be. To say the least, it was a curious performance.

Wa'al, the curtain went up again, and there was plenty more of the same kind of stuff. I didn't like any of it, except when the band played a tiptop dancing piece, and twenty or thirty girls and fellows danced out under the trees; and then when the soldiers marched, and there was a brisk little skirmish right there before our eyes. I got a little excited then, for all I 'd found out it was only pretending. When it was all over, and we rose up to go—"There, Bijah Beanpole," says I, out loud, "you 've been to the Opera! The buildin' beats our meeting-house holler, by a thousand per cent., but the singing don't begin to come to it. Kitty and me can beat your hull furrin Italian nonsense."

When we got back, I thanked my acquaintance, but he said that he ought to thank me—the pleasure of my company had more 'n paid him. I larfed, and told him it was the first

time I 'd ever been flattered to believe my company was worth a dollar an evening. Then he and the rest of 'em said it was worth more 'n the Opera, 'cause they hadn't seen so much of it; and they was making all kinds of perlite speeches, and being very impressive with their good-nights, till finally says I—

"Good-night, gentlemen. I've no doubt I've afforded you considerable amusement. It's worth a dollar a night to laugh behind a feller's back. I ain't obliged to have eyes behind, though; specially when I see the sights for nothing. Whenever you want to take me out at your own expense, you 'll find me on hand. You can make as much as you've a mind to out of me, and I 'll call it a fair bargain. You know us down-easters is famous for tradin'." So we went to bed, scarcely knowing which had got the best of it.

I don't want to be too tejus, and I must try and get to the widow as quick as possible. If anybody had a-told me, when I parted from Kitty Caraway to be gone but a little over a fortnight, that I 'd get into trouble with another woman, a widow at that, before I see her again, I 'd have resented it by knocking him down. O landy! but I won't anticipate.

It didn't take me so long to buy my goods as I expected; I 'd got the most of that job off my hands the first week. It was mighty nice to be eatin' ice cream every day; but it was expensive; and as I found I 'd be likely to be detained two weeks for that robbery case, I concluded to move my traps to a genteel boarding place, and I got recommended to a very respectable one on Bleeker St., which I liked very much; the vittals was extra and the company agreeable.

When I sot down to tea the first day, there was only about a dozen to the table. Right opposite me was a rather good-lookin' female, and next to her a little girl about ten years old or more. The child was as humbly as a mud-fence and as pert as she was humbly. To think of *my* being stepfather to that imp! but, as I said before, I musn't anticipate.

There was plenty of talk around the table. The boarders seemed to know each other and to be sociable; as I was the only stranger, some of them made a few remarks to me, to make me feel to home; and as I 'm naturally talkative, and had nothing to be ashamed of, by the time supper was over they knew pretty much who I was, where I come from, and what my business was. The female opposite did as much talking as all the rest of us jined together. I looked at her a good deal, for there was a sort of an *N. B.* (take partickelar notice) air about her—as if she wanted us to mind her red cheeks and her black curls; while her sweet voice was as insinuatin' as maple sirrup into a warm biscuit.

"So you are *really* from the country, Mr. Beanpole; I 'm *so* glad to hear it. I *adore* the country. Isn't that where the lambs and the honey come from?" with such an innocent little air, you 'd a-took her to be about fifteen year old—and to save my gizzard I couldn't make a guess at her age. She appeared *generally* about twenty, and *particularly* as much as ten years older.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, "and the greenhorns."

"La, Mr. Beanpole, you 're so funny. But there 's nothing green about *you*, and you know it. If you hadn't told us, we 'd never have dreamed but what you were *one of us*—to the manor born."

The fact is, she said this as frank as if she 'd been speaking in meeting; and I couldn't help more 'n half believing her; bekase I hadn't stopped with buying a new hat. I 'd gone to a tremendous big tailor's shop, and got me a new suit complete, the very latest rig, so that if I had not been about a foot taller, and tanned a leetle brown, and my gloves and boots about as big again, I 'd a been the exact profile of the chap to the St. Nicholas who took me to the Opera. I had to take a small corner off my business capital to do it; but I argued that it was no loss in the end, as I should have to have a new suit when I got married; and I shouldn't wear these things in Beanville till I stood up with Kitty. So that when the ruther gook-lookin' female opposite me expressed herself so candidly, I gave her credit for being very discriminating.

"I hope he 'll prove to be as sharp as some of us city fellows," remarked a person who sot along side of me; at which the rest of 'em all laughed, except the widow, who colored up, and looked mad. The next minute she got sweeter 'n ever, continuing to me—

"I 'm *so* fond of the dear little lambs."

"Yes," put in the same chap, whom I felt like thrashing for his sass, "I 've observed you was very fond of 'em—spring lambs, roasted, with sparrow-grass and green-pease. They *are* dear little things, twenty cents a pound, isn't it, Mrs. Butterby?"

"Twenty-cents," echoed the landlady with a sigh. I could see she was reckonin' up the cost of having to have it for dinner some day.

"You don't say so," says I; "why it don't

bring sixpence in the country. I'll tell you what I'll do, when I get home, Mrs. Butterby. The railroad passes through our town; I'll have a nice lamb dressed early in the morning, and you'll get it the same night. Do you think it would keep?"

"Well, if you should pick out a cool day, I should say it would, and be a great treat to us. You're very civil to think of it."

"No trouble at all," said I, "and I'll just chuck in a peck of shelled peas."

"How delightful that will be," said the black-eyed female, clapping her hands.

"What, ma?" spoke up the freckle-faced child alongside.

"Real spring lamb, from the country, my sweet."

I confess I looked a little surprised when the young one called her ma; but just then the folks rose up from the table, and I went along into the parlor, as the landlady told me to, with some of the rest, who mostly went up to their rooms before long, except the widow, which I soon found out she was, and her daughter.

"You must be real lonesome, here in the city," says she, as soon as the rest had cleared out. "Are you going out to spend the evening?"

"I don't know as I shall," says I; "I've been around pretty well. Father don't approve of my going to the theatre, and I wouldn't give twenty-five cents to go to the Opera again, let alone a dollar. I wish some of them wizards was performing now."

"I wish they was, for your sake," says she. "Some of their tricks are very curious" (they warn't half as curious as some of hers, but it took time to find that out). "If you're not going out, I don't mind staying down awhile to keep your company. Ah, Mr. Beanpole, I've suffered so much from loneliness myself that I know what it is to pity any one who appears so!"

"'Tis ruther bad to be lonesome," says I.

"Tell me, now, candidly, Mr. Beanpole," says she, stopping walking back and forth across the carpet, right in front of me, and smiling at me, while she put one little hand on top of her young one's head, "wasn't you somewhat surprised when you heard this great girl call me mother? Strangers usually are. She's so large of her age. She looks eleven, but she's only a little past nine." Here the child squinched, and kind of winked at me, which I thought was very imperlite. "I was married very young—very, very young, Mr. Beanpole—a mere child, scarcely fifteen. And though Mr. Mousetrap was a good husband, he was a great deal older than me; and I was not fitted at that tender age to make a proper choice. He was a good husband, but he did not answer to all the bubbling aspirations of an ardent heart. Ah no! those have ever been repressed in me, waiting till some congenial heart should summon them to bloom. They are still in the bud, still in the bud. Mr. Mousetrap has been dead five years. He died leaving me a competency (which she didn't say was on its last legs) and this sweet child. She has her father's amiable disposition, and his looks. She doesn't resemble me; do you think she does?"

"Not a bit, ma'am," said I, honestly, feeling a little queer at the turn the talk was taking, and wondering what Kitty would say to hear such fine talk.

"Araminta, my sweet, play something for the gentleman."

The child flirted off to a pianer which stood in the room, and played and sung two or three pieces as hard as she could. I'll own that she did play rather remarkable for her age, though her voice warn't in no way musical.

"Wouldn't it be delightful to have such a fairy in one's home, dispensing music and innocence!" said the fond mother, when she stopped. "If she *should* ever have another father, I trust she will prove as much of a treasure to him as she has to me."

"I hope so, ma'am," said I, not knowing what else to say; being but just turned of twenty-one myself, and the child being half that, *I* did not feel specially fatherly, though I *did* feel a little curious.

"Kiss the gentleman good-night, and go up to your bed, my angel," continued the mother.

"I don't want to go to bed."

"Kiss the gentleman good-night, my angel."

Here the widow's voice was as calm and sweet as a summer morning; but it 'peared to me to insinuate a whippin' up stairs if it wasn't obeyed; so the girl scowled and twisted, and finally came up and stuck up her mouth, and I give her a smack, seeing I couldn't help it, and as I did so, she whispered—

"Mother's setting her trap now," and then she laughed and run off.

KIND words produce their own image on men's souls: and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

ROMANCE OF OLD LETTERS.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

[GERTRUDE MELROSE TO BESSIE BREEME.]

"DARLING HOUSE," *April* 4, 18—.

MY OWN SWEET BESSIE: Here I am at home again, after my visit to the city, and I am sure it always makes me glad to leave the dusty thoroughfares and come back to dear old rambling Darling House, because one can put their hands out of the windows and pluck flowers which trail alongside the walls; and then you know one need not eternally have on one's prettiest dress, and can indulge in comfortable wrappers and wide-brimmed flats without fear of criticism. O you dear old Bess! so far away from us now; how you would have laughed to see with what positive enthusiasm I hailed our plain, old-fashioned wagon at the station, and how I hugged "Black Dick" around the neck, and carried off all the dust from his shaggy mane on my bran-new *moire*. After all, Bess, Cousin Julia's brilliant parties, morning callers, and monotonous splendor soon wearied me, and I discovered there was far more freshness and variety even in our stupid country beaux than the male circle with whom I was so unfortunate as to meet at all of Cousin Julia's parties, who dressed the same, danced alike, passed the same dreary compliments, indulged in exactly similar jokes, all being undeniably well bred and well fed, like father's calves, and none of them could ever be accused of originality, for each one was a type of the *genus* bore, which historians tell us was no curiosity as far back as the Sixteenth Century. The day before I left the city I had a caller whom I least expected, no less a person than your old country beau, Jasper Redface, and I assure you he looked just as blooming as when he accompanied you on those exceedingly sentimental walks at Darling House. I knew precisely his errand, Bess, which was to inquire after you; and the poor fellow squirmed through our interview like a worm impaled upon a pin, but not a word about you until he had taken his hat and cane in the hall and had said "good-by;" then he turned as carelessly as possible, and his face became a bright purple, and the skin looked as though it was about to burst, and he stammered—

"Oh, Miss Gertrude, I had nearly forgotten. How is your friend Miss—Miss Bessie Fernleaf?"

I gave him all the information in my power, his symptoms becoming more alarming every moment, until at last he burst out spasmodically—

"Glad to hear it! O yes! Please give her my lo—No, oh, respects! 'Hem, I often think of her—I mean—yes, you know—Darling House!" And he made a bound for the door like a crazy man; I suppose he felt like choking (I am sure he looked like it), and needed the fresh air.

I really believe the man is dying for love of you, you little coquette; and John Graven, Julia's husband, you know, says he is looked upon at his club as a pattern of honor and high manhood, and has beside made a large fortune in some Ki-my-eye-bouk-So-Muchso Stock Company. It 's a great pity, isn't it, that these very noble men, and so rich, too, should have such red faces, select such poor tailors, and know so little what to do with their legs and hands when they are in ladies' society. But seriously, Bess, I am no match-maker, as you know, yet I think Mr. Redface deeply in love with you, and I cannot refrain from admiring his many good qualities; so if some day a proposal should come to you, although it might be written on bill paper, and have the firm's stamp on the edge, I should not advise you to reject it hastily, and I am *so* anxious for my darling Bessie's happiness!

Now I must tell you of an adventure I had the very day I left town. I was going down B—— street, and as it was raining slightly, I carried an umbrella. As I turned the corner of South there was such a number of persons about the newspaper office I could scarcely get along, and stood a moment hesitating whether I should cross the street, when my attention was arrested by one of those scenes which one can always see in cities to awaken strong emotions of sorrow, anger, or pity. In this case the latter sensation predominated at that moment. A little ragged urchin stood upon the curbstone with a small bundle of papers in his hand. He could not have been more than eight years of age, and he cried his papers in a small, weak, and very sweet childish voice, which was drowned in the hum of the crowd. I went toward the child, intending to give him a few pennies, for he looked so little and weak as he

stood there amid the crowding of men and the roar of wheels beside him, but before I reached him a large boy, perhaps fourteen years of age, came along and struck the poor child a blow right in the face, which sent him reeling into the gutter; he quickly snatched the papers from the little fellow and was out of sight in the crowd. The child's cries were piteous, but scarcely was he down before a young gentleman, who emerged from the crowd, snatched him up and was soothing the little chap as gently as a woman would. I watched the man as he asked the boy some questions, which were sobbingly answered, and then he took him by the hand, led him into the newspaper office, and in a few seconds the child came out with a smiling face, on which the recent tears were not yet dried; in his arms he carried a bundle of papers twice as many as those which had been stolen from him, and when the kind gentleman left him the boy had several small pieces of money beside which he was putting carefully away in the pockets of a jacket which was almost large enough for father. You may be sure I was touched by this act of quiet benevolence, and watched keenly the man amongst a thousand who could be so tender and manly. He was young, and very handsome, dressed in deep black, which made his face look paler from the contrast, and better than all there was an expression of such rare sweetness and gentleness lingering about the mouth that I thought at once of some of those pictures of the angels by Leonardo da Vinci. A moment after I lost him in the crowd. "By their works ye shall know them." I would give a good deal, Bess, to know that man's history. I am sure there have been trials which have chastened that life, temptations which have beset, and victories which have been achieved. What a grand study one human life is! How sweet a reward to that man's soul must have been the simple consciousness of such an action! But I have exhausted my paper almost, and you must wait for my next letter to give you details about "Darling House" friends, and all their doings. The people hereabouts have gone demented over the new minister who has arrived since my departure for the city. He is unmarried, I believe, and that may account for the enthusiasm of all the spinsters. I shall hear him to-morrow, and suppose I shall have the pleasure of listening to one of Butcher's sermons, copied entire from his book. If I do, you may be sure he shall know he is detected, and see if he will have the grace to acknowledge it as readily as Parson Wilcox. Jeannette sends you a little wreath of her early spring flowers in this, and I send of course a thousand kisses. Some writer has said: "What can equal the grace of a woman's letter?" If you cannot find any such quality in mine, be sure you will plenty of love. Write at once to your loving GERTRUDE.

[JOHN BAYNARD TO FRANK RESTIVE.]

"SWEET-AIR PARSONAGE,"
April 14, 18—.

MY DEAR FRANK: This is almost the first leisure moment I have been able to snatch since I came to W——— and my charming little Sweet-Air Parsonage, and it shall be dedicated to you my best of friends. I shall be able generally to describe this beautiful village of W——— in a few words. It slumbers on the skirts of two heavily-wooded, "heaven-kissing hills," the hem of whose garment is a sweet stream 'broidered with graceful trees, which droop over it as fond young mothers over their children. There are fine houses on both sides of the wide street which runs through the centre of W———; one public house which fulfils the purpose of accommodating travellers, without being (as so many taverns in our country towns are) a rendezvous for dissolute young men, gilded snares for the thoughtless. At the back of the village the sharp spire of our modest little church rises, and when upon a Sabbath morning I repair thither and look from the eminence over the village, seeing the little processions of gray-headed men and children, matrons and maids, all wending their way from the several points to the church, it fills my heart with a great joy which it has not known for years. No pomp; no display; no driving up to the door purse proud men with flaunting women and liveried servants as in the great town I have left behind me (I hope, forever!), but only the simple villagers, with prayers upon their lips and blessings upon God for the smiles of His sunlight. These are the people, dear Frank, to whom I am allowed to preach, whose lives are pure, and whose faith could "remove mountains." I am carried back to the days of the old Scotch Covenanters as I mingle amongst these honest folk with their primitive ways.

There are some few persons in W——— of large wealth and liberal education. Amongst the number I have been most pleased with a gentleman by the name of Melrose, a widower, with one daughter; the latter I have never

seen. He is a person of culture, and has most kindly given me access to his fine library at Darling House; and what with drawing upon this fund of unceasing pleasure, attending meetings for prayer during the week-day evenings, visiting many of the poor of my parish, and occasionally throwing a fly in the stream for the "speckle-bellied trout," my time, as you may suppose, is fully occupied. I think often, my dear Frank, if I had you with me here I could be as happy as anywhere upon the earth; I have wrestled with my sorrows, but sometimes the bitter night settles down upon my heart, and the travails of my life would well-nigh overwhelm me were it not for the faith which strengthens, and the unseen hand which upholds me. In His good time, O Frank! until then—but why can you not cease your travelling? Are you condemned as the Wandering Jew, or the Ghost in Hamlet, my dear boy? Come see me in pretty W———, and say, that in the still twilight, the sultry noon, or the rosy dawn, the country hereabouts forms as pretty pictures as your famous scenes in Savoy or Lombardy. Come, if only to cheer me, for it is a lonely lot when a man cannot turn to one being on the earth and be certain of sympathy and love. * * * * * * *

Good-night, good-by, boy Frank, if not by blood, younger brother by ties of sweet humanity! God keep you! Write soon, wayward wanderer, to your brother,

JOHN BAYNARD.

Direct to W——— P. O., M——— Co.

[JOHN BAYNARD TO FRANK RESTIVE.]

"SWEET AIR PARSONAGE,"
April 17, 18—.

MY DEAR FRANK: Your letter was placed in my hands just after I had mailed one to you. * * * * * * * I told you in my last a gentleman by the name of Melrose had been most kind to me. At church, yesterday, I was introduced to his daughter, Miss Gertrude. She is a most sweet-looking young lady, with a trifle too much pride, perhaps, as evinced by her strict association with those of her own *caste*, but undeniably kind-hearted, for she was most liberal in her subscription to a charity to assist an aged couple who had lost their dwelling and furniture by fire, and "Charity covers a multitude," etc. And now I want you, dear Frank, with your ample means, to send me also a sum for their assistance. I send the subscription paper in this, with a full account of their misfortune. I know my wishes in these respects, my dear boy, almost amount to commands, but forgive your exacting brother, JOHN.

[FRANK RESTIVE TO JOHN BAYNARD.]

"CASTLE SOMEWHERES."
Nowheres in Particular, May 1, 18—.

YOU DEAR OLD SAINT JACK: Here 's a check for a hundred (100) dollars for the folks who had the good luck to have their rickety cottage burned down, and who no doubt are making a fortune out of your credulity. Draw the money from town at once, or I will stop payment. I hav'n't heard from you for ten days, and I therefore conclude that either you are lying ill, poorly fed and nursed, are writing a volume of black and blue poems, or that some of the barbarians amongst whom you are located have murdered you for your patent trout hooks, previous to canonizing you. I am coming post-haste to rescue you from your self-imposed obscurity, and I would respectfully suggest that any old women who happen to be rheumatic, any old men whose "occupation 's gone," poor farmers with large families, heads of "Dorcas Societies," "Sewing Circles," and "Associations for the relief of the Ne-grow SoAf-Rica" will be collected at your earliest convenience, with their petitions signed, sealed, and sworn to, when I shall be happy to settle with them on the best terms, and humbly pray for their patronage ever after, etc.

Get ready for a pleasure jaunt to the Orkneys, and believe me to be very sincerely your friend and well-wisher, and so forth, and

FRANK RESTIVE.

My P. O. is Nomattertillwemeet.

[GERTRUDE MELROSE TO BESSIE BREEME.]

"DARLING HOUSE," *May* 12, 18—.

MY OWN SWEET BESS: I received your letter, so full of deserved chiding, and will try, in the future, never to merit charges of impromptitude again. My excuses of course are good ones. Visitors at Darling House, rides to Glen Falls, and duties of charity. But I have so much to say to you that I will not occupy space by mere excuses, which I think are too formal for you and me; and I am sure I shall give you a surprise which is worth something always in a letter. Well, to begin: I went to church two Sabbaths ago to hear the new preacher, who had taken the hearts of the whole village by storm. It was a sweet morning, quite warm, and as we took our seats in the church, the

fragrance of the early flowers floated in at the open windows, and the songs of the birds were heard in the pauses of the music from the organ. One of Beethoven's Symphonies (No. 5, I think) was being played, and the congregation were hushed to utter silence by its sad and tender changes; now the grand swells, like unto passionate voices, sinking slowly into lullabies soothing and caressing, while an unaccountable sorrow seemed to steal through all as if angels were sobbing in sympathy with griefs they were powerless to assuage. The sunlight came into the building, rosy and mellowed, through the rich stained glass, and my senses seemed to swim in ecstasy with the rich music, which woke responsive chords of harmony in my own bosom. The breath of the flowers, and the faintly heard chorus of the birds without, who were revelling in the warm sunlight, all begot a dreamy repose, from which I was awakened by the sound of a sweet, sonorous voice giving out this text:—

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

I was not unpleasantly disturbed by the interruption; for the voice seemed but an added grander melody to the symphony which had just tremblingly died. But imagine my surprise when I recognized in the young minister the same man whom I observed in the city street give the little newspaper boy charity. You may well imagine that I listened to his sermon with unusual interest. His eloquence was wonderful; his pale face was illuminated with a holy light as he proceeded, and I could feel that here indeed was a man whose heart was burning with the pure fires of Christianity. His words were fervid, though simple; he dealt in no abstruse parables, but sought, by using the lessons taught us in our common, everyday lives, to impress truths of Gods mercy, wisdom and righteousness upon all alike. When he spoke of little children you could see the man's large tender nature well up into his eyes and gush out in his mellow voice. I saw mothers blessing him as they pressed their little ones more closely to their sides; and tearful eyes all around me showed how deeply the words of the young Pastor had affected the many.

After the sermon was over father introduced him to me, and I found him as gentle and unostentatious in his bearing towards his humblest parishioner as toward the most influential persons of W——. I told father, when we arrived at Darling House, of the affair of the newspaper boy, and he said, "that since Mr. Baynard (John Baynard, I think) had been installed at 'Sweet Air,' he has acted the part of a Samaritan, spending much of his time amongst the poor and sick, relieving their distresses, and appealing to the more wealthy inhabitants for aid to alleviate their sufferings."

But I have filled my sheet. Good-by, dear Bessie; I shall perhaps have more to write in a day or two; until then accept the love and kisses of GERTRUDE.

[GERTRUDE MELROSE TO BESSIE BREEME.]

"DARLING HOUSE," *June* 21, 18—.

O BESSIE! dearest child! how can I tell you all through my smiles and tears? Is this the same old Darling House, with its straggling gardens and shadowy walks behind it? Or is it some fairy palace with its marble bases, carved pillars, glittering domes, a temple of "frozen music" as Lady Blessington (I think) said? But, sweet child, you will think Gertrude has returned to her mad-cap days of eight years agone, or else has wandered beneath the moon too much. Neither, Bessie, neither! I have only been smitten with a wand in the hands of a child, a boy-god, whose name is Cupid; and your Gerty is a promised wife. So, puss, she will be married before you yet. You are the first to whom I have spoken or written, Bessie. "Who is the man?" I hear you ask. "John Baynard," I answer. I cannot write particulars now, sweet friend. Come to me at once. If you only knew his sad history you would weep, Bessie, as I did. Father, mother, and brothers dying, leaving him with one delicate sister to battle with the world alone and in poverty. The noble struggles of that brave heart till his only love, his darling sister's death left him almost heart-broken and in debt. Oh, it is a sad story? The proud youth working in a menial capacity until he was freed from the debtor's bonds, then working or rather fighting his way through college until he met with a friend (one Frank Restive), younger than himself, who stood shoulder to shoulder with him till the goal of his ambition was reached. But come, Bessie, come, and hear the story from the lips of, yours as ever,

GERTY.

[FRANK RESTIVE TO HIS BROTHER REUBEN.]

"SWEET AIR PARSONAGE," *July* 4, 18—.

DEAR OLD SYSTEMATIC REUBE: Whew! what a rumpus you made about my clearing away

from civilization without letting you know anything about it. "Are you your brother's keeper?" If so, you are the most unenviable dog in Christendom. Now as to where I am, and what I am doing. I am down here with parson John, am riding all the break-neck horses in the country, bringing lots of scandal upon "Sweet-Air" parsonage. To-day being "the glorious Fourth," I have just ordered a box of the best Chinese fire-crackers from town, and have hired three little devils to throw them into the windows of the room where the Dorcas Society meets this evening. This venerable and ancient assembly is composed chiefly of old maids, and I shall be there with parson John (as innocent as a lamb he is) to see the fun. I wish you could get me out a box of Spanish Fire in time to add to the entertainment. Ha! ha! I can enjoy in prospective your look of horror! The only things I want at present are the following, to wit: One check on Wriggles & Co. for $500; two dozen Bell's patent trout flies; one demijohn of good brandy for medicinal purposes (must be pure), and about a dozen or two clean shirts—the old women up here wash clothes in muddy water, starch them with potatoes, and iron them with—Oh, there goes Miss Bessie Breeme! Wait a moment, systematic brother, I'm going to propose to that young lady. * * * * * * * * * * * *

It's *un fait accompli*, brother Reube! Ho! ho! won't you come out to the wedding? Parson John is to marry the belle of W———, Miss Gertrude Melrose, and the same day (D. V.) your graceless brother will be "united in the holy bands," etc. to her friend, Miss Bessie Breeme. Won't you think it strange I did not consult you, Reube? Now if you get cross and don't send me plenty of money I'll settle up accounts with you at once, and take my bride on a little pleasure trip to Kamtschatka, China, or some other equally pleasant summer resort. I'm in great spirits, as you may suppose, so you may omit the demijohn of brandy which I wished you to forward. Who do you think was an old beau of my wife—that is to be? Why, Jasper Redface, your old partner. Think of Red and I being rivals. It's too good! So, good-by; I shall expect you down in the first train to-morrow. Your graceless brother,

FRANK.

All that is necessary to the *dénouement* is to show you this slip of paper, reader:—

"Married: On the sixth day of September, by the venerable Bishop W——n, Rev. John Baynard, of 'Sweet Air,' to Miss Gertrude Melrose, of 'Darling House,' W———. Also, at the same time, Frank Restive, Esq., of Four Corners, to Miss Bessie Breeme, daughter of the Hon. Caleb Breeme, of Morristown."

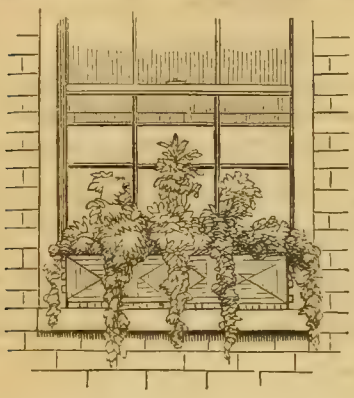
RUSTIC BOXES, BASKETS, ETC., FOR COTTAGE WINDOWS AND GARDENS.

FOR our own part we can imagine nothing so effective, yet so pretty and simple, and that would tend to alter the appearance of a cottage front, as a rustic vase for the centre of the garden, or boxes and hanging baskets of a like description for the windows; and such being our idea upon the subject, we have taken the liberty of giving three designs, which of course

may be altered to suit the taste of our readers. These, when properly filled with fuchsias, geraniums, calceolarias, etc., in the centre, and plants of a drooping kind round the sides, give an appearance that only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated. These several ornaments, as the illustrations will show, are of easy con-

struction, being composed or fashioned entirely of rough pieces of wood, or, more correctly speaking, of branches with the bark on; such being the case, it only requires a little ingenuity, a little patience, and a little forethought,

to build them, if we may so term it. As we have said before, if the shapes which we have given to explain our notions be not approved of, any other may be substituted to meet the fancy



of the designer. The shape fixed upon should be first of all formed of deal planking, and afterwards covered with the rough branches, which being first cut in half, will present a flat side, which flat side may be tacked upon the shape just alluded to. Having accomplished your task, let the boxes, baskets, or vases be filled with a compost of three parts of good turfy loam, and one of thoroughly rotted manure, well mixed together, and then fill them with any of the following plants, namely: *for the centre*—Fuchsias, calceolarias, geraniums, cinerarias, China roses, petunias, or, indeed, any others of erect growth; while *for the sides*, mignionette, petunias, verbenas, Mimulus Moschatus, Lophospurmum Scandens, Lophospurmum Jacksonii, nasturtiums, Tropeolum Canariensis, Nemophila Insignis, Murianda Barclayana, etc., are subjects well adapted to the purpose.

THE ROSE WHICH OUR DARLING PLANTED.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The light streams in through the crystal pane,
  Through the emerald screen of the painted lattice;
The wind blows cool with a far-off rain,
  Through the leaves of the near clematis;
But my eyes grow heavy with coming tears,
And my heart with a memory sad is haunted,
  When unto the casement low I turn,
  And down in the garden paths discern
The rose which our darling planted.

I can see her yet. (Was it yesterday?
  Or is there a record, for those who scan it,
On the mossy tomb in the church-yard gray,
  With ten years' growth on the granite?)
I can see her yet, as she stood that morn,
(God grant that the memory ne'er may moulder!)
  With her childish dress in its folds unworn,
  With her simple hat and her hair unshorn,
Let loose on her dimpled shoulder.

And her two small hands (did they touch me then?)
  How they trembled over the garden harrow,
She was ever a tiny, fragile wren,
  Our youngest born—our Caro';
I could hear her laugh (where I stood apart,
With my lattice blinds in the sunlight slanted)
  As she followed the gardener, hale and gray,
  And busied herself in her graceful way,
O'er the rose which her young hands planted.

That scene is framed, like a picture fair,
  Apart in my heart, for its beauty singled,
The child's bright locks and the man's white hair
  O'er the rose-bush strangely mingled;
The dreamy stretch of the garden-walks,
The flowers the soft spring light was kissing,
  They are all in my heart's fair dream outspread,
  But the picture, withal, lies dumb and dead,
For the voice and the laugh are missing!

She leaned on my knee when she wandered in,
  The tools cast by and the labor ended,
And the lily, which paled in her fragile skin,
  With the hectic rose was blended,
As she lifted her face, and the artless words
Through the tender line of her lips were panted:
  "If I die ere the blossoms hang round and red,
  You must take good care of my rose," she said,
"The rose which your darling planted!"

There was need of her caution—my child! my child!
  There was need of her forethought, pure and tender,
For the months rolled by and the rose ran wild,
  And the child-form, frail and slender,
Lay pallid and chill in a rosewood shell
With satin pillow and silver handles,
  And the violet eyes and the graceful lips
  Brightened no more through their death-eclipse,
In the light of the waxen candles.

It is more like a dream than a cruel truth,
  That black-robed train thro' the willows winding,
That bell which tolled with a touch of ruth,
  While the tears came salt and blinding;
I may cover my anguish up and smile,
But my soul with that wretched dream is haunted,
  When I watch, as now, with a quicken'd breath,
  The monument sacred to love and death,
The rose which our darling planted!

The World's Compassion.—When the world condescends to compassion, what execration is equal to it? How beautifully it draws up the full indictment of your failings, that it may extend its clemency to each! How carefully does it discriminate between your depravity and your weakness, that it may not wrong you! But how cutting is the hopefulness it expresses for your future, by suggesting some impassable road for your reformation!

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DURFEE.

(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER VIII.

When Comfort Moore found me, that August evening, standing in awkward waiting, with my cumbrous luggage which the gruff coachman had carelessly plumped by my side at her door, hospitable, as was surely presumed by the unceremonious departure of the great rumbling vehicle, it may well have occasioned her a little surprise. But she was a woman of quiet habits, and merely welcomed me with a glad embrace, saying, as we jointly tugged the heavy trunk to the chambers that constituted her rather straitened abode: "How kind you are to look me up! I've been thinking about you a great deal, but they wouldn't give me time to come and see you. I've been *so* hurried all summer. Welcome words were these to me, fearful as I had been that in claiming direction and assistance at her hands, I might thereby be robbing her of a scanty employment.

"There! Let me take your bonnet. Oh, here, this is your room," leading me to a small bedroom opening out of the apartment that served for parlor, sitting, and dining-room.

She left me to refresh myself after the dusty drive I had been taking; and while I cooled my heated face with the pure water she had provided, and restored my coiffure, disordered by the jolting travel, I listened to her brisk movements in and out of the adjoining room, where she was setting the comfortable tea, with much dreamy wonder at a life so cheery, and so apparently sufficing amid its humbleness. I had never visited Comfort Moore before, and had been accustomed to look with respectful commiseration upon her narrowed and barren corner of life. Such, hitherto, it had appeared from my point of view; but as there came to me this evening the vision of unpretending, healthful industry, the simple, contented fulfilment of all the more overt ends of this our life of probation—or infancy, more properly—I wondered if it were not truly the life of wisdom as of nature, this utter oblivion of restless, ambitious self-hood, this thrifty abandonment to merely present influences and present needs. Ah, the broad margin to that phrase, present *needs!*

The little home with its furnishing, most homely, but answering all rational wants, brought to me in somewhat grotesque association the swallow's nest among the rafters, the squirrel's retreat in the old walnut, the clam in his loamy bed, the muscle in his pebbly rift, the purple wild pea and trailing pink bells hard by. Doubtless, I said, such is the true life, an unsought, inevitable, simply natural growth. Such is the proper life, if—

"Come, Avis. I must have had a presentiment you were to be here to-night; I delayed my tea so unreasonably; and, moreover, see, I for a wonder picked up some fresh berries, so that you will not be condemned quite to bread alone."

It was, as I have hinted, a comfortable meal; good, sweet bread and cakes, with the added luxury of the berries, and we took our tea from quaint old porcelain, the remains of a famous tea-service, gilt-banded and gilt-initialed, to the order of a great-grandfather of my hostess.

I could not talk. Consciousness of the motive which had occasioned my unexpected advent at Moorville, consciousness that I was by my silence maintaining something like a false position embarrassed and kept me still silent, revolving how I could best unfold to my friend the change in my circumstances, and my demand upon her sympathy. Though quiet and carefully unobtrusive, Comfort was sufficiently social in her nature, and, without appearing to notice any unusual taciturnity on my part, took upon herself the burden of conversation. I answered when it seemed needful, but hardly knew what she was saying until her course of remark had a bearing upon my own train of thought. We were just rising from the table—

"As I told you, I intended to come to Robinton this summer. I would have assisted you, you know. But do you know the Kents? Of course not. Well, Georgy Kent is to be married next month; she goes to Europe, too, and I have had a world of work from her. Weddings, weddings! But I shall have done with Georgy in time for the next—ah!"

Something in my face or manner acted as a sudden check to the speaker; she fell into a meditative mood, glancing furtively from time to time at myself as she gathered up the cups, etc., filling the tray in removal of the tea things.

"Let them be, Comfort," I begged, as she was about to prepare her lights for the evening's task. "Let them be a little while, please." I was sitting upon the lounge in a shadowed corner of the room; she placed herself beside me. I knew by the increased gentleness of her manner that she had in some measure anticipated the disclosure I was proposing.

"You have plenty of sewing, Comfort; I would like to help you, rather than you me."

She gazed at me with a surprised questioning I scarce knew how to answer. I did answer, in the plainest, most direct manner, though it cost me a bitter effort.

"I am not to be married, Comfort, as you suppose."

"Ah, is that it? A bit of a quarrel; never mind, it'll all be made up again presently. 'The course of true love never did run smooth,' you know."

"No! there's no quarrel—not that. But we'll not talk of it. The dream is done with, done with, now and forever; let it be. And more than this, Comfort," I resumed, after a pause, "my father's debts are too much for his estate—in a word, I must earn my living, and I have come to learn of you. Will you teach me?"

"I teach you! What can I teach *you?* No; I will help you, though. It's easy for me; but for you, Avis, you're not used to it, you see."

"I mean to get used to it."

"Ah!" She looked at me pityingly for an instant; then, brightening a little: "But there are so many things you can do better than to sew like me, if it must be. You can teach, Avis; you have your music, your drawing."

I shook my head. "You don't realize the nice knowledge demanded in a teacher. The elements, the things to be taught, are many of them mere stepping-stones, which, being at the rearward, we let carelessly drop away."

"But you can recover them so easily."

"No; it would take a long time, and I have no heart for it, no time now."

For an instant I was aware of the same pitying glance; then, with a second brisk turn, she said: "Not now, of course; you are to work with me just now. I am so glad you are come; it will be right pleasant and cheerful! Yes, now I think of it, you shall help me tomorrow; there is that embroidery for Georgy—I was always clumsy at embroidery, you know. Look here in this huge ark of mine, which contains a specimen of everything, if not by pairs and sevens."

The idea that Comfort should call herself clumsy at any work which came within the province of the needle gave occasion for a smile, and I gladly seized the diversion, entering with such interest as I could arouse or simulate into her animated discussion of the claims of various patterns to the honor of adorning a mantle for the wonderful *trousseau.*

And I did work with her. Early and late we bent ourselves to the petty, wearisome toil. We completed the bridal outfit. There were constantly coming in little jobs for the skilful seamstress, of which the more interesting portions invariably fell to my share, upon the plea of clumsiness, failing eyesight, or some equally palpable pleasantry. I brought to the employment a determined will; the work grew in my hands, but the bright alacrity of my companion shamed me. I found myself often pursuing the thought suggested at my arrival, pursuing it with distinct personal reference. Could it be that this birdlike activity was the very untutored outgrowth of Comfort's nature—was, in fact, *all* the life known to her, or had there possibly been a time when, as now in myself, all the elements of a fervid soul jarred in seemingly futile combat? I caught eagerly at this little nucleus of thought; it was perhaps but a branch of the repining and morbid introspection to which I had become too much prone, yet was its centre sufficiently out of myself to afford relief; so that I instinctively held and occupied myself with it, making my good, unconscious friend the text for a complex and never satisfactory commentary, gathering up in our daily intercourse evidence which was collated with careful heed to the pro and con, always too nearly balanced for decided judgment.

While I watched the figure, graceful for middle age, gliding through the small rooms, performing with cheerful ease the little domestic offices, catching, meantime, a moment for the busy gray eyes to rest upon the pet geranium in the window, for the fingers to prune carefully away dead leaves and usurping filaments of grass; no choice conservatory yielding its mistress greater delight than shone from those thin gray-complexioned lineaments upon her single charge; while I saw her sit hour after hour at her heaped work-table, with always the same blithe composure, the same gay content. So I must characterize Comfort's habitual expression. I could not guess that a thought or feeling had ever stirred within her which was not wholly germane to these simple daily duties and manifestations.

On the other hand, as I remembered the hundred considerate services to which that same lithe figure had bent itself, prompted as they must have been solely by delicate discernment of my peculiar needs, and recalled how, more than once, in unguarded moments, a cloud had dimmed the eyes and shaded the countenance, in sympathetic recognition of a gloom too evident upon my own unschooled features; it appeared to me that this fine undertone of sympathy could never be grounded upon the observation and respondence of a nature mainly objective, but must be referred to intuitions, if not to experience, such as argued that in the life so apparently lucent and simply natural there were latent elements more subtle, elements of unrest, of conflict; that the fruit, now indeed ripe and ruddy, might have grown not the less from an acrid and unsavory germ. If I leaned to the latter view, it may have been that it flattered me with a vague possibility of like attainments to myself through the mellowing influences of time.

One day, when reverie of this sort had taken a possession of me more than usually complete, so that my work, at first suspended in my hands, fell at length unheeded to my lap, I was aroused by the fixed observation of my companion, followed by the exclamation, uttered with unwonted vehemence:—

"This will never do! I told you so, Avis; 'twill *not* do!"

"What, Comfort?" And I rather nervously gathered up my neglected work.

"What? This stitch, stitch, stitch. It is too tedious for you."

It seemed ungrateful to have this evidenced to Comfort, the tedium which she had so sedulously striven to spare me.

"If it is, Comfort, the fault is in myself. Look!" and I displayed the little cashmere frock I had undertaken to decorate with a light vine. "A task with which a princess might while away the hours. And you constantly give me such, taking to yourself all the drudgery."

Comfort half turned away, her face glimmering with a conscious smile.

"Well, it 's too humdrum for all that. Let the princesses do it, if they like. They have, besides, palaces and parks, and—"

"So have we," and I swept an arch glance about the little room, resting my eyes finally upon an old-fashioned china vase, filled with the brilliant cardinal flower, chosen of my childhood and favored in later years, among those floral Arabs that pitch their tents by hillside, rock-side, and brook-side. Comfort smiled, but continued her enumeration of royal resources.

"And they have court-days, and feasts, and all sorts of grand raree-shows. Let them while away the hours; what you want is *work*, not play."

This coming from Comfort was something new. I hardly understood her. She saw it.

"I mean it, though; something to take up your mind, Avis. You *think* too much."

I dropped my head, and a faint glow kindled in my cheeks. How had Comfort arrived at that? and it found its appropriate place in my page of cons.

"Too much, Avis!" and Comfort shook her head with frowning disapprobation. "You think *too* much."

"Mope too much, you should rather say."

"It amounts to the same thing, the thinking brings the moping."

I silently scored an appendix to my con.

"I 've been thinking it over, Avis."

"I fear *you think* too much, Comfort."

"Never fear for me," with a careless wave of the needle she had just threaded. "The danger 's the other way for me. But I 've found it out at last. You shall make dresses, Avis! Isn 't it a discovery?"

"Make dresses? I never did such a thing in my life!"

"No matter, you can do it. Don't shake your head, you can."

"You rate my capabilities too high: a morning wrapper, or so, is the extent of my venture in that line. I should bungle."

"We 'll see. There 's my de laine. Do me the favor, Miss Heath, to give me a fit."

"A *fit* you would have, I am sure." A wretched pun enforced by as wretched a smile.

"Without a doubt, I should. 'Tis a grand discovery, as I said. Your purse will grow heavy, and your heart will grow light. We shall get on bravely. We 'll put our sign over the door in great gilt letters, HE—ATH & MOORE."

The notoriety of sign-boards was as little suited to Comfort's family name as to my own, yet it did not escape me that it was upon the latter name the little pride qualm dropped its drag. But the speaker, without raising her eyes, quickly reversed her words.

"Then, to be sure, we have no door; and on the whole, it won't be needed. I shall be an advertisement myself, in my new de laine. I have a good many friends that like to be elegant; how they will all besiege me for an intro-

duction to my dressmaker, who can manage such a tasteful fit!"

"You're enthusiastic, Comfort; I wonder you've never taken up the business yourself."

"I, oh! I'm a ninny, you know; but you, there's all the difference in the world. I mean to go down to Lee's at once, and look at the last magazines. Which has the best fashion-plates? Go with me, and select for yourself."

I had by this time been won over to a frolicsome view of the project, and entered upon a laughing estimate of the claims of the various magazines to the distinguished patronage of Heath & Moore, but declined to accompany her, urging the necessity of getting all old commissions out of the way, to make room for the new ones, which were to come upon us like an avalanche.

When alone, I turned over in my mind Comfort's proposition; I was obliged to admit that indolence and a morbid distaste appeared the most formidable obstacles to its pursuance. I had not, indeed, the experience and ready skill that were desirable, but to some little tact in the use of needle and shears, I was forced to confess; and possibly Comfort's assistance, and the indulgent patronage which her influence might secure, would warrant an attempt at least. I could not fairly gainsay the wisdom of the undertaking, though I heaved more than one sigh in the prospect.

I had no disposition to foster repining or regret. A sturdy pride, a dogged determination to maintain my own self-respect and self-reliance, in default of the consideration and support upon which I had so recently counted, prompted constant, if fruitless, combat with all such tendencies. Yet there was no denying it—Comfort was not so far wrong; I did *think* too much, and not as I wished and earnestly strove to wholesome and practical issues. Often when I would fain have wrested my mind to a contemplation of such, it resulted only that some fragment of the thought, ardently pursued for the moment, would, in the seeking for definiteness, clothe itself in language, an awkward broken phrase, perchance, and thus set itself to vibrate mechanically until the impelling force was spent; or a single word would graft itself upon the beat of my throbbing temples, till the mere weary haunting brought consciousness, that the proper intellectual and emotional activity had reverted to old forbidden channels.

It was, therefore, not improbable that my best resource would be in some occupation which should make steady draught upon my mental, as well as my physical energies. Whether Comfort's discovery would yield this remained to be tested.

My eager fashion-monger returned from her quest with an appearance of exhilaration not to be accounted for by the group of gayly tinted figures which made the showy frontispiece for the September number of "The Garland," tossed upon the table as she entered, but which was better explained by the contents of the letter offered me for perusal:—

My dear Friend: Where have you been keeping yourself all this summer? We have tired ourselves completely out waiting for you, and now I am forced to write, though I can't at all spare the time. I must tell you what you already know—that Rose and Walter are here; and what you don't know, surely, or you would never have neglected us so—they are to remain only a week longer; and then James and I are to go with them as far as Cincinnati, if no farther. But this is not all; we have put our wise heads together, and hatched up a plot to the effect that Comfort—*will she, nil she*—must go, too.

Whist! Don't craze me with the jingle of the two coppers you boast of keeping for pocket-pieces. You and I are birds of passage, and are to wing our way quite above the region of such base considerations. So many times as we have planned the journey in sport! I, all the time, secretly meaning to compass the thing, if ever the stars should favor, as they surely do now. Fancy how Ward and Helen will open their eyes at sight of us! You can't, I know, think of being obstinate, and so spoil all our pleasure: but just shut up house, for time indefinite, and join us at once, that we may make our arrangements together. Depending upon this, we shall meet you at the depot day after to-morrow. Truly and affectionately,

Madeline.

"You will go, of course," I said, as I returned the letter.

"And leave you here alone?"

"Why not? You live here alone. Remember, I am apprenticed to you, and don't mean to be cheated of the more important part of my trade." I spoke with a playful gayety which I certainly did not feel.

"Go with me, Avis," she urged, "they will be so pleased to see you. You ought to know Madeline. She is as good as a sister to me. And Rose—it was a sort of prophecy to name her Rose. You *must* go, Avis—to Cincinnati, too! It will be just the thing for you. Yes, you shall take this journey for me; I have

such horror of railways, and steamboats, and hotels, and everything that belongs to travel."

"And the dear sister Helen?" I suggested, with a smile.

"Will welcome you as gladly as she would me."

"And the dress-making?"

"The dress-making can wait, journeying is better. Besides, I don't like the September fashions overmuch, and have no mind to spoil my new de laine by an awkward style; quite as well to wait another month. Seriously, if you don't consent to go, I shall give up going even to see Madeline. I can't think of leaving you to mope here."

It is of no moment to detail all the arguments by which I finally overruled Comfort's objections to leaving me behind, while she obeyed the kindly summons. It was achieved, though with much difficulty, and I saw her seasonably seated in the cars, and listened to her promises of speedy return, together with repeated biddings to take care of myself, with an assenting smile, of which I was made uncomfortably conscious by the sickly strain upon my facial muscles.

The brisk activity of the villagers, the sunshiny day, summer-like for mid-September, ought to have drawn me from contemplation of my gloomy prospects, but the little phrase, "take care of yourself," had taken hold of me, and I walked with lagging step, turning it drearily in my mind. "Take care of myself!" I had no other thought than to take care of myself; yet, why should I, Avis Heath? Comfort wished me to "take care of myself," but that self was in no wise essential to the happiness of the good and benevolent seamstress—was, in fact, essential to nobody. I wondered, in bitter self-contempt, that I had ever been so weak as to believe otherwise.

More than a month had passed since my farewell to Ross. I had desired to avoid any interview or communication in reference to it; yet, in my heart, I believe self-respect, if that only, would urge him to brave the prohibition so far, at least, as to offer something like self-defence, unless he preferred to assume the ground of the aggrieved party, and waited for me to signify repentance for my abrupt withdrawal! He might have written to me at Drayton, whither I was supposed to have gone upon leaving home; but I did not delude myself with the fancy that he had sought me with fruitless search. My present abode was no hiding-place, and to it I had travelled by the most direct route. "Farewell, mine ancient lover! most discreet Ross!" I apostrophized, with ironic emphasis. Yes, I would take care of myself; with the help of Him, who alone could unfold the wherefore! With all reverence, I registered the resolution, just as I was passing a house, which, departing from the prevailing style in the village, was built directly upon the street. The sound of my name, imperfectly articulated, caused me to pause. Little Kitty Ware, Comfort's pet Kitty, climbed with difficulty to a chair by the open window, and, in her pretty child's way, courted a caress from me.

Difference of personal endowment, deepened by my recent unhappy experience to a half-suspicion of absolute repulsiveness, rendered me foolishly shy of general association, but a child has claims upon the sympathy and consideration of each, and all, that should be ignored by no surly self-consciousness. I pressed a kiss upon the little winning lips, and lingered some moments in play. I was the better for it, as I went my way to my lonely chambers, conning that happy oracle of a bold seer: "Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, to plead with them to return to paradise."

CHAPTER IX.

In my preoccupation, I had been, at the time, unmindful that little Kitty's lips were parched, her cheeks burning, and her breath fetid with fever; but that such was the case, I remembered distinctly, when, a few days after I heard from Mrs. Miller, the matron who, with her family, occupied our first floor tenement, that the child was dangerously ill; and when, in progress of time, like symptoms became manifest in my own person, it was not unnatural that I should refer, with some misgivings, to my morning interview.

I had reason, now, to ponder my gloomy prospects. Illness in Comfort's absence! I had not thought of that. And I might die of fever; but the indifference with which I contemplated this latter possibility, sufficiently evidenced the merely external and intellectual nature of my care for myself, as contrasted with that instinctive love of life, that is calculated to secure active and effectual resistance to disease. I would fain let slip this "mortal coil," as if therein were bound up all of strife and bitterness.

Let the weary load be cast, I said, reaching painfully to scan the poor shade released from

its unwelcome burthen, a meagre, bowed, immature thing; not braced and balanced for the wholesome toil of life; a feeble plumeless thing, agape and anxious, shivering and cowering before April blasts! Why had it chafed under the brooding wing, that would have nursed it till its plumes were grown?

But the great God is merciful; and He is *there* as here! Mark this, then, He is *here* as there; and rules, in wisdom, in the terrestrial, as in the celestial.

Thus the growing fever quickened thought; and the mill, having nothing else to grind, ground itself vigorously; and there resulted a plentiful measure of contempt for the craven blindness that prompts to leave "those ills we have, to fly to others that we know not of;" for the lame faith that leads to trust the Father's love, and wait upon His providence, in unseen worlds, but, practically, ignores His beneficence, in this terrene sphere.

In this hour of greatest darkness, light began to dawn. Climbing the rough mountain, I bordered upon the region above clouds, and, in the rarefied atmosphere, saw with keener vision. Glimpses came to me of the absolute good and beauty of life, a simple fealty of the individual to God, and God's thought in his special personality, of robust, unquestioning integrity as regards that personality.

But the possibility of a sudden removal admonished me, also, to set my house in order externally. Little could be, or needed to be done here. I merely called to mind the papers in my possession, and, so doing, remembered, that, in gathering up for my departure from home, I had filled a workbox of my mother, with her private papers.

My aching head and filmed eyes were but ill-trimmed for the task of examining and assorting these; but the dread of leaving them to the sacrilege of chance scrutiny nerved me for the labor.

It may appear strange that I addressed myself thus, with reference to a fatal issue of a disease which came to me with no alarming severity. When, however, it is taken into account that an epidemic fever, from which had resulted several recent deaths, was rife in the village; and that, not only an immediate exposure to infection, but my previous low state of health and spirits, disposed to unfavorable effects; my impressions, in view of the symptoms, undeniably apparent, will be better understood. Undoubtedly, also, a sense of my utter isolation had much to do with influencing my feelings and movements. I was not, as I have intimated, alone in the house, but good Mrs. Miller was laden with multifarious cares and duties; and, in addition to this consideration, I was restrained from calling for sympathy and assistance, by the supposed nature of my malady—a malady held in great dread by Mrs. Miller and the villagers generally. I formed no sturdy resolutions, but, unconsciously, regulated my action upon the idea of involving no one in my trouble; not that this was the most prudent course, but the course most in consonance with my feelings at the time.

When my unsteady frame refused longer to support itself, I disposed it, with such heed as I might to its well being, upon my bed, where I pursued my work as intermitted suffering would allow.

Thus I took up at length a packet addressed in a business-like hand, and, to my astonishment, not, as the others, to my mother, but to Ralph Greystone, Esq. Certain turns in the letters suggested a handwriting but too well known to me. "From the father of Ross, without a doubt," was my instant comment. Something may have been due to this resemblance; but chiefly, I am sure, to the inference drawn from it was to be referred the audible heart-beat, together with the sudden starting from a recumbent to a sitting posture.

A hope, amounting to conviction, had seized me that this was the document for which I had so earnestly sought, the paper relating to the mortgage. So assured was I of this that, even before examination of the contents of the packet, my mind wandered to the strange circumstance of its appearance among my mother's papers, kept by themselves in a drawer devoted to her especial use; to the fact that the drawer, always as I had supposed locked, had refused to bear the usual turn of the key, but had yielded at once to the opening movement; and involuntarily to group therewith the intrusive visit of our ill-disposed neighbor, Hoard. I crushed the unworthy fragment of suspicion as soon as I became fairly conscious of its existence, and proceeded to acquaint myself with the note, brief, but to me, at least, satisfactory:—

Mr. Ralph Greystone—Dear Sir: I send herewith a receipt for the sum which you transmitted by Mr. Hoard. The promptness with which you met my demand has saved me much trouble.

The mortgage, which is entirely cancelled by this payment, is not just now at hand, it hav-

ing been deposited with other papers at M——; I shall, however, obtain it shortly. I am very sorry that illness prevents your coming to see to it, as you say, that accounts are duly squared between us; but I readily admit this, and will take care that everything is safe until you can come. With regards to your family, and wishes for your speedy recovery, I am,

Very truly, yours, T. SANDS.

The mortgage was at M——, and it was left at M—— to the day of the man's death! This was plainly the case, and this receipt, still inclosed, as stated in the letter, was out of sight when most needed—by what means?

Mr. Hoard, it would appear, had knowledge of it. It was very odd that this man's name should so hover about the affair, coming up in most unlooked-for ways, as if—I cut short the reflection again, and in like manner took heed thereafter that, recur as it might, and would in spite of me, the hateful suspicion should never attain troublesome clearness or certainty.

Doubtless, the letter was dropped quite accidentally into my mother's drawer, accessible, of course, to my father. I found great relief in this most natural suggestion, to which I did not scruple to resort in all subsequent explanations, suppressing all those vague fancies to the harm of my neighbor which, for aught I know, may have been simply the whisperings of my evil genius.

I did not know the date of Mr. Greystone's death, but as nearly as I could judge, the illness alluded to in the letter was that which ended his life. My uncle, to whom affairs were intrusted as well before as after his marriage with the widow, resting probably upon the assurance given in the letter that all accounts between the parties were balanced, had left the matter where he found it; my father had done likewise. The error, as it appeared to me, was to be charged, not to Mr. Sands alone, but in some measure also to the negligence of these executors.

All this, however, was past, and to no purpose. It was my present duty to see that the wrong which had been its consequence was righted, by placing the packet in the hands of Thane. To be able thus to repair the evil, which, I have more than once said, burthened my conscience almost as heavily as if I had myself been responsible for it, revived for a time my fast failing strength.

Yet it was with the utmost difficulty that I penned a brief explanation, which, still ignorant of Thane's whereabouts, I inclosed with the document to Aunt Lyle. I happened afterwards to see this poor scrawl, blurred and broken enough to shame the veriest tyro in a district school; but my object had been attained; it was duly and legibly addressed and sealed.

I had strained every fibre to assure myself of this, and, having compassed it, fell back exhausted upon the bed, that I had quitted only to procure the needed materials for writing.

I do not know if I fainted; perhaps I only slept—an oblivious sleep! heavy enough for me to arouse from it with painful, panting effort. I awoke also, as it appeared, to darkness, and remember asking myself, as consciousness seemed to dawn upon me, if I were indeed already come into the dark valley, while I kept my eyes resolutely closed to avoid seeing the fiendish shapes there encountered by Bunyan's bold pilgrim, which nevertheless haunted my sick vision in all their supreme ugliness.

One huge, viperous reptile, that aimed to plant its fangs in my vitals, I at length throttled; and, in dreary apathetic despair, held thus at arm's length till my strained sinews could serve no longer. They slackened, failed, the creature writhed from my powerless grasp, and I awaited the fatal spring motionless, the cold ooze laving my terror-bound frame from head to foot! Then at last I found myself gasping with rapid iteration—"Deliver us from evil! Deliver us from evil!"—not as an intelligent petition, but moved by the world-old idea of a spell to blast the hideous monster.

I heaved a long sigh of relief when a light, streaming about me, emboldened me to open my eyes, and revealed, not the narrow valley and the hateful nightmare demons, but my own snug bedroom and the comfortable figure of Mrs. Miller standing near the foot of my bed, with the lamp that had served as so valuable an auxiliary to my cabalistic adjuration!

"She's got the fever, poor thing! and has been trying to write to some of you," I heard Mrs. Miller articulate, in a half whisper.

It has never been my wont to count greatly upon special providences, though my life has been occasionally marked by coincidences sufficiently striking to be suggestive of such interposition. Among these it was not the least remarkable that now, prostrated with fever, and in utmost need of sympathy and care, as I turned my poor tortured head in obedience to Mrs. Miller's eyes and voice, the dear, familiar form of Aunt Relie met my bewildered gaze. Was I still dreaming? A blessed change, then,

I thought. But she saw my glance of recognition, and bent over to embrace me. Reminded of the lurking infection, I put her aside feebly, with a scarce audible murmur—

"The fever, the fever! I am so glad to see you, but why did you come to take it?"

It was better than medicine to hear the cheery voice of Aunt Relie, as, heedless of my prohibition, she touched her lips to mine.

"Fie! child, I never take fevers, and I'm not sure that you do; a body may be sick without going to that trouble, I fancy. Do you know of any good Doctor hereabouts, my friend?"

"Mrs. Miller, aunt," I said; "and this is Aunt Greystone; our good, kind, Aunt Relie, Mrs. Miller!"

"Glad to see her, I'm sure; and if you say so, ma'am, I'll send for the Doctor, though some thinks him good and some not."

"I'm obliged to you, we'll try him," was the reply.

"I'll send Fernando, right away, then."

She motioned Aunt Relie to follow her as she passed hastily out of the door, which, however, being left ajar, the words came to me with nearly as much distinctness as if the speakers had remained in the room.

"She's got the fever, plain enough; and if you don't want to catch it, I'll tell you what you must do. I've worn it ever since the fever come about, a plaster of Burgundy pitch, right on the pit of the stomach, cut in the shape of a heart, they say; though I tell 'em that's a notion," and a faint laugh echoed in the outer room. "I don't s'pose you've got any of the Burgundy with you?"

"No," said aunt, "but perhaps you'll be so kind as to give me some;" the demure mischief of the hint was as plain to me as if I had been present.

"La! yes, I'll fix you one just like mine. Folks wore 'em when the cholera was about, may be you remember? I don't know's there's anything in it, but them that wore 'em didn't have the cholera. Miss Heath's pretty sick, I reckon."

"Do you mean to wear it, aunt?" I asked.

"The plaster? You heard us, then. Well, I don't know; your neighbor, here, plainly thinks well of it. I should not wonder if it should come, heart-shaped, after all, but as to wearing it, what do you advise?"

"Ah! you are laughing in your sleeves at us both. To say the truth, I don't believe you are frightened enough to make it worth while. Poor Mrs. Miller has been most desperately frightened."

"I see—she would have been a poor dependence. How fortunate that I have come to nurse you, and to-night, too?"

"It seems almost as though you must have known of my illness; but that could not be; no one knew, no one *could* know!"

"Whist, child! *One* knew, and He has more ways of giving information than by word of mouth. I've had it on my mind, these two days, that I *must* come and look you up. I should have started in the morning, only for the rain; but I could stand it no longer; rain or no rain, I was not to be put off another day, and took the cars in the afternoon, getting here, as you see, after dark; I had no trouble, though. But where is Comfort? I had no thought of finding you alone."

I explained, in few words, for it was becoming extremely difficult to talk.

"Ah! you runaway! Why didn't you come and see us, as we bade you? Everybody thought you had; and no wonder, it is what you ought to have done. We had letters and messages for you, again and again, and inferred, naturally, that you were on your way to us, by some circuitous route. But no, and so I wrote, at last, to inquire into the mystery. I fancy it was a revelation to them at Robinton. They had been thinking you with us, all the while, and were quite at a loss in trying to locate you elsewhere. Finally, putting this and that together, for I gathered a few hints from other quarters, as well as from Mrs. Heath's reply to my note, I guessed how it might be, and determined to take the first opportunity to come and scold you. And now that my mind is relieved, I'm going to try if I can make you more comfortable. What could you be doing with these papers! fidgeting your poor brain to death! I'll burn them all up, by your leave."

"Yes," I said, to her evident amazement.

"Of course not! I did not mean it."

"Perhaps, then, it is better not, quite yet," I said, wearily. "I had been writing to Aunt Lyle! I don't know what became of the letter. It made me faint, I think."

"To be sure! writing when one is down with a—but come, I've hopes of you, since you haven't blotted us out, altogether. Here's the letter; I'll add a word, in the morning, and send it. There, I think you will be more comfortable now, and we must stop chattering, or you will be blinded and deafened."

"Only this;" I said, "that letter contains

the proof that the Greystone mortgage was fully cleared off, before the death of Thane's father."

"Ah! we thought it very unaccountable that receipt should be missing."

"We all thought it so, and I found it, strangely enough, among these papers. It was as much as I could do to inclose it to aunt; but I got through with it, for I thought, indeed, it did not seem likely that I should get well again."

"But you *will* get well again, only you must not talk; I 'm glad you told me this, however. I'll take care of the paper. What right had it to hide away, in this manner, to worry you now?"

"Oh, it made me so glad to find it, Aunt Relie! You can't think how it has all troubled me!" and a few tears found their way down my burning cheeks.

My kind nurse quietly bathed them away, as she comforted my throbbing temples with some soothing lotion, and gave me cooling drink. Aunt Relie had the faculty, most grateful to invalids, of anticipating wants, and of availing herself of the materials at hand to supply them, without the tormenting prelude of a round of questions. I dropped into her gentle care as trustingly, and as completely, as an infant into its mother's arms; and if for the succeeding week I had anything like a distinct individuality, it was chiefly useful for suffering.

Notwithstanding the assistance that came to her in a variety of ways, through Mrs. Miller and other thoughtful neighbors, my good, patient, indefatigable nurse must have had a weary time; and I dreaded, not without reason, lest the ceaseless labor, and confinement in an infectious atmosphere, might prove too much for even the courage and endurance of her brave nature.

And I am sorry to be obliged to record here that the magical plaster, duly prepared, with the most approved configuration, was quietly consigned to a dark corner of the cupboard, where, as Aunt Relie gravely assured Mrs. Miller, when the term of danger was fairly over, it had, doubtless, put forth all its potency, since we had been borne safely through.

I, on my part, was free to confess, that, although the charm lay thus aside, the magic influence seemed to hover about Aunt Relie, not only protecting herself, but restoring her charge.

Supervening, as it did, upon the hearty sympathy of the friendly and affectionate Comfort, the loving self-denial of this good woman, between whom and myself there was no natural bond save that of a common humanity, went far to reclaim me from a gloomy spirit of doubting and repining. It was much, that I had *reasoned* myself into compliance and reconcilement; greatly more and better, that there had been added the experience which might, in some manner, re-establish the faith of the heart. I needed this lesson of pure, disinterested affection. Happily, it was not unappreciated.

(Conclusion next month.)

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

We were at Niagara, spending a few summer weeks, cousin Rebecca and I. Brother Ralph had left his patients for a few days, and come down with us and made all arrangements for our stay at the International, and had returned home again; for the inhabitants of Ashburn, where he resided, could ill spare him for a day, even—and we, Rebecca and I, had made up our minds to stay until we wearied of the beauty and grandeur of Niagara.

After Ralph had gone, we settled ourselves comfortably down, and surveyed our rooms with satisfaction. They were on the second flight and across the hall from the hotel parlors, a parlor, with sleeping room adjoining. Our parlors had four large windows, the rear one looking toward the falls. The sofa, *tête-à-tête*, easy chairs, dark, rich carpet, and heavy curtains, just suited our tastes; and thus we were pleasantly situated.

Ralph had just left us, taking the night train home; and Rebecca and I, after seeing him off, concluded, as the night was so beautiful, that we would visit the falls by moonlight, and so we turned our steps thitherward.

It was a lovely night of summer; and, save the roar of the mighty torrent which deepened in our ears as we drew nearer, no sound was heard. Silently clasping each other's hand, we stood on the brink of those surging, hurrying waters—those waters, rushing onward, ever onward—hurrying, leaping, pressing for-

ward, as if eager to measure the height of that mighty chasm, then sending back to us wreaths of mist, as if telling us that life was but a vapor and they had made the last final leap into that Unknown World beyond. Thus we stood, motionless and speechless, for the sublimity and grandeur before us crushed all expression into silence. The mist came up, wreathing about us as a bridal veil, soft and fleecy. The hoarse-voiced waters sang us into forgetfulness of self, and standing thus, we seemed like two statutes, placed there on the brink, silent, pulseless. The young moon came out and smiled on us, silvering our garments; and the stars came forth one by one as if they, too, would look on the scene below.

"Ladies," a deep-toned voice sounded close beside us, and a tall manly form came forward from out the shadow into the moonlight, "are you not fully repaid to-night for your walk hither?"

"Indeed, sir, we are a thousand times!" said I, bowing coolly, for I did not like the interruption—and, taking Rebecca's arm, was moving away, when she whispered hastily—

"Stay; it is he! I cannot go yet!" and, hardly knowing what to do, I paused.

"Rebecca," said that deep voice, in accents low and thrilling, "this is happiness indeed, to meet you here;" and then, speaking louder, "Ladies, the night air is growing damp—this mist is almost rain—and, look you, your garments are completely saturated! Allow me to accompany you to your hotel!" and saying this he offered each an arm.

It was true, standing there, as we had for so long a time, noting nothing but the sublimity of the scene before us, we had entirely forgotten that we were human, and subject to the laws of Nature. Our light thin shawls were damp and clinging to us, and our thin summer dresses drenched with the spray.

"Bella," cousin Rebecca's voice trembled a little, "this is Mr. Leusenberg, whom I met last summer while at Nahant;" then turning to him she continued, "this is my cousin, Bella Rutledge, of whom you have heard me speak, and with whom I make my home."

"I am very happy to meet Miss Bella, and if she will allow, will prove it by hurrying her away from this damp and vapor to a place more suited to her health, if not so soul-absorbing," spake that voice; and, bowing low, he again offered me his arm which I had not taken at first. As we returned back to our hotel, treading upon the dewy green as upon a carpet of stars, we learned that he, too, was stopping there for a few weeks; and, as he bade us good night at the door of our room, we did not refuse the wish he expressed to call on the morrow.

It was early on the morrow when the bell boy brought up a card with "Norman Leusenberg," written in strong bold characters upon it. How like him they looked, as I had seen him the previous evening standing before us in the moonlight. Looking toward Rebecca to catch her wishes, I signed to the boy to show the gentleman up—and so he came. As I sit to-night in the twilight, and weep for the joys of other days, and for my lost Rebecca—I cannot help the wish that Norman Leusenberg had never crossed that threshold; but, it has been—the seal was on Rebecca, and she went forth blindly, trustingly, but purely, as God is my witness, to her fate; and I, who was then older and more used to the ways of the world, I was deceived, and thought he was what he seemed.

Three weeks went by, weeks fraught with pleasure to me, and love to Rebecca. I saw it all—how she loved him—and he—I could have sworn *then* that he worshipped her. Was he not with her in all our walks? looking into her eyes? telling her of the beauty of his home in the sunny South, and of his happiness there when she would be by his side? of his mother and sister there, who would learn to love her for his sake? for, said he one day, sitting on a seat under the large trees, "my mother is a proud dame, who would wed me to rank and wealth, caring little for love."

It was the evening preceding our taking leave of Niagara. Brother Ralph had come the day before to take us home, as I had written him that the N——'s had not been there as they intended, being detained by sickness. We were to walk out and take a last look of the falls by moonlight. Norman Leusenberg had been with us most of the day. I had asked Ralph how he liked him—and he made answer—

"Bella, he seems like a perfect gentleman, but still there is a look which I do not like. He may be good and honorable—we cannot tell."

"I pray he may be—for Rebecca's sake!" exclaimed I, "for I know that she loves him—and he—yes, he adores her."

"Well, my dear sister," exclaimed Ralph, laughing, "one would think *you* were the one who adored him," but turning as Rebecca came in from the other room—"Well, Rebecca—think you you can leave this beautiful place without regret to-morrow? Will your thoughts be

homeward or backward—eh, Rebecca!" laughing. But Rebecca, save by a blush, had not time to answer, for just then came a rap at the door, and to Ralph's "Come in!" Norman Leusenberg appeared—and, bowing politely to Ralph, lower to me, and still lower to Rebecca, seated himself by her side.

"Well, Mr. Leusenberg, we are just thinking of going out to take a farewell look at Niagara; will you not join us?" said Ralph.

"Indeed I should be most happy to, if it were not for a prior engagement; but your cousin Rebecca has but just said that she would take a short ride with me, and, as the carriage is already at the door, it would be a pity to send it away unoccupied. What say you, Miss Rebecca?"

Rebecca smiled and turned to me for an answer, and I—oh, could I have foreseen *then!* But I did not, and made answer:—

"Go and ride, Rebecca; Ralph and I will enjoy our walk, and find you here on our return." And so she left us, and Ralph and I went out for our parting look at the Falls.

Ralph and I returned to the hotel after an absence of some two hours. We had stayed longer than we intended, for we had much to talk of. Ralph had told me of his love for the fair Mary Warner, the daughter of the old physician with whom he had studied, and of its return; and that in the coming September she was to be his bride; and, listening there in the soft moonlight, I had wondered if such happiness would ever come to *me*. There were changes to be made, and Ralph and I talked of them. Hitherto I had kept house for Ralph, since the death of our mother, three years before. Our father had died when we were children, and we remembered him only as a dream. Cousin Rebecca had dwelt with us for two years, since the death of her widowed mother. She was just entering her eighteenth year, and was a perfect child of nature, careless and free. The music of her ringing laugh was joy to us in our saddened home, and she was bound to our hearts with a golden chain of light and love. There was sunlight in her laughing blue eyes and the wave of her golden hair. Her *petite* figure was like that of a sylph, so light and graceful, and Ralph and I loved her as a sister.

After listening to Ralph and his new-found happiness, I said: "Well, brother Ralph, I shall soon be left alone, I plainly see, if I do not make haste to try *my* luck at love-making. You and Rebecca will soon be lost to me, and then—"

"Not so, dear sister," interrupted Ralph; "I fear Edwin Lathrop will have a word to say about a certain relative of mine before long. Ah, I have called a tell-tale blush to your cheek, have I? Well, dear Bella, you could not have chosen a better guide for your life happiness than Edwin, for he is all nobleness. But about Rebecca; somehow my heart misgives me while thinking of this admirer of hers. He has all the polish of a man of the world, but yet there is a look in the eyes I do not like. But I hope my fears are without foundation, Bella; I may be suspicious."

"Yes, Ralph," I said, "he *seems* all that one could wish, and I trust we are not deceived!" But, somehow, as I spoke, a fear came to my heart that I could not banish, and I said, rising: "Come, Ralph, we had better go in now. Rebecca is probably waiting for us, and will think we are long absent." And, taking Ralph's arm, we returned to the hotel.

As I opened the door of our parlor, no light greeted us save that of the moon coming in at the open window and laying across the floor like bars of silver. I said to Ralph:—

"Rebecca has not yet returned; she stays away a long time, for it is late."

"Perhaps," said Ralph, "they have been tempted by the beauty of the night to prolong their ride longer than they intended." But I could see that, even as he spoke, there was anxiety in his looks, and I exclaimed:—

"Oh, Ralph, my brother, I have done wrong in allowing this acquaintance to progress thus far without knowing more of Norman Leusenberg! But yet he seemed so noble that I could not doubt him. We will wait awhile, my brother; they will soon return."

But an hour went by, and yet another, and they returned not; then our fears were fully aroused, and Ralph, ringing for the proprietor of the hotel, inquired of him concerning the character of Norman Leusenberg. What was our consternation and alarm on finding that he had hired a carriage for the next town, and had settled his bill at the hotel, saying that he should not again return, and that he had sent his travelling trunks on before in the morning train.

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph, she is *gone!*" I exclaimed. "She will not return to us!" And I threw myself in an agony of grief on my brother's shoulder.

"What is it, madam! Who has gone?" inquired the landlord, turning to my brother as he saw my agitation.

"The young lady who has been stopping

with my sister—Miss Story," said Ralph, calmly. "She has gone with this gentleman, Mr. Leusenberg, and I do not think but what she intended to return, as she said nothing to us about remaining away. But yet," he continued, "perhaps she did think of leaving with him; we will look in her room. Perhaps she has left some word, for *she* would not have left us in this manner!" And, taking a light, he entered the room which Rebecca and I had occupied together.

Following him with the landlord, I saw him take a folded note from the dressing-table, and, as he read, he exclaimed with pale face as he caught my tearful eyes:—

"Yes, she *has* left us, sister, as the wife of this Leusenberg! She has gone from us, and she tells us she is happy."

"But why," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "why did she leave us thus? why steal forth at night like a guilty thing? We would not have opposed her choice, and she should have trusted in our love. Oh, Ralph, have we not *always* loved her?"—and I burst into a passionate fit of weeping; but, as looking up again, I saw his pale, compressed lips and flashing eyes, I restrained myself, and, going up to him, said, softly: "Judge her not harshly; he must have over-persuaded her, brother Ralph. We will not condemn her yet. Let me see the note." And, taking it, I read:—

Dearest Bella and Ralph: Will you forgive me for the step I am about to take? My heart's happiness is in question. I love Norman Leusenberg; I have loved him since I met him last summer at Nahant. Oh, Bella, *you* must have known that I have loved him long, and that he loves me as I have always wished to be loved! Yet there are obstacles in the way of a public union. His mother is proud, as you remember, Bella, he told us one day, sitting under the shadow of the tall trees in the garden above the Falls. His mother is proud, and would disinherit him if she knew of his love for me, a poor girl. She wishes him to marry his cousin at the South, who is beautiful and wealthy; but he does not care for her. Bella, blame me not; I shall, I *must* be happy in his love, for I should be miserable *without it!* Yet at leaving you and Ralph my heart cries out that you will miss me, that Rebecca, the wild, wayward child, had taken a strong hold upon your hearts. But I shall come back to you yet, Bella and Ralph, in the coming summer. Norman says that by-and-by his mother's pride will give way, after she has looked on his bride; and I trust it will, for the happiness of us all.

Good-by, and God bless you both! Pray always for your loving Rebecca.

I finished reading, and gave the letter back to Ralph, saying, calmly turning to the proprietor—

"She has gone to be married, and this is a surprise to us—but she will return soon."

"Yes," said Ralph, and then continued, "you need not mention this affair to any one, as it would only create gossip, and the lady and gentleman will soon return to us after their romantic freak."

"Oh, no, certainly not!" said the landlord; "we have frequent occurrences of the kind, and they always end happily; a hotel is often the scene of such affairs—but, sir," looking at his watch, "I believe you were to leave in the first train, it wants but a few hours of that time now; your sister had better seek rest, now," and, so saying, he left the room.

With a sad heart I completed my preparations for leaving; and when the early morning train bore us homeward, the weight at my heart grew heavier, but looking at Ralph's saddened countenance, I labored for calmness for his sake.

The months went past. Golden September came, and Mary Warner came to Ashburn to dwell with us as the bride of my brother Ralph, and help fill the void in our hearts caused by our lost Rebecca.

We were all happy, save when the thought of Rebecca came to us; we had heard nothing from her since she left us, and we could not think all was with her as it should be; and yet, she *might* be happy—for Rebecca was a strange, wayward being—and she would perhaps keep silence, wishing to happily surprise us at some time not far distant; and so the months glided on, and we hoped and waited for her to return to us.

There came a new happiness to me in the golden autumn days, in the knowledge that I was beloved by a noble, true heart—that of Edwin Lathrop, the young minister in Ashburn; and when the budding spring time came we were to be married, and I to leave my brother's home and dwell at the parsonage.

In the early spring we were married; and I was happy as the wife of Edwin Lathrop. He was the idol of all in his society, and I, his wife, came in for a large share of worship. That summer was a pleasant and happy one. Ralph and his Mary living near us, made it

almost complete; but there was yet a chord in the golden harp of my happiness, which, when it was touched, gave out a sad wail—'twas the thought of our lost Rebecca. Nothing had been heard from her. The long winter had passed, with its icy breath, and snowy mantle; the budding spring time had come and gone, the violets she loved so well to gather had been plucked by other hands, the long hazy summer days in which she had roamed the green woods and rested by some laughing stream, had passed and yet she came not back, and now we had ceased to look for her as the time she had set for her return went by.

With the long summer days came sickness to Mary, Ralph's wife; and Ralph prescribed change of air to her, and also to Edwin, my husband, who had labored too hard for the past year in his parish, so that his health had suffered; and, after making arrangements, we went South to pass the winter. We travelled slowly, for we wished to view everything worthy of note. We sojourned awhile at the Capitol, and then in Baltimore, then awhile in Virginia, the birth place of Washington; then, proceeding southward through the Carolinas and Georgia, in January we were by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, in M——, where we were to spend the remainder of the winter.

I said to Ralph the day after we arrived—"Here is the home of Norman Leusenberg. It is in this city, M——, that his proud mother dwells; and here we may probably hear something of Rebecca."

But the days went by; and although we became acquainted with many, yet we learned nothing of Rebecca. We learned that, about a year before, Norman Leusenberg and his mother had sold their plantation, and house in the city, and gone, no one knew whither; and that a niece of Mrs. Leusenberg, residing with them, who was reputed to be very wealthy, had also gone with her—but we could learn nothing further. A few days before we were to leave M——, Ralph came in, saying—

"Well, Mary and Bella, would you like to visit the State Insane Asylum? I long since received an invitation from one of the physicians in attendance to go there, and he thought perhaps the ladies would be interested—what say you?"

"Yes, Ralph, we should like to go," I said, answering for Mary and myself, "and we will be ready soon"—so saying, we made ready.

When we all stood within the asylum, wandering through the rooms where hundreds of people of both sexes were confined, I instinctively drew near Edwin, for never before had I seen people bereft of reason. "Come," said the physician who accompanied us, "there is nothing to fear; those who are in this room, we consider the most harmless, and not one of them would injure an insect." But I clung closer to the arm of Edwin, for I was awed by the looks of those poor creatures around, harmless though they were.

"Come, Bella, you have nothing to fear," said my husband; and, his calm tone reassuring me, I left his side for an instant. "See," he said, speaking to me, and pointing to a woman before us, a poor old creature who sat swaying herself back and forth, moaning—

"Jamie, Jamie, my poor lost Jamie! Why won't you come back to your old mother? my poor boy! They say you will never come again, that you were lost in the blue ocean! in the beautiful water beside which you loved to play so well—oh, Jamie, Jamie! it *can't* be that you won't come back to your old mother again." She went on in a sadder strain—"Ah, yes, I remember, you went to sea, one bright sunny day in April! The birds were singing in the boughs of the old linden tree by our cottage door! The sun was shining bright and golden, and my little Jamie went out from his poor old mother, with strong heart for the future, but, *he never came back!* ah, no, *he never came back!* Two lost in the deep, deep, waters—father and son, husband and child! The poor old woman's all!" and she kept on muttering to herself indistinctly.

"That is the way she goes on for hours at a time," said the keeper. "She lost her husband and son at sea, and it affected her mind, as you see. But we have a peculiar case here—that of a young and beautiful lady, of about twenty summers, I should judge. Her brother placed her here last fall. Her friends are very wealthy, and she has every luxury that we allow the patients. She will have it that she is not insane, and that the gentleman who brought her here is not her *brother*, but her *husband*, and that he placed her here so that he could marry his cousin, who is beautiful and wealthy. This is the hallucination she is under. One would think, looking at her, that she were as sane as you are this minute, sir, or your wife"—looking at me as I listened. "She is perfectly sane on every other subject," he continued, "but when she speaks of her husband, and then she entreats us to let her go to him, that he may not perjure himself by wedding his cousin. It would cause you to weep and wonder at this strange disease."

"Let us see her." I said, strangely interested in the recital.

"Yes, come this way; she has a separate room, and does not mingle with those around, for her brother spares no expense that she may be comfortable, if not happy."

We followed him to a room opening from the large one which we had just left. It was a large parlor, and furnished with comfort and even elegance. As we stood at the door before entering, a low, sad melody came from the occupant of the room. It was a song Rebecca and I had often sung together in our rambles at home, sitting by the margin of some stream in the forest, and as the words came to my ears then, I involuntarily placed my hand upon my heart to still its rapid throbs. We entered, Ralph and Mary first, next to the keeper, and Edwin and I following close behind. I caught sight of a woman's figure sitting in the shadow of the crimson curtains. At the sound of the opening door she had started up, and, standing there a moment, looked wildly at Ralph, and then, as her eyes fell on me, she uttered a cry of joy, crying:—

"*Ralph! Bella! come at last* to deliver me from this living death! Oh, my God! I thank Thee! Thou hast heard my prayer!" And she sank fainting upon the floor.

It was our lost Rebecca, whom we had come to deliver from a fate worse than death; and, as she revived, we learned that Norman Leusenberg, having become tired of her whom he had wedded in secret, had placed her there that he might further his own ambitious designs; that his mother had refused to receive Rebecca or acknowledge her as the wife of her son; and that, after one short year of married life, he had brought her to the asylum, and probably reported the story of her death, for he had now gone to Europe with his cousin, whom she supposed he would wed.

Ralph explained all to the satisfaction of the physician and keeper, and took Rebecca from the asylum. She returned with us to our Northern home, a sad and changed person, far different from the happy, girlish Rebecca of other days.

She said to Ralph, when he would have taken measures to bring Norman Leusenberg to justice: "No, no, Cousin Ralph; *God* will deal with him! Let us leave him to His justice. Much as I have suffered, I would not wish harm to befall Norman at my hands."

And so Ralph did nothing; and five years have passed, and Rebecca dwells with me at the parsonage, learning daily, through the teachings of my husband, to find the peace and happiness "which passeth all understanding," and "which cannot be taken away." She is calm and quiet, but I think not wholly unhappy in the life she is leading. She passes as a widow among the people of my husband's parish. I know that she is more than a widow in heart, for she never speaks of him who has caused her so much unhappiness.

I had not thought to ever take pen in hand again to add aught to the story of our dear Rebecca's lot. But it seems that her life is not to flow on so quietly as we had thought. Strange are the dealings of Providence; and very tender ofttimes are His mercies! The happiness which we had thought *lost* to our Rebecca has, in a measure, been *found* again. But I will write out here the completion to this story, which seems so like a creation of romance we often meet in fiction.

Another year has passed since I wrote in this journal, and five years since Rebecca came to dwell with us.

It was at the close of a warm day in October; the golden light of the western sky was melting into the dull gray of night. We were all at Ralph's, passing the day—for it was the anniversary of the birth of his eldest born, little Rebecca, and he had celebrated it by a birthday party. Rebecca and I were gazing from the open window, watching the sun sink behind a bank of gold, and the gradual settling down of the gray blue sky above, until the last ray of light had disappeared in the west. I was aroused from a reverie into which I had fallen by a startled cry from Rebecca, and the next moment she lay senseless on the carpet at my feet.

"Edwin, Edwin!" I exclaimed to my husband, who just then entered the room, "Rebecca is ill, faint!" and I bent over her, striving to revive her; but before Edwin or I could raise her a tall form sprang in at the open window, and the strong arms of a stranger were around her, and his voice calling her tenderly by name.

"Rebecca, O Rebecca!" he cried; and in those first accents I knew that Norman Leusenberg was before us—"long have I sought you, for these weary years, and *now* shall I find you at last but to lose you again?"—as she continued inanimate. "O my God!" he cried, "it is but just that I should suffer, *I* who created all this misery! but spare her, O spare my lost Rebecca, that I may ask her pardon,

and then leave her forever, to expiate my sin alone!"

Ralph and Mary had come in, and stood gazing on this scene—Ralph, with frowning brow and compressed lips, and Mary, white and terrified; but I could bear it no longer, and I exclaimed, going up to him—

"Have you not already wrung this poor heart enough, Norman Leusenburg?" pointing to Rebecca as I spoke. "Why need you *now* intrude your presence here, when she is learning peace and happiness?"

"Oh, woman," he cried, turning to me, "you have loved!" looking at my husband, who stood at my side; "yes, you love now! Can you not pity me? My heart is true to Rebecca, my first, my only love, though I have foully wronged her! God knows that I would have made our marriage public, but the pride of my mother came as a curse between us. She it was who first broached the subject of confining her, my wife, in an insane asylum—that I might be free! And I did it! I ask no pardon: I dare not! It is I who am the murderer of my wife! My mother did not love her, therefore she could not feel as I did; I was the one to blame! For four years I have sought her; and now, must I find her but to hold her to my heart a moment and then lose her?

"I did not marry my cousin," he continued, "for I could not commit that sin. We travelled in Europe—my mother, my cousin, and I—but I returned in a short time and sought Rebecca, to find her gone, none knew whither! Speak to me, Rebecca!" as she continued fearfully pale and still.

It was a long time before Rebecca revived; and then, in the explanations which followed, she forgave Norman Leusenberg the wrong he had done her; and though Ralph was at first disposed not to grant his forgiveness, yet he could not withstand the entreaties of Rebecca. If she, the injured wife, gave her pardon, we should not withhold ours.

The sincere penitence of Norman Leusenberg also has moved us deeply. He seems a changed man; he is, I know, a happy man to-day, as I see him from the window, while I am writing this, walking in the garden below, with Rebecca leaning on his arm—our dear Rebecca, in whose beautiful face beams a flush of the happiness which, though once lost (as we deemed), has at length been found again, to continue, I trust, through all time. May her pure teachings also guide the erring, but repentant heart of Norman Leusenberg, to find that better than earthly happiness which shall fit him, and us all, for the life beyond that which now is—even the eternal!

A FRENCH SALON.

What is a *salon* in France? And, in the first place, we will begin our answer by saying what it is not. It is not, then, and the word does not convey to French ears the signification of an easy, comfortable, well-furnished, well-curtained, and well-carpeted family sitting-room, in which there is always a cheerful fire in winter, and open windows and sunshine in summer, and a pleasant "litter," more or less elegant, of ladies' work, books, newspapers, and the newest periodical lying about on snug easy-chairs and sofas. It is not, in short, as a general rule, the room in which the members of the household live and meet as a matter of course every day of their lives at the close of their more active occupations, whether of business or pleasure, for family and social intercourse. A French *salon* is something essentially different from all this; and, in the first place, it may be said of it that the leading feature and idea connected with it are, that it is a *pièce de réception*. A French woman *lives* in her bedroom or her boudoir; she *receives* in her *salon*; and that word "receives" gives the key at once both to the use and external character and decorations of the place to which it so specially applies. The phrase is of universal usage and application, and descends to the mouths of the very humblest classes of the social scale. We once had a female cook who objected to her place because "her kitchen was too small." Why? perhaps you will ask. Because she had not sufficient room in it for the adequate di-play of her culinary ability, and was afraid of her artistic reputation receiving injury in consequence? Nothing of the kind. How shall I receive my company? was the precise form of words in which she stated her objection with great *naïveté*, and as though it were the most natural thing in the world for her to say. There was not room enough for her to "receive" company and hold a *soirée* when the labors of the day were over.

But let us reascend again to the salon from the kitchen, into which latter department we have only dipped for a moment in order to demonstrate the universality of the idea of a reception-room which attaches to the former. A salon, then, in France, is *par excellence* a room for reception, where one receives company, and which is comparatively little used at other times. It exhibits, therefore, almost always that degree

either of stiffness, elegance, or grandeur, according to the breeding, taste, and position of fortune of the owners, which is almost incompatible with the free and easy usages of family life and daily habitation of our own drawing-rooms. Books, even of the most elegant description, are altogether out of place; there is, indeed, nowhere to put them; nor do we ever remember to have seen a newspaper lying about in such a place, the *Journal des Débats* excepted, perhaps, in the salons of some illustrious person. The French salon is used to receive company, and, with all its elegance, has always, more or less, a company look. The reception, as is well known, takes place either in the morning or the evening; but it is with the latter only, or the *soirée*, that we are concerned at this moment.

There are a great variety of salons in Paris, the different types of which are wonderfully distinct from each other, and generally to be found in totally opposite quarters of the town. There is the literary salon, the musical salon, the fashionable salon, the political salon, the legitimate salon; but with respect to none of these is it an easy task, in such a city as Paris, to establish a reputation for having a salon at once *bien composé*, well attended, and attractive. Much, almost everything, indeed, depends upon the lady of the house; but to "receive well" is recognized as a peculiar talent in France; it requires what the French designate emphatically as *des qualités;* and people say of the mistress of a household who is successful in this respect—"She receives in a charming manner," in a tone as if they were paying her almost the highest compliment she could receive. What these qualifications are it would be at once too long and extremely difficult precisely to attempt to define, and we prefer, therefore, summing them up in that universal and inexplicable don'tcareishness, which stands in the stead of all impossible descriptions. Certain it is, however, that without them your salon soon becomes dull, dreary, and—word more dreadful than any other to French ears—*ennuyeux*—frequented only by bores who have succeeded in closing all other doors against them. In two respects only will we venture to lay down definitely what a French woman need not be, and what she must needs be, in order to win the desired success: she need not be pretty, but she must be *spirituelle*.

One is rarely bored in France by young ladies being asked and sitting down to play, *impromptu*, one of those pieces which Dr. Johnson so emphatically wished impossible.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"'He has a sinking turn! Oh, dear, won't the doctor never come?" exclaimed the nurse, with white lips, as she tried to force a little brandy through the closed mouth, and unfastened the light night-dress to feel for a faint pulsing of his heart.

I could not then see him die, my pretty, pretty baby! And so I turned away, and sought for darkness and God.

"If it is Thy will, spare my child, my precious child! But thy will, not mine, be done!" I cried, again and again, amid choking sobs and tears.

"If you will take upon yourself the guardianship and responsibility of all the future life of your babe, independent of God's foreknowledge, he will be spared," was the temptation.

"Thy will, not mine, be done, Heavenly Father, for Thou seest all the future!" I answered.

"Let your darling one die; bury the little fingers that lie on your bosom each night, the soft lips that kiss your cheek. Never hear his cooing voice, sweeter than the ring-dove's, and the merry shout of glee as you come in from your morning walk; the lisping voice, just learning to say 'papa,' and the steps so soft you almost hold your breath to catch their sound; bury the eyes that glance back your unfathomable love."

"Thy will, not mine, be done," came moaning quickly back, as if human love was overpowering faith, and soon there would be no strength to say it.

The kind physician looked up sadly as I entered the room. I knew it all; there was no hope, and I sat down by the nurse and reached my arms for my baby. She laid him upon them, and I smoothed back the bright golden ringlets that had won for him the pet name of "Sunshine," and laid his little hand once more upon my neck. His eyes were closed, and the long eyelashes rested upon his cheek like delicate pencillings, and my tears fell fast upon them as I leaned over him. The drops aroused him, and he looked up and said, "Mamma, mamma." A faint wan smile crept around his lips, a glance of love welled into his clear, bright eyes, and then a spasm of pain, a sinking of the pulse, and it was all over, and I had a baby, no more to die, in heaven!

The branches of the maple creaked and moaned against the house, and the wind rattled

the casement and sung dirges up the broad staircase, and I buried my head in the pillows all the long, dreary night, and sobbed—"Thy will, O Father! help me say Thy will be done!" I wanted my baby in my arms, to bend down caressingly and whisper, "Darling, darling," and kiss his cheek, and feel his soft fingers clasping mine, and his warm breathing on my bosom, and I could not shut out the sight of the little white-robed form lying cold and still, all alone in the chill parlor, and the hands and feet lily-white, iced stiff by the River of Death.

Morning came at last, and the sunbeams peeped into the window, and the canary sung his blithest song, and the little children in the lane beyond the bridge shouted and played as merry as if there was no dying in the world, and it all came mockingly to my aching heart. I wanted to get away, and I opened the darkened parlor and laid my cheek against the cold cheek of my baby. The curls lay in golden coils all around his white forehead, and the blue veins seemed to flow as gently as ever under the clear skin, and a pleasant surprised smile dimpled his lips, as if his eyes were just ready to unclose from a pleasant slumber at a loving kiss pressed upon his cheek. A sprig of myrtle and spray of white flowers looped up his little sleeve, and a bud or two was tucked into his hand, and nestled amid the gossamer folds that banded his waist. He seemed so near, still mine, that I grew calm, and raised the curtain a trifle to let in the sunshine.

Ghostlike, stiff, and cold, spread out before me on the hillside, in the graveyard, stood the tombstones, and close by them the sexton digging a grave—my baby's grave! The curtain fell from my nerveless hand, and I sunk down beside my boy, and with arm thrown close around him, cried aloud, "I cannot give him up!"

Kind friends led me from the room, and God mercifully parted the clouds of darkness and let in a ray of heavenly light into my soul so dimmed by sorrow that I could not see even a dim outline with an eye of faith, and I lived, lived to kiss baby's lips the last time, to hear the rattling of the cords under the coffin, and the shuddering sigh of the sods as they left him in the dark, dreary grave. The myrtle put on its brightest green, and the white flowers, like nestled snow-flakes, peeped up again by my path ere I could gaze on the tiny shoes, still shaped by his little feet, or raise the curtain that shut out his grave from sight, or see the baby across the street that cooed and laughed to mine so often, without a rush of tears and an uplifted prayer for resignation.

"Nellie." And then there was a pause and a questioning glance, as if husband was reading if I could hear what he had to say.

"What is it, Philip?" And I folded up the golden curl in the tissue envelop, and turned toward him with a cheerful face.

"Daniel Hurlbut is sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, for larceny! It almost killed his mother; she just goes from one fainting-fit into another, and Lucy wrings her hands and cries! I never saw such a distressed family! They did not hear a word about it till it all came out in some gossiping city newspaper, whose editor by some means found out his true name: and if he had been brought home a corpse, I do not believe it would have stricken them down so."

Back again through twenty years, and Daniel Hurlbut laughed and cooed in his mother's arms, and my baby lay stiff and white in the darkened parlor. Almost twin by age for my child, I could not see him for one long, dreary year without bringing such yearning to clasp my baby in my arms that my pillow would be wet with tears; and now he was in that gloomy prison and my child in paradise.

The brightness of the sun to the darkest night, the sweetness of the rose to the sickening, pestilential vapors of the lowest city haunt, the pureness of the falling snow to the soiled plant choked in the dusty pathway, so my cherub's home seemed to his; and like a song that comes outgushing from the heart, cadenced by love and praise, so came the thoughts that my precious one was where sin could not soil nor crime stain the white purity of his soul for evermore.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed and wound up, and set to true time.

May God make us patient to live! Not that we should not have aspirations; but, till the flying comes, let us brood contentedly upon our nests.

The merit of some people is principally in the clearness of their perceptions, while the worth of others is mainly in the strength of their affections. The former appreciate without loving; the latter love without appreciating.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

BY MARY FORMAN.

"Oh, Alice," said the silly girl to me, one day, clasping both her hands in a sort of theatre folks fashion, "if I could only be an object of interest! I'm sure there is foundation enough. Wasn't I born in the almshouse, where half the heroines of novels are born; then, when I was fourteen, didn't Mrs. Green take me and keep me till she died? Oh, Alice, such a beautiful life as I led there! She used to rise about noon, like Lady Arabella Seraphina, in the 'Widowed Heart;' and as soon as she was dressed she sent for me to read to her, and we read the most entrancing novels until bedtime. Sometimes, when we had one that was very interesting, we sat up till two or three o'clock. She told me she was sure I had a history. Oh, if I could only find out what it is! I don't get much time to read here."

"So much the better," said I; "your head has enough trash in it now, I imagine."

"Oh, Alice, if you only had a soul above your station!"

I *was* mad. To have this little brat of an almshouse chit telling me that my station was low! I, who only took the place of child's nurse because my chest was too weak for me to keep at dress-making. So I answered her rather sharply: "If you fill your station properly, you won't have time to be making remarks about other people's."

She didn't notice my dignity, but went on sorting the children's clothes for the wash, and talking away: "My station! Oh, Alice, I am convinced that I was not born to be a nursery maid; I feel a moving spirit within me that says: Jennie, you will yet be a great lady. But I don't care for *that;* if I can only be interesting! Oh, Alice, if I was only the maid in 'The Maid and the Magpie!' Think of being incarcerated in a dungeon on a false charge, and finally having your innocence proved, and everybody looking at you, shaking hands with you, and offering their congratulations. Oh, Alice!" And down went the baby's apron for the hand-clasping performance.

"If you think a dungeon so lovely, you had better steal some spoons," I said.

"Steal! But then I would only be a common thief. Besides, Alice, what would become of the conscious innocence that supported the maid? I don't mind being poor a bit; heroines always have to be poor some time in their lives; but I *should* have liked to play the piano, or do something like that. You see, in the nursery I have no chance; if I was a governess, now, with deep mourning-dresses fitting my exquisite figure to perfection; or an authoress who goes to the publisher, and lifting a veil, discloses features of bewildering loveliness; or a teacher whose graceful figure flits lightly down the street to her day's toil—there might be a chance; but who ever comes after a heroine into the nursery? I do my best when I take Miss Nettie out for a walk, but nobody seems to notice my fair curls or pale complexion; it's bandoline and chalk thrown away."

"You are throwing the muslins into the pile of colored clothes," I cried.

"I'm sure I've mental abstraction enough for a whole library of heroines," said Jennie, gathering up the pile of clothes and marching off to the kitchen. And this was only one specimen of that girl's ruling passion. She was pretty; had a little, graceful figure, with big blue eyes and lots of light hair, with a pale complexion which would have been pretty if she hadn't sent all the color out of it by eating slate-pencils and chalk, and drinking vinegar. Mrs. Green, a silly old woman who had taken her for a maid, had filled the child's head with novels till she had pretty well driven out all the sense there had ever been in it. She was nearly eighteen when the old lady died and my mistress, Mrs. Green's niece, Mrs. Wood, took Jennie for a nursery-maid. Such a life as she led me! First of all, she insisted upon wearing all her mass of tow-colored hair in long curls flying all around her, because Mrs. Green had said it reminded her of Sophonisba Araminta Monticello, in the "Love-Lorn Shepherd." After the baby had hauled out some fistfuls of it, and she had caught it in each lock and handle in the nursery closets and drawers, caught it on fire once in the gaslight, hung suspended by it when jumping down from a chair, after getting a bale from the top of the wardrobe and catching her hair there in its place, having me shut it once in a closet door, while she was sitting down, and leave the room for two hours while she had to sit still or drag all her curls out by the roots, upsetting a bucket of water all over her by catching a curl in it as it stood

on the table, and encountering various other mishaps of a like kind, she finally consented to turn it up with a comb, and wear it smooth, like a Christian. Then the mania she had for novels; our young ladies couldn't lay one down for five minutes but she had taken it and popped down, no matter where, to read. Once I found her curled all up on the parlor sofa, the baby's clean clothes dumped down on the floor, and Miss Jennie crying her eyes out over the "Crazy Maid of Belfast." Next day she varied the performance by sitting down on a frying-pan turned upside down, in the kitchen, to *devour*, she said, "The Count of Monte Cristo." Then she found "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and used to screech if the candle went out, and nearly squeeze me to death, nights, with terror if a mouse squeaked. With her head in a novel and her mind after it, she would iron the fine things with flatirons nearly red-hot, scorching them black, or scrape the flannels into creases with cold ones. She would put Willie's trousers on Nettie and Nettie's bonnet on Willie; and then, if I remonstrated, say: "O dear, I was wishing Miss Fannie would finish the second volume of "Great Expectations." I 'm dying to know who Miss Haversham is. Oh, Alice, think how deliciously romantic to wear your wedding garments for twenty years!"

"It may be very romantic, but it is particularly nasty," I said; and the only answer I got was the information that I had no soul.

One day, hearing a dreadful crying in the nursery while I was busy down stairs, I went up. There sat Miss Jennie, with all her hair pulled down, and her night-gown on over her petticoats, squatted all down in the corner of the fireplace, glaring like a maniac. Willie, half dressed, was cutting his coat to pieces with my scissors; and Nettie, all ready for a walk, was screaming with terror at Jennie's antics.

"Are you crazy, girl?" I said, angrily.

"Oh, Alice! do I look crazy? I thought I would just try how it would seem to do the scene in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' when Lucy goes frantic. Mrs. Green often used to dress me like the heroines, and let me do scenes, but here—my soul starves for its wonted food."

I was too angry to laugh, and for the first time I boxed her ears.

"A blow! Tyrant, beware!" she cried, striking an attitude.

She was evidently so tickled at the idea of being ill-treated, that I would not give her the satisfaction of being a martyr, and sent her to change her dress and get ready to take the children out. Doing scenes was one of her favorite amusements. She nearly strangled Willie in one of her tantrums, by taking him by the throat, saying she was defying Ranaldo in the Pirate's Victim, and poor little Nettie she took for a footstool, and threw herself despairingly right on top of her, as Leonie in the Maid of the Haunted Barnyard. At first I let her give the children their meals, but after she sugared their eggs, put molasses in their soup, made them sick by letting them eat a whole jar of jam at one luncheon, broke a whole waiter of crockery by starting at a slight noise, poured a whole pitcher of water on Willie's head instead of into his cup, pinned Nettie's napkin to the table-cloth instead of round her neck, spread nearly a pound of butter on a small piece of cake, and wiped Willie's mouth with a hair brush, I took care of their meals myself. Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She starched the flannels till they were as stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shirt front by the same process, squeezed the indigo bag till all the white clothes were bright blue, and then took out that tinge by scorching them a lively brown.

It was of no manner of use to complain. Mrs. Green had left her five hundred dollars, to be paid when she was married or came of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time Mrs. Wood's charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.

At last, she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man whom she persisted in calling her *fate*, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Margaret, the cook, insisted upon it that it was the baker's boy, but Jennie scorned the suggestion. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern—

"Jennie, you are spilling that milk all over the floor!"

"Oh, Alice, such eyes!"

"Take care, Jennie, you 'll drop the baby into the fire!"

"Oh, such a moustache, so black, so silky, and such teeth!

"Jennie, you are brushing Willie's hair with the back of the brush!"

"I wish you could see him, Alice! Such hair, and expression! Such an altogether!"

"Jennie, don't you hear how baby is scream-

ing? You are running the pin right into the child!"

"Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!"

"Jennie, you are choking Nettie to death, drawing her scarf so tight!"

"Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out. He promised to finish the forty-first canto of his poem and repeat it to me to-day. Oh how he does quote!"

This was my last day of trial. The children came home alone, and crept into the nursery, very much terrified, having been found by a policeman in the Navy Yard where they had wandered after Jennie left them. Fortunately, Willie had been taught to repeat his name and address, so they were brought directly home.

There was some company in the evening, old friends of Mrs. Wood's, and the children were ordered down into the parlor after tea. As Jennie had not yet made her appearance, I went with them. We were all listening to Nettie sing one of her little songs, when bang! went the parlor door, and Jennie rushed in, the tow-colored hair all flying, her bonnet hanging by the strings, her shawl trailing behind her, and her dress generally looking as if somebody had thrown it at her. She rushed at Mrs. Wood, and fell down on her knees, screaming—

"Pardon! Pity and forgive me!" and then she rumpled her hair all up, and glared at us each in turn.

Mrs. Wood did not know about the children, so she said in an astonished tone—

"What does all this mean?"

"Mean! Love! Hopeless love! I know my fault, let love be my excuse."

"What ails you? Are you demented, girl?"

"Would you have passion listen to the voice of prudence? We loved! Stern fate would forbid our nuptials! We are one!"

"In the name of common sense what does all this mean!" said Mr. Wood, coming forward.

As he spoke, a tall, really handsome young man stepped from the entry into the room.

"It means, sir, that this lady is my wife. She has informed me that her fortune is in your hands, and fearing your opposition we were privately married to day. As your ward—"

"My ward, sir!" That girl is my nursery-maid!"

It was the young man's turn to glare, which he did; but when Mr. Wood informed him that Jennie could receive her five hundred dollars by calling at his office in the morning, he cooled down, and taking Jennie by the hand, said—

"Come, my love, we will go!"

"Farewell!" cried Jennie. "Farewell, my benefactress! Farewell, friend and counsellor of my wayward youth" (this was to me). "Farewell, ye cherubs whose rosy slumbers I have watched, whose waking joys I have shared. Farewell, scenes and haunts of my youth! A long, long farewell!" And then with another scream she fainted in her husband's arms, who carried her into the hall.

"I 'm glad she 's gone," said Willie; "she always washed my nose up."

I saw her a few moments later, smoothing her hair and arranging her dress, apparently very well satisfied with her play-actor speech.

Well, well, it was better than a month after, when one day the nursery-door opened, and Jennie came in. She was so pale, and seemed so quiet and subdued that I scarcely knew her.

"Alice," she said, humbly, "do you think Mrs. Wood would let me come back, if I try to do better?"

"Why, Jennie, girl," I said, kindly, for her eyes were full of tears, "what 's wrong?"

"It is all wrong, Alice, and all my own folly to blame for it. The day I went from here, Edgar, my husband I mean, for I ain't sure that is his real name, persuaded me to go to England with him. He said he was a gentleman there, and would make me a lady. So I gave him my money, and we went to New York to wait for a steamer. All my things were sent on board and we were to sail last Wednesday. We were on the wharf, and the people were all on board, but he kept saying there was no hurry, and talking and chatting till they pulled in the plank; then he cried—

"'Good-by, Jennie; thank you for the cash,' and jumped aboard."

"Leaving you?" I cried.

"Yes. I couldn't jump, you know. He 's gone, and taken all my money, except one five dollar bill, and that just brought me home."

"Well, Jennie, you are an object of interest."

"Oh, Alice, don't, don't say those hateful words to me. If I had only minded my work and let novel-reading alone I never would have fallen into such a scrape. I will try, indeed, I will, to do better if Mrs. Wood will take me back."

Search the city over now, and you will not find a tidier, handier little maid than Jennie, the object of interest.

NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4

Fig. 1.—The trimming on this sleeve can be of muslin or ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Invalid's cap, composed of inserting and fluted ruffles, and trimmed with rose-colored ribbons.

Fig. 3.—Dinner cap, composed of tulle, buff ribbons, and black velvet.

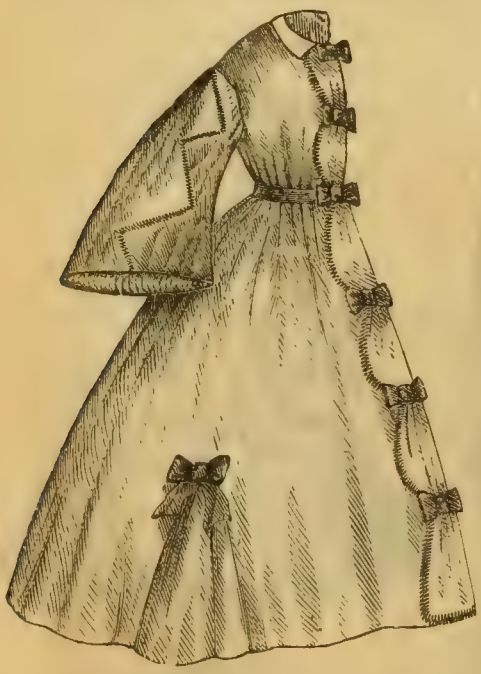
Fig. 4.—White *piqué* dress, trimmed with different widths of black braid.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

MORNING WRAPPER.

Sack form in front, and a piece of the same, or a contrasting color, down the front. This piece is eight inches wide at the bottom, and sloped off about three inches narrower at the waist. It is also cut half way across at intervals of about ten inches. The lower part is plaited in, and confined by a bow, without ends. The edge may be finished with quilling, braid, or binding, according to taste. Each side has a gore let in, which is quite an addition to a

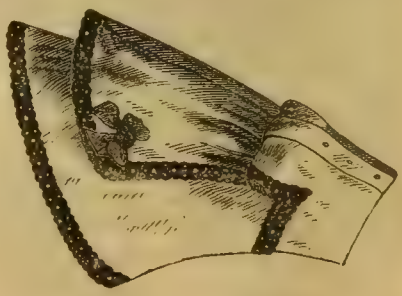


sack front. The gore at the bottom is eighteen inches wide, and sloped about four inches narrower at the top. A piece should be taken out of the skirt, about half the width of the gore, to be set in. It is finished with a bow. The back of the skirt is plaited, and the waist drawn slightly. Sleeve is plain, and half wide, with a side cap, turned over at the corners to match the trimming.

Lace Cape and Undersleeve.—Composed of white French sprigged lace, separated in puffs by box quillings of black velvet, or colored ribbon. At the end of every strap of the quilling is placed a small flat bow, without ends, except-

ing at the centre of the cape, back and front, where the bow is larger, and is finished with ends. The edge of the cape, and the wrist of the sleeve, are ornamented with handsome Brussels point lace.

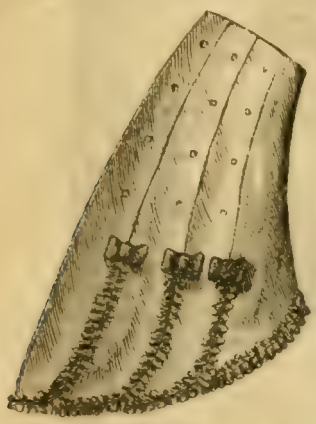
Violetta Sleeve.—The body of this sleeve is gathered on to a plain piece at the top, and the



second part is about four inches shorter than the first, and narrower; it is gathered and joined

in with the same seam as the under. The top of the sleeve is a puff, the upper edge laid in box-plaits, and fastened with buttons.

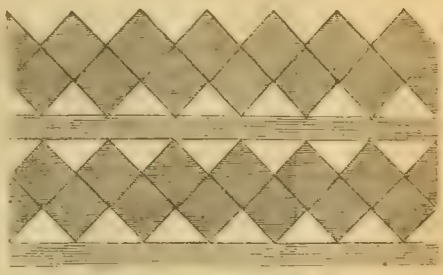
Elvira Sleeve.—A flowing sleeve, the under part plain; the upper is cut in sections, and laid over about one-third of the way, and trimmed; the balance of the seam may be simply corded with the color of the trimming.



A bow without ends finishes where the trimming terminates.

Lace trims this sleeve prettily, and in that case lace buttons will finish in place of the bows, and may be set at intervals up the seams, with good effect.

FOOTING COLLAR.



This collar is made of two rows of trimming, of narrow lace footing, made in the same manner as tape trimming. These are joined together by very narrow lace insertion. This is a very simple and pretty style of collar, and may be enlivened by a lining of some bright-colored ribbon.

We are indebted to one of our subscribers for the above.

THE EUDORA APRON.

Made of a rich moire antique, and trimmed with black velvet, sewed on to form a figure.

CIGAR CASE.

MADE of velvet, with acorns and oak leaves, and embroidered with green chenille and gold thread.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

ANOTHER PAIR OF LADIES' MITTENS,

IN gayer colors and a more open pattern. Bright dark blue and gold-colored wool. Cast on sixty stitches (or more, if desired; sixty-two, sixty-four, and so on).

1*st row*—*Gold.* Across in plain knitting, and back in open work (put the wool forward, and take two together).

2*d*—*Gold.* Across *and* back in open work.

3*d*, 4*th*, *and* 5*th*—*Blue.* Plain knitting.

6*th*—*Gold.* Across plainly, and back in open work.

7*th*—*Gold.* Across *and* back in open work.

8*th*, 9*th*, *and* 10*th*—*Blue.* Plain knitting.

11*th*—*Gold.* Across plainly, and back in open work.

12*th*—*Gold.* Across *and* back in open work.

13*th*, 14*th*, *and* 15*th*—*Blue.* Plain knitting, increasing one in the *front* of the work, in the

last stitch but one, on the *left* hand side, in the 13*th*, 14*th*, *and* 15*th* rows.

16*th*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

17*th*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work, increasing one.

18*th*, 19*th*, *and* 20*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in the 19*th* *and* 20*th*.

21*st*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

22*d*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

23*d*, 24*th*, *and* 25*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one as before, on the left, in *each* of the two last rows.

26*th*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

27*th*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

28*th*, 29*th*, *and* 30*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one, on the left, as before, in the two last rows.

31*st*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

32*d*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

33*d*.—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing *two*, as before.

34*th*—*Blue*. Knit plainly *twenty stitches* only (for the thumb), turning back at the twentieth, and leaving the remaining stitches for the hand.

35*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting.

36*th*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

37*th*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

38*th*, 39*th*, *and* 40*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting.

41*st*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

42*d*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

43*d*—*Gold*. Across in open work.

Cast off the twenty stitches loosely. Recommence at the *right* hand side.

34*th* *and* 35*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one in each row, as before.

36*th*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

37*th*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

38*th*, 39*th*, *and* 40*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in each of the three rows.

41*st*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work, increasing one, as before.

42*d*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

43*d*, 44*th*, *and* 45*th*—*Blue*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 43*d* and 44*th*.

46*th*—*Gold*. Across plainly, and back in open work.

47*th*—*Gold*. Across and back in open work.

Cast off. For the other mitten, etc., see previous directions.

BLACK VELVET BRIOCHE,

INTERSECTED BY BANDS OF EMBROIDERY.

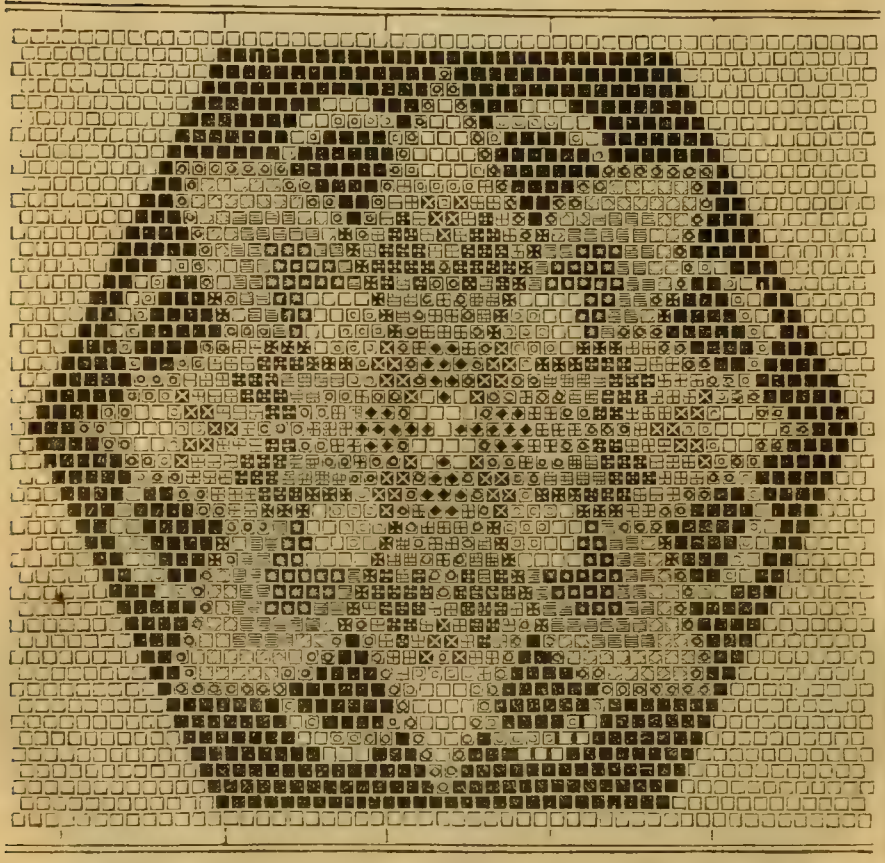
DESIGN IN VELVET RIBBON AND BRAID FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK.

(*See engraving, page* 227.)

BRAIDING is now one of the most prevailing trimmings, it being introduced in a great variety of ways for both ladies' and children's dresses. The new way of arranging braid and velvet ribbon is a great improvement to the effect, with very little additional trouble in working. In the pattern now given the broad lines which form the diamond are in the ribbon velvet, about the width shown in the illustration; the pattern on each side of the diamonds is in fine narrow braid; the centre star is also in braid. The dresses for children are at present worn elaborately trimmed with both embroidery and braiding; and many of them have a very foreign effect, from the contrast of their colors, and the accompanying clear muslin chemisette up to the neck, which is now much worn by little girls from about the age of five years and upwards. The pattern given in our illustration is remarkably striking when worked in black braid and velvet on a pink merino, with a cape to match of the same material. This design has a very pretty effect worked on white piqué, with the diamond lines in white braid, and the pattern on each side in the dotted work.

CUSHION COVER,

ON THE MATERIAL USED FOR MOSQUITO NET.



VERY pretty tidies and cushion covers are now made on mosquito net, which is a very useful manufacture as a groundwork on which to work ornamental patterns in darning and fancy stitches. The pattern given is for this purpose, and when worked will be found to

have a very lacy and good effect. The stars are worked in cottons of different degrees of coarseness, and the lines which form the stars are traced in the coarsest kind. The interiors of the points are filled in with different kinds of lace stitches, which are very easily executed on this coarse fabric, such as sewing lines of the net over, crossing in diamonds, and filling in with stars—but which have a very pretty effect introduced in this manner. The shape indicated by the black ground in the illustration is formed by running a line, in coarse cotton, across the net in the different directions. This gives a novelty to the style of work. To complete the tidy, a light lace in crochet, or a rich knotted fringe, should be carried all round. This will be found a very showy and pretty way of working on this net.

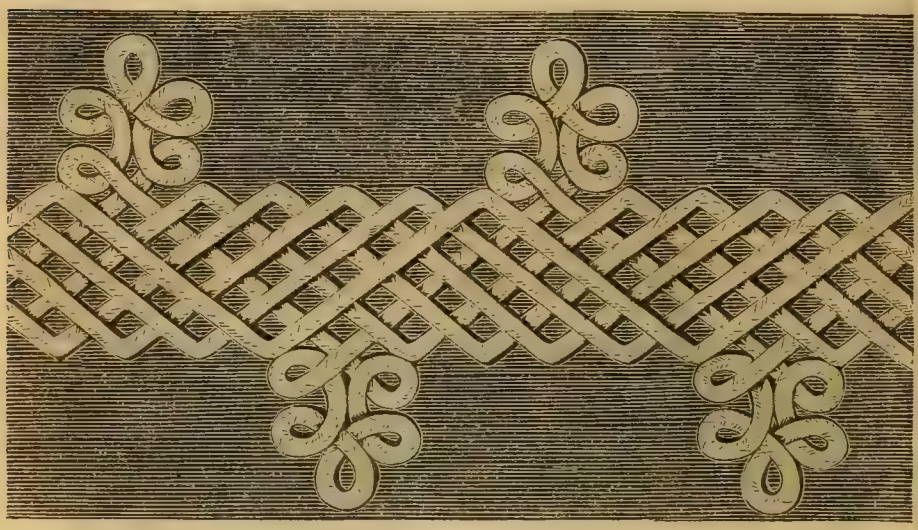
INITIALS IN A VIGNETTE.

This style of marking handkerchiefs, etc., has recently been introduced in Paris, where it has met with great favor. Leaves, flowers, shells, almost every conceivable object in Nature, has furnished subjects for these tasteful designs.

We have preferred giving the form of the butterfly, as it may serve also for another purpose—that of the upper part of a penwiper, in black velvet, worked with beads and colored silks; the body put on separately, of velvet worked with gold-colored silk: the eyes of ruby beads, and the antennæ of short bristles.

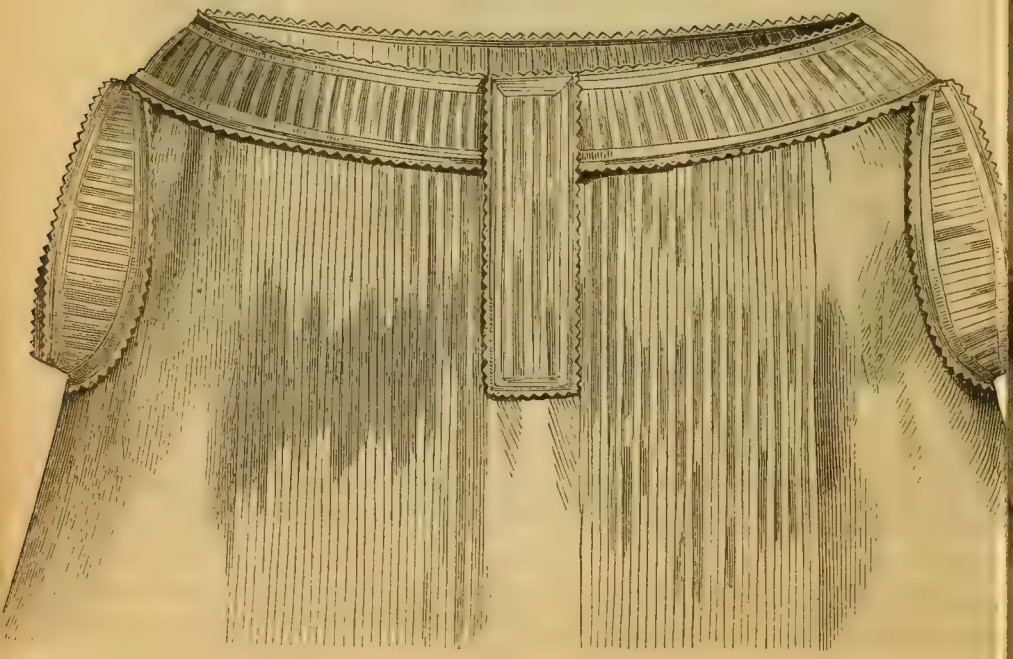
The edges should, of course, be worked in buttonhole stitch, and the pieces of cloth on which the pen should be wiped must also be cut into the form of the insect.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY.

LOW-NECKED CHEMISE, WITH BOX-PLAITED BAND AND SLEEVES.



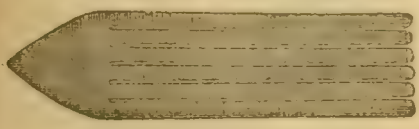
AN IMITATION FEATHER.

Fig. 1.

THIS feather would not of course answer for a dress bonnet, nor for a ball headdress, but it makes a very pretty trimming for a child's hat.

Take a piece of muslin, nansook, or cambric, a little stiff, but not starched. Cut pieces of the shape of Fig. 2, about five inches long and

Fig. 2.



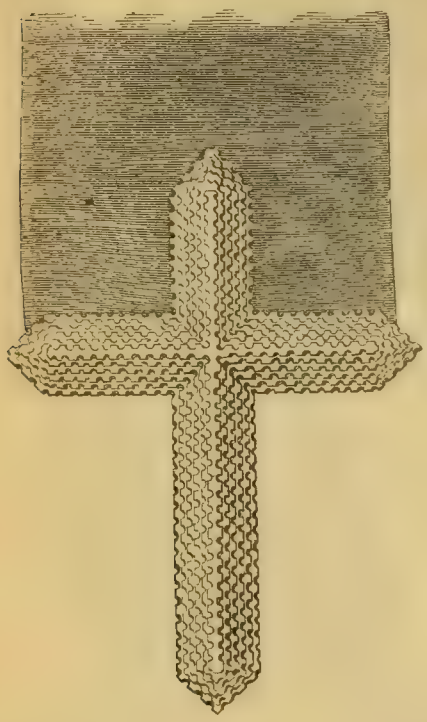
two inches wide, cut five long slits in it, and curl it as in Fig. 3, by drawing a knitting needle or scissors across it, holding the muslin tightly between the thumb and edge of the scissors. When you have forty-five or fifty of these pieces sew them on to a frame made of the muslin, with a ribbon wire sewed all round

Fig. 3.

the edges and down the middle to keep it firm. It will then have the appearance of Fig. 1.

DIRECTIONS FOR BOOK-MARKER.

TAKE fine perforated card-board, and cut the cross any size you wish, cutting through the holes so as to leave the little scalloped edge. The next layer of paper should be exactly one



hole *smaller* than the first, cut in the same way. Successive layers of paper in the same way, until the last, which should be without any hole in the middle. These layers of paper must be gummed together with very fine mucilage, using a very small brush.

POINT LACE.

1. 2. 3.

1. BRUSSELS edging consists of a series of buttonhole stitches taken in regular distances of about the twelfth of an inch, leaving the thread loose, so that a small loop is formed on every stitch.

2. Venetian edging is the same as No. 1, with the exception that in every loop four tight stitches must be made. This must be worked the same as No. 1, from left to right.

3. Little Venetian edging is the same as No. 1, with the exception that one tight stitch is worked in every loop.

4. 5. 6.

4. Sorrento edging is worked the same as No. 3, but alternately, one long stitch about the eighth of an inch, and one short stitch about the sixteenth of an inch.

5. Venetian bars are bars of two or more threads, covered with a succession of close buttonhole stitches; these bars are very frequently made to branch in various ways. The way to do this is to make your straight line first, by working buttonhole stitches to where it branches, then carrying your thread across to the required place a sufficient number of times, and then work as before.

6. Edged Venetian bars is the same bar with any of the other edgings worked upon it.

BABY'S BOOT.

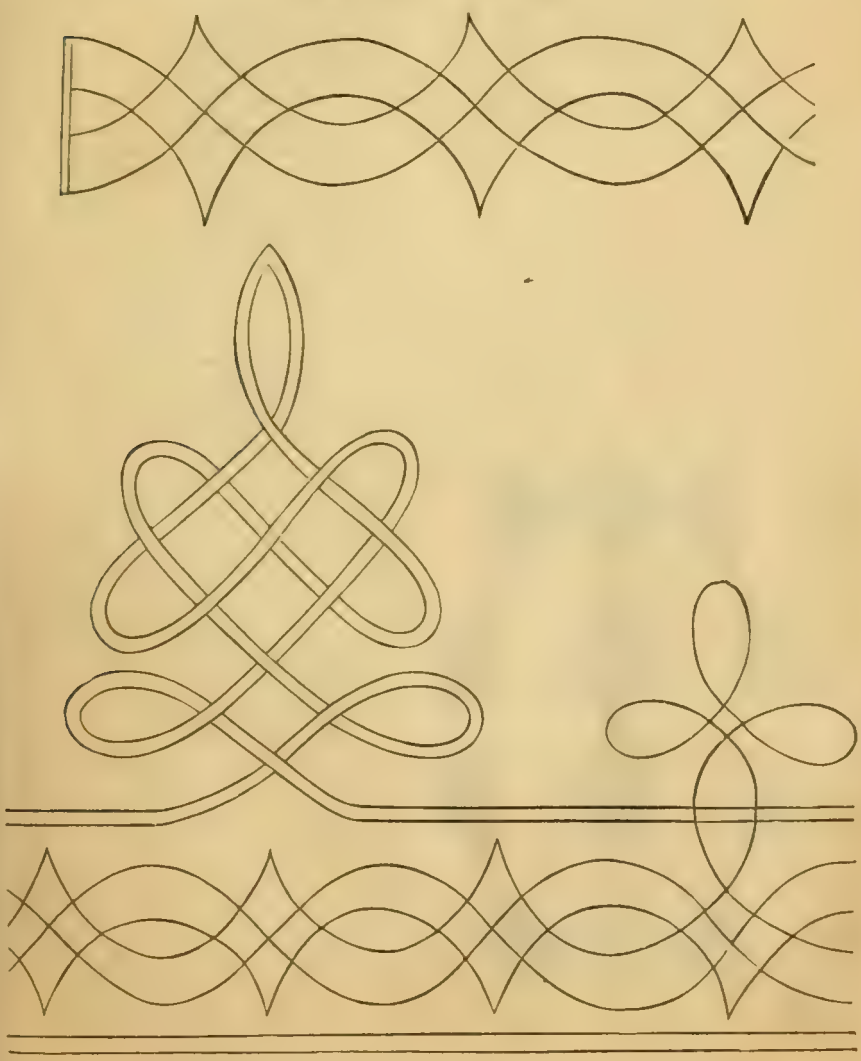
IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.

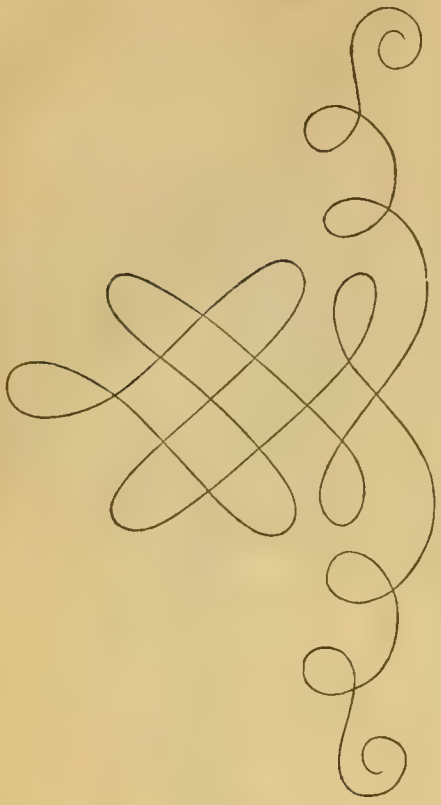
HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

(*See engraving, page* 228.)

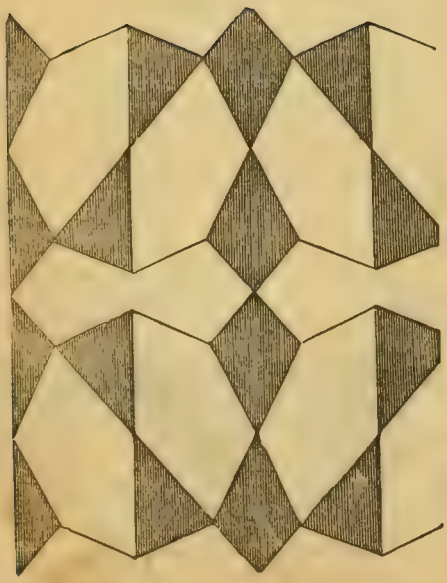
These little articles being once again a requisite for the carriage, if not for the promenade, we supply a design for one which has a very pretty effect when completed. It may be worked either on canvas or velvet, the latter, of course, much lessening the labor of its production. The outer border is formed of violet-colored silk braid, fastened down with a row of gold beads at each edge, and having a line of herringbone in maize-color netting silk down its centre. The two flowers which appear at the top and bottom of the oval are in clear white, having gold centres; the spray work is in strings of clear white beads, each part being tipped with three beads one size larger, in chalk white. If worked upon canvas, and the ground filled in with Berlin wool, this part should be done before the spray work is introduced, as this looks much the best when done in short strings of beads rather than with a bead at a time worked upon the threads of the canvas. If intended for a present, the initials of the recipient should be introduced into the centre of the wreath. The tassels may be either of beads or silk.

BRAIDING PATTERNS.





BRAIDING PATTERNS.



PATCHWORK.

Receipts, &c.

TIME-TABLE FOR ROASTING.

M. Soyer gives the following time-table for roasting:—

Ten pounds of *beef* will take from two hours to two hours and a half roasting, eighteen inches from a good fire. Six pounds one hour and a quarter to an hour and a half, fourteen inches from the fire. Three ribs of beef, boned and rolled, well tied round with paper, will take two hours and a half, eighteen inches from the fire, and only baste once. If beef is very fat, it does not require basting; if very lean, tie it up in greasy paper, and baste well.

Eight pounds of *veal* will take from one hour and a half to two hours, eighteen inches from the fire; if stuffed, at least two hours.

Chump, or loin and kidneys, of four pounds, will take one hour and a quarter; baste well. Six pounds of breast one hour, twelve inches from the fire. Six pounds of the shoulder and neck the same.

Calf's heart, well stuffed and tied up in paper, three-quarters of an hour.

A leg of *mutton*, of eight pounds, will take one hour and a half, eighteen inches from the fire. Saddle, ten pounds, one hour and a quarter to one hour and a half, eighteen inches, measuring from the flat surface. Shoulder one hour and a half; loin one hour and a half; breast three-quarters of an hour; neck one hour.

Lamb, according to size, but in the same proportion less than mutton, but ought always to be well done, and placed nearer the fire; if a good fire, about fifteen inches from it.

Pork should be well done; a leg of six pounds, with skin over, two hours, eighteen inches from the fire; loin of the same one hour; neck, the same weight, one hour and three-quarters. Pork, rubbed with salt the night previous, and then scraped before roasting, improves the flavor.

In roasting of beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and poultry, place a dripping-pan under the meat, with a little clean dripping or fat, which should be very hot when the meat is basted. A quarter of an hour before serving add half a pint of water to the fat in the dripping-pan; dredge the meat with flour and salt. When the meat is dished up, pour the contents of the pan into a basin, straining it through a gauze sieve kept on purpose; remove all the fat, add a little coloring and salt to the gravy, and pour it into the dish under the meat.

Veal and poultry should have half the quantity of water put into the pan, and that, when strained, added to half a pint of thick melted butter, adding two teaspoonfuls of any sauce for flavor.

M. Soyer's method of roasting *poultry* is as follows: Hang it up with worsted, about ten inches from the fire; let it hang for ten minutes to set the skin, then press into a wooden spoon a piece of butter or hard dripping; when the skin is very hot, rub it over with the fat in the spoon until all is melted, then draw it back to about twelve inches. A good-sized fowl will take three-quarters of an hour; chicken twenty minutes; middle-sized goose one hour; turkey of fourteen pounds two hours and a half; hare, large, one hour and a half; if very young, three-quarters of an hour. Never baste them, but dredge all, after having well rubbed them over with butter, as for fowls.

Small game should be placed nearer the fire.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

A Tasty Dish for Breakfast or Luncheon.—This is a very economical dish, and, if cooked well, makes a pleasant change. For three people take six sheep's tongues, let them lie in cold water for two hours until all the blood has left them, then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin which covers them. Stew them in a saucepan gently in lukewarm water for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper, and salt. Cut them in two lengthwise, remove the roots, and serve them with a sauce *piquante*.

A Sauce Piquante.—Put into a saucepan a wineglass of vinegar, some thyme, a laurel leaf, garlic, shallots, and some pepper. Put it on the fire until it is reduced to half the quantity. Add to it some bouillon gravy or soup, whatever you may have at hand. Pass it through a sieve, rub some butter into a little flour and add it to the sauce, with herbs chopped finely. This makes a good sauce *piquante* for cutlets or warmed slices of meat, as well as for the sheep's tongues.

White Soup.—Take a scrag of mutton, a knuckle of veal, and a shank bone of ham, a bunch of sweet herbs, some celery, a piece of fresh lemon-peel, three or four onions, three blades of mace, a dessert-spoonful of white pepper; boil all together in four quarts of water until the meat falls quite to pieces. Next day skim off all the fat, and clear the jelly from all sediment, and put it into a saucepan. Have ready the thickening, made as follows: Blanch one quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and beat them to a paste in a marble mortar, with a spoonful of water to prevent them from oiling. Mince a large slice of cooked veal or chicken, beat it up well with a few crumbs of stale bread, add to these a pint of thick cream, a small piece of fresh lemon-peel, a blade of mace in the finest powder. Boil it a few minutes, then add a pint of the soup, strain and pulp it through a coarse sieve. This thickening is then ready to be put to the rest of the soup, which boil for half an hour altogether. Vermicelli must be added, only giving it time enough to grow soft before it is put into the tureen. Serve hot.

A Way of Dressing Eggs.—Boil six eggs hard, remove the shells, but leave the eggs whole; cover them with a rich forcemeat made with ham, pounded anchovy, pounded veal and bacon fat, well pounded together and highly seasoned; brush them with the yolk of an egg, and dredge them with bread-crumbs or vermicelli; fry them a pale gold-color, or put them for a quarter of an hour in an oven, and serve them up with gravy in the dish.

An Egyptian Pillau.—Put a good-sized fowl into a pan with some chopped ham, half a pound of sausage meat, some chopped onion, one quarter of a pound of butter, sweet herbs tied in a bunch, a few dried mushrooms, chopped fine, pepper and salt. Stew the fowl gently until quite tender, adding a little water now and then to prevent it from becoming dry. Pick all the meat from the bones, and cut it into very small pieces, removing the skin. Boil dryly one pound of rice, mix it well with the fowl and gravy, and season it to taste. This must all be finished half an hour before dinner is ready, so that it may be put at the side of the fire and served almost dry; but care should be taken to place it at the side, not *on* the fire, after it is cooked. This dish, prepared with turkey instead of fowl, is excellent.

Spiced Beef.—One ounce of saltpetre, pounded very fine, to be rubbed well on the piece of beef; three hours afterwards rub on half a pound of brown sugar; let the meat lie in this pickle for two days; then take one ounce of ground clove pepper, half an ounce of mace, a few cloves, all well pounded; a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper mixed with the spice. Rub all into the beef, particularly into the holes; now and then, a little salt separately. Bake it in an oven, covering it with suet.

Giblet Soup.—The giblets must be well cleaned and singed; put them into some strong veal or gravy broth, with shallots chopped very fine. Great care must be taken to keep the stock well skimmed; when properly stewed, put in a wineglass of Madeira, salt, pepper, cloves, and mace, sifted fine, and a little lemon pickle. When the rawness of the wine and lemon is gone so that no flavor predominates, pour it into a tureen and serve hot to table.

To Make Walnut Catsup.—Take the walnuts when proper to pickle; beat them in a mortar and squeeze them through a thin cloth; to every pint of liquor add one pound of anchovies, two ounces of mace, two ounces of cloves, and the same of Jamaica pepper. Boil all together until the anchovies are dissolved, then strain it through a sieve. To every pint of it put half a pint of vinegar, with a great many shallots and garlic; strain it again, a little at a time, through the anchovies, to make it clear. Let it stand until cold, and then bottle it for use.

A Swiss Soup.—Boil three pounds of potatoes, mash them well, and add slowly some good broth, sufficient for the tureen. Let these boil together, then add some spinach, sorrel, a little parsley, lemon, thyme, mint, and sage, all chopped very fine. Boil altogether five minutes; pepper and salt to taste. Just before taking it off the fire to serve add two well beaten eggs.

To Pickle Mushrooms White.—Cut off the stalks of some small buttons, rub off the skins with a piece of flannel dipped in salt, and throw them into milk and water. Let them remain some little time, then drain them out and put them into a stewpan with a good handful of salt over them; cover close, and put them over a gentle stove for five minutes to draw out all the water. Empty them on to a coarse cloth to drain well, and leave them until they are quite cold. Make a pickle of white wine vinegar, a little mace and ginger. Boil all together for a few minutes, and when cold pour over the mushrooms.

Stewed Beef.—Ten pounds of fresh beef cut from the short ribs or brisket; bone it, flour it well, and put it in a fish-kettle; cover it with scalding water, add turnips, carrots, both uncut, a bunch of sweet herbs, tied up in a muslin, and a large onion stuck with ten cloves, a half a teaspoonful each of pepper and salt; stew very slowly five hours, skimming it about twice; half an hour before taking up throw in a dozen or more small button onions, or a large onion cut into eight, six turnips, first cut into slices, then into dice; when ready, take up the meat, skin off the upper skin, keep the meat warm, thicken the soup or liquor in which the meat was boiled with three tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed smoothly in a little cold water; add a little browning or burnt sugar, and stir the thickening into the soup; let it simmer, then pour it hot, vegetables and all, over the meat, or the soup may be served separately. Should any of the meat be left, place it in a dish, put a board on it, then a weight upon it again, and let it remain till cold, when it will be most delicious and tender eating.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes Boiled.—Wash them, but do not pare or cut them, unless they are very large. Fill a sauce-pan half full of potatoes of equal size, or the small ones will be done to pieces before the large ones are boiled enough, (or make them so by dividing the larger ones), put to them as much cold water as will cover them about an inch: they are sooner boiled, and more savory, than when drowned in water. Most boiled things are spoiled by having too little water, but potatoes are often spoiled by too much: they must merely be covered, and a little allowed for waste in boiling, so that they may be just covered at the finish.

Set them on a moderate fire till they boil; then take them off, and put them by the side of the fire to simmer slowly till they are soft enough to admit a fork (place no dependence on the usual test of their skins' cracking, which, if they are boiled fast, will happen to some potatoes when they are not half done, and the insides quite hard). Then pour the water off (if you let the potatoes remain in the water a moment after they are done enough, they will become waxy and watery), uncover the sauce-pan, and set it at such a distance from the fire as will secure it from burning; their superfluous moisture will evaporate, and the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy.

You may afterward place a napkin, folded up to the size of the sauce-pan's diameter, over the potatoes, to keep them hot and mealy till wanted.

Obs.—This method of managing potatoes is in every respect equal to steaming them; and they are dressed in half the time.

There is such an infinite variety of sorts and sizes of potatoes, that it is impossible to say how long they will take doing: the best way is to try them with a fork. Moderate-sized potatoes will generally be done enough in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Cold Potatoes Fried.—Put a bit of clean dripping into a frying-pan: when it is melted, slice in your potatoes with a little pepper and salt; put them on the fire; keep stirring them: when they are quite hot, they are ready.

Potatoes Mashed.—When your potatoes are thoroughly boiled, drain them quite dry, pick out every speck, etc., and while hot, rub them through a colander into a clean stew-pan. To a pound of potatoes put about half an ounce of butter, and a tablespoonful of milk: do not make them too moist; mix them well together.

Potatoes Mashed with Onions.—Prepare some boiled onions by putting them through a sieve, and mix them with potatoes. In proportioning the onions to the potatoes, you will be guided by your wish to have more or less of their flavor.

Cauliflower.—Choose those that are close and white, and of the middle size; trim off the outside leaves; cut the stalk off flat at the bottom; let them lie in salt and water an hour before you boil them.

Put them into boiling water with a handful of salt in it; skim it well, and let it boil slowly till done, which a small one will be in fifteen, a large one in about twenty minutes; take it up the moment it is enough, a minute or two longer boiling will spoil it.

Cabbage.—Pick cabbages very clean, and wash them thoroughly; then look them over carefully again; quarter them if they are very large. Put them into a sauce-pan with plenty of boiling water; if any scum rises, take it off; put a large spoonful of salt into the sauce-

pan, and boil them till the stalks feel tender. A young cabbage will take about twenty minutes or half an hour; when full grown, near an hour: see that they are well covered with water all the time, and that no smoke or dirt arises from stirring the fire. With careful management, they will look as beautiful when dressed as they did when growing.

CARROTS.—Let them be well washed and brushed, not scraped. An hour is enough for young spring carrots; grown carrots must be cut in half, and will take from an hour and a half to two hours and a half. When done, rub off the peels with a clean coarse cloth, and slice them in two or four, according to their size. The best way to try if they are done enough, is to pierce them with a fork.

TURNIPS.—Peel off half an inch of the stringy outside. Full-grown turnips will take about an hour and a half gentle boiling; if you slice them, which most people do, they will be done sooner; try them with a fork; when tender, take them up, and lay them on a sieve till the water is thoroughly drained from them. Send them up whole; do not slice them.

PARSNIPS are to be cooked just in the same manner as carrots. They require more or less time according to their size; therefore match them in size: and you must try them by thrusting a fork into them as they are in the water; when that goes easily through, they are done enough. Boil them from an hour to two hours, according to their size and freshness.

Obs.—Parsnips are sometimes sent up mashed in the same way as turnips, and some cooks quarter them before they boil them.

After parsnips are boiled, they should be put into the frying-pan and browned a little. Some people do not admire this vegetable, on account of its sickish sweetness. It is, however, a wholesome, cheap, and nourishing vegetable, best calculated for the table in winter and spring. Its sweetness may be modified by mashing with a few potatoes.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

CREAM PUDDING.—One pint of cream, the yolk of six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, a small bit of soda, and a saltspoonful of salt. Rub the cream, which should be thick, with the eggs and flour; add the sugar, salt and soda, and, just before baking, add the milk, and pour the whole in a dish or pudding-pan. Serve with sauce of wine, sugar and butter, flavored with rose and nutmeg, or any other flavoring prepared.

LEMON CAKE (VERY FINE).—Three cupfuls of powdered white sugar, one cupful of fresh butter, one cupful of milk, five eggs and four cupfuls of flour. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs separately, the whites to a stiff froth, and then dissolve a little soda in the milk, mix all together; then sift the flour, and put in by degrees, and add the juice and grated peel of a fresh lemon. This cake is delicious.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—Rub a quarter pound of butter into two pounds of flour, quarter pound of brown sugar, mix all well together; a pint of new milk made warm, 3 eggs well-beaten, one tablespoonful of yeast, one tablespoonful of soda, one pound of currants, one ounce of candied lemon, one ounce of citron, a little lemon-peel and salt: make all up into a light paste, set it by the fire to rise an hour, and make it into buns: 20 minutes will bake them.

LEMON PUDDING.—Take two or three biscuits, put half a tea-cup of boiled cream over them, quarter pound butter, quarter pound loaf sugar dissolved in half a tea-cup of water, the yolk of four eggs, and the whites of two eggs, well-beaten, grate the rind of two small lemons, and add the juice of one lemon, then put a puff paste round the dish and bake.

A PLAIN PUDDING.—Two ounces of whole rice not ground, first boiled in water and then milk till tender. Well grease a pie-dish, and have ready beat up six eggs, some sugar and milk (the milk should be *boiled* and allowed to get cold). When the rice is done pour it into the dish, stir the eggs, etc., into it, beat it all up. A *small* piece of butter to keep it moist. Add milk to fill the dish, sweeten to taste, and grate nutmeg over it; bake three-quarters of an hour. This is a good wholesome pudding, inexpensive, delicate, and very nice.

A WHITE CITRON CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, one pound of flour, one pound of sifted loaf sugar, eight eggs beaten separately, half pound of almonds cut into small pieces, quarter pound of candied citron, half pound of candied lemon, both cut into thick long pieces, almond or orange flavoring according to taste; after the butter is beaten to a cream, add the eggs, then the flour; beat all well for an hour, after which put in the other ingredients. Paper the tins or dishes in which the cakes are to be baked, and take care that they are baked well and lightly.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Two pounds of apples pared and cored, slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one, finely grated. Boil all together until it becomes thick, which it will do in about two hours, turn it into a mould, serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

SODA CAKE.—Take half a quartern of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of currants, half a pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of spice, one ditto of ginger, one and a half ditto of carbonate of soda, and two eggs. Mix with lukewarm milk.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Two ounces of butter, quarter pound pounded white sugar, quarter pound boiled apples, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon: mix the whole well together, and bake it in a puff paste one hour.

SODA MUFFINS.—The following receipt affords a dish of light, spongy, most quickly-made muffins: To two pounds of flour add one teaspoonful of soda, ditto cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix thoroughly, with salt to taste, and make into a stiff batter with some milk; beat well for a few minutes. Have ready a hot earthen pan, well buttered, also rings for the purpose. Pour in the batter, nearly half an inch thick; bake a nice brown on each side; either butter them and serve hot, or allow them to cool and toast before the fire.

COOKERY FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

ANIMAL BROTHS, JELLIES, AND COOLING DRINKS.

BEEF TEA should not be made like common gravy or broth, but by a process which will prevent the fat mingling with it. Cut half a pound of nice gravy-meat into thin slices, and lay them in a hollow dish, pouring over them a pint and a half of boiling water; cover the dish, and place it near the fire for half an hour; remove the tea into a saucepan, and boil it ten minutes over a quick fire; remove the scum which has risen in boiling; let it stand covered ten minutes longer; strain off, and

season with salt only. Beef tea thus made is a light and useful nourishment to those whose stomachs are weak and irritable.

VEAL TEA is made in the same way, and in the same proportions of meat and water as beef tea.

CHICKEN TEA.—Cut into small pieces a chicken, skin it very carefully, and remove any fat which may be visible. Boil it twenty minutes in a quart of water; pour the broth away from the meat before it gets cold. This tea is generally given in cases of debility after fevers, and at the commencement, in an invalid, of a state of convalescence.

EXTRACT OF MEAT.—When the pure juice of meat is to be given to invalids, it may be obtained by putting a little lean beef or mutton, cut small, into a glass bottle, corking it up, and tying a bladder over the cork; the bottle must then be put into hot water, and boiled gently for an hour. On opening it, a small quantity of real gravy may be poured away from the meat.

EGG MULLED, IN TEA OR COFFEE.—Beat the yolk of an egg very well, in a tea or coffee cup; stir into it a little milk or cream; then pour on it, stirring it all the time, hot coffee or tea, sufficient to fill the cup. If the hot liquid is poured in too hastily, or without stirring it at the time, the egg will curdle, instead of uniting with the tea. Invalids are recommended to try this mixture for breakfast, as being light and nourishing, without being heating.

EGG DRAUGHT, *for a Convalescent.*—Beat the yolk of a fresh-laid egg, and mix with it a quarter of a pint of new milk, previously warmed over the fire; add to this a spoonful of capillaire, one of rose-water, and a little nutmeg.

SAVORY MEAT JELLIES, *for Convalescents.*—Take the bones and gristle of a knuckle of veal, with about a pound of the meat, the scrag-end of a neck of mutton, half an ounce of isinglass, two blades of mace, a little salt, and a gallon of water. Boil it gently (scumming it very carefully) for five hours, or longer if not reduced to about a quart. Do not put the isinglass and mace in till the scumming is done. Strain the jelly away from the ingredients, and when cold remove the fat from the surface. A stiff jelly is thus procured, which is agreeable if eaten cold; if warm, milk or wine may be mixed with it.

WINE JELLY.—One quart of sherry, in which dissolve two ounces of isinglass (picked and broken into small pieces), two ounces of white sugar-candy (pounded), one nutmeg grated, one pennyworth of gum Arabic finely pounded. Put these ingredients together in an earthen jar, and the jar into a vessel of water; must be suffered to warm gradually. When the isinglass and gum Arabic are dissolved, strain the whole into a basin or deep dish, keep it dry and cool, and let the invalid have a piece about the size of a nutmeg a few times a day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO SALT HAMS.—For three hams pound and mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of saltpetre, and four pounds of coarse salt; rub the hams well with this, and lay what is to spare over them; let them lie three days, then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, put water enough to cover the hams with more common salt, till it will bear an egg; then boil and skim it well, put it in the salting-tub, and the next morning put in the hams; keep them down the same as pickled pork; in a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine, and hang them up to dry.

TO MAKE COMPOUND GLUE.—Take very fine flour, mix it with white of eggs, isinglass, and a little yeast; mingle the materials; beat them well together; spread them, the batter being made thin with gum-water, on even tin plates, and dry them in a stove, then cut them out for use. To color them, tinge the paste with Brazil or vermilion for red; indigo or verditer, etc., for blue; saffron, turmeric, or gamboge, etc., for yellow."

TO MAKE FLOUR PASTE.—Paste is formed principally of wheaten flour boiled in water till it be of a glutinous or viscid consistence. It may be prepared with those ingredients simply for common purposes; but when it is used by bookbinders, or for paper hangings to rooms, it is usual to mix a fourth, fifth, or sixth of the weight of the flour of powered resin; and where it is wanted still more tenacious, gum arabic, or any kind of size may be added.

TO EXTRACT OIL FROM BOARDS OR STONE.—Make a strong lye of pearlashes and soft water, and add as much unslacked lime as it will take up; stir it together, and then let it settle a few minutes; bottle it, and stop close. Have ready some water to lower it when used, and scour the part with it. Work with care and expedition, as if the mixture remains too long on the boards it will leave a stain.

TO CLEAN STONE STAIRS AND HALLS.—Boil a pound of pipe-clay in three pints of water and a quarter of a pint of vinegar; put in a bit of stone blue. Wash with this mixture, and when quite dry, rub with a dry flannel and a brush of moderate stiffness. Sweep off the fine dust thus raised with a clean hand-brush.

TO TAKE INK STAINS OUT OF MAHOGANY.—Put half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol into a large spoonful of water, and touch the part with a feather. Rub it quickly, and repeat if not quite removed; if it remains on too long it will leave a white mark.

TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

TO PREVENT SHOES FROM CREAKING.—I was recently applied to by a lady for a remedy, and recommended the application of a little olive oil, rubbed into the sole, especially about the waist and ball. It was done, and found perfectly successful. N. B. In boots intended for out-of-door wear, it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

TO SALT BUTTER.—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay being injurious. Having dried the salt in an oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter in several waters till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter: knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot. As this space admits the air, the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must therefore be further pressed till perfectly compact.

Editors' Table.

THE SEASON AND WHAT IT TEACHES.

Now the beauty and brightness of Summer are over or this year, and from the shadows of their darkening nd decay the loveliness of the Autumn will gain its rightest tintings, its wonderful variety of charms, as vell as the perfect ripening of its richest gifts for the se of living creatures on the earth.

So it should be in the changes of human life. The ading of youthful beauty, and the decay or darkening of the brightness with which hope and imagination filled the summer brightness of existence, should not nake us sad or even doubtful of the goodness and loving kindness of "Our Father in Heaven." We may have opportunities before us of gaining better and even more lovely gifts and graces than ever the spring or summer ime of life has afforded us.

Is it not a pleasant reflection that, as every season of Nature has its charms, so every change in human life brings its opportunities, its hopes, and its means of happiness? We have but to improve these opportunities cheerfully and faithfully and we shall profit by every change. The true genius of life, which sees and uses opportunities aright, is a precious gift, far exceeding that of the greatest poet, if, with his insight into the nature of humanity, he did not know how to govern his own spirit. And hence the poetry which teaches this art of right life is the highest effort of poetry. None can effectually teach this art except the true Christian, because the fear and the love of God, as the Bible enjoins, are the only sources from which *a right life from right motives can be wrought out and perfected.* Therefore it becomes a matter of deep interest to all, who wish to promote this true idea of life and its opportunities, to keep the memory of those writers, especially great poets, who have been exemplars as well as teachers of this Christian doctrine, fresh in the minds and warm in the hearts of the young and of those who influence the young. As woman has the home influence in her keeping, she should be well-informed in these sentiments; she should gratefully acknowledge that among the glorious names which have blessed the world with their light and purity we may thankfully place our Anglo-Saxon kinswoman, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, among the highest of the poets.

In our July number, we gave a sketch of one of her poems—"Aurora Leigh"—and promised some additional selections. On reflection we have thought it better to refer to her other and earlier poems, as we hope our readers have, before this time, made themselves familiar with the fortunes of "Aurora"—and, also, that each reader will make selections from that remarkable *History of Ideas*, as it affords, on almost every page, axioms and truths well worth treasuring and studying. The learned and popular author of the "Essays in Biography and Criticism"* considers "The Drama of Exile" as the greatest of Mrs. Browning's productions.

He says: "This may fearlessly be pronounced one of the greatest poems in the English language: of a pathos genuine and unfathomable, of sublimity exalted, and in which a resistless imagination casts its lit eye, with a glance swifter than that of logic, far aloft into the regions of intellectual and religious truth."

Mr. Bayne has a long and elaborate article on this poem, with many selections, which will greatly aid any young reader (and the older also) to understand and sympathize with "the notes of its mighty music." We have only room now for a portion of what the critic calls "those inimitable passages in which Mrs. Browning is peculiarly herself; in which she vindicates for her sex the distinction that a woman and not a man has written of it *most* nobly. In fitness of conception, in terseness of diction, in loftiness of thought, the following lines have all that the genius of a man could impart; while the thrill of deeper tenderness pervading them tells, in unmistakable accents, of a heart which can throb with wifely emotion, and a breast on which a babe, sleeping in the light of its mother's smile, may rest. In all great poems there are lesser poems, complete in themselves; and this passage may be regarded as a poem, on the duties and joys of woman, by Mrs. Browning. It occurs in the form of a blessing, pronounced by Adam, at the command of Christ, on Eve.

Adam. Henceforward, rise, aspire,
To all the calms and magnanimities,
The loftiest uses and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion and full work
To which thou art elected evermore,
First woman, wife, and mother!
Eve. And first in sin.
Adam. And also the sole bearer of the Seed
Whereby sin dieth! Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with lever eyelids the To Come,
And all the dark o' the world. Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,
And by sin, death—the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensative rest
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for some new human life;
Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou rendersest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.

* Essays in Biography and Criticism. By Peter Bayne, M. A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. Bayne, in summing up the wonderful power of the poetess, truly says: "Two things appear to be peculiarly characteristic of this poem: beautiful apart, they are still more beautiful in combination. The first is its earnest and essential Christianity; the second its intense and pathetic womanliness. Mrs. Browning is in the highest sense, and always, a Christian poetess. She has drunk more deeply into the spirituality of the Gospel, and, it may even be, looked with greater earnestness and amazement upon certain of its sublime facts than Milton. * * * The Christianity of Mrs. Browning's poems is far too constant and deep-lying—it enters too pervasively into the warf and woof of her thought and feeling, to be by any possibility an affectation or a fashion. It is manifestly the life of her life, the breath of immortality at the centre of her being. Her genuine womanliness is no less conspicuous."

We have only intimated, as it were, the richness of imagery, the beauty of diction, the fervidness of love, and the faith in God which pervade this wonderful poem, where the highest hopes of humanity are made not only luminous but lit up with such fire of faith from the soul of Genius and Christian feeling combined, that no woman's heart can dwell on it unmoved. We would counsel our young American writers, who are earnest in their zeal to be distinguished worthily, to study the poems of Mrs. Browning. She displays great variety of characters and events; among these we will give one portraiture—the day dreams of a girl, it might be called—which we think exquisite in its touches and tintings, and truth.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the bushes of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone—
And the smile, she softly useth,
Fills the sentence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done—
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth,
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth—"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath—
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind!
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face,
He will say—'O love, thine eyes
Builds the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay then, he shall kneel low—
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer—'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless maiden brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon—
And the second time a glove!
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee!
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master—
But, O Love, I love but thee!'

"He will kiss me on my mouth
Then; and lead me as a lover!
Through the crowds that praise his deeds!
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow!
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could show him never—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

TYPES OF BEAUTY.

THE author of "The Roman Question" has written other works which would be quite celebrated if that book had not, in our country as well as in England, made *M. About* so widely known that one rarely thinks of any other work of his when that is mentioned. His genius, brilliancy, and wit have not, however, all been absorbed in one book, as "The King of the Mountains"* will prove to its readers. One extract will show the originality and quaint humor of M. About. He puts this racy sketch of the types of beauty into the speech of one of his characters, a young German naturalist:—

"Beauty is not to be measured by an immutable type, though Plato has so affirmed. It varies according to

* Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

the times, the people, and the culture. The Venus of Milo was, two thousand years ago, the most beautiful woman of the Archipelago; I do not believe that she would be, in 1856, the prettiest woman in Paris. One could admire a woman geometrically beautiful in the time when woman was an object of art, destined to please the eyes without addressing the mind, a bird of paradise, of which we contemplate the plumage without desiring it ever to sing. A beautiful Athenian woman was as well proportioned, as white, and as cold as the columns of a temple. M. Merinay has proved to me, in a book, that the Ionic column was only a woman disguised. The portico of the Temple of Erechtheus, at the Acropolis of Athens, rests still on four Athenian women of the age of Pericles. Such are the ancients. The women of to-day are little winged beings, light, restless, and especially thoughtful, created, not to carry temples on their heads, but to awaken genius, to lighten labor, to animate courage, and to illumine the world with the flashes of their wit. What we love in them and what makes their beauty is not the measured regularity of their features; it is the lively and changeful expression of sentiments more delicate than ours; it is the radiation of the soul around that fragile frame, which is not sufficient to contain it; it is the petulant play of a sprightly countenance. I am not a sculptor, but if I knew how to manage the chisel, and should be employed to make an allegorical statue of our epoch, it should have a dimple on the left cheek and a turned-up nose."

TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

One of the best modes of charity which benevolence has ever found out is the establishment of Homes for friendless children. When we think how many are now rescued from perdition by the asylums in this city alone, how many are trained in the ways of religion and truth, of industry and order, we cannot but *feel* convinced of the benefit of these *Homes*, and what an incalculable amount of good is done to the whole country through such well-managed plans of benevolence. But if we wish fully to comprehend the heights and depths of this Christian charity, we must *see* the children in these pleasant places, these safe asylums; one visit is worth more to *prove* their usefulness than a volume of description.

The Union School and Children's Home is an excellent model of these institutions in Philadelphia; it has about two hundred children, on an average, under its care, and all the comforts for the body are provided, with mental, moral, and religious culture: and then it secures homes for them in the country, where they will be well clothed and fed, and trained to household duties and agricultural employment. The accommodations are very comfortable. On the first floor is a large playroom, a storeroom, pantry, and all the conveniences connected with a dining-room large enough to seat one hundred and seventy children. On the second floor there is a large bathroom, containing four tubs and twelve facets, that each child may wash from running water; a light, airy room for the little children under five years of age; one sleeping-room, and a sewing-room, where the machine, under skilful hands, throws off its hundreds of garments. On the third floor are three large rooms for the infirmary, with a bathroom for the sick. The fourth story is admirably arranged as a laundry, with stationary tubs, a large boiler, and a commodious drying-room, ...

It is pleasant to see the order, neatness, comfort, and good education there enjoyed by such a large troop of little ones, who, without this kindly charity, would be in rags and squalid misery. These children are well instructed in the common branches of the English, and particularly in the history of the United States. Some of the little boys show quite a talent for drawing, and maps of battle places are copied with exactness and neatness that are really wonderful. Boys as well as girls are instructed in knitting and plain sewing, so that all can take care of their own clothing. The girls are put to all sorts of household work of which they are capable, and thus made fit for good servants, industrious wives, and careful mothers. Habits of economy, and knowledge of the way of making a humble home comfortable, are inestimable to the poor. One may be happy in a low estate, if the heart is right and the habits are good; but dirt, disorder, and idleness are sure signs of evil, and always produce want and wickedness. It is very difficult—indeed all but impossible—to act upon the adult mind so as to improve the grown masses of the ignorant and vicious. What is the remedy for existing evils? We answer, "PREVENTION." *Save the children!* place them under such kind, capable, Christian influences as the "Union School and Children's Home," of Philadelphia, offers, and not only this, but half a dozen other Homes of a like character in our city, and the "Rescued will rejoice in days to come."

The Effects of Eating Confectionery.—A habit of munching *bonbons*, often allowed to children, is not only foolish, but very injurious. It is foolish because a waste of time and money without any advantage; and injurious because it hurts the health of both body and mind in such a way as often to lead to fatal results and sinful indulgences. We lately read a few remarks from a valued correspondent that we are tempted to show our friends; young ladies may be encouraged, if they have indulged in this appetite which the writer so earnestly condemns, to renounce the bad habit. Do it at once, do it resolutely, and a few days (or weeks at most) will free you from this foolish mania for *bonbons*, which your *mothers*, or *fathers* (if the mother is too indifferent to apprehend her duty or too indulgent to enforce obedience), should have saved you from ever contracting. Besides there is danger of violent disease, or even death, from the poisons in the coloring of these *sugar-plums*.

But we will let our friend speak her mind, which she has done in a very plain style. If the ending seems abrupt, the reader may imagine the sorrowful catastrophes which might have been pictured:—

That vice of *gourmandis* (I would rather not say plain English gluttony) is more ruinous to the appearance of young ladies than the uninitiated can imagine. I do not mean that these gentle damsels are in the habit of devouring rich dinners, like turtle-fed aldermen, but what they do is just as bad; they destroy their stomachs by quantities of confectionery. Pounds of candy and unwholesome *bonbons* are their weekly, not food, but destruction. This keeps up a constant diseased state, that sometimes arrives at a point of discomfort that requires the doctor, and potent drugs for a time overcome the evil, leaving their own attack upon poor nature to be endured. Who can wonder at the leaden complexions and thick skins that follow! How differently looks the active, temperate girl, whose cheeks glow with healthful exercise, whose meals are seasoned

by appetite, who partakes of the bounties of nature, who enjoys her dainties, and seeks for no cloying compounds! Her unfailing cosmetic is bathing and exact neatness. Such a woman has a sound mind in a sound body, and this very certainty helps her in the arrangement of her dress. The poor, sickly, indolent creature just mentioned is never well dressed; she may go to great expense, but she has not good taste. Her colors are ill-chosen, she has too many or too few flounces, nothing about her is proportionate."

Miss S. J. Hale's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

To our Correspondents.—We have marked the following for insertion when we have room (many articles are declined or returned because we are not able to find place as soon as requested. Those who desire the return of MSS. *must forward stamps* or we cannot comply with the request): "Recollections of a Walk in May"—"The Wife's Appeal"—"Our Cottage Home"—"The Lily's Story"—"The Valley"—"The Picnic, or Kate Bryant's Conquest"—"An Allegory"—"Lester's Revenge."

These manuscripts we shall not use: "Acrostic"—"Song"—"The River of Life" (pretty, and musical in rhythm)—"My Son"—"The Young Widow's Reflections"—"My Summer Friends"—"Duty"—"Earth and its Jewels"—"Confession of a Lover" (the writer must bear in mind that the motto of every "young enthusiast" should be, "Learn to labor and to wait")—"I have lost my bowl"—"My days were dark," etc.—"A Sonnet"—"Remembrance"—"The Golden Gate"—"An Elegy"—"Who will Answer?"—"The Way to Gain a Fortune"—"Gold." This little poem, although imperfect, shows the heart of the youthful writer has the true love of the art. We quote the closing stanzas:—

"O'er the crystal of 'soul palace'
Are the gathered mists of sin;
We are glad the quick-eyed children
Read not all that 's hid therein.

"But the fine gold of the spirit,
O thou God of truth, is thine.
Though our souls are dark, it lieth
As the treasure in the mine.

"'Sit,' thou Lord, as 'a refiner,'
Till the 'little ones' can see
But the face of the All Holy
Imaged in its purity!

"Till no more in quiet scorning
Of the faithlessness of men,
Ye can say—'Oh, lips, in greeting
Drop your baser coin for them.'"

"Annie's Monthly Pleasure. By Etta." Very much obliged for the good opinion of Etta; but the article is most too flattering for publication.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

Cholera Infantum.—Cholera infantum, the cholera of infants or "summer complaint," is one of the most common and fatal disorders to which children are subject. The mortality from this disease in crowded cities is truly frightful. In the country it is not so common nor so fatal. Indeed in its worst and more malignant forms cholera infantum may be properly regarded as a disease almost peculiar to cities.

Causes.—Teething, improper and excessive feeding, hot weather, and impure air are the principal causes. Among these, errors in diet and impure air are by far the most influential causes. It should be distinctly understood that teething is only a *predisposing* cause, and that it would never of itself, and without the operation of other and exciting causes, produce this terrible scourge of infancy.

Symptoms.—In many cases, the disorder commences with diarrhœa, which, after continuing for a few days, becomes associated with more or less vomiting. But in perhaps the majority of cases, the vomiting and purging come on at the same time. The pulse is frequent, quick, small and tense, or sharp and hard. The tongue is covered at first with a white fur, but in the progress of the disease, it becomes red, smooth, dry, and has a polished shiny appearance. The discharges from the bowels vary; but they most commonly look like dirty water with little pieces of cotton intermixed with it; and their smell is rather peculiar, and very offensive, having a sickening and indescribably disagreeable odor. Sometimes, in the worst cases, there is scarcely any appearance of bile in the discharges, these being almost colorless and of a milk-and-water appearance. The above symptoms are not unfrequently attended with convulsions, a hot skin, especially about the head and abdomen, while the hands and feet are cold. In the last stages, there is great wasting away, stupor, shrivelling and sinking of the eyeballs, a putrid smell of the evacuations, and complete prostration of all the vital powers.

Treatment.—The great things in this disease are to remove, as far as possible, all causes of excitement, and to equalize the nervous and vascular action. In the removal of irritation, the first thing is to lance the gums freely if they are tender or inflamed from the pressure of a protruding tooth. If the child is exposed to an impure city air, it should, if possible, be removed to the country. But this being impracticable, it should be removed to the highest, driest, and most airy situation that can be obtained. A change of air often works wonders in these cases, and is frequently sufficient of itself to effect a cure. But also, how many poor laboring people are there who cannot give their children the benefit of pure country air, or a change of any kind! These are truly to be pitied. Yet they are not left without hope. Here with proper attention to ventilation, cleanliness, dieting, and the other measures soon to be prescribed, even the adverse influence of impure city air may, to a great extent, be counteracted.

As to ventilation we have only to say, that doors and windows should be thrown open, and that fresh air should be freely admitted. If the child is weaned, the diet should consist of slippery elm water, gum Arabic and toast water. And nothing more should be given in

he early or acute stage. If not weaned, it should be onfined to the mother's breast, giving nothing more n the way of diet. But a sip of cold water, or either of he above drinks may be given cold should the thirst nd dryness about the mouth be great. Yet all fluids hould be given in small quantities at a time, on account f the irritability of the stomach. Should the disease ssume a chronic form and run into a wasting and protracted diarrhœa with little irritability of the stomach, apioca, arrowroot, and, what is better than either, *ell-boiled rice*, may be allowed to a weaned child. Of ll the articles of diet in bowel affections rice is the ery best. It is nourishing, containing much nutriment n small bulk, and leaving but little to pass off by the owels.

So much for the first indication—the removal of causes f irritation, and placing the patient under the most avorable hygienic influences.

For the fulfilment of the second grand indication—the qualization of the nervous and vascular action—water s the great remedy. Bathing and external applications re worth more in these cases than all the drugs, regular, irregular, or defective. For most of these are defective enough in all conscience. Almost all of them re nauseous and repulsive even to a well stomach, while the mildest of them are acrid irritants and absolutely poisonous to the highly irritable stomach and owels of a patient with cholera infantum. We repeat, hen, that our main reliance should be on bathing and xternal applications.

The principle that should govern these applications s plain and easily understood. This is the whole ecret: *Warm the parts that are cold, and cool those hat are warm.* To do this, place cold wet cloths to the ead, and over the whole abdomen. If the heat is great, et the parts be covered with a thin cloth exposed to the ir, and let the cloth be frequently changed. If the heat s more moderate, let the cloth be several double, and over all with the bedclothing, or with a dry binder, hanging the cloth only when it becomes dry or quite warm. While using these cooling appliances to the ead and abdomen, place warm bricks, or bottles of warm water to the feet and hands, or wrap these in warm flannel. Should these local applications fail to qualize the circulation, subdue the fever, arrest the ischarges, and quiet the restlessness, then place the atient in a milk-warm bath, and let him remain in it until there is an appearance of faintness and relaxation f the skin, which will be manifested by a languid expression of the eyes, and perspiration about the head nd face. After the bath, apply the cold cloths as before, hould the heat return; and repeat the warm bath as often as a return of restlessness, fever, &c., seem to indicate its use. This simple treatment in conjunction with the hygienic measures first prescribed, will cure almost any case of cholera infantum without the use of drugs, for which we have but precious little use in this disease. The only thing that we can recommend in the way of internal treatment, in domestic practice, is the powder prescribed in the diarrhœa of teething. If anything will be retained upon the stomach this will, and has a good effect in promoting the secretion of bile. Should the disease run into a chronic diarrhœa, the following will be a good and safe remedy: Take boiling milk, half a pint; powdered alum, a teaspoonful. Strain off the whey from the coagulum, and give one or two tablespoonfuls of the whey every two, three, or four hours. In these cases a flannel binder around the abdomen will be found useful; and the *rice diet* should not be forgotten.

Literary Notices.

Books by Mail.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

Geo. W. Childs, publisher, of this city, has sent us a copy of Parson Brownlow's book. We know that by the time this notice reaches our readers one-half of our people will have read the work; but still it behooves us to say our say about it. It is a book that every one ought to possess, and the half who have not read it will immediately purchase it, and thereby enable the Parson to set himself up in business again. He says:—

"Having had numerous inquiries from my friends throughout the Union, in regard to my book, I will state to all concerned that my friend and publisher, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, allows me a very liberal copyright. I am interested in the circulation of the work, and I am benefited by every copy sold."

The seventy-fifth thousand was going through the press when this notice was written; the edition must now be over 100,000. The work is admirably gotten up, and contains a splendid likeness of the Parson and twelve full-page engravings. When we remember the persecutions that Mr. Brownlow underwent, the loss of all his property, the danger to his life, his separation from his wife and children, his long imprisonment, who will not purchase a copy of this book, and help the long persecuted Editor and Parson to get his rights and money enough to purchase the outfit for his printing office? We predict a sale of 500,000 copies.

—

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

LOVE'S LABOR WON. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. This authoress has gradually lost a certain manner of overdrawing or exaggeration which somewhat marred her earlier works; and has perfected and matured her style, until she is now one of the most graceful, and at the same time vigorous and vivid of our lady writers. The real heroine of the present volume is a young girl who endures numerous and heavy persecutions rather than reveal a secret intrusted to her by her dying mother, which secret might cast reproach upon her mother's memory. This fidelity is finally triumphant, and meets its reward, of course, or the labor of love would not be won. Price $1 25.

THE FLIRT: *or, Passages in the Life of a Fashionable Young Lady.* By Mrs. Gray, author of the "Gambler's Wife," "Young Prima Donna," etc. etc. This book depicts to the life the career of a fashionable young lady of the fast school, showing all the dangers to herself and the anxiety to her friends which such a career can cause, as well as its not improbable end. It is a lively, and would be a fascinating book, were not its subject so painful a one. It should be extensively read by the class for whose benefit it is specially intended. Price 50 cents.

RIFLE SHOTS *at Past and Present Events.* By an

Inhabitant of the Comet of 1861. This is a poem in three cantos, in which the author takes aim at, sometimes very successfully, various persons and prejudices, fancies and foibles that just now are made particularly prominent by circumstances or the course of events. Though the poetry is rather on the doggerel order, it is amusing and occasionally witty. Price 25 cents.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "The Three Clerks," etc. It seems that the Trollopes consider it their especial duty to enlighten the world concerning America. First the mother, and now, years afterwards, the son, tell their experience and impressions this side the water. Mrs. Trollope's book was the essence of bitterness and animadversion. On the other hand, her son's is full of kind feeling towards our people and government, and he seems apparently desirous of representing us fairly. However, his mistakes and misrepresentations, which are far from being few, are some of them exceedingly amusing. Still, the book is doubtless quite as entertaining and reliable as tourists' books usually are. Price 75 cents.

HARPER'S HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. This will prove an invaluable companion to the European and Eastern traveller. It is a guide through Great Britain, France, and all the countries of Europe usually visited by the tourist, as well as those of Western Asia, pointing out all important objects, and fully though concisely explaining the interest attached to them. It gives routes, distances, and fares, and, in fact, all information required by travellers. It contains, also, a fine large map of the countries it describes. The book is substantially bound, in flexible cover, and is printed on fine paper, with clear, distinct type. Price $3 00.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. *A Novel.* By John Saunders, author of "The Shadow in the House," etc. The plot of this book verges somewhat on the romantic, inasmuch as its heroine, at first a factory girl with a broad Lancashire dialect, educates herself in the course of a few years into a perfect lady, and is received unhesitatingly into refined and somewhat exclusive circles. However, the story is so contrived as to make this appear not only possible but natural. A character somewhat out of the hackneyed line of novel heroes is that of the inventor, which is a fresh, vigorous creation. "Lazy Joe" takes to himself all the fun of the book, and is an exceedingly humorous personage. Price 25 cents.

—

From CARLETON, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LES MISERABLES. *Cosette: A Novel.* By Victor Hugo. Thanks to the American publisher, and possibly to the translator, we have not had to wait long for the second book of the series of this matchless work. "Cosette" takes up the thread of the narrative where "Fantine" dropped it, and we learn something more of the unfortunate Jean Veljean. The first seventeen chapters of this book are devoted to perhaps the most clear, vivid, succint, and masterly description of the battle of Waterloo that was ever written. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE; *or, Episodes of Life in New York.* By Edward S. Gould, author of "Abridgment of Alison's Europe," "The Very Age," etc. This belongs to a class of books which have become quite common of late, and are, perhaps, especially American in character. They are aimed at the faults of society or individuals, and attempt to cure them by applying the keen edge of satire. "John Doe and Richard Roe," as may be judged by the title, is particularly intended to illustrate the delays of the law, and a nice little plot is woven into the illustration. The characters of which Richard Roe is the most prominent and strongly marked, are too general in outline to possess much individuality, though they are excellent representatives—slightly caricatured, of course—of their respective classes; and the story itself is sketchy. It is collected in book form from the columns of Willis's *Home Journal* Price $1 00.

THE MORGESONS. *A Novel.* By Elizabeth Stoddard During our career as a critic we have perhaps never been more puzzled what to say of a book than we are with this. As a picture of New England life it is undoubtedly most accurately drawn; and in this the author excels many writers of deserved celebrity, who in their descriptions of sectional peculiarities of habits and speech, are occasionally given to exaggeration, bordering on caricature. Mrs. Stoddard is a woman writer of careful observation and keen penetration, as her work most plainly shows; while her style is finished and elegant, with the additional charm of a certain whimsical originality about it. Nevertheless we are not prepared to praise it unqualifiedly; for it is not such a book as we would place in the hands of the young, whose taste for reading is just forming. Though not precisely of the "Jane Eyre" school, yet, like that and similar novels, there is a morbid tone about it, which is apt to have an unhealthy effect upon the mind, to say nothing of the morals of the reader. Mrs. Stoddard's next novel should be a better one. Price, paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00.

GAME FISH OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA, AND BRITISH PROVINCES. By Barnwell. This book is not so much the work of a naturalist as of a sportsman, and to the wants of the sportsman it is particularly adapted. The work is full of the most useful piscatorial information, graphically and pleasantly written; so that all followers of Izaak Walton will look upon it as the most agreeable of companions in their rural rambles. Its hints concerning trout and salmon will be particularly appreciated, as it tells not only how but where to angle for them. It is, moreover, an acceptable book to the lover of natural history, although he may have no sporting tendencies. Price $1 25.

—

From J. R. GILMORE, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AMONG THE PINES; *or, South in Secession-Time.* By Edmund Kirke. The author of this work claims to give his own experience at the South, detailing incidents and events occurring during a visit to South Carolina in December of 1860, shortly after the passage of the ordinance of secession by that State. "Among the Pines" appeared originally in the *Continental Monthly.* Price $1 00.

—

From IVISON, PHINNEY & Co., New York:—

ROBINSON'S PROGRESSIVE TABLE BOOK. For young children. Edited by D. W. Fish, A. M. A book well suited to the capacity of the juvenile student of mathematics, as it embraces the rudiments of that sci-

ence. It is profusely and tastefully illustrated. Price 12 cents.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY: *A Narrative for the Young.* By L. N. R., author of "The Missing Link." This work contains an account of the Bible, and of the great changes wrought by its influence from the earliest times to the present. It traces the wanderings of the Word of God to the most remote parts of the earth, and shows how society is modified by it wherever it is found. It is a work of great research and labor, and of much value to all Christians.

BRAVE, KIND, AND HAPPY; *or, Words of Hearty Friendship to the Workingmen of England.* And THE VOICE OF HOPE, by the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," and of "English Hearts and English Hands." These three brief religious essays or tracts are published separately, and in a convenient form for distribution, and also bound together so as to form one volume. They are full of earnest piety, and sound practical religious exhortations, and would be useful in the camp as well as by the fireside.

—

From J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston:—

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. From the French of M. About, author of the "Roman Question," etc. Translated by Mary L. Booth. With an Introduction, by Epes Sargent. Pp. 300. We have made an extract from this racy work in our Editors' Table, page 298; the reader will find the book *more* than that morsel would indicate. It has been six times translated into English, which is a celebrity rarely gained.

—

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS By Peter Bayne, M. A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual." In two volumes. The best way of making known the merits of these admirable volumes is to give a synopsis of their contents. The author has commented on the writings of Mrs. Browning, as we have already shown in our Editors' Table, pages 297, 298; he has also given valuable criticisms on the works of De Quincey, Tennyson, Ruskin, and British Art; Hugh Miller, The Modern Novelists, Kingsley, Macaulay, Alison, Coleridge, Wellington, Napolean Bonaparte, Plato, Currer Bell and her sisters, and on other important subjects. These volumes contain mines of valuable knowledge for young writers, and we commend them for family libraries, and particularly to our correspondents. The writer is a safe guide in principles and sentiments as well as in taste and art.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR SEPTEMBER.—Our number for this month contains a plate of domestic incident, with a powerfully written and illustrative story.

Our Fashion-plate contains five figures, and a gradual approach to the costumes for fall will be noticed. Perhaps in the richness of the colors of the dresses this plate has not been equalled.

"Bringing the Old Mare home" is a pretty design, tastefully engraved by Lauderbach.

COZZENS'S WEST-POINT HOTEL.—We have often spoken of this celebrated place, its beauties, etc. We again call attention to some more facts relating to it. Some time since the old house was destroyed by fire. A new building has been erected of brick. A new site has been chosen, one in which a more extended view of the Hudson and the Highlands has been obtained. The house is much larger and commodious than the old one. In our whole country there is not a more perfect piece of scenery than the Highlands of the Hudson River. Jefferson said that the view at Harper's Ferry was worth a trip across the Atlantic. If that is so then is the view at West-Point worth a journey from China. When you add to this the proximity to the camp ground of the cadets, the fine mountain walks and rides, the comforts of a splendid residence, and the attentions of the most accomplished landlord in the country, what more need we add than that one hour's ride from New York city takes you to this magnificent spot.

—

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT CARTES DE VISITE.—We do not all come out of the photographic studio alike unhappy. There are those on whom the process does justice, as well as those to whom it does injustice; nay, there are some on whom it confers actual benefits, and who show to greater advantage on the *carte de visite* than in their own proper persons. I have myself sat on two occasions for one of these portraits. On the first I was simply occupied in keeping still and presenting a tolerably favorable view of my features and limbs to the fatal lens; but the result was so tame and unimposing a picture, that I determined, on the next occasion, to throw more intellect into the thing, and finding a certain richly gilded curtain tassel convenient to my gaze, I gave it a look of such piercing scrutiny, and so blasted it with the energy of my regard, that I almost wonder it did not sink beneath the trial. That look has, I am happy to say, been reproduced faithfully, and no one could see the portrait without giving its original credit for immense penetration, great energy and strength of character, and a keen and piercing wit. It is difficult to lay down rules of general application, but it may be safely said that the people who come out of the photographic struggle the best, and who are least injured in the engagement, are people of ordinary appearence, from whom we do not expect much. It is common to hear some lady who is generally acknowledged to be pretty, urged by her friends to sit for a *carte de visite.* "You really ought to have it done," they say, "you would make such a charming portrait." The portrait is taken, and is, after all, not charming. On the contrary, it is sufficiently the reverse to make the dearest of the victim's female friends happy.

—

OF the women of England who became wives in 1860 more than 60,000 have the disadvantage of being unable to write their own names; more than 13,000 even of the women of busy and acute Lancashire. In one marriage in every six in all England both man and woman were unable to write.

—

THE Port Washington *Advertiser and Democrat* advises all who are in search of valuable knowledge to subscribe at once for Godey, thereby secure the desired object with but little trouble and slight expense.

—

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Chas. Grobe's Battle Music.—Prof. Grobe, whose various and excellent works we have before alluded to in this "Column," has recently identified his name, in a musical way of course, with the different battles being fought for the restoration of the Union. He has musically portrayed or photographed nearly every important engagement of the war, and they are all handsomely published, as follows: Battle of Winchester, 25 cents. Capture of Island No 10, 25 cents. Battle of New Orleans, 50. Battle of Fort Donelson, 60. Battle of Port Royal, 60. Battle of Pittsburg Landing, 60. Battle of Roanoke Island, 60. All but the three first have beautiful descriptive lithographic title pages. Of other military pieces Prof. Grobe also publishes, Army Grand March, introducing Glory Hallelujah, 35. Ellsworth Cadets Polka, beautiful title, 50. Variations of Wi' My Love I'll March Away, 50. Variations of The Flag of Our Union, 50.

New Songs, Ballads, etc.—From Firth, Pond, & Co., New York, Bay of Dublin, sweet song arranged to words of Lady Dufferin by Millard, 35. Last Words of Washington, with fine portrait of the Pater Patria, 40. The American Republic, song, 25. Whisper love, Good-night; quartette, 25. O Be Joyful in the Lord, splendid sacred quartette by J. R. Thomas, one of our most graceful and pleasing composers, 50.

From O. Ditson & Co., Boston.—He Still Was There, Romance from the fine Opera Buffo, The Doctor of Alcantara, 25. I Pray Thee Give Me Back My Love, 25. The Golden Stars, by Reichardt, 25. The Land of Washington, a fine quartette by McNaughton, 25.

From Root and Cady, Chicago.—The Beautiful Maiden Just over the Way, song and chorus by Geo. F. Root. Dream On Lillie, do. Happy Days of Yore, by Woolcott. Thou Wilt Come Nevermore, touching song and chorus, by Frisbee. The Soldier's Dream Song. O Wrap the Flag Around me, Boys. Beautiful Rose, song and chorus. Kingdom Coming, ditto. Welcome to Spring, beautiful quartette. Softly Dream, Sweet Love, ditto. The Girls at Home, ditto. Each 25 cents.

Polkas, Marches, Rondos, etc.—From O. Ditson, & Co. Jasmine Potpouri, 25; and Bell Flower Waltz, 25; two fine flowery pieces by Grobe. Almeda Quadrille, by Bell, 35. Royal Arch Galop, beautiful and spirited, 35. Fine transcription of Thou art so Near and yet so far, by Brinley Richards, 40. Juarita Quadrilles, beautifully arranged by La Roche, with exquisite title, 60. Yankee Volunteers Marching into Dixie, Glover, with characteristic humerous title, 50.

From Root and Cady.—Birds of the Forest, beautiful waltz by Zellner, 30. Gen'l Grant's March, same, 25. Les dena Anges, and Chant National des Croates, two fine pieces by Blumenthal, each 25. March de la Reine, by Ascher, 25. Venzano Valse, 25. L'Attacca Quick-step, Vaas, 25. Memories of Home, a delightful, dreamy reverie, by House, for advanced performers, 11 pages, 50.

From Firth, Pond, & Co.—The Tyrolean's Dream, exquisite caprice by Hinton, 35. Podolia Mazurka, Ascher, 35. Parade March of the Union Greys, Helmsmuller, with splendid colored title, 50. Grobe's Variations of Annie of the Vale, 50; and Grobe's Variations of Foster's Fairy Belle, 50. These two are charming caprices upon beautiful and favorite melodies. The whole list is one of the finest we have ever given.

We will purchase and mail any of these pieces for our friends on receipt of price; address the Musical Editor, (at Philadelphia.) J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

THE NEW AIR-TIGHT GAS CONSUMING COOKING STOVE.—These stoves are considered by those who have examined them, one of the greatest improvements of the age. It is in fact the most efficient and economical cooking stove ever invented, and hundreds of flattering testimonials indorse their merit. It will be borne in mind it has the distinction of consuming but one ton of coal in six months. Extraordinary as this may seem to persons who perhaps are burning six times that amount of fuel in doing the same cooking, it is a fact sustained by so many respectable witnesses among the first families of this city, that it cannot be contradicted. The stove is constructed on the air-tight principle, together with the gas consumer arrangement, whereby all the combustible matter arising from the coal is consumed on the same principle as the celebrated Silver's Air-tight Gas Consuming Parlor Stove, which has given so much satisfaction. The oven of the stove is elevated so that the heat passes directly under the bottom, and then completely encircles the sides and top, making it a most extraordinary good baker or roaster. It has four boiler holes, two over the oven and two over the fire box.

Another valuable improvement has just been added to this wonderful stove, which gives it double its former value, without materially increasing its cost. The improvement consists in the introduction of a *water back*, precisely upon the same principle employed in kitchen ranges for heating water in a boiler for the bath house or culinary purposes. The attachment of the stove to the boiler is by the means of ordinary lead pipes used for ranges, and the result shows by actual experiment that a larger quantity of hot water can be produced by this simple arrangement in a shorter time with about one-sixth the fuel used in an ordinary range.

The great value of this arrangement consists in the fact that by it the advantage of hot and cold water can be secured in any dwelling in the city or country; in the former, in any part of the house, from the cellar to the highest story. Then the convenience of the stove, in being portable from house to house, makes it an improvement in the stove department of the greatest possible value. The cheapness of the whole affair, also, is greatly in its favor. Upon the whole, the water back is a great accession to our home conveniences.

One of these stoves with the improvement named is constantly in operation at the warerooms No. 1003 Market Street, where the water in a large exposed boiler is kept heated by a very small fire in the stove, which stands several feet away from it.

For baking or cooking purposes this stove has no superior in the world. Any person can call and examine these stoves at the store of J. S. Clark, 1008 Market St.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A sprightly book has just been published, entitled "Lectures to Married Men." The author was probably mistaken in supposing that there was any lack of such lectures. They are said to be very abundant. But "curtains" are generally drawn over them.

A YOUNG LADY whom we can recommend, wishes a situation as governess in a family—one where the children are young would be preferred—to teach Music and French, and the usual branches of an English education. Would have no objection to accept a situation as companion to a sick lady. Address Publisher Lady's Book, Philadelphia.

THE PARIS COURT AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.—Marriages have been frequent of late, it is the "pairing" as well as the "travelling" time of year. The two, indeed, go admirable together, and are suggestive of each other; for what is more indispensably necessary to the true enjoyment of the latter than a well-chosen *compagnon de voyage!* The French matrimonial negotiation and *ceremonie de marriage* (no such thing as courtship is ever allowed) is certainly a curious thing in our eyes from beginning to end; and though now pretty well used to such matters, I could not help even yet being struck with the contrast to our own mode of proceeding presented by one of these "affairs," of a strictly national character, which I was called upon by circumstances to follow out from its first blush (if there was any blushing in the case) to its final *denouement*. The respective parties were moving in the highest circles of the Chaussée d'Antin society. All mention of names is, of course, out of the question in such a case; but there is no harm in using the occasion as a specimen of the mode in which a marriage in this country is *administré*; that being the only word which correctly expresses the true, official, and recognized manner and form of proceeding in such matters. First, then, comes the formal *demande en marriage*, addressed, after due "reflection," exclusively to the parents, without a word to the chief party concerned. If this be assented to, after satisfactory "investigations" on both sides, the happy couple are allowed to see each other, and to meet "in a crowd;" that is, in reunions of both families. To leave them alone with each other, even for a moment, would be regarded as the height of indecorum, for "suppose the marriage did not come off after all?" When, however, matters have reached this pass the real business of the proceedings begins, and very heavy business it is. If an intimate friend of one of the parties, you are inundated with invitations to dinners and *soirées* from people of whom you have never, perhaps, heard before, belonging to each side of the house (and how often are you tempted to exclaim, "A plague on both your houses!"), but to whom your name has been sent in by "your friend." These meetings, of the most *ennuyeux* description, because arranged beforehand for a set purpose, are intended to jostle the two connections well together (they generally end by making them sick of each other), and enable the young people to "see" each other, in which they certainly succeed. After every one is worn out with these meetings, which sometimes go on for a fortnight when the connections are large, the "parties" are considered to be sufficiently "acquainted" to authorize more serious operations. Then comes the greatest bore of all, the soirce of the *contrat de marriage*. The two houses rival each other in the effort to bring up their most imposing forces. On the occasion I allude to, the whole Chausée d'Antin seemed in movement, and its streets were literally blocked up with carriages. Sometimes, when the families are stanch Imperialists, the Emperor and Empress are solicited to "sign;" but all other relations and friends are expected to do so as a matter of course. The ceremony consists in your working your way through the prodigious crowd of the *salons* (eating as many ices to sustain yourself, *en route*, as you can fall in with) until you come to the room where the notaire, who generally looks like an undertaker, sits in a full suit of black with white thread gloves. When your turn comes, he ask you "on which side you sign?" just as though he were taking votes for and against: and having duly declared yourself *du parti du fiancé*, or *de la fiancée*, you register your approbation of his or her approaching happiness, and retire felicitating *yourself* that the affair will soon be over now. One day more, indeed, and you have done your whole duty to your friend. You receive a last notice—precisely in the same form as that for a funeral, except that the black edges are omitted—requesting you to attend the *benediction nuptiale*; in the case of a French Protestant, as in the instance cited, appointed to take place at the uncanonical hour of 2 P. M., at the Temple of the Oratoire. Thither you go once more in the indispensable white choker, and find the church as crowded as the *salons* with the union of both clans. The most marked feature of the occasion is what takes place after the conclusion of the religious ceremony. The chief members of both families retire to the spacious circular presbytery of the Oratoire, and there arranging themselves in a semicircle with the bride and bridegroom in the centre, await the final congratulations of the assembly. In the course of an hour or so you are able to reach this formidable array, along the front of which you are required to pass, presenting your felicitations on the happy event, in every possible variety of language and compliment, until you arrive at the central group, where a longer pause and a longer speech take place, and you are expected to say "something particular." The ladies *all* embrace their newly married friend; and the amount of kissing gone through by her is something prodigious. The usual salutation to yourself of the families whom you congratulate, is that "they hope you will not forget them"—an exhortation which, after all you have recently gone through in their behalf, one would think to be wholly unnecessary for them to address to you. After this last effort, you take yourself off, and breakfast or dine where you please, or can, for to neither of these ordinary accompaniments of an English marriage are you ever invited in this "ceremonious" country.

The actualities of court and fashionable life during the week have all been more or less connected with our royal visitors. The last day of the Paris Spring Meeting being remarkably fine (it has rained almost ever since), the concourse of fashion was immense, and the scene most brilliant.

Some of the toilets of the race-course were too remarkable for their good taste and elegance to be passed over without further mention. For the benefit of our lady readers, we describe one or two which particularly struck us, as much, perhaps, from the grace of the wearer as from their own perfection. One worn by a lovely *blonde*, consisted of a white silk dress, with a delicate lilac stripe, and was trimmed with five narrow flounces of the same colored silk, laid on, as is now the prevailing fashion, in regular plaits, the upper flounce being terminated by a narrow ruche, equally of lilac *taffetas*. The high body was ornamented with *bretelles*, of lilac taffetas *ruché*, which terminated in long flowing ends at the back of the dress. A black lace mantelet relieved, without concealing, the effect of this pretty toilet. The bonnet was of white chip, with a small black feather placed on one side, the ribbons wide and white, with a black lace bavolet; and under the brim of the bonnet the sole ornament was a knot of cherry-colored velvet, mingled with black lace. A white silk parasol, covered with black lace, gave a finish to the whole costume. Another toilet was composed of a light dust-gray taffetas, trimmed with flounces edged with a narrow ruche of black lace, a white Cachemire burnous embroidered in black *soutache*, a white crape bonnet with a blue feather drooping over the lace bavolet, and fastened close to the brim of the bonnet by an ornament of black lace. Black

lace and blue feathers were worn under the still highly elevated front of the bonnet. One of our most fashionable ladies of high *ton*, the Duchesse d'I——, wore a perfectly plain dress of rich silk of the blue called *Haïti*, with a magnificent China *crêpe* shawl of the same color, and a white blonde bonnet with white feathers.

The Viceroy of Egypt gave a dinner to the Emperor and Empress, at the Tuileries, in return for the splendid hospitalities he had received at their hands. The dinner was served *à l'Egyptienne:* plate, linen, table ornaments, and even the musical band, who played during the repast, had all been sent for from Cairo expressly for the occasion. A magnificently chased silver salver served as a substitute for a table, at which the only guests were the Emperor, Empress, the Pasha and his nephew. The service of gold plate was costly beyond description, some of the plates and dessert dishes, inlaid with diamonds, being estimated at from $6000 to $8000 each; the glasses were also richly ornamented with precious stones, and the dinner napkins placed before each guest, embroidered at the corners with gold, pearls, and precious stones, are said to have cost at least from three hundred to four thousand dollars a piece. A magnificent gold candelabra in the middle was valued at $30,000.

After dinner, on coffee and pipes being handed round, the Empress was presented with a rich Narghille, and the little Prince Imperial, who had been admitted at the dessert, gravely crossed his legs under him and emitted puffs of harmless smoke from the jeweled mouth-piece, although the dangerous weed had wisely been left out. The Pasha has left for England, but returns in a month to occupy a part of the Chateau of Neuilly, hired by him for a prolonged visit of two months.

Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad.—A railroad, one of the most important to the interests of Philadelphia, aside from those which terminate within her limits, is the road connecting Pittsburg with Cleveland, thus putting the northwest into immediate intercourse with our city. This road, joining at Cleveland with the Lake Shore road, intercepts the flow of business and travel from northern Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, that would otherwise proceed uninterrupted to New York, and gives Philadelphia an opportunity to stand on an equal footing, as far as her advantages are equal, with her sister city. Before the construction of this railroad, the public of those sections looked upon New York as their great business centre; and visits to Philadelphia were rare, because of the want of proper facilities for travelling. However, Philadelphia is becoming more familiar to western business men, and our beautiful city is already a favorite resort of pleasure travellers. The affairs of this road have been managed with commendable skill, and no pains have been spared by those controlling it, to secure the comfort of the public. Its route passes through a most charming section of country, with scenery delightfully varied by rivers, woods, miniature lakes, fields, and thriving towns and villages; and everything is combined to render a journey over it a source of real and untiring pleasure.

Poetry and Acrostics addressed to particular persons are only of interest to those to whom they are addressed, and had better be sent to those persons.

"I declare, mother," said a petted little girl, in a pettish little way, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

Godey's Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

A Remedy for Sea Sickness.—In all ordinary cases, if in dread of sickness, lie down on the back at least a quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do. Let head, body, and back become, as it were, part of the vessel, participating in its motion without muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Travellers may like to test this counsel. If the result should not be successful, anyhow the advice will all the same have come to them without fee.

At a party once, the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the only convenient subject, besides the weather, when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite vivaciously (as she explained) said: "If I were you, and you me, I would have wedded long ago."

SCIENCE OF DRESS-CUTTING.

A SCIENTIFIC and accurate method of cutting dresses has now become an indispensable passport to the position of eminence in dress-making; and the art being now so liberally dispensed and so easily and quickly acquired, no one, however humble, need forego the many and great advantages that may be secured by adopting a correct system. A lady or dress-maker having once experienced the superior advantages of fitting by measure, could not be persuaded to return to the old and tedious method of pinning and fitting, even if the art were twenty times more costly to acquire than it really is. By adopting a correct system, the dress-maker is not only advanced to a higher sphere of usefulness, but she is also enabled to give more perfect satisfaction to her customers, and thus not only secure to herself a much easier, but a more profitable business, and her patrons saved from those most annoying delays and uncertainties occasioned by the old method, which costs them so much valuable time and still more valuable patience.

HOW TO CUT A JACKET OR SACK.

Some kind of jacket, or body, loose from the skirt, and which can be worn with a variety of skirts, has been

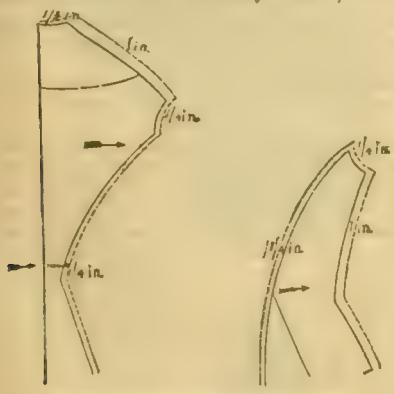


ILLUSTRATION OF BACK AND SIDE SHAPE.

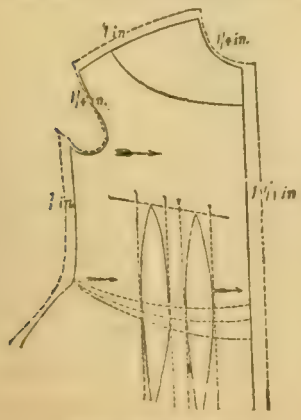


ILLUSTRATION OF FRONT.

found so useful as to have become an indispensable "institution." In a former number we have given the science of *dress* cutting—that is to say, of cutting a plain waist by the rules of Madame Demorest's model of dress cutting, which will be found easy and infallible, and which has superseded all the old, tedious, and unreliable methods of dress cutting wherever it has been introduced.

We propose now to show by how simple an operation a jacket, that most intricate part of a lady's attire, can be accurately cut and fitted in any style and to any form by the use of Madame Demorest's dress model, and a diagram which we present to our readers.

The extra outside lines indicate the allowance for hem, lap in front, and seams, with a line indicating the shape to cut a low neck.

PREPARATORY MEASURES.

And, first of all, it may be useful to say that the changes of fashion never affect the foundation principles upon which accuracy in fitting any sort of dress to the human form is obtained. The length of shoulder or waist, or height in the neck, may be longer or shorter, the shape of the waist may be round, or pointed, or scalloped, or cut in square lappets, the front may be open, or closed, or turned back *en revers*; all this makes not the slightest difference in those first and most important rules, upon the correctness of which success most depends.

Premising thus much, it is taken for granted that, before trying to cut a jacket, the reader has mastered the details given in the science of dress cutting, understanding which, this matter will become perfectly simple and plain to the most ordinary understanding.

To facilitate the operations, however, of those who have not seen the former instructions for cutting a waist, we will premise that the first measures to be taken for the jacket are precisely the same as those for an ordinary waist. Thus:—

"SHOULDER" MEASURE.

Taken by placing the end of the tape at the nape or bone of the neck, and carrying it over the right shoulder, under the arm, and up to the neck, until it meets where it begun. Now mark down the number of inches which this gives you on a slip of paper, say twenty-four. Next—

"LENGTH OF WAIST."

Hold the end of the tape to the same place of the neck again, and measure down for the length of the waist, say fifteen inches.

"BUST" MEASURE.

Place the tape across the fullest part of the bust, drawing it around the form and over the shoulder-blades loosely, so as to give freedom to the chest, and mark down, say thirty-six inches. Last—

"SIZE ROUND THE WAIST."

Take the measure, either tightly or loosely, according as the jacket wants to be fitted closely or not to the figure, and mark down the number of inches, say twenty-three.

This will give you the following table:—

1.	Shoulder measure	24 in.
2.	Length of waist	15 "
3.	Bust measure	36 "
4.	Size round the waist	23 "

All the above measures should be taken standing at the back of the person being measured.

Now examine the model, which you have first placed

straight and smooth on a sheet of white paper before you, and with a pencil make a dot through the holes in the model on the paper at each number marked twenty-four. These dots will give an accurate outline of the back part of the body.

THE "SPRING," OR JACKET PART.

The outline is now complete for a plain, straight waist, and nothing remains but to obtain the "spring" or skirt part, which forms the distinctive feature of the jacket.

This is done by laying the rule (which accompanies the model) so that the inverse notch will touch the lower point of the side seam, and then draw the spring by the line, as illustrated.

To get the side shape, lay the rule at the centre one of the three dots that mark the back of the arm-hole, half an inch from the centre of the back at the waist, and draw the line in the direction which it will give you, and you will have a perfect side shape.

For the spring at the back, reverse the rule, and place the inside point at the dot at the bottom of the waist, parallel with the line of the side seam, and draw off the spring indicated, which will be plenty long enough for a jacket in the present style. If it requires to be longer for the street or shorter for any fanciful style, the difference is easily made. But, the desirable length determined upon, take the tape measure in the thumb and finger of the left hand, and rest it at the highest point of the neck; then, with the pencil in the right hand, sweep a circle from that point which marked the proper length of the spring. This will give an even length. Should the back or sides require to be deeper, the difference can be easily made, although no strict rule can be given for it, as it is a matter which depends solely upon the caprices of fashion. By cutting out now in the lines marked a perfect back will be obtained, and also side shape, with the exception of a slight deficiency in the latter, which must be supplied in the pattern by piecing in a gore double the size of the one taken out. This gives ample room over the hips.

For the front use the same number—twenty-four. Make a dot on the paper through the holes in the model at each twenty-four, in the same way as before, when, after drawing lines from dot to dot, you will have an outline for the neck, shoulders, arm-size, and under the arm.

Now obtain the front seam; and the easiest way to do it is to double the bust measure (36 inches) and take off the measure of the back, then lay the balance across the bust, and dot, lay the rule by this dot and the dot in front of the neck, and draw the line for the front. To get the length of the waist, for the front lay the back and front evenly together at the side seam, and mark the front by the back, then rest the pencil on this mark with the tape measure held in the thumb and finger of the right hand; now carry the tape measure with the left hand to the highest dot in the neck, and hold it firmly at that point till you sweep a line with the pencil from the mark at the side-seam across to the front line of the waist. This will give you the line which is required as the base of the "spring" for the jacket. If the jacket is to be loose, dart seams will not be required; but if it is to "fit" the form, lay the two side-seams together, and half of the waist measure will give the right size across. The balance to be taken up in dart-seams, if desired to fit closely.

Shape the side-seam of the spring by that of the back, allowing one-third less fulness. The length is also obtained in the same way, by sweeping a circle with the tape measure from the highest point of the neck, the line commencing with the starting point given by the proper length of the spring. To make a deeper point in *front*, it is only necessary to hold the tape measure at a lower dot in the neck.

In marking the dart-seams, reverse the rule to form the "spring," as this gives the exact proportion, the "darts" running *up* to a point above the line of the waist, and *down* to a point below the line.

These directions followed, a woman possessed of some ingenuity and taste can cut different "fancy" styles without the assistance of a dress-maker.

These directions will become very clear and intelligible when the model is examined, which should be procured by every lady who has any desire to cut dresses with accuracy and elegant proportions.

The model of dress-cutting, accompanied with a tape measure and full and accurate instructions, are furnished at $1, and are sent by mail, post free, on receipt of the price.

A chart, accompanied with full instructions and a measure, for cutting children's dresses, is also furnished at 50 cents. Either of which can be procured by addressing Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

A PAIR OF HUSBANDS.—A country editor perpetrates the following upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:—

"This case is the strangest we've known in our life;
The husband 's a husband, and so is the wife.

A FRENCH LADY'S "NO."—The *Ami de la Religion*, a journal which from its title might be expected to be scrupulous on the score of veracity, tells the following story, which although it would not in any case be prosecuted as "false news," and may possibly not be true, is good, at least, as a satire upon the system of match-making in France. A rich young merchant having met a young lady at an evening party who pleased him, asked her hand from her father, without saying a word to her. The papa, having satisfied himself that the proposed son-in-law was eligible, gave his consent, and informed his daughter that he had found a husband for her, that she must order the wedding-dress immediately, and that she would be married in a week. "Very well, papa; but who am I to be married to?" "Oh! a friend of mine; he is gone into the country on business; but you will see him on Sunday." "And the wedding is to be on Monday, papa?" "It's all right; don't make yourself uneasy." On Monday last, May 5, the wedding party appeared before the mayor of one of the arrondissements of Paris, to celebrate the civil marriage, which is alone the essential legal contract in France. On the mayor putting to the bride the usual question—"Do you consent to take this man to be your wedded husband?" the girl answered, "Why, to tell the truth, M. Mayor, you are the first person who ever asked me that question." "Well, but what do you say?" "Well, if I had been asked before, I should doubtless have said 'perhaps;' but, under the present circumstances, my answer is 'no.'" The mayor at once left his chair, and the matter stands over for further consideration.

"IF a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, "he must be a wretch, indeed, who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

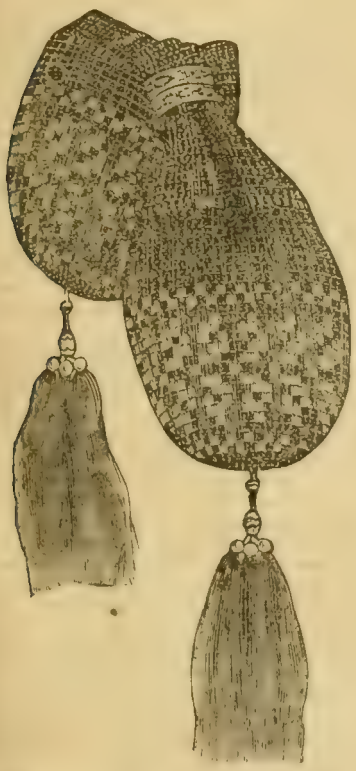
Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

LONG PURSE IN OPEN CROCHET.

Materials.—One French skein of fine claret silk, and eight of gold thread, No. 1; two rich tassels, and slides to correspond.

The peculiarity of this purse is, that whereas close or single crochet is used, almost invariably, when two or more colors are worked together, in this specimen the open crochet only is employed.

With the claret silk make a chain of 132 stitches; close it into a round, and work three rounds in open square crochet.



1st Pattern round.—* 4 dc with the gold, 2 chain with the silk * repeat all round. Observe that in this and all subsequent rounds, in which both materials are employed, the thread of the one not in use must be concealed within the one that is. Thus the gold thread is to be worked into the chain, as well as the silk into the gold dc.

2d.—Like the first, the 4 dc coming over 2 chain and one dc on each side of it.

3d.—Open square crochet, in silk.

4th.—* 1 dc, 2 ch, silk; 4 dc gold; 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch silk,* repeat all round.

5th.—* 1 dc, 2 ch, silk; 7 dc gold; 2 ch silk, * repeat all round.

6th.—* 4 dc, gold; 2 dc, silk; * repeat all round.

7th.—* 7 dc, gold; 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch silk; * repeat all round.

8th.—* 1 dc, 2 ch, silk; 7 dc, gold; 2 ch, silk; * repeat all round.

9th.—* 1 dc, gold; 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch, silk; 3 dc, gold; * repeat all round.

10th.—Like 5th.

11th.—Like 7th.

12th.—Like 6th.

13th.—Like 5th.

14th.—Like 4th.

15th.—All silk, open square crochet.

16th and *17th.*—Like 1st and 2d.

Do eight rounds of open square crochet with silk, then 1 gold, 5 silk, 1 gold, 5 silk, 1 gold, 8 silk. This forms the centre of the purse.

For the other end, repeat from the first pattern round, and after the 17th finish with 2 rounds of open square crochet in silk.

Sew on the tassels, and slip on the slides.

There is so little work in this purse, that it is particularly suitable for any one who wishes to prepare an elegant present in a hurry.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

Game of the Two Crosses.

Take thirteen counters and arrange them in the form of a cross, as in Fig. 1. Count your perpendicular line and you will find *nine*. Then begin at the bottom, count seven, and turn to the right, you will find *nine* again; repeat this and turn to the left, you will still find *nine*. Now take *two* counters away from the thirteen, arrange them in a cross, so they may still count nine each way.

Fig. 1.

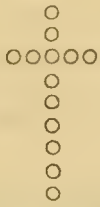
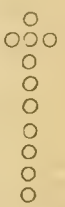


Fig. 2.



The solution is, take one counter from each arm of the cross, and move the remaining counter of each arm one counter higher up, as in Fig. 2.

The Cook who Doesn't Like Peas.

The leader of the game puts the following question to the assembled players in succession:—

"My cook doesn't like peas; what shall we give her to eat?"

A player suggests "turnips," "potatoes," "a piece of bread," "chops," "a penny roll," "pork," etc.

To all these, the questioner replies, "She doesn't like them (or it)—pay a forfeit."

Another proposes "carrots," "dry bread," "beef," "mutton," etc., the answer to any of which is—

"That will suit her," and the *questioner* pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game proceeds for some time to the intense mystification of the players, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalties. It depends upon a play of words. The cook not liking "*P's*," the player must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even who are in the plot are sometimes entrapped; the answer they had resolved on being forestalled by another player, they have no time for consideration.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. A. C S.—Sent articles June 20th.

Mrs. C. M. W.—Sent hair net 20th.

J. A. H —Sent pattern 20th.

H. R. C.—Sent pattern 28th.

M. E. B.—Sent pattern 28th.

Mrs. P. G.—Sent pattern 28th.

Mrs. A. C. H.—Sent articles by Adams's express 28th.

Mrs. M. J. E. R.—Sent pattern 28th.

Mrs. W. W. A.—Sent article 28th.

Mrs. K. H.—Sent tatting shuttle 30th.

C. E. M.—Sent article by Adams's express 30th.

Mrs. J. B.—Sent pattern July 1st.

Mrs. M. C.—Sent pattern 1st.

S. E. B.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 2d.

Miss M. C. B.—Sent articles 3d.

H. D.—Sent ring 7th.

G. E R.—Sent ring 7th.

Mrs. L. M.—Sent pattern 8th.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent articles 10th.

Miss A. R. K.—Sent pattern 10th.

J. P. B.—Sent hat by Kinsley's express 10th.

F. M. W.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 15th.

Mrs. S. R. H.—Sent article 15th.

Miss A. C.—Sent mitts 16th.

Miss R. G.—Raise the hat, or touch it; either is correct.

Mrs. A. A. V.—Do not discourage them from asking questions.

Miss L.—The most fashionable style of dressing the hair is, rolled back from the forehead and curls at the back.

S. G. B.—We furnish one at $1 25.

Mrs. E.—Chain stitch is made by forming a loop, and drawing one loop through the other. Double crochet is made by inserting the hook through the loop, and drawing the cotton through; then draw the cotton through the two loops; there will then be only one loop on the hook. Treble is made by first twisting the cotton over the hook; then insert the hook into the loop, draw the cotton through: then through two loops, and again through two loops; there will then be but one loop on the hook.

Miss M. E. A.—The ring should be worn on the third finger of the right hand *when engaged.*

L. G.—Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXI.—(*Continued.*)

513. Passing from alumina, let us now enter upon the consideration of another body, which is not an earth, nor, according to the opinion of most chemists, the oxide of a metal, but is the oxide of a peculiar substance, termed silicon. The oxide in question is silica, or the pure matter of flint; otherwise called silicic acid, inasmuch as it possesses certain acid qualities. Silica is very extensively distributed throughout nature; scarcely any ordinary mineral is without it; hence a thorough knowledge of its properties is absolutely necessary to the chemical analyst.

514. Procure a gun-flint, make it red hot in a fire, then withdraw it, and plunge it into water. The gun flint will have become split into fissures all over, and may now be very readily pulverized by wrapping it in a piece of cloth and striking it with a hammer. The powdered material may be regarded as silica.

515. Try whether it will dissolve in water, nor marvel at the supposition, for we shall presently convert it into gas, which is a far more extraordinary result than that of dissolving it in water. However, whilst in this state at least, it will *not* dissolve in water.

516. Mix one part by weight of powdered silica, or silicic acid, thus produced, with about four parts by weight of dried carbonate of soda (washing soda previously heated to dryness in an iron ladle). Let the mixture be effected very intimately by means of a Wedgewood mortar, or, still better, a mortar of agate; then return the mixture to the iron ladle or an iron spoon, and heat to redness for a few minutes. Chemists for this operation use a platinum crucible; nevertheless, an iron ladle or spoon will serve as a means of simple demonstration. Remove the fused mass from the spoon or ladle, and heat it with water. If the operation have been properly conducted, that is to say, if the mixture have been well triturated together, and well fused, all will be soluble, thus constituting what the alchemists termed *liquor of flints.*

517. Dissolve the solution thus effected into three or four equal portions. To one, add any acid (say the hydrochloric or nitric), and remark the change which ensues. The silica, or at least a portion of it, assumes a gelatinous form, and may be separated by means of a filter; nevertheless, by the addition of a certain amount of acid, the gelatinous silica may be again dissolved. Hence we learn that silica, whilst in this gelatinous or hydrated state, is soluble both in acids and alkalies.

518. Evaporate some of the gelatinous acid mixture of silica now to *complete* dryness; then add water, and remark how thoroughly the characters of the silica have become altered. No longer is it gelatinous, but hard and gritty—very much like the original powder resulting from the levigation of flints. It is now insoluble in alkaline solutions, and also insoluble in all acids save one—namely the hydrofluoric.

519. This is a most important characteristic of silica: by taking advantage of which, it may be separated or isolated from every other substance.

520. It may also be isolated in another very elegant manner, by converting it into a gas. Mix two parts (weight) of powdered flint and one of fluor spar very intimately; put the mixture into a Florence flask; add enough strong oil of vitriol to convert the whole into a paste: adapt a bent tube; apply heat; plunge the delivery end of the tube into a little quicksilver already put into an ale-glass, and fill the glass with water (468) A very curious phenomenon will be observed. Each bubble of gas, as it passes through the water, will become encased in a coat of something, which you may recognize as silica. By transmitting this gas, termed fluo-silicic, through mere water, only one portion of the silica is thrown down; another portion remains in solution, forming hydro-fluo-silicic acid, which is valuable as being a precipitating agent for potash, but not for soda.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Violet Foulard dress, with one row of quilled ribbon on the bottom of the skirt; three rows are sewed round the skirt, and are *en tablier* in front. The body of the dress is trimmed with quilled ribbon, in the Zouave style; sleeves half loose, and trimmed to match the body. Sash with rounded ends, trimmed with a ribbon quilling. Coiffure of violet velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Green silk dress, trimmed with different widths of black velvet, sewed round the skirt in diamond form, and graduated up each side of the front breadth. The corsage is made with points in front, and a jockey at the back. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with velvet to match the skirt. Quilting white crape bonnet, with a black velvet cape edged with white and trimmed with a white lace. Two rows of lace are placed over the bonnet, with a flat velvet bow on the top. Violet velvet inside trimming. Strings of white ribbon with black velvet edge.

Fig. 3.—Lavender poplin dress, with black velvet corsage. The skirt is trimmed with black velvet in bands, lozenges, and bows, the same as on the body and sleeves of the dress. Small lace collar, with black velvet bow.

Fig. 4.—Home-dress. Pongee dress, of the new color called *cuir*. The skirt is trimmed on one side only, with bands and bows of the material corded with black. Coat body, with revers and buttoning from left to right Chemisette with ruff. Round crown cap, trimmed with shells of white muslin and bows of cerise ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Dinner-dress. Ruby silk dress, trimmed at the bottom with one deep flounce, and *en tablier* with small flounces and rows of lace. The tunic skirt is bordered by a ruche of the silk. Black velvet sash, with heavy fringed ends, and embroidered with ruby silk. Low corsage, trimmed to match the skirt, and worn with a puffed chemisette. The sleeves consist of flounces and rows of lace. Coiffure of black velvet.

NEW STYLE OF ARRANGING FRONT BRAIDS.

(*See engraving, page* 226.)

The front hair instead of being separated, as is usually the case, is taken as one strand. The braid is taken in the centre, as in Fig. 1, and plaited in a three plait. When it is plaited, turn the plait toward the back and comb the upper part of the hair over it. This will give the appearance of a roll and braid. If the roll is not becoming, turn the plait to the front and have it alone. The small lock at the end of the braid is intended to twist round the coil at the back, and keep the braids firm.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

We have nothing very novel to report in the world of fashion, and not until next month will we be able to give a description of the new fall materials.

The continued warmth of the weather has somewhat retarded the usual preparations for autumn. Thin dresses of all kinds are still worn, though brightened up by high-colored ribbons.

Bonnets have as yet undergone no change in shape, but they are generally trimmed with velvets, feathers, or fruits, such as white and purple grapes, red and black cherries, holly, mountain-ash, and elder-berries.

Among the prettiest fall bonnets was one of white crape and rose-colored velvet, trimmed with white blonde and a bunch of grapes. The crape was stretched tightly over the bonnet. Part of the velvet formed the top of the front, and ended on the top of the crown. The curtain was bound with velvet and had a fall of blonde over it. The inside trimming was of roses and grapes. Another was a white crinoline bonnet, with black velvet front, two bands of a flame-colored ribbon *chiné* with gold were placed across the head, almost covering it. The curtain was of black velvet covered with black lace, and on the front of the bonnet was a row of lace loops, passed through straw rings. The strings were of flame-color and gold, and the inside trimming was of black poppies and nasturtiums.

Another of black lace, with the whole front drawn, was trimmed with a fanchon of scarlet velvet edged with lace, and trimmed with bunches of black and red cherries, with branches of the wood. The curtain was black thulle covered with lace, and the inside trimming was cherries and elder-berries.

Black lace veils are worn rather larger, and are not so much of the crescent shape, the ends only being rounded.

As lingerie holds such an important place in a lady's toilet, we will notice some of the articles in this department lately made for a trousseau. The chemises were made in various styles, some with bands, others with plain or pointed yokes, others made with a drawing-string, all elaborately trimmed with puffings and insertions of Valenciennes or muslin, with colored cambric underneath, or else with yokes and bands embroidered, and every variety of sleeve. Many of them were laid in

large plaits, both back and front. Plaits being now much employed in all linen and muslin articles, such as petticoats, night-dresses, chemises, and wrappers.

Then there were corset covers richly trimmed, with lace medallions, tucks, and embroidery.

The night-dresses were made with and without yokes. Some of them had plaited bosoms like a shirt, others puffings separated by insertions of Valenciennes or muslin, others trimmed with narrow ruffling. Most of them had small embroidered collars, though some were finished at the neck by a narrow fluted ruffle. The sleeves were made with cuffs, and just large enough to pass the hand through, thus avoiding the necessity of buttons and buttonholes.

The skirts were trimmed with fluted ruffles, some headed by an insertion, and some having two rows, of three ruffles each. These ruffles are more popular than elaborate embroidery, and when fluted are really beautiful.

We recommend for this purpose Magic Ruffling and Imperial Frilling. No one who has gone through the ordeal of whipping yards and yards of ruffling can fail to rejoice that it is no longer necessary. This ruffling can be bought, ready hemmed and gathered, of all widths. It also comes with a fine scalloped edge, in red, white, and black. We have seen a great deal of this ruffling used for night-dresses, chemises, wrappers, and skirts, etc., and can answer for its natty appearance.

Ruching for the necks of dresses and jackets also comes of thick and Swiss muslin. It is hemmed on each edge, stitched in the middle, is finely crimped and fluted, and can be had by the piece or yard for a trifle.

The latest novelty for a nightcap is a round crown whipped on to a piece of insertion and frill, not tied under the chin, but kept on the head by an elastic which is run through the crown.

Collars and cuffs are worn very small. For *negligé*, ladies are wearing them of linen embroidered in colors, or of quilted muslin, stitched or finely embroidered on the edge. The cuffs are mounted on large muslin puffs.

More dressy sets are of thin muslin, ornamented with raised embroidery. Each figure or leaf a of flower is embroidered separately, and caught on to the collar so that all the figures or leaves can be lifted up. The effect of this style of embroidery is very beautiful. Lace and muslin medallions are much used for collars, sleeves, infants' caps, and all fine articles.

Figaro and Zouave jackets, made of sprigged muslin, lined with colored silk, and trimmed with ribbon ruches, are much worn.

The chemise, or veste Russe, of which we give an illustration on page 225, will take the place of Garibaldi shirts, which will only be worn by children. The veste Russe will be made of both thick and thin materials, and very heavily braided.

Soutache or braiding will be much in vogue throughout the fall and winter; it will be used on the skirts of heavy dresses and outer garments.

Wraps for the *demi saison* will be of light cloth, almond-color, mixed gray and brown, and gray in all possible tints, braided with different widths of black braid. Some of the prettiest wraps, however, are the Shetland shawls, all white, or white with mauve, black, or some subdued color. For the house or watering-place wear they are to be had in brilliant Solferino borders. They are the most beautiful and lacelike articles of the kind we have seen.

Nothing very new has yet appeared in the way of headdresses, with the exception of wreaths formed of loops of ribbon and flower wreaths. As it is seldom anything of this kind is suitable for mourning, we will mention several which have appeared. One was composed of two rows of white roses, with steel buttons between them, and velvet foliage; another consisted of black hortensias and violet heartsease; another of small white china asters with steel hearts, forming a coronet, and at the side was a branch of black willow; another was of violet, relieved by spikes of jet.

Combs are small, and the patterns with graduated balls on the top are generally favorites. The most expensive ones are of a golden-color shell resembling amber.

Flounces are still fashionable, and are made rather closer. Some of the dresses are trimmed to give them the appearance of a jacket, others are made with a square jockey at the back, others are cut diagonally, the fastening beginning on one shoulder and ending at the waist on the opposite side. Pockets are sewed on the inside of the dress, and the ornamented opening is all that is seen.

We saw at Mrs. Ellis's, No. 880 Broadway, a very *distingué* dress. It was made of a rich mauve silk, with a trimming set up about half a yard on the dress. This trimming consisted of the dress silk one-quarter of a yard deep, scalloped on each edge, and bound with black satin. It was then run in large diamonds, and the threads drawn, so that each diamond was puffed, and the sewing was concealed by pipings of the black satin. A fall of rich lace was below this trimming. The body and sleeves were trimmed to match.

Some of the prettiest evening dresses, made for numerous weddings, were as follows:—

One was composed of three shades of mauve *crêpe*, made with three skirts, the darkest shade of *crêpe* forming the lower one. Each skirt was waved and trimmed with a *crêpe* ruching. The skirts were looped at intervals by field flowers, which also formed the coiffure.

Another dress was of white thulle, with two skirts, the upper one in the form of a tunic. This tunic was looped back on each side with scarlet poppies and gold wheat ears. The coiffure was of poppies and gold wheat ears.

Another white thulle dress had full thulle ruches, and blended with them were numerous yards of cordons of violets. The body was trimmed to match. Fastening the wide white sash behind was a tuft of violets, and in the hair a single tuft of the same.

Tarlatane is one of the favorite materials for young ladies' dresses. It is simple, pretty, and inexpensive. Dresses of this material are trimmed with ruches and flounces of the same, puffings laid over colored ribbons, narrow black velvet, or ruches made of silk or ribbon.

Another pretty dress was of maize-colored silk, ornamented on the skirt with blonde quillings, put on in diamonds, the centre of each being finished with a bouquet of heartsease. The body was trimmed with ruches and bouquets of heartsease, and the headdress was a wreath of different colored heartsease.

The most stylish dress of the season was of *rose de chiné* silk, richly braided with black velvet and fancy straw. The over-skirt was of rose thulle, edged with straw and sprinkled over with small straw buttons. The body was trimmed with thulle, straw, and black velvet. The headdress was of roses and wheat ears.

We have described different styles of dress, but thin, vaporous materials, trimmed with ruches and flounces, will be the favorites, and white the color most worn.

FASHION.

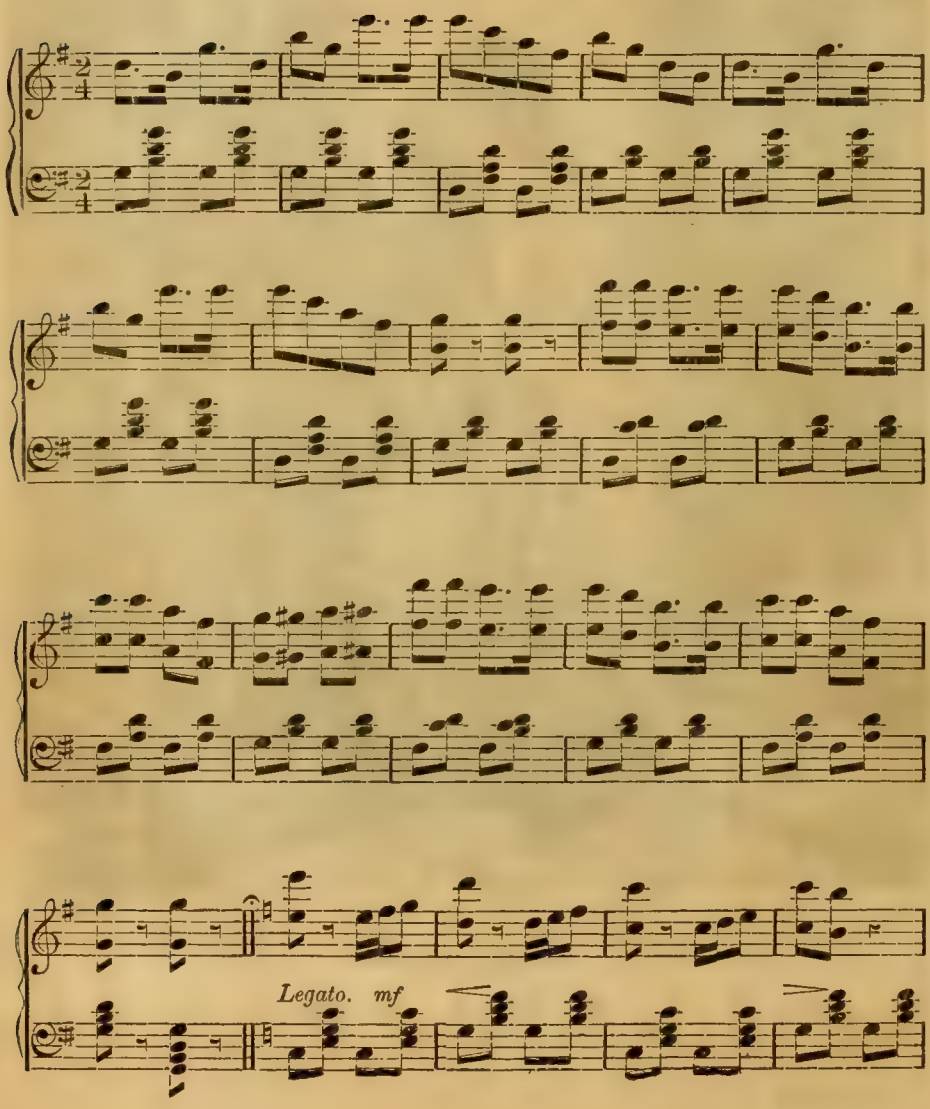
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER 1862.

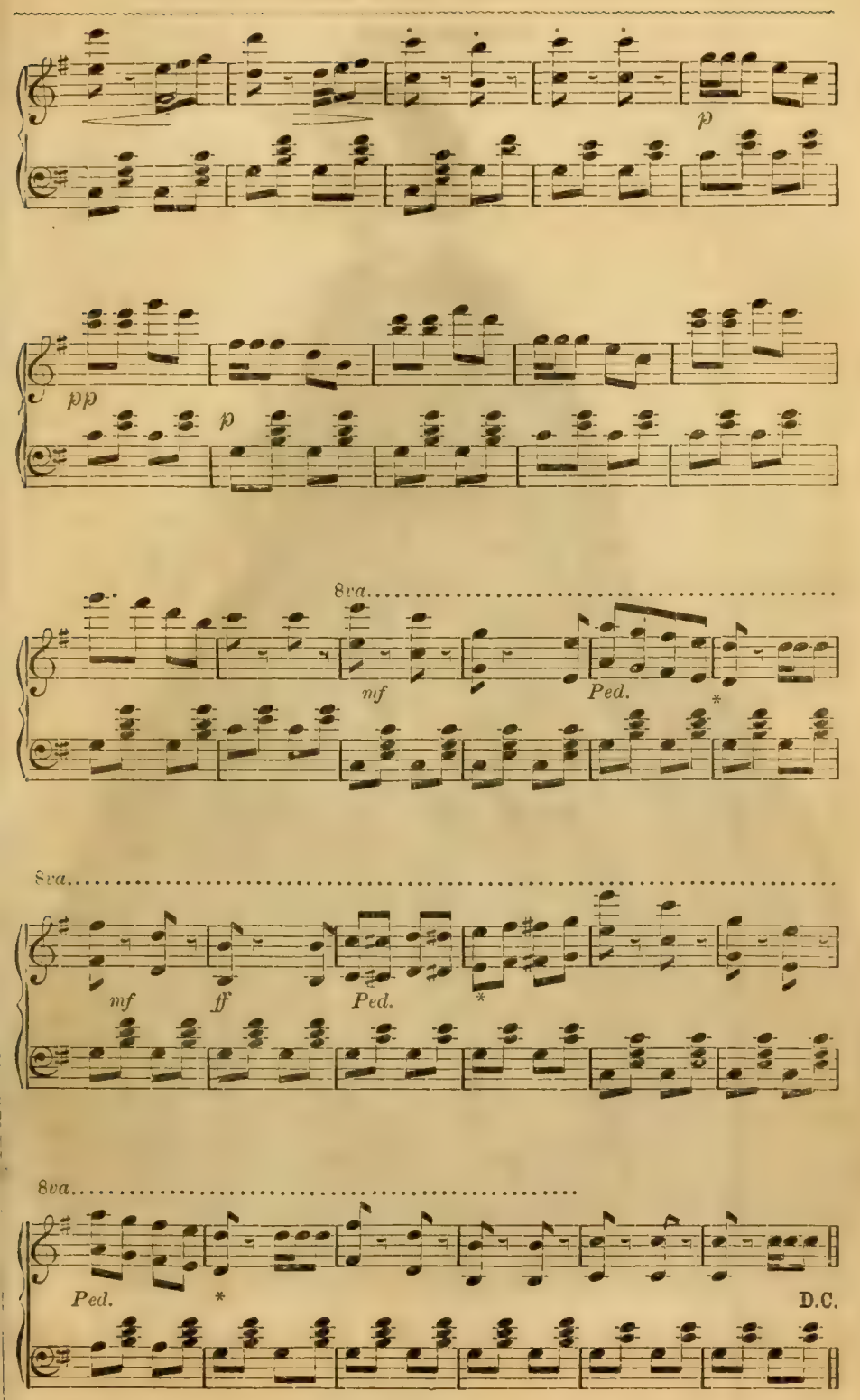
"GOOD NEWS."

BERMUDA GALOP.

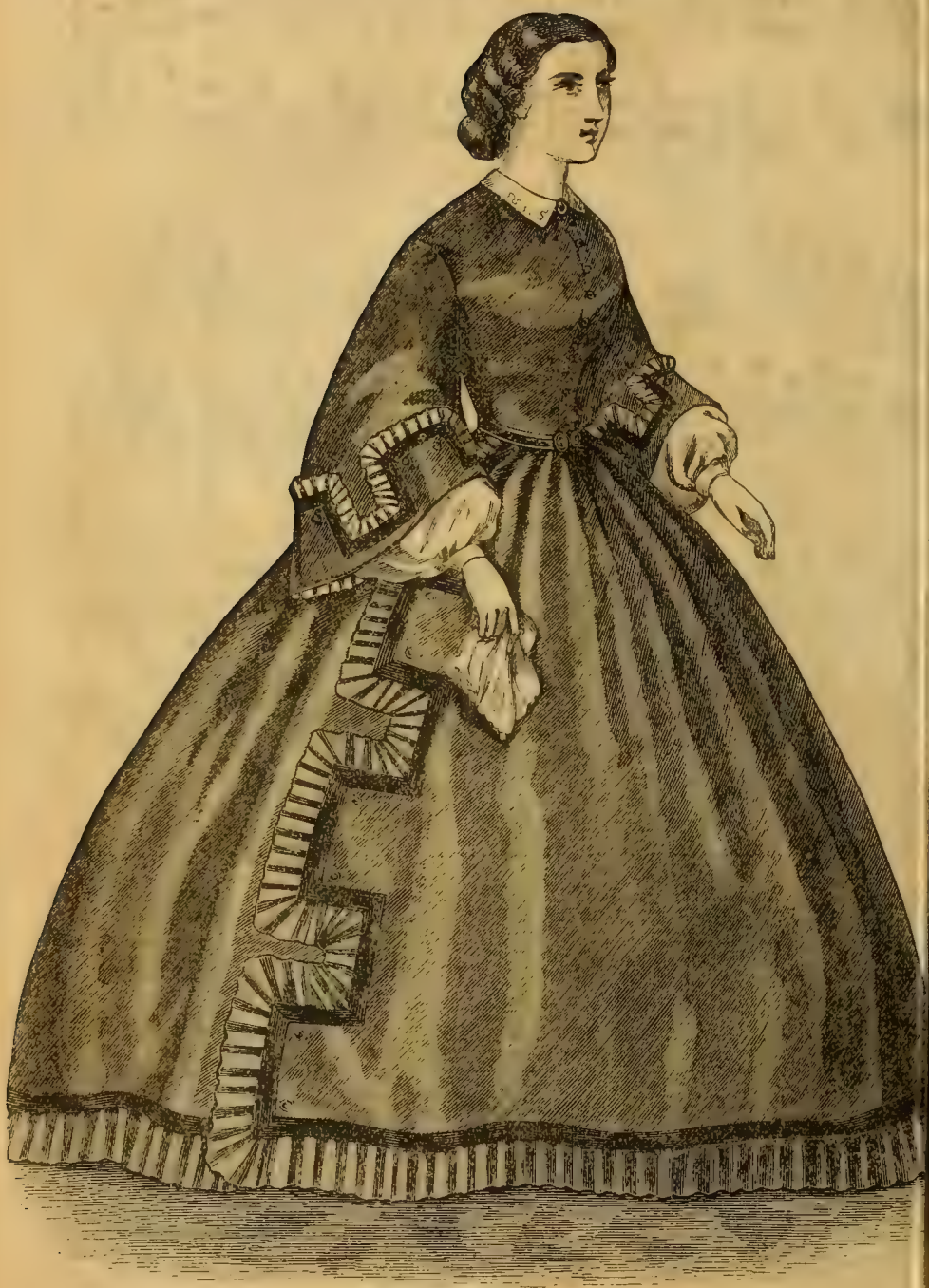
COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY ROSALIE E. SMITH.




p
pp
p
8va
mf
Ped.
*
8va
mf
ff
Ped.
*
8va
Ped.
*
D.C.

DINNER-DRESS.



Made of black poplin, trimmed with flutings of purple silk and black velvet ribbon. Black and pu
belt, fastened with a clasp. Linen collar and cuffs.

HOME-DRESS.

de of slate-colored alpaca, trimmed in diamond form with black velvet ribbon. Black and slate-
d belt. Linen collar and cuffs, worked with black.

THE CALPE.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This mode is foremost among the beautiful pardessus of the season. It is chiefly made o dark shades of cloth, with the ornament of braid embroideries and macarons. We regard thi style and another called the *Eglantine*, as the belles of the early winter modes.

THE MARCHIONESS.

(*Front and Back view.*)

A pardessus, made of black silk, trimmed with pieces of the silk waved and edged with guipure lace.

Fig. 1.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

Fig. 1.—White lace hat; to be trimmed with green leaves and scarlet berries.

Fig. 2.—Straw hat; trimmed with black feathers and Vesuve ribbon.

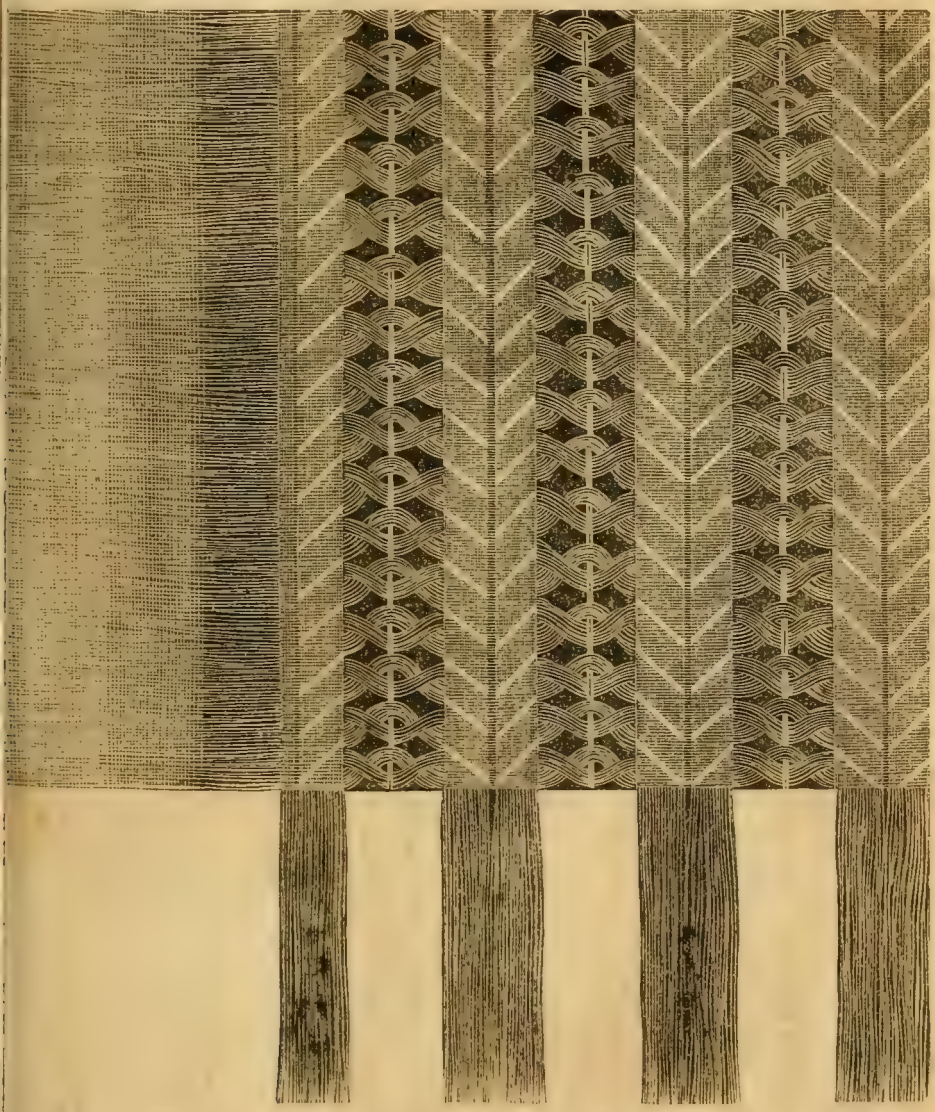
Fig. 2.

CROCHET ZOUAVE JACKET.

(See description, Work Department.)

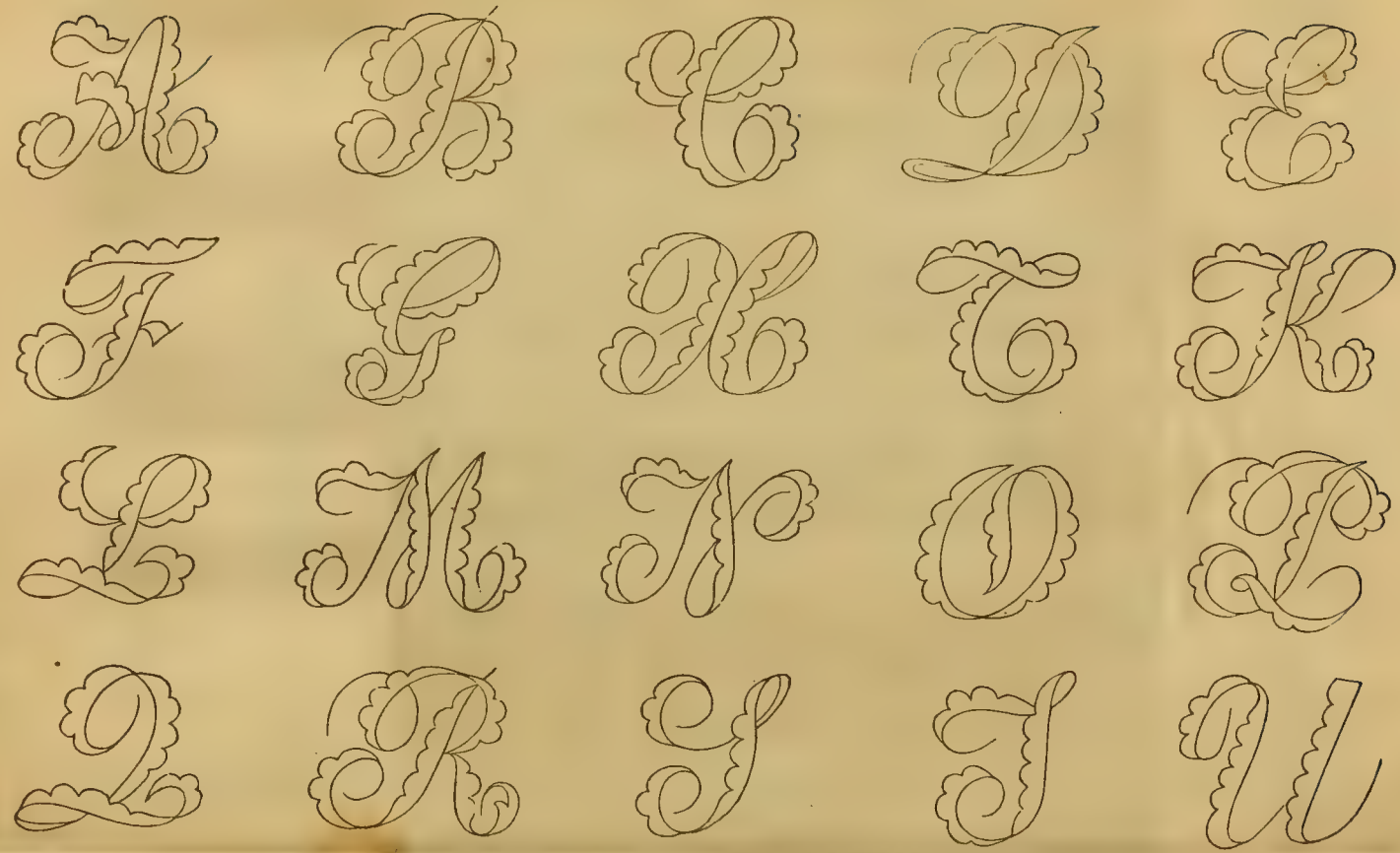
BRAIDING PATTERN.

D'OYLEY FOR A CAKE-BASKET.



Take a square of muslin and pull out the threads to form a stripe about half an inch wide, leaving lain stripe between. Then separate the threads of the woof into divisions of eight, which you in divide, as shown in the cut. Run a coarse red cotton through the crossings. The thick stripes ould have one thread drawn in the middle and diagonal lines of red cotton.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1862.

AIR AND VENTILATION.

In the first place, the breathing of impure air tends inevitably to shorten life: the body loses its health and strength, the mind its vigor, and becomes feeble and desponding. People who breathe bad air day after day are always in a low, nervous state—they are, in fact, but little more than half alive. They fancy that the least whiff of fresh air will give them their death of cold: they have but little appetite for food; they become pale and sallow in complexion, and cannot bear a sudden noise without a violent start. Scrofula, if not produced by impure air, is greatly aggravated by it; and the same may be said of consumption: besides which, measles, skin-diseases, sore eyes, rickets, are all more or less occasioned by want of proper ventilation. M. Baudelocque, a French physician, states that, in some ill-built villages in France, where the inhabitants breathed the bad air over and over again for months together, numbers of them *died rotten with scrofula.* No matter whether it be in a gentleman's house or laborer's house, if the foul air be not changed, disease will be certain to make its appearance: rich and poor, both suffer from neglect. A hundred years ago, the Lord Mayor of London, two judges, and one alderman, all died from a fever which broke out at Newgate, owing to the dirt and want of fresh air. Jails were never ventilated in those days, nor indeed until a much later period; and, as a consequence, were scarcely ever free from what was called jail-fever. On board ships, too, foul air often causes great waste of life: the suffocation of seventy individuals on board the *Londonderry* steamer, on the Irish coast, some years since, is a melancholy instance of the fatal effects of breathing foul air. We have heard of persons living in the worst parts of London who had not opened their windows or combed their hair for more than a year; the air in their rooms was so exceedingly impure and offensive that a benevolent visitor who had called fainted away. A similar result has followed on going into dress-makers' work-rooms, or tailors' workshops, where a great many persons work, sitting close together, and breathing the same foul atmosphere for weeks together. In all other workshops, too, where no measures are taken to get rid of bad air, ill effects will ensue; and can we wonder that the men are weak and low-spirited, and die early? Town or country, it will be all the same if people will not open their windows and let in fresh air. We have often gone into cottages out in the broad open country, in which the air was as foul as in the dirty alleys of a town; the inmates seemed to delight in keeping out the free pure air of heaven, blowing around them on every side.

The air is rendered impure by other causes as well as that of breathing, as we shall presently see. Pure air is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, in certain fixed proportions; that these proportions are such as are fitted for healthy breathing; that unless these proportions are maintained the blood cannot be purified; that impure air makes impure blood, and is one great cause of disease and death. And our next duty will be to show that such a state of things need not exist. Pure air is so necessary to life, health, and comfort—more necessary, indeed, than food itself, inasmuch as that, without a due supply of it, the best and most abundant food will give neither health nor strength—that to insure

it in every house occupied by the poor, in every factory, workhouse, hospital, or other building made to receive numbers, seems a primary and imperative duty.

Having thus fully explained what is meant by *air*—how it acts upon the living body, and the ill effects produced by breathing it in an impure state, we now come to treat of *ventilation*, or the means by which a constant supply of pure air may be obtained. This can be done in two ways, naturally and artificially: by the first is meant, availing ourselves of certain natural laws which exist, so to speak, ready to our hand; the second is the making use of certain mechanical methods for admitting good air and expelling bad air from our dwellings.

Now it is a natural law that air, when warm, is lighter than air at the ordinary temperature, which is caused by the atoms composing it, expanding, and taking up a larger space, thereby causing the colder and heavier air to fall to the bottom. We see that smoke goes up a chimney, or rises upwards from a fire lit out of doors. Why is this? Because a stream of air passes through the fire, and being thus warmed, up it goes, carrying the smoke with it. In cold weather we see also that the breath ascends as it leaves the mouth and nostrils; and the rising of steam from the spout of a tea-kettle must be familiar to every one. And it is owing to the continual movement occasioned by the passage of warm currents that the atmosphere is maintained in a healthy condition. Here we have so many proofs that warm air ascends; and if we make a proper vent it will escape of itself from a room.

Except in unwholesome neighborhoods, when we are out of doors we breathe in or inspire pure air; but as the greater part of most persons' lives is passed in-doors, it concerns us chiefly to know how to bring pure air into houses and workshops. Generally speaking, no attempt is made to get rid of bad air; people who attend crowded meetings will have observed that the windows of the building soon become covered with vapor, which, after a time, runs down in large drops: besides this, a sickly, suffocating smell is perceived, produced by the watery vapor of the breath, the carbonic acid gas which comes off the lungs, and the perspiration constantly thrown off from every one's skin. All these effects put together make up a sickening and poisonous atmosphere. And if pure air were prevented finding its way in from the outside, before many hours all the people in the room would certainly die. If a man happen to die while cleaning out an old well or cesspool, or several persons are suffocated by the foul gas from a sewer, the event creates quite a sensation; but no one is startled by the fact that thousands of people in this country are breathing poisoned air day after day, as long as they live. In addition to the causes above-mentioned, by which the air is vitiated or rendered unfit for breathing, the use of gas, oil-lamps, or candles in a room tends further to spoil it, as they all throw off carbonic acid gas.

Every person requires for healthful breathing ten cubic feet of air every minute; that is, he ought to have as much as will fill a box one foot square and ten feet long; and unless a full supply is kept up he is sure to suffer in some way. Farmers know that when corn is too thickly sown it does not thrive well, the air cannot get in among it to shake it about, to ventilate it. The same with plantations of trees; unless they are kept thinned to admit sun and air, they grow up weak and of little value. So with human beings; old or young, they must all have a sufficient supply of pure air to keep their lungs properly ventilated.

There are several ways of ventilating rooms—by openings in the ceiling, ventilators in the window, chimney or door, or by frequently opening the doors and windows. It must be remembered, however, that ventilation is not yet a perfect science; a method which answers successfully in one place will not act equally well in another. If, therefore, first experiments do not prove satisfactory, the attempt must not be given up in despair, as though ventilation were an impossibility; on the contrary, we must exert our inventive powers a little more until the object is accomplished.

Ventilation by means of openings in the ceiling is chiefly useful for large public buildings and school-rooms. For a room with 100 scholars in it two openings 18 inches square, or a large number of small openings, would be sufficient; the warm breathed air rises through these into the empty space above, and passes away into the atmosphere by funnels or cowls in the roof. If the cowls are made to turn round and round by the wind in the same way as those fixed on chimneys, so much the better, as the motion draws a current upwards, and thereby removes the bad air before it has had time to cool and descend again into the room beneath. Besides this, every time the scholars leave the room the windows should be opened.

There are several kinds of window ventilators; one of the simplest is a wooden frame, three

inches wide, one inch thick, and in length the same as the width of the window. This is to be covered with a strip of fine wire gauze, and is placed at the top of the upper sash of the window, lowered to receive it, and is kept in its place by pushing the sash up again until it holds the frame securely. A supply of fresh air will then find its way into the room without causing an uncomfortable draught, as would be the case through an unprotected opening. If this plan cannot be adopted, a pane of glass may be taken out, and its place filled up with a sheet of zinc, perforated or pierced full of small holes. Instead of zinc, a pane of perforated glass may be used, which has the advantage of not keeping out light. Another way is to fix one of the upper panes in a hinged frame shut in at the sides and top with perforated zinc, and made to slope inwards as occasion requires. According to the slope, so will be the quantity of fresh air that enters the room, and this may be regulated at pleasure.

The chimney ventilator is meant to be fixed in an opening cut through the brickwork, or breast of the chimney, from the room to the flue, two or three inches below the ceiling; the opening may be the size of one or two bricks, according to circumstances. Arnott's ventilator is self-acting. It may be described as a square metal box, made to fit a space the size of a brick (or two bricks, as above stated), and having a trap-door or valve on the side which comes into the room. This valve is balanced by a weight fastened to it by a bent arm, so as to keep it shut; but as soon as any breathed or warm air rises to the top of the room it pushes the valve open, and passes away up the chimney with the smoke. In some cases it has been found necessary to keep the valve shut in very windy weather, to prevent smoke blowing into the room, and this may be easily done by fixing a wire to the weight, and looping the lower end to a small hook in the wall. These ventilators act best when the fire is lighted, but they are serviceable at other times, and those who have used them say that they assist in keeping the walls of the room clean, as a good deal of dust which would otherwise settle upon them passes into the chimney with the current of air.

On holding a lighted candle in the open doorway of a warm room the flame will be blown outwards at the top of the door, and inwards at the bottom. Advantage may be taken of this fact to keep up a circulation of air in the apartment by cutting a hole through the door at the top and bottom, and covering it with perforated zinc, wire gauze, or a sliding cover of wood. The latter plan enables us to have a larger or smaller current of air passing in and out, as may be preferred.

Those persons who have neither the means nor ability to make or purchase ventilators can, whenever they choose, keep their rooms properly ventilated by frequently opening the doors and windows. This costs nothing, and will be effectual when all other means fail. Most working people have but one living-room, which makes it necessary for them to be more especially careful to keep it sweet, as they have to carry on many operations which tend to spoil the air—washing and cooking, for instance; and how long the smell of soapsuds or of herrings and onions clings to a room! But this may be prevented by opening the door and window as soon as the work or meal is over. The air from without rushes through, and in a few minutes the room is purified. All rooms admit of being ventilated in this way, and it would be well to lay down a rule for the purpose, and follow it steadily day after day. Thus —open the door and window for a few minutes on first getting up in the morning, the same after every meal, and as often between as may be desirable. In fine, warm weather the window may be left open all day; but should any one of the inmates be ill, care should be taken in admitting air. There are many men who work all day in close, unhealthy workshops; we trust that after reading these remarks they will endeavor at least to breathe pure air when at home.

It is, perhaps, in bedrooms more than elsewhere that mischief occurs. A third part of our lives is passed in sleep, and yet the object of people generally appears to be to shut out the pure air of heaven—the breath of life—from bed-chambers, under a mistaken notion that night air is injurious. As though Providence delighted to work mischief during the hours of darkness! Nothing of the kind; if we avoid draughts we may breathe the night air as long as we like; what we have to do is to avoid breathing the air which has already been breathed over and over again. Yet this is what commonly takes place in bedrooms. Sometimes there are thick curtains to the windows as well as a blind; then there are curtains round the bed, and when these are kept drawn all night the breath of the sleepers will have poisoned the air so much that a bird will die if hung up for a time in the upper part of the bed. It would be well if bed-curtains were quite done away with, and French bedsteads used, or

others with low posts, so as to allow of a free circulation of air. Fire-places in bedrooms should be always kept open, and not closed by a fireboard; neither should the chimney be stopped, as it is a very useful channel of ventilation.

The door, whenever possible, should be left partly open, and by screwing on a chain, such as is now used for street doors, there will be as much security as with a door close shut and bolted. The upper half of the window also should be open an inch or two; it will be easy to hang up a curtain so as to prevent a draught blowing upon the persons in bed. Let those who have been hitherto accustomed to close bedrooms try this plan, and they will at once be aware of a difference of feeling on rising in the morning; the dull, heavy sensation will be greatly relieved, or disappear altogether. The close, sickly smell will no longer be perceived; and, where several children sleep in the same room, their rest will be more refreshing and undisturbed, and they will wake in the morning cheerful and active for the duties of the day. On this point Sir James Clark observes: "Let a mother who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children go from *pure* air into their bedroom in the morning before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere, the close, oppressive, and often fetid odor of the room, and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bedroom during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe."

It has been observed that the air of a room is spoiled and rendered unfit for breathing by smoke or flame. A single candle needs almost as much air to keep it burning as a man requires for breathing; and two ordinary gas burners consume as much air as three men. Hence it is especially necessary in workshops, and other large rooms where many lights are kept burning, to provide for a plentiful supply of fresh air, and for the immediate escape of the foul air. One of the best ways of doing this is to have a funnel, shaped something like the mouth of a trumpet, fixed over the burner. This funnel is connected with a tube that runs across the ceiling into the chimney, and in this way the smoke and heated air pass off immediately, and at the same time, by creating a current, assist materially in ventilating the apartment. Let it not be forgotten that heat in connection with a tube or other channel is the most effectual means for ventilation.

Most persons who work in factories know that such buildings are in many instances supplied with *warm* pure air. This is a great benefit in cold damp weather; and we are acquainted with several ingenious mechanics who have contrived to warm their houses in the same way. They make a square wooden tube or spout long enough to reach from the outside of the house to the fire-place; this is laid under the floor, and the inner end is brought into a hollow space or chamber made at the back of the fire. This chamber becomes hot, and consequently air rushes into it from the outside, and after being heated passes by another tube into the room at one side of the mantel-piece; thus, without any additional fire, a greater amount of warmth is obtained. To make this plan answer, the arrangements must be very carefully contrived. But those persons who live in manufacturing districts, if they will only make use of their powers of observation, may always find models in their neighborhood.

We have thus considered the subject in a way most consistent with the nature of our work; we have explained methods which admit of being practically applied with but little expense or difficulty; and in bringing our remarks to a close, we may direct attention to one or two leading principles. First, the upper part of a room (supposing it to be badly ventilated, or not ventilated at all) is always filled with foul air, which keeps on increasing until it is breathed by persons who are in the room to the prejudice of their health. Second, the openings for the escape of this foul air must be made as near the ceiling as possible. Third, fresh air finds its way into a room at the lower part; and if openings for ventilation are made in the upper part, a stream of air fit for breathing is always passing through the room. Fourth, by opening windows and doors, the air of a room may be purified as many times a day as may be desired.

Now this last suggestion is one which even the poorest person may adopt; and while so ready a method of ventilation may be practised, while such a cheap means for promoting health offers itself to every one, we trust that none will neglect to adopt it.

PLOTTING MISCHIEF.

BY MARY FORMAN.

(See plate.)

"LIZZIE! Lizzie! Here's the best news you ver heard in your life! Lizzie! Where are ou?"

"Here, in the dairy-room!" cried Lizzie, olding the handle of the churn quiet for the st time in half an hour. In another moment e doorway was darkened by the portly figure Farmer Lewis, who held an open letter in his and.

"Birdie is sick"—

"Oh, father, you said good news," cried the oung girl, dropping the dasher to come to his de.

"Wait a minute, chatterbox. Her uncle inks she needs change of air, and he has ritten to ask if you will receive her for a few eeks."

"O father!"—the look of radiant delight ished Lizzie Lewis' exclamation.

"I am very glad the dear child is coming st now, for you can stay here instead of oing to Martha Gray's while I am away."

"Delightful! We will invite Dorothy to me and keep house, so that Birdie may have enty of exercise and enjoyment. When does e come?"

"To-morrow: so you had better see Dorothy -day. I'll drive over to Leeshill myself in e morning to meet her. You can have things ady here?"

"O yes! Isn't it delicious? Dear, dear irdie!" Lizzie Lewis was the only child of wealthy farmer, who resided in the cosiest ook of one of the valleys of the Alleghany nge, and within some ten miles of the pretty llage of Leeshill. (You need not look for it the map, for it goes by another name there.) e farm was in the sheltered corner made the rise of the mountain on the northern undary, and the winter gales exhausted eir fury on the stern guardian and left the rm secure. Five years previous to the date my story, Lizzie Lewis lost at once her other, and the dear companion of her childood, her cousin Grace.

Grace Carey was the daughter of Mrs. Lewis' ster, and an orphan from her infancy. She d been taken by her aunt and placed in the me cradle which Lizzie occupied, and from at hour until the death of her adopted mother the children had been like sisters. Together they had trotted to the little village school, behind Farmer Lewis' horses; together they had gone to the stately academy on the outskirts of the village, whose master was believed to be a college graduate, and reverenced accordingly. The girls had shared one room, and every pursuit, and they shared the grief of their bereavement, not dreaming of the blow it would give occasion for, the bitter blow of their separation. Scarcely a month had passed after the good farmer lost his wife, when he received a letter from Adolph Carey, Grace's uncle, who having just returned from abroad wrote to claim his brother's child. For thirteen years Farmer Lewis had loved that child as dearly as his own Lizzie, and the claim fairly stunned him; but the right of Mr. Carey was not to be questioned, and the child left Clovernook for the far distant city of New York. It was a bitter parting; for Birdie, as Grace had been called from her babyhood, was the very sunshine of the house, and poor Lizzie felt as if to lose mother and sister at once was more than she could well bear. Letters passed between the cousins frequently, but letters could not fill the void which the loved one's absence made, and all the previous loneliness came now to add to Lizzie's joy at the prospect of again meeting her cousin Grace. Her father was going on a long journey in a week, and Lizzie had been preparing to close the farmhouse and go to her grandmother's during his absence; but now, determined to remain at home with Grace for company, she flew from room to room opening windows, making the furniture resume its old, habitable positions, and as she said to Jenny, the little maid at the farm, "fixing up, generally."

Her father came in at sundown, to find all in order for the expected guest, and Dorothy, a middle aged woman, who had been Lizzie's companion before, in her father's long absences from home, already installed chief of the housekeeping department.

"All ready for Birdie, Lizzie?" was his greeting.

"All ready, father."

"I stopped at Miss Benson's, as I came along."

"Why, father, have you been over to the Ridge? What a long ride!"

"Well, yes, its a longish ride, but I wanted some matters from the store, that I couldn't get in Leeshill, so I went over. Mary and Anna are coming over on Thursday to spend the day and night."

Lizzie stared at her father in perfect astonishment. "I didn't tell them Birdie was coming, that they may have a pleasant surprise. You will have a house full when I go away on Friday."

"But father, how did you ever persuade Miss Benson to let the girls come?"

"Told her you had some uncommon fine butter you wanted her to try, and the girls must come for it. You won't mind paying for the visit, I guess, Lizzie."

"Not I! But all day and night!"

"Oh, I am to send over for them, and I can't let the horses go that journey and back twice in one day."

Lizzie laughed heartily.

"I'll pack up all the goodies the farm can spare to tempt the old lady to let them repeat the visit."

"I would! Now, Lizzie, get my pipe, and read me the news. Here's the paper, I got it this morning at Leeshill."

The farmhouse was shut in early, but Lizzie could not sleep. The thought that the morning would restore to her the little sister whom she had loved so fondly was too blissful for much sleep to deprive her of such a waking pleasure, and the first peep of dawn found her up and dressed, to put the finishing touches to the preparations for Grace's reception. Fresh flowers were put in every room, and Dorothy had directions for the choicest dinner the farm could furnish. Breakfast over, her father started off to meet the train at Leeshill, and there was nothing to do but wait patiently, which Lizzie did by sitting at an open window, and rushing to the gate at every distant sound of wheels. At last the old-fashioned carryall came in sight, with the farmer and another figure on the front seat, and a most formidable looking pile of baggage strapped to the back one.

There was little to be heard but kisses for some minutes, with loving exclamations of "My darling Birdie!" and "Dear, dear Lizzie!" and then Farmer Lewis sent for one of the hands to carry up the trunks, and with—"One more kiss, Birdie, and I'm off!" he walked down the road, leaving the girls together.

"Birdie, how smart you are!" cried Lizzie, as they went to their own room.

"Smart!" she said in a vexed tone; "don't speak of it. Uncle Adolph insisted upon fitting me out as he said his niece and future heiress should be, and he has made me carry more finery than I could wear in a year at the most fashionable watering place. You don't call this gray affair smart!"

"But I do! It is the finest stuff, and fits you so exquisitely; and what a perfect little bonnet, just the shade of the dress; and boots and gloves all to match. What a pity we don't live at Leeshill or on the Ridge. All this finery will be thrown away here!"

"I don't intend to open a trunk. I want to borrow a skirt and sack just such as you wear every day, and have a real free and easy time."

"But open them for me to admire by and by?"

"Oh yes! How exactly we have grown up together, Lizzie. Mother always said we were just of a size, and see, we are now, at eighteen, just as we were when I went away!"

"But the likeness ends there, Gracie. I am dark, and you are fair. My eyes are black, yours are blue, and my hair is brown, nearly black, while yours is just the color of the yellow clouds at sunset. Then your hands and feet are wee, while mine are a very respectable size."

"You are the prettiest, you nut-brown maid."

"Tastes differ, fair one with golden locks. That's right, lie down till dinner-time."

"But I don't want to sleep; don't go! Tell me all about everybody. First the Bensons. You wrote that they lost their father."

"Yes, soon after you left. They were left to the care of their Aunt Matilda."

"Old witch! By the way, I've got a letter for her in my trunk."

"You may well say old witch. She carried them off to the little house on the Ridge, where they lived years ago, and rented the big house in Leeshill to old Dr. Thompson."

"But, Lizzie, don't the girls own the house in Leeshill?"

"They own both houses. It is all a crying shame, Grace, and we have held lots of indignation meetings about it, but nobody can help them till they come of age, and then they are independent."

"Tell me all about it."

"Why, old Lawyer Benson, who was immensely wealthy when he died, left the girls to the care of his sister, with a yearly allowance for their expenses, until they came of age, when all his property is to be divided between them, excepting five thousand dollars, which goes to Mis

atilda. The allowance was amply sufficient r them to live handsomely at Leeshill, but e took the little house on the Ridge, and they ve in the meanest kind of way. She hoards ery penny, dresses the girls in the shabbiest ay, makes them do all the work, and will arcely allow them one day's holiday in the ear. She all but turned me out of the house o years ago, and I've never been over since. ather sometimes coaxes her to let the girls me here, because she don't like to offend ther, who often carries her over something om the farm."

"It is too bad for such dear whole-souled girls be treated so!" cried Grace, indignantly. What becomes of their allowance?"

"She saves it, I guess."

"Sha'n't I see them?"

"Not much, I think; they are coming over morrow to spend a day and night, and we ill try to arrange another visit. You shall ave one of my house-dresses then, Grace, for e won't hurt their feelings by dressing better han they do."

"Are they very sad, Lizzie?"

"Sad? they are the merriest, blithest girls ou ever saw. You see they know they are ree in a year or two more—Mary is twenty, nd Anna nineteen, and they are accustomed to heir aunt's meanness and tyranny."

"I wish they could come here to stay until go. I always loved them dearly. Are they retty as ever?"

"Anna is a real beauty, with great hazel eyes nd a profusion of waving chestnut hair. Mary as a good face, sensible and pleasant. They ave their fair share of admiration too, in spite f their aunt."

"Oh, Lizzie, can't we contrive to have them ere while I stay?"

"I only wish it were possible! How long an you stay, Birdie?"

"Only two months. We are going to Europe n the fall."

"Europe! Oh, Gracie!

"Must be, Lizzie. Uncle Adolph says no ducation is complete without a trip to Europe. He lived there for twenty years, and when he eard of your mother's death, came home inending to carry me off to Paris immediately; ut he found me such a savage little article, hat he put me in a finishing school, where I ave been ever since, until the Doctor declared had philosophy fever, French chills, musical euralgia, and astronomy debility, and needed ountry air; and here I am, to sweep the cobwebs out of my brains, in dear, dear, Clovernook."

It was a happy day of chat and loving reminiscences that the cousins passed, and when the Bensons came the next morning Gracie was quite ready for the out-doors day. It was late in the afternoon when, tossing aside their sunbonnets, the young girls threw themselves down on the grass for a long rest before they went homeward. Mary and Anna put Grace between them, and Lizzie sat opposite where she could watch the fair face she loved so well. The talk was animated, and Gracie was echoed by all when she cried, suddenly—

"Oh, Lizzie, wouldn't it be nice if we could all be together for the next two months!"

"How often can you come over, girls?" said Lizzie.

"Not once more, I'm afraid. I'll tell you why," said Anna. "You know Uncle Ralph Benson, who has been in California for so many years, has come home again—at least as far as New York. Well, he wrote to Aunt Matilda some weeks ago to say that our cousins Lola and Hester were coming to Leeshill to pay a visit before returning to California, and we are expecting them every day. Auntie is in a perfect panic for fear uncle will find out that we don't live as father meant we should do, and come himself to set things straight, so we have been trying to make things more comfortable at the Ridge; and if they come, Aunt Matilda will take a girl."

"They won't come," said Grace. "They lived in the same hotel with Uncle Adolph, and were to come on with me; but something called Mr. Benson suddenly back to California, and the day before I left home they all sailed. I have their letter to your aunt in my trunk."

"Oh!" cried Lizzie, suddenly bending forward, her whole face lighted with fun. "I've got the most glorious idea! Listen."

Such dancing eyes and broad smiles are seldom seen as greeted her plan when she unfolded it. They were still listening to the last directions when a hearty voice behind Lizzie brought them all to their feet.

"What are you doing? Plotting mischief, I'll bet sixpence!" cried Farmer Lewis, gayly. "It is past tea-time, Lizzie. Come, Birdie, take my arm." And with a ludicrously low bow, he offered it.

"Is that the city style, Grace?" asked Mary, as Birdie courtesied gravely, and took the offered arm.

"You'll see next week," she answered, with a significant look.

Early the next morning Farmer Lewis left home for his journey, and about sunset the carryall was driven over to the Ridge with Mary, Anna, and a generous load of butter, eggs, and other little matters for Miss Benson.

"Auntie, here is a letter for you—from New York, I guess," said Mary, as she came into the little kitchen. "Farmer Lewis got it at Leeshill on Wednesday."

Miss Benson turned round from the fireplace with a jerk. She was a tall, thin woman, with a sharp face, compressed lips, and small black eyes, which, though evidently dim with age, had the cunning, suspicious expression which spoke the miser.

"A letter for me? Them plaguy gals, I'll be bound. Wish they all a went to the bottom of the ocean afore they come spying round here, pestering the life out of a body. Read it, can't you?" she added, sharply. "You know my spectacles is broke."

"I'd get a new pair, auntie."

"So would I, if I was made of money, as you gals seems to 'magine. Read the letter."

Anna obeyed:—

My dear Aunt Matilda: My sister and myself will arrive at Leeshill on Monday morning to pass a month with you and our cousins. Will you be kind enough to send to the depot to meet us? Longing to embrace you all, I am, very sincerely, your loving niece,

Lola Benson.

"Monday morning! Drat 'em!"

"Their room is all ready," suggested Mary.

"And Betty can come at any time," said Anna.

"Betty! Food and wages, waste and idleness!" groaned the old woman. "They'll expect to be entertained—parties, perhaps, and —oh, misery!" A long groan finished the sentence.

"Shall we give it up?" whispered Mary.

"No; *we* are able and willing to pay for it, and the money, justly, is ours. Aunt Matilda," she said, aloud, "I want to say one thing before my cousins come. If they are hospitably treated, and we are allowed our liberty, and decently dressed while they are here, I shall say nothing to them of the past; if not, I shall return to New York with them, and ask Uncle Ralph if the money saved from the allowance left by our father is not justly ours when we come of age."

The old woman was fairly gray with terror, as for the first time she heard words of defiance from her niece.

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"Just what I say. If our guests are well treated, we shall be rich enough to forget the past; if not, every dollar shall be accounted for." She spoke firmly, and without waiting for any answer, turned from the kitchen, and went to her own room.

The large, old-fashioned, lumbering coach, which was the only vehicle to be hired at the Ridge, was sent on Monday morning to meet the Leeshill train, and Mary drove herself, having strong reasons for declining the attendance of the owner of the coach. It was late in the day before she returned, and Aunt Matilda stood aghast as the coach came in sight. Eight large trunks, four packing-boxes, seven bandboxes, five carpet-bags, and bundles of every size and shape were piled on the back and top of the coach, which drove slowly to the house. As it stopped, the door flew open, and a tall figure rushed out and seized Miss Benson by both hands, shaking them vigorously.

"My dear aunt! I am delighted to see you. How are you?" And an energetic embrace and several explosive kisses followed.

"Lola," said a drawling voice from the coach, "don't shake our aunt to pieces."

"Will you not get out, cousin?" said Anna, going to the coach door.

"Presently," said the drawling voice. "The roads are so vile that I am entirely exhausted. Lola, where are my salts?"

"In your pocket!" shouted the Miss Benson who was embracing Aunt Matilda.

"Come get them for me."

Lola went to her sister, while Anna crammed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

"Come, get out, Hettie," said her sister, good-naturedly; "our aunt is longing to embrace you."

"Well, help me, then." And with a languid, slow step she left the coach and came to her aunt's side. "How are you, auntie?" she said, holding out a delicately gloved hand, which Miss Matilda took gingerly.

"I tell Hettie she must be more lively here in the country. I mean to drive, and ride, and walk, and eat; how I shall eat, with the country air to give me an appetite," said Lola, walking up and down the kitchen, while her sister, sinking languidly into a chair, began to fan herself with an exquisite little fan suspended by a gold chain from her wrist. The dresses of the travellers suited their characters.

Lola, who was a handsome brunette, wore a black barege, flounced to the waist, and pro-

'sely trimmed with a broad plaid ribbon. Her 'ylish mantle was of the same material, with e same trimming, and her small black straw onnet was covered with minute pansies and ch red poppies. She wore heavy braids of ark brown hair, resting low on her neck, and r hands were covered by riding gloves.

Hettie, whose golden hair hung in long ringts nearly to her waist, wore a white and blue ull dress, a spotted muslin cloak, and an exisite little white crape bonnet, with tiny forot-me-nots in the delicate lace facing.

"Don't be so vulgar," she drawled, in reply her sister's last speech; "refined tastes phor eating. The most delicate repasts that n sustain nature, are all that a lady permits erself to indulge in. Auntie, can I have a geon's wing and a cream puff for my tea?"

"Nonsense," cried Lola; "pray, auntie, let e see one of the famous country teas of which have heard so much. Why, Hettie, in the untry they always have poultry, hot cakes, stards, oh! a million good things for tea, at we never taste in perfection in the city. *Pest ce pas*, auntie?"

"Eh?" said the old lady.

"Lola, where is my vinaigrette!" drawled Iester.

"On your watch-chain."

"Get it for me, will you?"

"Are you sick, that you can't wait upon ourself?" said Miss Matilda, bluntly.

"Sick! What a horrid idea. Poor people, w, vulgar people are sick. I am *delicate*, ith an exquisitely fragile nervous constitution, nd the medical attendants forbid the least exrtion. Father was afraid my maid would inonvenience you, or I should have brought er. How I can live without her, I can scarcely nagine, but Lola promised me the assistance f her robust constitution, and almost vulgar erves. She is a lively good creature, but ith none of my sensitiveness. Oh, don't ake me talk so much at one time, I am quite aint! Can we go to our rooms?"

"I can only give you one room; that is eady for you."

"Oh yes; by the way, how came you to nove? I thought you lived in a large house n Leeshill. I am sure papa said so," said ola; "this is a miserable little hut for rich eople."

Miss Matilda was crimson with rage.

"Didn't you tell me the Leeshill house was acant?" whispered Hester to Mary.

"Yes! the last tenants have just moved out."

"Auntie," drawled Hettie, "I'll write to papa and ask if they have any right to turn you out of Uncle Benson's old house. Too bad to serve you so, at your time of life."

"No, no! no, my dear!" cried the alarmed miser, "not turned out; we are only staying here while the other house is being repaired."

"Oh, then you will go back before we leave?" said Lola.

"I scarcely think it will be ready," stammered Miss Matilda.

"Oh yes, we will drive over there and hurry them to-morrow. You have horses?"

"No, I—women—don't need—I"—

"Why, father told me that Uncle Benson kept the finest stud of horses in Leeshill."

"Hired out," said Mary, in a whisper.

"We have no stable here," said the miserable old woman.

"Oh, then you have only parted with them until you return home."

"Come, Lola," said Hester, "the man seems to have carried up our trunks, let's go dress for tea," and she rose languidly. Mary and Anna followed their cousins up stairs, leaving Miss Matilda in an agony of rage and terror. She well knew that if her conduct was reported to her brother, that she would be deprived of the power she had abused, and every dollar of her stolen treasure became more precious as she saw it threatened.

The four girls, once up stairs, drew the bolt of the door, and laughed till the tears stood in their eyes.

"Isn't it fun, Birdie?" said Lizzie, as she tenderly laid aside her jaunty hat; "oh, here's all my hair down."

"You are not used to the city style! I'll arrange it again before tea," said Grace. "Where are the trunks, Mary?"

"In this empty room," said Mary, opening the door which led from the visitor's bedroom.

"Some of them are empty," said Lizzie, "though Grace really brought a formidable lot. We must attack your dress next, girls."

"Not to-day. The house and horses are enough for one day's work."

"Remember my heart is set on a party. We have lived so secluded since mother died, that there is not the slightest danger of the folks recognizing me at Leeshill, and a party we must have when you are once safely established. Once in the house, you can hold your own, Mary?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, we've got the whip hand of the old lady now, and you shall have your home be-

fore we leave you. Is that the tea costume, Gracie?"

"The grenadine for you, and this silk for me. Sit down and let me barbarize you."

Well might Miss Matilda stare when her guests came down to tea. Their hoops supported stiff skirts, and these held out flounces till the little kitchen could scarcely hold the pair. Their bare arms were covered with bracelets, and their low necked dresses left the necklaces in bold relief on the satiny skin. Lola wore a richly colored grenadine, and the elaborate puffs and braids of her rich hair held a most beautiful headdress of the deepest crimson roses. Her jewels were carbuncles set in black velvet. Hester wore a pale lilac silk, and the long curls were looped from her neck by a richly jewelled comb, from which fell pearl pendants. Her necklace was pearl and opal, for Adolph Carey, immensely rich and very ostentatious, had furnished Gracie's jewel box in a style of magnificence. In vain she had urged the quiet life she would probably lead at Clovernook; he had bought her the most expensive clothes in great profusion, in most cases unheeding what style suited her delicate beauty. He wished her to "astonish the natives," at her uncle's, and Miss Matilda's face was sufficient guarantee that his wish was gratified.

Lizzie had declared herself entirely unable to support the character of a sentimental young lady, so Grace had taught her the "fast style," and it suited her animated face to perfection.

The tea-table was spread with toast, dried beef, and tea—nothing more; and the guests did not scruple to express their opinion of the meanness of the fare for people so rich as Mary and Anna Benson. The house was again discussed, and Lola kindly offered to accompany her aunt the next day to see if it was in habitable condition. Tea once over, Hester brought down a guitar, and sang opera airs until nine o'clock, when Aunt Matilda said it was bedtime, and they all retired.

"Now, Grace," said Lizzie, as she shot the bolt of her door, "I am determined the girls shall have a good time for one month, and the first thing is to get them in their old house. I shall go with the old witch to-morrow, so that she may have no lies for excuse, and you can have one day of fun while we are gone. By the way, get something loose for morning wear, for my corsets murder me."

The drive to Leeshill was successful. Aunt Matilda was so badgered and terrified by threats of exposure that she was forced to acknowledge the house in perfect order, and to give directions for unpacking the furniture.

The next ten days were a time of delight for the young girls, and of torture for the miserly old aunt. Every dollar spent on the table cost her bitter groans, and the unprecedented outlay of the price of two new dresses for Mary and Anna nearly cost her a fit of illness. And in the mean time the girls were riding, driving, walking, enjoying their liberty in the highest degree. Three days they spent at Clovernook by Lizzie's invitation, and Miss Matilda ate up all the stale bread, and fed Betty on broken bits while they were gone.

The removal to Leeshill was the signal for a new series of torment. The horses, servants, and other additional expenses were keen torture to Miss Matilda, and the calls of congratulating neighbors added to her misery. The dash and display of her guests was a slight comfort, for their stylish dress and manners reflected some credit in the eyes of the villagers upon their hostess.

Lizzie had decided early upon a party. She argued that if the young girls once opened the house for the entertainment of their friends, that the publicity of the occasion would settle them in their home, as Aunt Matilda would scarcely dare return again to the Ridge. So a party was the subject for threats and coaxing until Miss Matilda gave permission for writing the invitations. When she had once given her consent, Miss Benson began to enjoy the prospect of the sensation her guests would probably make on the occasion. Already their riding-dresses, their stylish walking costumes, and their singular manners had made them the lions of the village, and Aunt Matilda looked forward to costumes more beautiful than any yet worn for the party. She had hoped that they would offer to lend Mary and Anna some dresses; but as the time drew near and no such proposal was made, she grudgingly provided their dresses, and excited Gracie's liveliest indignation thereby.

"What are you going to wear to the party, Lola?" she drawled out at dinner.

"My gray flannel sack and red calico petticoat."

"What!" cried Aunt Matilda.

"And I," said Hettie, "will wear a wrapper. Aunt Mattie thinks it vulgar to dress much for a party, dont you, auntie?"

"Vulgar!" gasped the old woman.

"Why, of course you think so, or you would not have bought shilling muslins for Mary and Anna."

"But," said the miserable old woman, "you ave got such splendid dresses."

"We won't wear them to shame our cous-ns," said Lola, hotly. "What will papa say, ettie, when we write to him that our cousins ave muslins at a shilling a yard provided for party?"

"Oh, for gracious sake don't write about it!" ied Miss Matilda. "I'll get them whatever ou please."

Lola hid a smile with a muffin, but she could ot help flashing a look of triumph at Hettie.

"Now, auntie," she said, "you don't under-tand the city style of party-giving, so Hettie nd I will take all the trouble off your hands. Ve will give the orders, and you will only ave to pay the bills."

It was in vain to groan. Lola by her energy, nd Hettie by her drawling obstinacy, carried heir point. The dresses were bought, and made p on Grace's pattern; and then wax candles nd other necessaries began to pour in in a rofusion that threatened to drive Aunt Matilda nsane. In vain she raved; the preparations vere continued under Grace's directions with quiet steadiness that promised well for their uccess.

She ordered the parlor carpets up, had the loor chalked, and then sent for men to arrange he candle brackets. Every remonstrance eemed only a new stimulus, for she knew how rofitable Aunt Matilda had made her guardian-hip, and she resolved to have a first-rate party, nd to make the old woman pay for it.

At last the eventful evening arrived. The arlors were one blaze of light; the music, sent or from the town, several miles away, was oncealed in a small room leading from the par-or; the waiters were ready, and the hostess in ier place. Aunt Matilda looked tolerably well n a brown satin dress, with a neat white cap. Near her Mary and Anna stood blushing at heir own unaccustomed beauty, and heartily idmiring each other. Mary wore a silk tissue of an exquisite shade of pink, and Gracie had aken much pains to arrange her hair in a profusion of wide braids, looped low on the neck behind, and ornamented with clusters of pink, sweet peas, and moss roses. Anna wore white tissue, and her hair was curled and twisted with starry jessamines and lilies of the valley. The city cousins had not yet left their room.

The guests arrived early, and the music was already hard at work when Lola and Hester came in. Lizzie had long before put aside the dresses for the party, and calculated with inward merriment upon their effect; but Grace had interfered, and where Lizzie had intended to be absurd, Birdie had made her beautiful. Her dress was of black lace embroidered in corn-color, with gold clasps for the shoulders, and large clusters of corn to hold the flounces in festoons. All her wealth of hair was arranged in a rich coronet, and low on the neck the clusters of artificial corn and their tiny blue flowers hung in graceful profusion. She had a rich color, and looked queenly. Gracie with her fair curls twisted with strings of pearls, wore a light blue silk, and was dressed the most simply of the four, yet retained all her languid affectations in full force.

The guests were in a most uncomfortable state of awe at the new furniture of the drawing-room; and the unaccustomed beauty of Mary and Anna, when Lola and Hester came in, and the queenly magnificence of the brilliant brunette completed their discomfort.

"Let's astonish them," she whispered to Grace. "Birdie, you second all my motions."

With an erect figure she marched up to Miss Matilda, swept her a deep courtesy—

"Madam, accept my felicitations upon the superhuman radiance of your preparations."

"Second the motion," drawled Grace.

Lizzie bit her lip, then turning suddenly she cried in a clear loud voice—

"Lancers!"

Everybody stared, but the first strains of the lancers sounded from the little room.

"Take your partners, ladies!" cried Lizzie, and entering instantly into the spirit of the fun Mary and Anna picked out the two meekest-looking men they could find.

"Dr. Lee," drawled Grace, "shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"Now," said Lizzie, "form two long lines the length of the room! This dance, ladies and gentlemen, is, as the name implies, military. I will give the word of command, and Miss Hettie will lead, everybody else follow her. Now: Attention!"

Now began the fun; for the evolutions were performed as, with a woman to lead and a set of laughing country girls and boys to follow, they might be imagined to be. All stiffness was gone. Lola was the leading spirit, and games, dances, and fun followed fast upon each other. Supper over, the guests were again assembled in the parlor, when suddenly Lola started as if a bomb shell had fallen before her. A hearty voice was heard at the door.

"Good evening, Miss Benson. I have come home very unexpectedly, and concluded to

come over here before I went home, to find my girls."

Lizzie knew the fun was over. There stood her father, and he, at least, was sure to recognize her. There was no escape, and with a prompt decision she took her course.

Engaging the attention of all by a word in her clear voice, she whispered Birdie to go to her father and keep him quiet. Then, with a few words she began an explanation of the imposition practised upon Miss Matilda, and the reasons for it. Her rage and consternation may be imagined, but she was powerless. Public opinion judged her enemies justified in their conduct, and the conspirators returned home with Farmer Lewis, certain that their friends would be upheld in their determination to retain their father's home, and live in the comfort their means authorized.

For years after Farmer Lewis declared there was not in America a girl equal to his Lizzie for Plotting Mischief.

PICTURES.

I.

MOUNTED for a merry ride,
With thy lover by thy side;
Flushed with pleasure and with pride,
Dreaming soon to be a bride—
Katherine!

What although the morning dew
Stain thy dress of dainty hue?
Trace the circuit of thy lands!
Count thy gold like ocean sands!
Silken gowns are lightly won!
Ah, with thee hath life begun
In the blaze of fortune's sun—
Katherine!

Jewels clasp thy neck and hands,
Gleam amid the falling bands
Of thy shining, raven hair;
Flash and sparkle everywhere!
Love thy being thrills and fires
With high hopes and warm desires,
Katherine!

'Mid the branches of the trees,
Swayed by the inconstant breeze,
Like a flitting tuft of snow
Waves thy feather to and fro;
Now it streams across thy brow;
Let it stream—no matter how!—
Graceful, fair, capricious, free,
'Tis a fitting type of thee,
Katherine!

Down the grass-grown village street,
Where the bending elm-boughs meet,
Through the meadow, through the lane,
Fast by golden fields of grain,
Past the bridge—the castle gray,
Now to distant woods away,
Still thy white plume waves in sight;
None can stay thy onward flight,
Katherine!

All are vanished—snow white plume,
Raven tresses, maiden bloom.
But, from green savannas, borne
On the echoing airs of morn,
Comes the distant rhythmic beat
Of thy palfrey's flying feet.
Thus, through blighted hearts, sometimes,
Ring, with wild, melodious chimes,
Memories of Eden fled;
Darling hopes long crushed and dead,
Katherine!

Would 'twere never mine to know
All the nameless sin and woe
Thou, ere long, must undergo,
Katherine!

Golden promise of the spring,
Yet no autumn harvesting!
Virgin comeliness decayed!
Lover gone and love betrayed!
Katherine!

II.

STRETCHED unconscious on the ground—
Tattered garments, hair unbound—
All night long hast thou been there,
In the cold, unpitying air,
Battling bravely with despair,
Madeline!

Ah, 'twas penury's meagre lap,
Nursed thee to this sad mishap!
She it was with wanton palms,
In her gaunt, ungainly arms,
Ravished thus thy maiden charms,
Madeline!

For although at very best,
In but homely garments drest,
Virtue's fair, imperial grace
Dignified thy form and face,
Madeline!

And thy story, who shall tell?
Who thy anguish shall dispel?—
He who doeth all things well—
Madeline!

Thou wert born of low degree,
Who should sigh or seek for thee?
Death alone doth covet thee—
Lo, He standeth at thy side!
He will win thee for his bride,
Madeline!

Would 'twere mine to whisper now,
All the rapture thou shalt know!
No more want and no more woe!
Death is *Life* where thou dost go,
Madeline!

More than plenitude of light
Streams across thy raptured sight;
Mansions vast wherein to roam—
Thou hast won a glorious home,
Madeline!

EXPERIENCES AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY MARGUERITE RIVIERE.

I CURLED myself up into a ball on the seat, ulled my veil over my face, and from the time left home till the cars stopped, panting, at ersey City ferry, my thoughts were upon one abject—the *sea-shore*. When, at last, we got New York, and I had enjoyed my travellers' upper and laid my head upon one of the Fifth venue's pillows for the night, how I thought yself to sleep thinking how becoming my blue athing-dress would be, together with the gypsy at! Ah, how sadly mistaken was I!

In the cars the next morning I met a friend —a gentleman friend. I met him with outtretched hands. He was as delighted to see e as I was to see him. "Where was I going? —to Newport?"

"No; only to some quiet sea-shore town, ust to 'rough it.'"

"He was on the lookout for such a place—ould I have any objections to his company?"

"I should be delighted, if mamma would gree."

Mamma graciously agreed, and Mr.—what hall I call him? Jackson?—and Mr. Jackson nd I went gleefully off to a little retired seat, nd chatted, and laughed, and had the nicest ime imaginable, entirely regardless of our eighbors. Mamma and her party, all "old olks," were away off at the other end of the ar, gravely discussing the prospect of pleasant ooms.

Mr. Jackson declared I should learn how to wim; he would teach me himself. Pshaw! t was nothing to learn; I would be able to wim like a duck in a week. What pleasures were before me! Mr. Jackson! swimming! ea-breeze, etc. etc. Mr. Jackson and I were n what I had been accustomed to call at school "gale," and when the cars stopped for the ortieth time, and our party rose *en masse* and houted for us to come on, we could hardly beieve we had accomplished the journey.

When I stepped upon the platform I looked eagerly for the sea—for "Old Ocean!" but I ould see nothing more entrancing than two or hree shabby little groceries, and a large number of dirty children. I think I had imagined hat all the children who lived by the sea wore picturesque hats, with long, floating ribbons, nd masses of tangled curls, very red lips, and very red cheeks. I hinted something of this kind to Mr. Jackson; but he hastened to assure me that children on the sea-shore were strikingly like those inland.

As we were all jammed and packed into a very rickety old stage, you will not be surprised to hear that I was very cross by the time we reached our hotel. The hotel, by the way, was tolerable—but my room! I will not attempt to describe it, however; it will be sufficient to say that my nose was *retroussée* for half an hour or more after I took possession.

After having arranged ourselves for the evening, we all started for the beach. It will be unnecessary to state that Mr. J. and I walked more slowly than the others. *Apropos*, why is it that "old folks" are so much more brisk than young ones, now-a-days? 'Tis a fact that my grandmother can beat me running up stairs!

"Here we are," cried Mr. J., just as I put my foot into a mass of dreadful sea-weed, that felt, through my open-work stockings, wet and snake-like.

"Ah, what is that?" shrieked I, springing a yard off.

"Merely a coarse kind of sea-weed; you will find plenty about the beach."

Thereupon I gathered up my skirts and during the rest of the walk occupied myself busily in picking my way in a very dainty manner. Out of regard for the feelings of others, I refrain from mentioning a few stray dead kittens that were lying around, washed up by the tide.

Mr. J. was enthusiastic. He entreated me to look at the grand prospect. I attempted to do this, but the waves danced and glittered so in the sunshine it dazzled my eyes. The man acted as if he was wild! He sat down on the beach and made fortifications with the sand; then he bombarded these with pebbles and oyster shells (the only shells to be found, by the way); then he wrote my name on the sand in large, straggling letters, and drew a painfully ugly head, with hair standing on end and a cigar in its mouth, which he kindly pronounced to be a most admirable likeness of me. Me!

I bore all this in horrified silence; but at last was forced to beg this most obstreperous cavalier to take me back to the hotel, for I was in constant and agonized dread of becoming free-

kled, and I pictured to myself with dismay how I would look in my lilac, a color so trying to the complexion, with large red blotches and small brown spots all over my face, these two dreadful results being the effect of the sun on the water. Mr. J. consented to take me away, and after ascertaining that mamma and the rest were romantically perched on some rocks, and seemed to be enjoying themselves amazingly, we wended our way home.

And now I come to the most heart-rending scene of this summer tour. I do not believe that I have mentioned before that Mr. Jackson was decidedly good-looking; but such positively was the case, and, what is more, he wore "good clothes;" he was, in fact, always dressed in the tip of the fashion. Altogether, his *tout-ensemble* was entirely to my *goût*, and would have been to yours, dear reader.

The morning after our arrival we all breakfasted in high glee. Were we not going in bathing! We could hardly restrain our impatience till eleven o'clock; so while the others wandered about the parlors and balconies, I went into the music-room with Mr. J., and played a lovely arrangement of "Over the Summer Sea;" and when the clock at last struck eleven, how we rushed for our hats! and what quick work we made of the little walk down to the beach!

My hand trembles, my courage sinks. Can I bring myself to relate what occurred? For the sake of others I will continue—for the sake of any poor, deluded girl who is begging her papa to take her to the sea-shore. Sea-shore, sea-side, surf-bathing, etc.—there is a strange charm about those words to the uninitiated; but, alas!—well, I 'll go on.

I arrayed myself in my blue bathing-dress and gypsy-hat; but as I had no Psyche to consult, only a very little piece of broken glass, I was happily unconscious of the effect I produced. I careered around the bathing-house and inspected the ladies, and laughed at them till I couldn't stand from exhaustion, and was forced to sit down upon the floor, where I panted, and the tears ran down my cheeks for ten minutes. I thought to myself—"They are old, and can't carry off this kind of costume with any grace; as for me," I looked down at my little white feet, which were set off to great advantage by the blue flannel ruffles, and smiled complacently, and tripped to the door rather anxious than otherwise that Mr. Jackson should see me.

The beach was crowded with spectators, and as I looked down to the water I saw numberless half bodies jumping up and down and splashing each other. I looked eagerly around for Mr. J., when my attention was attracted towards a figure that was emerging from a bathing-house a little way off. This figure was robed in a pair of gray flannel drawers, rather short, and a red flannel shirt, very much open at the throat. It had on a decidedly dilapidated straw hat, which hung down in a flimsy manner, plainly showing that it had been exposed to frequent wettings. As the creature neared me, I perceived that it had a black moustache; as it came a little nearer I noticed a large pair of gray eyes; a little nearer I was startled by seeing a line of white teeth which gave an expression to the thing strangely familiar to me. Horror of horrors! this indescribable creature bawled out to me—

"Halloa, Miss Blanche, you are ready, I see. How pretty you look—ha ha!"

I was completely shocked and indignant. What meant the elegant Mr. Jackson by rigging himself in such a circus costume as that? He surely did not expect I would go down to the water with him. This last, as a matter of course, I said aloud, and I got for answer—

"Most certainly I do; come on." And he seized my hand and galloped down the beach dragging me with him. I managed to gasp out: "Let me go; I am ashamed of you. The sea air has made you crazy!" but he never stopped till I was up to my neck in water.

Then commenced a series of persecutions. He insisted that I must wet my head, or it would give me a cold, and taking off his hat he dipped it in the water, and pushing back my hat, douced my head; and then filling it again performed this same agreeable little operation upon himself. Language fails to describe how ugly he looked; the wavy brown hair parted neatly behind and brushed out at the sides was reduced to a few elfish locks, flatly matted down to his head, and around his neck, and the water trickling from it down his nose, and around his face generally.

Then he declared I must float; and he put his hand on my back and told me to raise myself up. This *I* declared I would not do; but my tyrant insisted, and at last I made the attempt and succeeded. Lightly resting on the water, the sensation certainly was pleasant, and I almost forgave Mr. J. for his misdemeanors, when that gentleman suddenly announced he thought I could float alone, and so saying withdrew his hand. Down I went, struggling and gasping, salt water running into my eyes, nose, and mouth. How far I went down I am

unable to say, for the next thing I was standing on my feet, and that fiendish Mr. J. standing by, dying with laughter, and essaying to wipe my face with his dripping shirt sleeve. I gave him an indignant look through my, perforce, wet eyelashes, and declared my intention of going ashore. This he objected to: "He wanted to teach me how to swim." "Swim!" with what scorn I uttered that one word! I turned my back upon Mr. J. and waded towards the beach. He politely came after me, and walked up to the bathing-house. That short walk I never recall without a shudder. The feeling of wet flannel is not the most agreeable in the world. I pulled my gypsy over my face so that none of the saunterers on the beach should recognize me. Mr. Jackson said not a word till I got safely within the door, and then he muttered, with a sigh, "Ah, Miss Blanche, you were not intended for a sea nymph!"

I bade him sharply "go look at himself in the glass," and disappeared to make my toilet, which I did with great satisfaction, inwardly resolving never to go in bathing again.

After I was all dressed, I went down the beach and looked for mamma. There they all were placidly ducking up and down, and occasionally playfully giving each other a shower.

By and by Mr. J. joined me, looking fresher and handsomer than ever, and we went mournfully back to the hotel.

As I sat, that evening, on a corner of the long balcony recalling the scenes of the morning, my friend came to me.

"Miss Blanche," he said, standing leaning against the balcony railing, "do not you think you and I would agree better at Sharon than here?"

I acknowledged that we probably would.

"Sharon is very pleasant now," continued he, "it is the height of the season."

"Charming!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"Well! suppose we go there?" Mr. J. said this in a rather embarrassed manner.

"Mamma never would consent," I answered, "she thinks she needs the sea-air."

"But without mamma?" he said in a low voice and leaning over me a little.

"Without mamma?"

"There is a clergyman here, and it is a pity to waste the summer. You'll never bathe again?"

"Oh! never!"

"Well, Blanche, shall we go?"

"Why, yes, I think it would be too bad to waste the summer."

So it was arranged, and Mr. J. went gaily off and got an arm chair and brought it over to my corner, and took out a cigar, and I lit it for him, and we talked and planned, and laughed, for an hour or more. And when mamma came looking for me, I had just time to pull away my hand from his, when she spied me. I am afraid she saw the motion, for she looked a little severe, and commenced—

"Blanche, it is after eleven o'——," when Mr. J. got up and made her a bow and told her how matters stood, and implored her consent.

"Mamma was struck dumb with amazement, but at last recovered herself sufficiently to exclaim—

"You are both as crazy as loons. Blanche, go to bed."

But, towards morning, it seemed to me, she came in and, giving me an affectionate kiss, expressed it as her motherly opinion that the Sharon waters would do me good.

So, to the astonishment of my friends and the edification of our fellow boarders, Mr. Jackson and I were married, and started for Sharon, where nothing happened to disturb our harmony, and where I had a fire made in my room on purpose to burn up our bathing dresses. Mr. Jackson declares I looked just as dreadfully ugly as he did, *that day*, but *I know* that is utterly impossible.

Universality of Grass.—How deliciously sleeps the grass in the moonlight, and how joyfully it laughs in the radiance of the sun. There is no place which it will not beautify. It climbs up the steep mountain passes which are inaccessible to man, and forms ledges of green amid the wild crags: it leaps down between steep shelving precipices, and there fastens its slender roots in the crevices which the earthquakes had rent long ago, and into which the water trickles when the sunbeams strike the hoary snows above. There it leaps and twines in the morning light, and flings its sweet, sweet laughing greenness to the sun; there it creeps and climbs about the mazes of the solitude, and weaves its fairy tassels with the wind. It beautifies even that spot, and spreads over the sightless visage of death and darkness the serene beauty of a summer smile, flinging its green lustre on the bold granite, and perfuming the lips of Morning as she stoops from heaven to kiss the green things of the earth. It makes a moist and yielding carpet over the whole earth, on which the impetuous may pass with hurried tread, or the feet of beauty linger.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SECRET.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY PROF. M. HARDIN ANDREWS, M.D.

CHAPTER I.

TYRANNY AND FREEDOM.

It was the epocha of the revolution. There had been the passage of the "Stamp Act" by the British Parliament, and an earnest remonstrance against and a stout resistance to that oppressive measure on the part of the people of the Colonies of America. Next there was the famous "Tea Party," followed immediately by the atrocious massacre of a number of the citizens of Boston, by some of the minions of King George the Third. The blood of patriots had been wantonly spilled, and the effusion of additional human gore was demanded in expiatory revenge of the original slaughtering. Nor was this the end. The people cried aloud for justice, and swore eternal resistance to the despotic exactions of the British Throne. In vain was their appeal; the mere words of opposition only begat further acts of oppression at the hands of kingly and parliamentary power.

The patience of the American people at length became exhausted, and a separate government for themselves, independent of England, was considered necessary by the Confederated Colonies. The "Declaration of Independence" was finally proclaimed; it was followed promptly by a "Declaration of War" on the part of the Colonial Congress against the colossal power of Great Britain.

Washington was called to the command of the American forces, and the people of the country warmly invited to the standard of the brave and the free. The tocsin of war resounded throughout the land; the roll of the drum and the music of the shrill fife filled the air on every hand. Such demonstrations of alarm and warfare were heard in the topmost mountain, down in the pleasant vales, and far away amid the darksome primordial forests. The call of Congress and the voice of Washington met a ready response, and kindled the latent fire of patriotism in every true and noble heart. Then came forth the rich and the poor, the patrician and the yeoman; all hurried onward with their treasures and enginery of war, eager to do battle in the cause of sternest right against the fearful odds of arrogant might.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS—THE PARTING.

Among the first to respond to the summons of the great chieftain of the Colonial forces was a young planter, whose home was in a sequestered valley of the Old Dominion province. He was in the field, at the tail of the plough, when he first received intimation that his services were required in battle array in defence of his native land. He had already contemplated the progress of the quarrel between the Colonies and the mother country, and, with a deep-searching mind, had divined the probable sequel of the dispute. He had calmly resolved his line of duty in the event of a conflict of arms, and therefore it needed but the signal of revolt to have him spring with alacrity to the virgin standard of American independence. He quickly doffed the rural garb of peace and simplicity, equipped himself in habiliments becoming the patriot warrior, and prepared to enrol himself in the ranks of republican freedom.

We need not stop to describe his personal physique, intellectual traits, and other characteristics. Suffice to say they were eminently manly and imposing, worthy of a nobleman of nature, and fitted for deeds of daring or the softer amenities of unpretending social life.

He was on the eve of marriage with the daughter of a neighboring planter, a lady remarkable for her peculiar style of loveliness, combining rare strength of mind, fascinating gentleness of disposition, and charming graces of person.

The young soldier, for such he had already become—in resolution, if not in practice—at once repaired to the home of his betrothed one, and informed her of his intention to espouse the cause of independence, and hasten to the camp of Washington. Said he to her:—

"The voice of Washington is calling to the people of the land to gather promptly to the standard of the eagle, to hold themselves in readiness to do battle against England's hosts, to punish outrage and wrong, and assist in the erection of a government entirely their own. Surely the liberties of the people must be endangered, or the great and good chieftain would

not now be summoning the inhabitants to warfare against the oppressor and invader. I have come, therefore, to take a farewell interview, and depart—it may be forever—from the cherished idol of my heart. In the chances and conflicts of deadly strife no one may know who shall fall in death on the field of carnage; but, believe me, dearest, should I survive the perils of the struggle, I will return with alacrity, and claim you as my own fair and gentle bride. Should I fall, I shall die with the consciousness of having faithfully obeyed the promptings of patriotism, and struck a good blow for the salvation and glory of my native land. It is indeed painful for me to break away from the dearest loved one of my heart, from each pleasant scene, and every treasured association of my home. Yet none of these, nor kindred, nor sweetheart must now estrange my feelings of duty to God and the place of my birth. Let me, then, take the parting kiss, and hasten forth on my sacred errand of loyalty and valor."

"Spoken as I would have every soldier and man to speak in the present crisis of affairs of the nation," responded the lady, quickly and energetically. "Believe me, my gallant friend, though this separation may cause a grievous pang to my bosom, I would not have you remain idly indifferent at home, dallying in love's bower, when Congress and Washington demand the prowess of every true son of liberty to put an end to the misrule of imperious Britain in this our native land. What, indeed, were worth all human ties and affections without the blessings of civil and religious freedom to secure their fullest fruition and enjoyment? The dread necessity which now tears you from me, as the tendrils of my heart, cannot be helped, and every true man and woman should be found willing to make all due sacrifices for the honor and safety of the common weal. Go forth, then, to the camp of Washington, and be among the foremost to strike a blow for England's humiliation and the everlasting independence of the American people. I have an abiding faith that the great God of battles will defend the right and guard our holy cause. Yes, I pray Heaven to bless and spare you, so that you may return to fulfil the plighted vows you have extended in my behalf. Therefore do I yield to you the requested kiss, in token of my fidelity, and solemn assurance that my thoughts shall be of you always, whatever the vicissitudes of life or the fortunes of war."

The lovers embraced. She threw her white arms about his neck, and nestled her head in his manly bosom. It was but for an instant. The tears started in both their eyes. He gently unclasped the love entwinings of her snowy arms, snatched a kiss of purity from her dewy, rubescent lips, leaped into the saddle of his impatient charger, and dashed away on his errand of duty and patriotism.

CHAPTER III.

MYSTERIOUS PROCEEDINGS.

Five years had passed since the war commenced, yet neither the British nor the American army had gained any particular advantage over the other, calculated to terminate hostilities.

If the British had been successful at Brandywine and Germantown, the reverses of the Americans were more than retrieved by the battles of Trenton and Princeton, while the capture of Burgoyne and his mighty hosts by General Gates was deemed a fair offset to the possession of the city of New York by the British foe.

At length, however, intelligence of the fall of Charleston and the surrender of General Lincoln and the southern wing of the American army fell upon Washington and the northern troops with most depressing effect. The British forces were in great strength, while it was with the utmost difficulty that Congress could keep up even a show of defence. The troops were wretchedly clothed and fed, and paid in paper scrip, fifty dollars of which would not purchase a pound of beef. Insubordination, revolt, British gold, and *treason*, would have at once ended the contest, but for the firmness of Washington. Happily, at this juncture, La Fayette arrived with the French fleet and army, and Washington now resolved on the speedy expulsion from New York of the English forces. His army lay at Tappan, on the Hudson, in good array, while West Point, the Gibraltar of America, was under the charge of one deemed the most trustworthy and bravest of American officers.

It was autumn; the atmosphere was balmy and delicious. The forests were beginning to put on their livery of scarlet and brown, which varied costume appeared the more brilliant and gorgeous as seen reflected in the golden and roseate light of the setting sun.

The Hudson River rolled onward between its adamant barriers with a sweep of queenly grace and grandeur. Here and there the wild duck dipped and sported in the wave, while the fish-hawk and sea-gull careered majestically aloft

and scanned with piercing eyes their unsuspecting finny prey, far down in the deep waters beneath. Save these aerial creatures not a thing was observed upon the broad surface of the noble stream. No water craft of any description—whether that of the light canoe or that of the huge barque of war or commerce—was to be seen resting upon or dancing along over the bosom of the Hudson in any direction, above, below, or in front of the frowning battlements of West Point. With the exception of the heavy tread of the sentinels as they paced to and fro on the ramparts of the castle, not a sound was heard; order and silence reigned still more profound as the day waned toward the sunset hour.

Several times during the afternoon the commander of the fortress had ascended the highest tower, and, with a spy-glass, penetrated the scene, turning his eye frequently in the downward direction of the stream. What with the grand scenery of mountains, river, and forest, he seemed more than ordinarily interested or absorbed in the general aspect presented to his view. It was indeed a picture of nature well calculated to inspire enthusiasm in the bosom of the poet and painter, and the Commandant was both the one and the other by education and the natural instincts of his being. It seemed that his eye could never weary with the glowing beauties he beheld, nor his soul rest content and satisfied with any mere transitory communion with the goddess—Nature!

Suddenly the sun dropped below a distant mountain peak, and its round lurid face became obscured for the day. At the same instant, the evening gun was fired, and the roll of drum was heard within the fortress.

The commandant meanwhile remained in his position in the tower, and fixed his eye-glass on a prominence of the mountain, far below the fort, on the eastern shore of the river. The peak loomed up at first like a tower of richly burnished gold, but presently became bathed in a sea of sapphire, and jasper, and ruby, and gold combined, as the rays of the departing sun darted upward athwart the horizon, and dyed the fleecy clouds that enmantled the stalwart peak.

The roar of the cannon had scarcely ceased its reverberations along the shores of the river, when the commandant descried a sloop-of-war closely hugging the eastern shore, just beneath the blaze of the seeming hill of fire we have described. She was under a full dress of canvas, with her bow bent in the direction of West Point. Suddenly, a long white streamer was run up the mast head, where it danced like a thing of life and joy, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of evening. It floated an omen and emblem of peace. So the Commandant seemed to view it, for he uttered an exclamation of joy, quickly run up on a tall flag-staff near him a similar streamer, as an answering signal to the silvery stripe of the sloop-of-war. The streamers were allowed to flap only a brief recognition of each other, when they were hauled down from their towering masts. The whole manœuvre was but the work of a few seconds, and probably the signal was only known to the parties concerned in this secret interchange of courtesies.

Suddenly the craft crossed the river in an oblique direction, furled her sails, and cast anchor in a small cove, directly beneath the jutting brow of the palisades, a few miles below the castle.

The commandant of West Point was entirely alone when he discovered the appearance of the strange craft, and having answered the mysterious signal given by the same, he hastened down from the tower, and sought his private quarters. Here he had a brief consultation with his wife, who happened to be present in the castle. Then swallowing a cup of tea, the officer muffled himself up closely in a dark cloak, and passing along a secret passage, emerged in a few moments on the outer walls of the citadel.

The night was now already very dark. Pausing a moment to adjust his pistols, he walked rapidly as he could along a by-path of the hillside, and in a short time passed beyond the extreme picket and the challenge of any watchful sentinel.

In the thicket hard by, he found a man in close disguise, astride his horse, and holding the bridle of another steed at his side. Certain words and signs were quickly interchanged between the parties, when the commandant vaulted into the saddle and followed the pathway close at the heels of the unknown cavalier.

Onward they rode, at a rapid pace, for about an hour, when they reached the brow of the palisades in front of where the small vessel of war quietly reposed, a short distance out in the stream. Quickly they dashed down the rocky precipice, reined up their steeds and alighted in front of an old farmhouse that stood at the base of the palisades in the seclusion of the alcove and slope of the hill. The officer seated himself in the porch of the house, while the groom led the horses to the stables. In a few moments the latter returned, jumped into a

skiff, and rowed toward the sloop-of-war. Presently he returned accompanied by a personage whose rank and uniform were studiously concealed beneath the ample folds of a gray overcoat.

The commandant greeted the navy officer in a very cordial manner, after which they retired to a secluded upper room of the house, and entered upon a conversation of very mysterious and startling import.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSPIRACY.

THE two officers were seated at a round table, on which were observed pens, ink, paper, portfolios, and other articles, including decanters of wine and brandy and drinking goblets. After some preliminary compliments had been interchanged, and they had drunk the health of themselves and other parties, the officer in the gray surtout promptly opened the main purpose of the nocturnal interview.

"Then you accept Sir Henry's propositions, and are ready to fulfil your part of the arrangement, my dear general?"

"Most assuredly, sir. A year ago would have spurned the idea, but as the aspect of affairs has so completely changed for the worse, I deem it sheer madness longer to hesitate."

"So I should think, in view of the relative strength of the armies. The power of Britain must inevitably triumph, sooner or later."

"Destiny, it would seem, surely augurs such result."

"But, I have been led to comprehend, you have certain private motives which further influence your mind to the course about to be undertaken."

"Since, my dear sir, you have so plainly put the question, I frankly own to the 'soft impeachment.' The injustice I have received from Congress, indeed, were sufficient to fully absolve me from further recognition of its claims upon my duty and loyalty. Yet, I must say, my personal grievances are of very minor importance compared with the deplorable strait in which my countrymen and my native land are placed. I consider the attempt to achieve independence utterly futile, and therefore sincerely believe it would be to the best interests of all parties were the struggle brought to a speedy termination. Could Washington be removed from the chief command, or put out of the way altogether, all difficulties to restore peace to the country and bring back the people to their allegiance to the British government might be readily obviated."

"The resignation or removal of Washington, I suppose, is not likely to take place. His fidelity to what he concieves to be the right is not to be shaken at all, while the hold he has on the affections of the American people is wonderful in the extreme."

"You are right. Therefore, I say, were it not for such ardent sentiments in his favor, and the mulish obstinacy of the chieftain himself, the carnage and devastation by sword and flame which have so long prevailed might be brought to an early close."

"Are there not other generals ready to fill Washington's place in the event of his death or removal?"

"None in whom the nation and soldiery would place the same implicit confidence and trust, unless it might be that inflexible Quaker, General Green. All the rest—Gates, Lincoln, Sullivan, Lee, Knox, Reed, and Wayne—though of equal if not superior abilities to Washington, would find it extremely difficult to lead the American forces, even if the integrity of all or some of them was not suspected to be of a questionable character."

"Washington, of course, is cognizant of the views and principles of the principal officers in the various divisions of the army, and knows how far their patriotism and fidelity may be depended upon?"

"He is an admirable judge of human nature, but not always infallible in his conclusions. He believes that Gates desires to supplant him, suspects one or two of corruption and treasonable designs, regards others as inefficient, but supposes the larger body of them to be faithful to the cause of independence."

"Has he no suspicions in regard to the affair we have now in hand?"

"None whatever. It is but a short time since, as you are aware, that he assigned me to the command of West Point, at my own request, which I think proof enough that I enjoy his confidence entirely. He is certainly aware that British gold has been freely offered to some of his officers and soldiers to induce them to lay down their weapons of warfare; but these rumors have not had a bearing upon myself, I am quite confident."

"Enough. You say that everything is now in readiness to surrender your citadel to Sir Henry Clinton, when he shall appear with a suitable force to demand possession?"

"Even so; and in proof of my honesty of intentions, I have brought with me the neces-

sary papers—the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences of the citadel, which shall be placed in your hands, to be forwarded to your commander-in-chief, when the arrangement between us shall be duly ratified and signed."

"'Tis well. Let the matter be brought to a close at once. You see here my authority from Sir Henry to complete the stipulations. You are to retain in the British army a rank equal to that which you now hold in the American, and be placed at the head of the American legion in the service of our king."

"That, sir, is the understanding."

"This purse I am directed by Sir Henry to place at your disposal, to meet any emergency contingent of this affair," remarked the officer in the gray surtout, handing forth the treasure with a delicate grace, yet in a very business-like manner. Then, taking up a package of papers at the elbow of his companion, he added: "And these, I believe, I am required to place in the hands of my chief?"

"Yes. They are all there in complete detail. Sir Henry has only now to come and take possession of the fortress, and the sooner it is done the better."

The officers again pledged each other in full goblets of wine, and parted for the occasion.

CHAPTER V.

STARTLING ADVENTURE.

The commandant at West Point, after receiving a portion of the price of his treason, returned to his post while the darkness of the night yet veiled his villainy from all the world except those who were immediately cognizant of the diabolical proceedings which had been enacted.

The officer or agent of Sir Henry Clinton, instead of again returning to the sloop-of-war, at once crossed the Hudson, and pursued the river side to New York, being accompanied by the guide who had officiated in bringing about the interview between the two officers, at the old farmhouse, under the brow of the palisades.

Each of these men had in his possession a passport to the following effect:—

"*To go to the lines on White Plains, or lower, if the bearer thinks proper, he being on public business.*"

These passports being signed by the officer at West Point, our adventurers were enabled to pass all the outposts and guards, and arrive without interruption near a little village on the banks of the Croton River.

Here one of the horsemen looked around, and, seeing no one near, remarked to his companion:—

"All is well, thus far. You are safe. God bless you. Good bye."

He turned his horse's head and rode rapidly up the river road, while the other traveller continued on his way to New York.

He had left his military garb behind, at the old farmhouse, and wore now a dress of great plainness and simplicity.

Onward he dashed with the speed almost of the wind, anxious to reach the end of his journey with the least possible delay. He finally neared the border village, and saw full before him the grounds occupied by the British troops. A few more bounds of the spirited steed and the traveller's mission had been fulfilled in safety.

His movements, however, had been observed, and the rapid manner in which he rode caused him to be more narrowly watched.

Onward—onward at brisk speed, came the mettlesome charger, snorting and foaming under the rowel's stings of his impatient master—when suddenly there sprang from a thicket at the road side, a man of stalwart proportions, who seized the bridal with such power, that both rider and steed were promptly hurled to the dust.

"Whither are you bound, sir, in such hot haste?" he demanded of the astounded traveller, who still sat in his saddle, while his horse's haunches rested on the ground.

He was immediately joined by two other men, with guns on their shoulders, though they wore no uniform.

The cavalier, mistaking the trio to be men of his own party, instead of producing his passport, inquired of them:—

"Where do you belong, my friends?"

"To below," they replied, alluding to New York.

"So do I," rejoined the traveller, "I am a British officer, returning from an important mission, and must not be detained."

"Is that the way you think to escape us, sir? You belong to our enemies, and we therefore arrest you in the name of Washington, and the Continental Congress!"

"Nay, my friends; I did but jest. I was afraid that you belonged to the British Army, and thought that by representing myself as belonging to the same, you would allow me to

pursue my way. See! Here is my passport from the commander at West Point."

"That paper may be right enough, for what we know; but that point must be determined by the colonel of the outposts. If you are of us, your detention will be brief, while we shall have only done our duty, sir."

"In the name of Patriotism and the cause of Independence, I pray you, offer no impediments to my course. My business is of such momentous urgency that I should not be detained. Here is gold—take it, and let me proceed instantly."

"Now we are quite certain your intentions are evil! We scorn to accept a bribe. We shall search you, and if our suspicions are confirmed, you shall be delivered over to our commander to be dealt with according to your deserts."

The captive finding that resistance was in vain, said no more, and allowed himself to be searched.

The captors quickly found concealed in the boots of the prisoner the papers which the commander at West Point had given him to place in the possession of Sir Henry Clinton. They proved to be the details of the condition of West Point, and plans and arrangements for its surrender to the Chief of the British army whenever required.

The prisoner, accordingly, was taken before the American officer at the outposts. He declined to answer any questions put to him, but requested permission to write to West Point and inform the commandant of the Fortress that his messenger was detained.

"No! That will be unnecessary," replied the colonel. "I shall have you conducted forthwith to the commander at West Point, with a view to ascertain the truth of this affair." The captive was promptly placed in the charge of a suitable guard, and sent toward the Fortress.

Suddenly, however, the colonel changed his mind; and sending in all haste after the guard, the prisoner was brought back, and lodged in prison. Meantime, the colonel wrote to Washington, informing him of the arrest, and forwarding, at the same time, the important papers which he had taken from the captive. Believing the suspicion now entertained against the officer at West Point to be unjust, and unworthy of his high character in the estimation of Washington and the army generally, he wrote to him also, and detailed the particulars of the detention of his messenger.

The latter found the suspected officer busy in preparing for the *reception* of the enemy. He was greatly dismayed, and it was with great difficulty he was able to conceal his agitation. He, however, quickly recovered his composure, and turning to the bearer of the letter, in a loud voice, remarked—

"This despatch requires an immediate answer. Tarry a few moments while I retire to write it."

At the same instant, two officers entered and announced that Washington was within a few miles, and would presently arrive at the Castle. There seemed no safety for the traitor but in immediate flight. Putting the best face he could on the matter, he excused himself to the officers, and said he would go forth unattended and receive the commander-in-chief. He quickly retired to the apartment of his wife, and exclaimed—

"The plan has entirely failed! The messenger which I despatched to Sir Henry Clinton has been made a prisoner. Everything must now be known to Washington. Burn or conceal all my papers; I must seek safety in instant flight."

He did not wait for reply from his wife, but, mounting a horse, dashed away a mile or so down the banks of the Hudson. Suddenly he halted, threw himself into a barge, and ordered the oarsman to pull him to the sloop-of-war, before alluded to, with all possible despatch.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET MISSION.

SCARCELY had the barge left the shore when Washington arrived at the fortress of West Point. He was soon made acquainted with the state of affairs. In addition to what he learned at the fort, the messenger from the colonel at Tarrytown presented himself, and delivered the package with which he was charged. The commander-in-chief was overwhelmed for a few moments with the enormity of the crime of which he had now become cognizant. At length he remarked:—

"Of all others, I would never have suspected him of perfidy so base. He was an officer of rare courage and ability; and, having shed his blood in our holy cause, I deemed him worthy of our fullest confidence. Hereafter I shall be more wary in my estimate of human nature."

Washington now made a rigid inspection of the castle, and, leaving it in the temporary charge of an officer of his suite, quickly departed

for his head-quarters at Tappan. Here he called General Green to his side, and counselled him in regard to the crisis which had arrived. The treason and desertion of an officer in high favor led him now to suspect similar corruption on the part of others. Indeed, some information which he had just received from certain private sources in this regard gave him great uneasiness, while the capture of the British officer perplexed his mind the more in view of the proper disposition to be made of the *spy*.

His conference with General Greene having ended, Washington sent a messenger to request Major Lee to meet him in a private manner in the shadow of the evening. That officer came at the appointed hour, and found the commander-in-chief in his marquee alone, engaged in writing. Washington, motioning the major to a seat, placed in his hands a bundle of manuscripts, and remarked:—

"Read these papers attentively, my dear major, while I am engaged in this present writing."

The letters contained astounding information, going to show that the officer who had just deserted his post at West Point was not *alone* in treachery, but that the poison had extended far and wide.

When Washington had finished writing and the major returned the documents he had been allowed to peruse, the general inquired—

"What think you, sir, of these details?"

"The allegations, my dear general, utterly amaze me, yet I am constrained to believe that much of this matter is founded entirely in fiction. I cannot believe that all the parties named in such dishonorable connection are guilty. The whole appears to be a vile contrivance on the part of Sir Henry Clinton to destroy confidence between yourself and your officers."

"Such idea at first occurred to me," Washington replied. "But who am I to trust, after the baseness now so plainly proven against the man placed in command of the fortress above?"

"Yet I think it scarcely possible any other individual will be found involved in this miserable business."

"Indeed, I sincerely trust such may prove the case. Be *that* as it may, however, something must be done immediately to probe *this* matter to the bottom. I have sent for you, accordingly, in the expectation that you may have in your corps some trustworthy individual capable and willing to undertake a responsible and hazardous project in my behest. Can you, major, find such a person in your ranks?"

"Doubtless, my dear general. There is not a man in the legion who would hesitate a moment to perform any service, at whatever peril or sacrifice, you might require to be done."

"Then I would seize the *traitor* and liberate the *spy*," said Washington, with considerable warmth and emphasis.

"Your wishes shall be fulfilled to the best of my abilities, general," replied the major, fervently. "There is a young subordinate in my legion that I think might be influenced to undertake such service, could he be made to believe that the desire for its accomplishment came from yourself."

"Then let this token be the proof of my desire, and confidence in the ability of the party to achieve success," replied Washington, placing a guerdon gem of curious device in the major's hands. "Take these letters, and have them delivered personally as addressed. This purse will defray the expenses of the messenger. Say to him it is not *desertion*, and so despatch him quickly on his errand."

Major Lee bowed, and instantly took leave of the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

Major Lee, on returning to his post, at once sent for the sergeant-major, and introduced the purpose of Washington in as judicious a manner as he was able. He painted the enterprise in glowing colors, and finally succeeded in removing all scruples from the mind of the honorable and high-minded soldier.

"As it appears to be the wish of Washington, I shall no longer hesitate to venture on this errand of necessity. My life, and any other claims of my country upon my affections and loyalty shall be extended with the utmost readiness of my heart and soul."

"Nobly spoken, my friend! Then get ready at once, and quit the camp as privately as possible (that it *may seem* that you have *deserted*), in furtherance of this momentous enterprise."

"Hold back pursuit for one hour, major, and I shall ask no further odds."

"Never fear, I shall manage in some way to facilitate your flight. God bless you! Adieu!"

The major placed the letters and the guerdon of Washington in the hands of the soldier, and gracefully bowed in signal of his departure.

The sergeant promptly returned to his quarters, stealthily withdrew his horse from the picket, and committed himself to the chances

and perils attendant on his delicate and complicated mission.

Half an hour had scarcely passed after the conference between the major and the sergeant, when the officer of the day hurried to Major Lee and informed him that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, on being challenged, had put spurs to his horse and escaped.

"Ah, say you so?" rejoined the major, quickly, in a tone of well-affected surprise and indignation. "The rascal! Who of *my* corps is this villain? *Treason! Desertion!* Go, instantly, and send hither a squad of picked dragoons! The scoundrel must not escape! *Dead* or *alive*, we must bring him back!"

"Your commands shall be quickly obeyed, sir," replied the captain, who instantly departed from the presence of Major Lee.

The major, meantime, contrived various expedients to delay pursuit, and a full hour elapsed before the pursuing party was despatched.

It was now about midnight. The evening was very dark, but just as the dragoons were ready to start, a heavy shower of rain came over and rendered the gloom still more profound, except when the vivid flashes of lightning illumed the face of nature. Away dashed the pursuers through the storm and darkness, halting occasionally in order to discover traces of the deserter by the foot-prints of his steed in the road. Such tracks were soon perceived, and the horsemen hurried forward again.

They were careful not to lose the trail of the fugitive, and frequently examining the road, considerable delay ensued, so that daylight was beginning to break when the dragoons reached the hill and village that overlooked the bay and city of New York. Here some of the horsemen descried the fugitive riding slowly down the hill-slope, about half a mile ahead, and immediately cried out to his comrades.

"Yonder goes the scoundrelly fellow now, near the foot of the hill! The road is clear, and he cannot escape! Speed, comrades, we shall soon catch the knave! But let no one fire on him. My orders are to bring him back *alive*, if possible!"

"The wretch shall meet the *deserter's* doom," cried the rest in chorus, and, yelling a loud huzza, they all rapidly dashed after the fugitive.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl.

"ONE ONLY DAUGHTER."

(*St. Luke*, viii. 42)

BY HELEN.

ONE only lamb—a little one!
From early dawn to setting sun,
With restless feet and careless shout,
She gambolled merrily about
In chase of bird, or bee, or flower,
Through many a sunny summer hour,
As joyous in her childhood glee,
As ever childhood heart could be!

And when, with gathering shades of eve,
Her simple pastimes bade to leave,
She clambered to her mother's knee
And lisped her twilight melody;
Or, bowed beside the tiny bed,
Her evening worship meekly paid—
That one wee lamb within the fold,
Was all the mother's heart could hold!

And when the Sabbath's holy calm
Brought wearied man its blessed balm,
And she would gaze with earnest look
On pictured card or storied book,
With many a thought and query strange
I could not tell or could not change,
And start me with her fancies wild,
I wondered greatly at the child.

O blindness of a human love!—
Yet was the shadow from above—
I never dreamed till God revealed
The angel wing that lay concealed—
By other arm than mine caressed—
Close folded to my darling's breast!
O marvel! that I could not ken
My feeble utterings needless then;
God, from the heart I sought to raise,
Already had "perfected praise!"

Oh, who shall tell the anguish keen,
When, through the mist of tears was seen
A glorious form who thus addrest—
"Such need we for the kingdom blest:
Forbid her not to come to me,
I leave the Comforter with thee!"

Then spread the angel fair his wing,
Around, a mantle pure did fling,
And upward far, that bitter day,
He bore our precious lamb away!

Our little lamb—our only one!
The fold is very, very lone!
Thy father and thy mother, we
In sorrow deep have sought for thee,
Yet hist, thy Heavenly Father's call
Thou must obey, deserting all.

Oh, ever let us nearer keep
To Thee, dear Shepherd of the sheep,
Who carriest now within Thine arm,
Close to Thy bosom, safe from harm,
And lovest fondly, as Thine own,
Our little lamb—our only one!

THERE is no lack of industry in the world—the lack is in making the right application of it.

WHO HAS MARRIED WELL?

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

THE world has ready responses for our inquiries concerning married friends. We receive such replies as, He has made out well—he has married an heiress; or, Certainly, his marriage was well advised, for his wife is of excellent family; or, again, He is a fortunate fellow—his bride is so beautiful. Family, beauty, money—how like bubbles when a true womanhood is thrown in the other scale! Again, we ask after the fate of a fair friend, and are answered by a glowing description of the luxuries of her home, or are told how high her husband stands in the literary world or political arena. Upon the other side, a man is pitied that he is overburdened with an increasing family, or that his wife is thriftless, extravagant, or an invalid; a woman is compassionated because she presides over the home of one who is no calculator, and will never get rich. All these, which are thrown in the foreground, are mere side issues. The money of the heiress may prove a blessing or a curse; the family of the wife will not make the husband's happiness, or insure his progress toward the right and the noble, if she prove unworthy; the beauty of the bride will fade all too soon, if there be no beauty within which claims expression. The luxurious home may be a gate of heaven or a weary prison to her who dwells therein; the mentally gifted husband may be morally ignoble; again, that increasing family should be multiplied blessings to be rejoiced over by him whose strength and manliness may find means of growth in increase of burden. The thriftless or extravagant wife may harm none but herself, as she rouses her husband to new efforts; the invalid, if her companion love her as he ought, will waken all his better nature to a worthier than worldly profit; the man of whom the world affirms that he will never be rich may already be so in all such qualities as bring joy and blessing to humble homes, and his wife may be more to be congratulated upon the growth of character resulting from her union than the mistress of a palace, since her riches are those which "neither moth nor rust can corrupt," nor can death take them from her.

A few days since, we heard the remark, concerning a couple we know well by report, and whose closer acquaintance we do not crave: "They are exceedingly well mated; they both pull one rope, and go straight along." There are too many such couples, united in greed for gain, "going straight along," heedlessly passing all that makes life beautiful and death glorious, eager only for the money which but increases their avaricious thirst. They have their reward—poor, pitiful, hollow at the best, but such as they have chosen. Ah, we may not call them well mated; the avarice in each might have been toned down to commendable prudence by sympathy with more generous-hearted life-companions. Indeed, those have not married well who have thus strengthened any evil passion or inclination. Marriage should enlarge the life, make it happier and better; if it does not do this, it is not well, though it place at one's command the wealth of the Indies, and gratify one's pride by ranking his name among the lofty ones of earth. We should not live for wealth, fame, or even for happiness; neither should we marry for them. No one has married well who has not earnestly sought God's blessing on a pure, unselfish love, a love such as might at any time enable a *man* to lay down his life for the loved one's advantage; a love which would, if need be, strengthen a *woman* to the heavier task of taking up a life of self-sacrifice, suffering, and constant, tender ministrations, to be borne patiently, hopefully, even cheerfully on, through good report or evil report, during all the weary, lengthening years of life's pilgrimage. It may be that we shall find, when we shall see no longer "as through a glass, darkly," that all marriages thus hallowed have been well, in that no immortal soul has been harmed by them. We know that not all such have been wisely or prudently made, for only too often a love worthy of blessing is upon one side—passion and interest upon the other. We live in a world where worldly wisdom, and the want of it, just as rarely cast their fitting fruit unripe as do love and unselfishness, and these fruits hold so large a place in the world's eye that the more blessed but more ethereal products of love, which so nourish the immortal soul that their profit shall remain secure when all earthly things shall have passed away, are scarcely noted. We see them sometimes with pure satisfaction, where both husband and wife fast outgrow themselves in

,eir unselfish efforts to contribute to the growth ıd happiness of each other. Such happy arriages, doubly happy and blessed when ›th parties unite with their deep love for each her a holy, trustful love of their Creator, ele- ıte society as well as individual homes. Would ıere were more of them!

We will not, then, undervalue love; we will ›knowledge that its misrepresentations are ›ten truer than the exactest delineations of ır more fleshly reasons, for it sees the naked ›ul of the loved one, made in the image of ›d, while others see but the coverings which ›rcumstances and surroundings have woven ›er it; but we will remember that love alone ›nnot sanction marriage, since duty has higher ›aims. If there be danger that your soul ›ould be won from its rightful allegiance to ıe Most High by a contemplated marriage, ›ve's claims are all annulled.

There are many motives of prudence, too, ›hich should speed or delay the car of Hymen. ›iss Bremer makes Hertha advise her young ›iend, wisely, to take no husband unto herself › whom her children might not gratefully owe ›ial respect. All such suggestions fall very ›ldly upon young natures which have but ›tely waked to love's ecstasy. They do not ›alize that their hearts, which are now so full, ›ill expand to hold other loves as sweet, there- ›re they contentedly ignore the possibility of ›ildren in their home. This is not well. If, ›hen you would build a house, you sit down ›d count the cost, how much more should you ›ok with a prudent eye to the consequences of lifelong union! If you cannot reasonably ›pe that the marriage you purpose will con- ›ce to the best good of your loved one, your- ›lf, and the children God may give you, tear ›e clinging love from your heart, though it ›ay be like plucking forth a right eye, and the ›ther shall give you strength and peace.

He has married *fortunately* whom circum- ›ances, self-interest, impulse, or passion have ›d to a union which has an ennobling influence ›on his life and character; but he has mar- ›ed *well* who has listened alike to love, duty, ›d prudence. It may be that he has not seen ›early, for—

> "Full oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
> At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
> Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
> Where no ill seems."

› so, he may not hope, he will not weakly wish › be freed from the natural consequences of › blindness, sad though they may be; but ›e whose loving care is infinite will guide him very tenderly over the rough places which his dull vision did not foresee, if he watch well that his path lies ever upward, and in intelligent consciousness of this loving care he will find ample compensation for every loss of human sympathy or outward advantage.

Interest in marriage does not and should not stop on one's own fate. We find the match-makers among those who, having no adequate idea of the solemnity of marriage, are fortunately mated themselves. Judging only from their own experience, they think that almost any life-companion is better than none, and hence fancy themselves serving their fellows by forwarding any matrimonial scheme which may be in progress, or in planning unions for careless young friends. Such assume a vast responsibility, and must sometimes sadly rue their work. Others, distrusting their own judgment, shrink from exerting their influence, and sometimes fail to give the word of warning which their hearts prompt, even when it would be gratefully received and carefully weighed by the youthful friend who needs guidance and sympathy. It is right and proper that those having large and long experiences should be ready to guide the young over the paths they have trodden. Some young people are self-sufficient, wilful, and unwilling to listen to advice; but only too often it is the fault of the elders that they have so little influence over the young about them. Worthy age commands respect. The heart which, though no longer fed by the sweet, inspiring juices of the dreams of youth, has been so nourished by them that it is conscious of a richer, happier life than they could give, should open itself to God's love, as a flower to the sunlight, to bless with its fragrant influence the passer by, even amid the noontide heats, though its power shall be oftenest acknowledged with joy by those who yet look upon life through the illusive, sunlit haze of the morning or linger wearily mid gathering shadows. The world needs such hearts. When there shall be more of them among us, there will be fewer complaints that youth fails in proper respect to old age. It is fitting that the pippin tree which has no fruit in the October time should win no upward glances. If an old person's lightest talk, as well as his carefully given advice, bears the seal of love to God and love to man, his words will be weighty with consistency. When many such as these shall teach, each in his sphere, that marriage is not a bond of convenience or pleasure, but a holy ordinance of that God who can well afford to make worldly prosperity as a

wayside flower upon the love-guarded, blessing-showered way which leadeth unto life, higher hopes and nobler aspirations shall banish all power for harm from such disappointments as now sour the lives of many.

Not even the dearest and noblest life-companion should stand between the soul and its Maker. Remember that if your home is not a happy one, you must look well to yourself. See that you have no fault before you allow yourself to become discontented because your companion is not perfect. Many a home which might be bright is darkened because either husband or wife is a self-appointed and not wholly charitable judge of the other's actions. Let your conscience be active only for yourself. If you are disappointed in your youthful dreams, seek the cause. Possibly they were extravagant; if so, bringing them to the light will banish discontent. If your hopes were reasonable, cherish the ideal, and try to raise your home life to it. In the effort you will be more likely to find content than in restless waiting for another to do what is equally your duty.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

When I went to bed that night I dreamed I was getting married to Kitty, but when I went to kiss the bride it was Mrs. Mousetrap, and just as I kissed her two of her front teeth fell out. When I came to the table next morning I couldn't help thinking of my dream, and I stole a sly glance across the table to see if the widow's teeth were sound; not that it was a matter at all interesting to me, only my dream put me in mind of it. Her teeth were as white and regular as the grains down an ear of green corn; and instead of looking a little older by broad daylight, I thought she appeared full as well as by gaslight. Her cheeks were as red as pinies, and I couldn't help wishin' Kitty knew how to fix her hair like Mrs. Mousetrap's. She wore a sassy-lookin' jacket—Zouave's, I believe, is the name for 'em—trimmed off with black velvet; under that a white fixin', all embroidered, with undersleeves and gold bracelets, and a silk skirt, plenty good enough for a party. It took the shine off Kitty's pink calico, though I knew I ought to be ashamed of myself for thinkin' so. I made up my mind if I got better acquainted with the widow, I 'd ask her for the pattern for a *sister* of mine, so 's Kitty could purty herself up when I got back. It did not strike me at that time that such kind of things would be out of their sphere, as the women-folks say, churning, washing dishes, and baking pies which Kitty was so clever at. When the widow offered me the butter I noticed what beautiful hands she had: a wedding-ring and a mourning ring on the third finger. Now I 'd calculated to get along the first year me and Kitty set up housekeeping without any hired girl, which was common for young people in the country, but them soft white hands set me to thinking maybe I 'd better hire a girl to do the rough work so 's to give Kitty's hands a chance. I was getting dreadful extravagant notions staying in New York city; my two thousand dollars didn't look any bigger than two hundred before I left home. Mrs. Mousetrap was as gay and lively as if she 'd never shed a tear in her life, yet she 'd come within an ace of blubbering right out on my shoulder the evening before, she felt so bad at something, I never precisely made out what. That disagreeable little girl of hers wasn't around to bother her; I heard her tell a waiter to carry Miss Arabella's breakfast up to her room. All the boarders indeed seemed in excellent spirits, passing sly jokes around the table; and all of 'em were extra polite to me. The young man that sat next to me on the left side—a very serious young man with a pale face and nice clothes—said to me, in a low voice, that he hoped I 'd have a good time while I staid among them, and escape all the *traps* set to catch the unwary. I told him I reckoned I could take care of myself. Another one asked me how I liked "the Enchantress." I told him I hadn't been to the theatre—I 'd promised father not to go; and then he laughed and said it was not necessary to go to Niblo's to see the Enchantress—that they had one especially engaged to act, morning, noon, and night, at this private boarding-house. The landlady said, "Tut, tut, Mr. Brown," and shook her head; the widow give him a look that I should a-thought would have made him feel rather crawly; but the next minute she was sweeter than new milk, and said—

"It 's perfectly surprising, Mr. Beanpole, to meet a young gentleman who considers it worth while to respect his father's opinions. Don't go to the theatre! Really, you must be a

model—I was going to say, almost an angel! One could repose so much confidence in a person of such character!"

I 'd never been called anything like an angel before, and didn't know that I resembled one; so I blushed up to the roots of my hair and looked foolish, wondering why Kitty had never discovered my seraphic tendencies, when this handsome stranger had found 'em out so quick.

"She 's already 'reposing confidence;' her ready affections are beginning to twine around the Beanpole," I heard the pale young man whispering to somebody next to him.

I was so mad I could have kicked him under the table, insinuating such things about that unprotected female widow, with no one to take her part—to say nothing of the familiar use he made of my own name, which I don't allow trifled with: it stands as high as most people's, and I wa'n't brought up to be ashamed of it.

After breakfast I went down to the lower part of the city to see about buying my groceries. I wanted to get 'em shipped so's they 'd be home before me. I found things riz awfully; tea, and sugar, and coffee, was way up, so that the few hundred dollars I reckoned to lay out in that way didn't seem to go any distance in getting up a stock. It scarcely took an hour to buy what I 'd caculated on in that line; and then, not knowing how to pass the rest of the time, I sat down on a hogshead of sugar and took out my list of small fixings. Mother had charged me to be very particular to get all the little things—they was what made a store populous, she said. Spice, combs, soothing-sirup (if I should forget *that* all the babies in Beanville would cry out against me), shoe-blacking, nails, corset-laces, snuff (if I didn't get a good quality of the two last I 'd be sure to lose Miss Sniffle's patternage, and she had money to spend, if she was an old maid), rhubarb, writin'-paper, peppermint-drops, needles and pins, coffee-mills, axes and hoes, artificials, buttons, bonnet-linings, brimstone, candle-snuffers, powder and shot, clothes-lines, zephyr-worsted (every possible shade, for the Square's daughter was doing her piece for the State-fair, and I 'd make a mortal enemy of her if I left out a single hue), Brandeth's pills, a good assortment of thread, a few spelling and reading books, tape, turpentine, hoop skirts, (the bigger the hoops the faster they 'd go off), suspenders, thimbles—wall, I saw to once I 'd got myself into business, and so it turned out. I got so tired walking about with my new tight boots on, and 'twas getting along towards dinner time (as they call it in the city—supper, I should say), and I 'd had nothing to eat but a slice of pine-apple, a stick of candy, and a quart of pea-nuts, that I jist give up of ever getting through, and bought the stock in trade, basket and all, of a small boy at the corner of Canal St., who was hollowin' buttons, blacking and shoe-laces, with all his might. I got the hull concern for seventy-five cents, and considered myself pretty nigh through, except them bothering worsteds. I made up my mind I 'd take a hull day to them, before I 'd run the risk of driving the Square's daughter to some other store; and so I got in a 'bus with my basket and hauled up at B——— St., and by the way, I made a trade during the ride, for a little boy in the 'bus told his mother he needed a new pair of shoe-strings and there was a man that had some. She looked at me sort of puzzled, for I was dressed to fits, and then at my basket, and I saw she didn't dare to ask me, so I says, "Ma'm, if your boy wants some shoe-strings, he can have 'em—two cents a pair." She took 'em, and I took the two cents, and that was the first thing I ever sold in the storekeeping line. I didn't care very much for the two cents, but I couldn't resist the chance of tradin'.

I had to stand on the steps and wait for the girl to open the door—they keep the doors locked in the daytime in New York city—as soon as she opened it, and her eyes fell on my basket, she said they didn't want anything, and I mustn't have the imperdence to come to the front hall door again, and was jist agoing to slam it in my face, but I pushed in and met Mrs. Mousetrap coming out of the parlor. She clapped her hands together as if she wa' n't more 'n eight years old, and cried out—

"Oh, Mr. Beanpole, I 'm so glad you 've got back! Do you know how to play back-gammon? If you do, go put away your things, and come down to the parlor, and play with me till dinner 's on the table. The boarders are all out, and I 'm so lonesome."

"I can't play back-gammon, but I can play a first-rate game of checkers," says I.

"Oh, can you?" says she, "So can I. And I can learn you the other game. It will be charming. If you hurry, we 'll have half an hour before dinner."

I wasn't much delighted to hear this, for I was desperate hungry, but she looked so coaxin' and tickled to see me, I couldn't help taking out a pair of side-combs which was among the contents of my purchase, and handin' 'em to her, as I went up stairs. She took 'em with a smile like a honey-plate and put

'em in her pocket, and I never saw 'em afterwards. They looked like the real shell, and was worth eight cents at retail.

When I 'd washed my hands and brushed my hair as slick as I could get it, I came down to the parlor, where she was waiting for me, with the checker-board spread out on a little table, and my chair sot ready for me to take a seat and begin. Her daughter was a-playing the pianer to pieces, and couldn't hear what we said; she turned round and give me a sassy little nod when I came in, stared at her mother and me a minit as if she would eat us up, and then turned around to her playin' again.

We played three games, and she beat me every time, for I was so took up with her talk and with watching her pretty hand that I couldn't play half equal to my usual skill. While we was busy the other boarders began to drop in, and the pale fellow winked to Mr. Brown, and there was a good deal of fun, which I wasn't such a fool as not to see. I knew they thought I was green, and that the widow was going to take me in, but I knew she wasn't. I knew what they didn't—that I was already engaged to a young lady to home worth a dozen widows—and as I thought of how Kitty looked as she waved her handkerchief after the cars when I started, I sighed.

"Are you in trouble, Mr. Beanpole?" asked my partner, just letting an edge of her soft little hand touch mine as she placed a checker, and looking up into my eyes with thrilling sympathy.

I saw the young man poke the other slyly in the ribs, which roused my dander so, that touching glance had no more effect than fire on a patent-safe.

"I ain't in no particular trouble, Mrs. Mousetrap, except that I 'm a little homesick, and a good deal hungry," I answered, looking at the man, and not at her.

They suddenly cooled down and pretended to be listening to Miss Arabella's music; I guess they was afraid I 'd get up and thrash 'em.

"It 's terrible to be homesick, ah, terrible!" murmured the widow, dropping her cheek in her hand, and forgetting it was her move. "I 've been *so* homesick since my own dear home was desolated. Though not quite up to my ideal, it was still *a home*—ah, when shall I have another? when shall I again feel the protecting arm of one stronger, more fitted to cope—pardon me, Mr. Beanpole, I forgot that I was speaking to an entire stranger; though you do not seem like a stranger to me. I must have met that face before if only in my dreams," and brushing her cambric handkerchief across her eyes, she beamed another lingering glance at me. Arabella was playing so loud the others couldn't hear what she was saying. I colored up, and dropped my eyes; I was glad to hear the dinner-bell, for I didn't know how to answer her, she said everything in such an impressive way.

"Poor thing!" thought I, "if she only knew I was engaged, maybe she could prevent herself from falling in love with me. I must take some chance to tell her. It may save her a broken heart."

At the sound of the bell she started up as bright as ever. "Now you can have your dinner, since you 're so hungry as to make you cross. What are you going to do this evening? If you aren't going out, I might learn you backgammon, as I promised. It 's so nice!"

"You 'd better learn, Mr. Beanpole," put in one of the boarders; "you 'll never have a better teacher; she 's taught us all."

"Arabella, pet, come!" said the widow, in a hurry.

"I wish you wouldn't 'pet' me down stairs, and box my ears up stairs, mamma," said that sweet miss, looking at me instead of her mother, and then darting off towards the dining-room like a chicken towards a corn-crib.

"Ah, Mr. Beanpole, if you knew the trials of a mother! That child is so wild—though she means no harm. I suppose I have failed in my government because I was such a child myself when she was given to me—a mere, mere child, a perfect baby! And I am scarcely yet competent to the task. I am afraid I shall never be anything but a confiding child."

She sighed and looked up at me, like a bird at a cherry, so charmingly that for the life of me I couldn't believe them marks which, now I was so close to her, I saw about her eyes like the tracks of a crow in ploughed ground, was anything after all, unless it was because she had cried so much for somebody to lean upon.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, not knowing exactly what to say, "I see you have a great deal of confidence."

And then them two pesky fellows behind us snickered in their handkerchiefs, and the widow got red in the face, I 'm sure I don't know why. She seemed huffy for some little time; but she probably saw that I meant nothing bad, and before the puddin' came on the table she was as sweet as ever.

Wall, we went back to the parlor after supper; I wanted to read the evening paper, but she got me down to the board again, and began

to learn me backgammon. After a while everybody went out. The married lady boarder went up to see to her baby; the young men went off up town; I'd have liked, myself, to have gone and took a ride up and down Broadway by gaslight, but if I'd been setting on shoemaker's wax I couldn't have been stuck tighter to my chair. And now comes the darndest part of the hull story! What happened that night has ever been and will ever remain to me a mystery. I thought I had my share of common sense, but I'm willing to own the corn—a bigger fool than 'Bijah Beanpole never went and gone and put his foot in it.

She learned me the rudiments, as the schoolteachers say, and we played after a fashion; though we, or rather she, did more talking than playing. I couldn't purtend to remember half, nor a hundredth part what she said; her tongue run like a locomotive, only it went as soft and pleasant as if the cars were glass and the track silver. Every once and a while she would stop playing, lean her elbow on the table, and rest her head on her hand, when she wanted to say something particular. It was a good way to show her arm, which had nothing but a lace undersleeve below the short sleeve of her black silk dress; and her curls, too, which were as black and shining as her dress, and dropped almost down to the table. She'd got everything out of me about my father and mother, my business, how much capital I had, and I was just clearing my throat to try and hint something about Kitty, when she dropped her head into her hand, leaned over the little table, raised her eyes thoughtfully to mine, and said—

"Two thousand dollars isn't as much of a capital as a young man needs to start on now-a-days. If you had about five thousand, say, and some credit, you could set up a store that would attract attention and keep down rivals."

"Yas, but I hav'n't," says I.

"But couldn't you get it?" says she.

"Not without mortgaging the farm," says I, "and I wouldn't ask father to do that."

"Of course not. But you might take a *partner*, Mr. Beanpole."

"I'd rather not," says I; "it's safer to be alone."

"Oh," says she, "I mean a sleeping partner. For instance, you might marry some woman who would put that much in."

"I don't think I could," says I, shaking my head.

I'd expected to get a pretty good setting-out with Kitty, for her father was well-to-do; he'd put us up a small house, likely, and furnish it; and Kitty would have lots of china and linen, and a cow, and all the little things, but as for asking her father to give us three thousand dollars, cash down, I knew better. I wished that I *had* that much more capital; for, as I was saying in the morning, coming to New York had enlarged my ideas of business amazingly.

"I *know* you could," whispered Mrs. Mousetrap, looking down, and playing with her curls like a bashful little girl.

"What do you know about it, ma'am? There ain't many girls can handle that much cash round about where I live."

"Perhaps there isn't in Beanville," she replied, very softly. "But as good-looking and excellent a young man as *you*, Mr. Beanpole, need not confine himself in his choice of a wife. You could have your pick anywhere."

"Sho, Mrs. Mousetrap!"

"You needn't color up as if you never had a compliment before. It's true, and you know it. There ain't many women would give *you* the mitten, Mr. Beanpole."

"You're a flattering me."

"No, I never flatter. I despise flattery. But I'm very candid. It's my fault to be too frank! Tell me, Mr. Beanpole, don't you think I'm *too* plain spoken?"

You ought to have seen with what an angelic smile she asked this. I stammered out that I didn't think she was, a bit—oh no, of course not.

"Well, then, if you don't find fault with me, if you can appreciate my sincerity as few in this false and wicked world can, Mr. Beanpole, I will go still farther. Ah, you do not know how much sham, and deceit, and suspicion there is in a large city like this! A thousand times, when my heart has been wounded by the falsehood of those around me, I have wished that I was a simple country girl—a child of nature—with some one to say he loved me, whose nature was as frank and guileless as my own. I hate this artificial city life! Since I have seen you, I hate it more than ever! You are so different from those about me! you are truth itself! Ah, if it had been my fate, instead of being the widow of a rich flour-merchant, to have been the wife of a being like you! how much more happy I should have been! Life would have been all violets and hollyhocks! But now—now—oh, oh," sob—sob!—her face was buried in her hands, and her bosom heaved like a field of wheat in a gentle wind.

If I had not thought of Kitty, I should have

dropped down on my knees at once, I do believe. I couldn't bear to see her so overcome. I'd have offered her myself right away, spite of the minx up stairs and asleep, I pitied her so. I was sorry I had ever come to New York. If I hadn't a-come, this beautiful woman wouldn't have seen me, she wouldn't have contrasted me with those around her, wouldn't have realized how much she had lost, and been a-crying there right before me as if her heart would break. I felt awfully guilty.

"Don't, don't, Mrs. Mousetrap; you make me feel bad. I shall go right away from here to-morrow, if my being here makes you feel so unhappy. Come, don't cry."

"Then I'll try to control my emotions, if it makes you talk of going away; *that* would make me more wretched still," she murmured, taking down her hands and her little bit of a handkerchief, and smiling over at me as sweet and mournful as Patience on a monument. "Pardon me, Mr. Beanpole, for betraying so much of my soul's concealed feelings to you. It was with far other intentions that I began the subject. I was going to tell you that *I* might be induced to become a partner in your store—at least to loan you a little more capital. I have money at interest. I have no doubt it would bring me as much if lent to you. And I have such confidence in your integrity that I know of no person to whom I would more willingly intrust it. Though money is comparatively worthless to me, I know that I ought to consider the welfare of my child, and keep it where it will be secure to her in case of any accident to me. To be sure, I *had* thought of keeping my portion of my husband's property to bestow upon some one whom I might some time find, who answered to the yearning of my imagination; some one like—like—ah, I dare not say who. *That* dream has now expired."

As I said before, it has always been a mystery to me how I made such a fool of myself that night; but Kitty, and a little house, and a small store began to fade into the dim distance. To have a beautiful and elegant city woman, dressed to fits and rich as gold, a-offering me her hand and heart right out, as it were, and plenty of money with it, confused me, I was dizzy; but I didn't commit myself just then.

"Shall we play another game?" says I, to turn the subject.

"Ah, yes, though I'm certain you'll win it. You already play better than I do. Let's play for a wager this time. What do you say?"

"I don't make a practice of betting," says I; "but, seeing it's you, I don't care."

"Oh, this isn't betting; it's just a trifling wager to make it interesting. Let me see—you've got a ring on your little finger. I'd like that, just because you have worn it. Will you stake that against—against—" She put her elbows on the table, and pursed up her mouth so as to say as plain as words—

"A kiss?"

I said it before I really meant to. The fact is, I hardly knew whether it was me or she who said it.

"La, Mr. Beanpole," says she, "I never made such a bet in my life. O dear, well, for *you!* Oh, I'm *so* afraid you'll win!"

I didn't feel altogether pleasant during that game. Whether I won or lost, I should be in a predicament. That ring was Kitty's; she put it on my finger herself that night we were engaged; I wouldn't lose it for the world, and yet I was sure I didn't want to kiss Mrs. Mousetrap.

"La, Mr. Beanpole, I've lost! O dear, what shall I do! Oh, I'm *so* sorry I made such a bet!"

She didn't look a bit sorry, but I took her at her word.

"You needn't feel bad," says I; "I sha'n't claim the wager."

"What a man you are, Mr. Beanpole! But I think it's wrong not to pay one's debts, don't you?"

"If you think so, you can pay yours," said I, like a goose, not knowing how to get out of it.

Wall, she got up and come round, and turned up my chin with her little hand, and kissed me smack on the mouth. I didn't help her a bit, I declare I didn't. Then she run back and sat down, laughing and sassy, and fixing the men for another game. She began to talk again about my store, and about going in as a partner; and what she said or what I said, or how she came to take my promise to take her into the store as a partner as a promise to take her as a partner for life, I don't understand now, no better than I did then. All I know is that, as we was talking the matter over, and she'd agreed to put in an equal amount with myself, all of a sudden she fell on my shoulder, put her arms about my neck, and began to sob out how happy she was, and what a good wife she'd make me, and how she'd loved me from the first minit she'd sot eyes on me.

When I tried to explain to her what a mistake she'd made, she'd just listen to nothing, only to take everything for granted, and before I could collect my missing wits, she got up and said:—

"And, now it 's all settled, dear 'Bijah, I won't keep you up any later. Some of the boarders will be coming in and seeing my emotion. Good-night, my darling. And, since you 're going home in two or three weeks, I suppose, of course, you 'll wish to take your bride with you. I shall try and get ready, if the notice *is* short. Good-night, 'Bijah."

You 'd better believe I didn't sleep much that night. I tossed about like a pop-corn on a hot griddle. I 'd got into a pretty scrape. If I told this rich widow that she 'd misunderstood me, that I hadn't engaged to marry her, and wouldn't do it nohow, then I 'd break her heart, and mortify her awfully, too, with all those kisses thrown away; and if I took her home, and set up a big store, and flourished around Beanville with my city wife and her money, then I 'd break Kitty's heart; so there I was! However, by daylight I 'd made up my mind I 'd stick to Kitty, and get out of the scrape with the widow the best way I could. I came down late to breakfast, looking like a sheep. I kind of thought the boarders looked as if they expected fun. As I came in and took my seat, I looked across to the widow, sort of shamed, and said, "Good-morning." She was beaming with smiles, and, nudging that horrible child of hers, whose mouth was full of griddle-cake and molasses, she says in the hearing of the whole table:—

"Go around and kiss Mr. Beanpole, Arabella, my sweet. He 'll be your papa in a couple of weeks, and you must learn to love him. Go and kiss him."

I didn't know whether I was going down through the floor into the cellar or through the ceiling into the garret. Right out before all them boarders! I wanted to get up, throw the butter-plate in her face, kick the table over, break through the front door, and take the next train for Beanville; but I sat there like a fool.

"I sha'n't kiss him," whispered Miss Arabella. "I don't want him for my papa. He 's green, and you know it, for I heard you say so yesterday."

"You 're right there," said I, getting my dander up as the table began to titter. "I 'm green—greener 'n grass—there 's no doubt about that!"

One real evil will sometimes ameliorate our condition by putting to flight a host of imaginary calamities, and by inducing that exertion which makes *any* situation tolerable.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

BY LOTTIE ALICE LUCE.

"We 'll meet again!"—the parting hour
Hath many a charm to lure;
Its mem'ries have a winning power,
An influence chaste and pure,
That in the heart of hearts survive,
When joys and hopes are vain—
But none these few short words outlive,
"We 'll meet again."

"We 'll meet again!"—how sweet the sound
When fond affection binds!
In traversing life's weary round,
The lonely pilgrim finds
A bliss where all was grief before,
A joy where all was pain,
When mem'ry calls to him once more,
"We 'll meet again."

"We 'll meet again!"—thou noble one
That round my heart hast cast
A halo, when all else is gone,
Will cling unto the last:—
Know that each fibre of the breast
Echoes this sweet refrain,
When the soul seeks its final rest,
"We 'll meet again."

"We 'll meet again"—if not on earth,
Oh look above and see
The spirit that around thy hearth
Would chime sweet melody;
Of all thou wert or art to me,
There 'll be this holy strain
To bear my spirit back to thee,
"We 'll meet again!"

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them? He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys *do*. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They *order so*. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." Among you playmates, don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you *better* served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole Dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "*if you please*."

ANGLENOOK.

BY RACHEL L. B——.

We call our home, Anglenook; because, firstly, it is hemmed in by a high railroad embankment, and a neighbor's corn-field; secondly, by the western border of our little meadow, where some half dozen trees—elms, honey locusts, basswood, and sycamores, with washed-bare roots, seem tip-toeing to reach their arms over the embankment and the bridge—M—— River rushes by, under the bridge, under the shadows, with scarcely a ripple—forth from the mill-dam, above, sailing as serenely down-stream as though it were the offspring of peace instead of violence—here, where the water is dark and deep, is a place for angling to delight an Izaak Walton.

Half an hour ago, I came down to the river's bank. The murmur of the river, clashing of a distant saw-mill, birds trooping southward, and, above all, the dreamy, October sunshine, in which I and my "bonny-wee" son are now basking, made me dread returning to the house on yonder hill-side.

Now, I lean upon the stone fence, between me and the river, watching yellow, crimson, and mottled leaves floating down-stream, amid foam. Near the opposite bank of the stream, a turtle is sunning itself upon the side of a canoe which is half sunken in shallow water, and cattle are coming down from the hills, beyond, to drink.

I like this day. The sun shines through a golden haze; the air is still; clouds have hung motionless, for half an hour, above those tree-tops. I like this landscape; those dim, blue hills seemingly stretching into eternity; these limestone cliffs, mantled with vines and ferns; this river, mirroring the fleecy clouds, amber-tinted blue sky, and the trees, rocks, the bridge with its roughly-hewn timbers, and limestone butments.

My mother died in March. Gusts of wind blew into our faces as we went to the grave-yard, and they whirled masses of clotted, half-wet leaves upon the lid of her coffin, as she was lowered into her grave—a pauper's grave.

She was buried in the morning; in the afternoon of the same day—stripped of the warm clothes that had been borrowed for me to wear to her funeral, and in my own faded calico dress and sun-bonnet and half worn-out shoes, and wrapped in a thin shawl which had belonged to her—I started toward Squire North's farmhouse, which was to be my future home.

I kept close to the river, so that high cliffs, edging the opposite bank, might shield me from a cold wind blowing from the west. My walk was cheerless. One chapter of my life had just closed with "death"—another was opening, but around its initial letter hung a pall—I could read but two words, and they were, "toil" and "sorrow"—words appalling to the mind and heart of a child.

How loudly the river swept between me and those cliffs! How like a banshee the wind moaned and wailed among the woods and sharply clifted rocks! I wept and listened. High above the dull monotone of the river, the wind raised its voice—as the voice of destiny, it seemed wording the sorrows I had endured—the sorrows, toils, and wrongs, that my heart foreboded.

There are moments in which the heart, as by prophecy, reaches into the future and grasps the misery of a lifetime. Many years have passed since then—I have suffered much—yet the sorrows to endure, which I have had years given me, have scarcely equalled the agony of that one hour in the Gethsemane of my soul.

Twilight was deepening into night when I reached this spot. Upon the hill-side, yonder, I saw light gleaming from two windows, side by side; to my excited imagination they were like the great glaring eyes of a monster. Knowing that the light which came through those windows had its centre in the home of which I was soon to become an inmate brought no cheer; of that home I knew nothing, and was in no mood for drawing a hopeful picture of it, mentally. The darkness within my mind was gloomier than the night which was obscuring everything around me except that light upon the hill-side. Those windows—those great eyes—were growing brighter and brighter.

I stood here, by the bank of the river, weeping, half-frozen, my hands and feet aching with cold, yet dreading to approach that fire-side. I drew my shawl more closely around me, and seated myself upon the root of this

sycamore tree, my mind filled with the vague, childish idea that lingering made matters better. How would they receive me! I recalled all the stories I had ever heard of cruelty to orphans; that I was to suffer, I had no doubt. What a fate was before me!

"I wish I could die," I said, mentally, as I bent down, and rubbed my face upon my lap, to wipe away a stream of tears that was burning like lava upon my almost frozen flesh. The thought made me shudder. As we grow old, our minds become familiar with death—that Lethe of sorrow, that burnisher of God's image, the soul—but to the child, who sees only that which pertains to earth—the folded hands, blanched face, shroud, coffin, and grave—death is indeed gloomy. The grave and its attending horrors loomed before me, flooding my mind with all the frightful stories which had been poured into my ears by ignorance and superstition.

I trembled while I listened to the river, and kept my eyes riveted upon the cliffs outlined darkly against the western horizon, lest, if I averted my gaze for one instant, they might give form to some horrid object—the frightful child of my brain.

"We shall have to cut the ice, Alf., to raise our nets in the morning," a voice said, just by my side. I had heard two pair of feet briskly advancing toward me, crushing the crispy, frozen grass; but I had not heeded them, for my faculties were sinking into a delightful lethargy. My head was leaning against the sycamore's trunk; I felt a pleasant warmth stealing from my limbs to my body; my mind received but an indistinct image of two striplings, bending over the water, adjusting their nets.

"Where am I?" I mentally asked. The scene that met my eyes was a perfect exponent of rural comfort and cheer. Within the room in which I was lying a dark rag carpet, crimson hearth-rug, and gayly printed chintz curtains formed an harmonious foreground to the bright stretch-out of fields, green with young wheat, rows of peach-trees flushing with buds and blossoms, brown hillsides tinted with green, visible through two low, broad windows.

My brain was confused. It tried in vain to gather up the scattered links of memory, and to join them together; reality and dreams played such a bo-peep game with each other that consciousness shrunk timidly from the bewildering mental haze. Every stroke of the clock upon the mantel grew duller—I went to sleep.

It was night when I awoke. Rain was dashing upon the roof and against the windows; wind was romping an Aprilesque game around the house, lashing the roof with the long, lithe arms of that willow-tree, rattling the window sash, wrenching that sweet-brier from its rustic trellis, then retreating sullenly to the cliffs, hills, woods beyond the river. Then I could hear the river's dull roarings.

With a peculiar sound, like treading upon snow, a fire burned upon the hearth, filling the room with a pleasant warmth and dancing light. Above the mantel a faint shadow hovered, a clock looking down through it as through a summer twilight.

The river, its voice rising in crescendo from a murmur to a gloomy clamor as the capricious wind and rain lulled; the room, with its rustic appointments, its firelight and shadows, seemed but et ceteras to one object. Firelight shone upon a stripling's face near the chimney jamb. It was a peculiar face, sharp in outline, vivacious, sarcastic in expression. Calvin North—it was he—sat upon a stool, his arms folded upon his breast, looking into the fire; its light glowed into his brown face, and into his eyes, large, dark, crafty, alert, and restless. Neither choleric broodings nor vague dreams were indexed upon his countenance. He looked like one who was weary of stagnation, hungry for excitement. Whenever the rain and wind arose to a bluster, he lifted his head and listened with a keen, eager relish, as though he heard in the tumult a prophecy of his struggles with the great living world. Then, when the restless wind whisked itself away, leaving the rain to fall monotonously, and the trees to sway their limbs to and fro gently, his chin sank again upon his breast, his eyes fastened again upon the fire, and he mused, evidently with a purpose.

"Like waves,
The days, the years went by."

I hummed a tune as I stooped over the spring with a water-pail upon my arm. I can't affirm that I was a perfectly disinterested observer of the head and shoulders I saw mirrored in the water. I felt a lively interest in the picture. I confess that I, Mary Ford, poor, twenty years old, unmarried, and without, perhaps, even a lover, felt a twinge of chagrin when the facts flaunted themselves so unmistakably before me, that my little square face was sunburned to a gypsy color, my lips thin, my nose

grotesquely small, my eyebrows heavy, black, and straight, my forehead low and square, my hair dark, massy, and curling (I detested curls), and my hands, though small, were brown and muscular, not "soft and white," the favorite style with poets and lovers. I had but two good features—a pair of eyes which I had inherited from my ill-starred Italian mother, and a set of teeth which, when I smiled, made one forget that my lips were thin and purple—so Calvin said.

"Miss Ford, sorry to spoil your pretty picture, but I *must* do it," said I, with a mock-sigh; then, laughing, I dipped my pail in the spring. A laugh, just by my elbow, startled me. No echo, but a familiar, distinct, pointed—a real *staccato* laugh.

"Calvin North!" I exclaimed, springing erect and facing him, "was eave-dropping among your studies at college, or is it a natural gift?"

"Neither," he answered. "I wanted a cool drink of water, fresh from the spring; I came up from the hayfield for it. Am I to blame because I found Miss Vanity admiring herself?"

"Maybe I was looking at the catfish you put in the spring last night—how do you know?"

"Am I deaf, Miss Vanity?"

"You seemed so last night. Why didn't you answer Alf. when he asked you if you 'd fish with him down by the bank to-night?"

"I didn't want the milk-sop with me," Calvin answered, dipping his tin cup into the spring. "He cackles so much, he frightens every fish from my hook."

"From his own, too?"

"No, the lucky dog! He pulled out three, last evening, before I got even a nibble. Mary, will you sit real still—not laugh once—if I 'll take you with me this evening?"

"Maybe I don't want to go."

"You do."

"I don't think I can go, Calvin. I don't fancy keeping my lips closed. The river banks are unhealthy, anyhow, at this time of the year. Mother wouldn't consent, I 'm certain." Mrs. North I had learned to call mother.

"She has consented."

"Who asked her?"

"I did."

"By whose authority?"

"My own," he replied, hanging the cup upon a nail against the side of the spring-house.

"Calvin North," I called out, laughing, "where 's your gallantry? Come back and carry my bucket!"

"Bucket, bucket, you buckeye—can't you say 'pail'?" said he, coming back, pretending to grumble.

The sun was setting, giving his last glance to the cathedral's cross which towered and glistened above tree-tops and house-tops in the east. A long shadow, made by the high railroad embankment, stretched farther and farther across our meadow, until its outline dimmed and faded—then the sun was down; crimson and purple clouds flaunted in the west.

New-mown hay, lying in windrows, sent forth an alluring fragrance from the meadow. "I 'll not wait for Calvin, he can overtake me before I reach the culvert," I said, mentally, as I stood upon our hop-vine-covered portico, tying a blue gauze veil under my chin. I ran down the hill-side, Bessy, my pet kid, bounding after me over the long grass. A board fence at the foot of the hill had to be climbed; I lifted Bessy over, then I followed her. We ran a race in mad-cap fashion down through the meadow, keeping close to the foot of the embankment, here worn by washings of rain into gullies, and overgrown with wild crab-trees and scrubby sycamores, whose almost naked roots seemed clutching for life into the bank of earth and gravel.

Here Bessy's goatish nature asserted itself. I heard a rattling of gravel, and behold! she was half way up the bank and climbing higher. "Bessy, Bessy!" I called out, but she gave me an arch look and a toss of her head for an answer, and, with a quick flirt, kept on climbing. I tried to catch the little imp, but the gravel and sand gave way under my feet, and she was already at the summit, trotting along over rails and ties. So I kept at the foot of the bank until we reached the culvert.

A tail-race, from a saw-mill, poured through the culvert, and through the meadow, diagonally, severing a triangular shred of land from the main meadow. I liked that little insulated nook, with the river flowing by its western margin; the embankment rising against the northwest, and overgrown, from rip-rap to summit, with crimson-leaved poison ivy, infant sycamores and thorns; the race sweeping along fringed with scrubby willows and elder-bushes.

I wheedled Bessy to my arms, and waited at the culvert for Calvin. In his shirt-sleeves he came down slowly through the meadow, dragging his fishing-pole upon the ground, and carrying his bait in an old, battered, spoutless coffee-pot. How noble he looked to my prejudiced eyes! My love was a mantle that covered his every defect, physical, mental, and moral.

"Mary, did you see that sunset?" he asked, as he drew near.

"Yes, what now?"

"Of what did you think while you watched it?"

"I didn't watch it; I merely glanced at it."

"Well, of what did you think the while?"

"Nothing high-flown, I can assure you. I merely wished I had a dress the color of that purple cloud."

"Marry Alf. Lane, then. Dress yourself up, you female popinjay, and be a happy simpleton all your days."

"Very well; I might fare worse. What are my chances, Calvin, do you think?"

"Pretty fair, if he can't get Anna Drake."

"Gloriously encouraging, for she is engaged to Dr. Carson. Now how much do you suppose my 'thirds' would be worth? Let me see, there's Beechgrove, and Rockland, both such nice farms. What makes you look so preciously sart?"

"Do I?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders as he baited his hook with a worm. "I was not aware of the fact. I'm sure I feel quite the contrary. I heartily congratulate you upon your high-flown hopes, but in assessing Alf.'s real estate you ought to have added this farm, which, when father died, I thought mine."

"Are you crazy—what do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered, flirting his baited hook here and there, through the water in the face, "that Alfred Lane, Esq., following the honorable example of his lamented generous father, has given me warning of the agreeable fact that he intends, next week, to close the mortgage on our home—so," he added, smiling to hide the quivering of his lips, "if nothing happens to prevent, we shall be entirely unburdened of the disagreeable incumbrance of a home."

"Oh, Calvin," I exclaimed, weeping, "it is so bad! We have struggled so hard. He has no mercy."

"We needn't to have expected mercy from him," he said, in a passionate tone. "It is not in the Lane blood to be even just. For five years the interest on that debt has been eating up our earnings—and the debt incurred by indorsing for his swindling brother, that villain, William Lane—and now we must be turned out of our home. Well, better now than five years hence, yet for mother's sake I had hoped"—here his voice faltered, he set his teeth and drew his quivering lips together, in an effort to appear firm and unmoved.

"And is there no hope?" I asked, after a pause, during which he had subdued his emotions of grief, and I had stilled my sobs.

"But one," he answered, in a low voice.

"And what is that one?" I asked, eagerly.

"Do not ask me; I must not speak of it to you," he replied, turning his face from me, as he drew his fishing line from the water—the hook was bare.

I was silent. My heart felt a stroke that was harder to endure than the loss of home. The hopes that I had been cherishing for years lay prostrate. I knew he was thinking of beautiful, hoidenish Laura Gilbert, who, with that presumptuousness which is tolerated in the rich, but scoffed at in the poor, had, by looks and actions, proffered herself, her gold, and her acres to him. Hitherto he had met all her advancements with indifference, but now I saw that his hour of temptation had come, her hour of triumph. "How can I bear it?" my heart groaned, as I turned away from him. There, upon the hill-side, was the home which had sheltered me for ten years, the vines that Calvin and I had planted wreathed the porch and windows, and upon the door-step, enjoying the evening air, sat Mrs. North, my second mother. Above the eastern horizon the moon loomed, round and crimson, the cathedral's cross clearly defined upon her disk.

Now, not ten feet from me stands the sycamore tree under which Calvin and I sat that evening, fishing. It is the same at the foot of which he had found me, nearly dead, ten years before. Upon the surface of the water flecks of moonlight were scattered among the shadows which stretched, long and dark, from the trees standing upon the brink of the river. As yet, the bank around us was silvered—the moon had not risen high enough for the branches above to shadow us.

We said but little. Calvin sat upon a bare root of the tree, baited his hook anew every five minutes, and whisked it here and there through the water, grumbling, in an undertone, because the fish wouldn't bite; near him, upon a low stump, I sat with little Bessy in my lap. I was depressed in spirit, my blood at a feverish, yet dull heat, my heart staggering under its burden. What would I not have given to have recalled the hopes of yesterday! A gulf had yawned between us, severing us forever, burying the hopes that had gilded my future. My evil nature was uppermost, my heart rebellious. What had I done to merit such a fate? I wished that I had never been born. I longed for death.

To my heart the river's voice had never been merely a babble—an unmeaning sound—and that night it seemed wording the reproaches of Conscience. "Mary Ford," it said, kissing the shore at my feet, you have nursed this viper, this love, in your heart until it has instilled its poisoned charm into every fibre of your nature. If it has brought you disappointment and pain, who is to blame? None, but your own weak self. When he marries you will be blighted. Mrs. North's calm, motherly affection will not satisfy you; brotherly love will not be the limit of your cravings. You have not in you the timber of which a self-happy, independent woman can be constructed. You dolt, half your nature will be dwarfed, if you have no strong arm to which you may cling."

"What can I do? Show me the right path," my heart plead.

"What can you do?" pursued the stern monitor. "In future, let your love be the reward of devotion and worth, and not an unasked for offering. Tear this vain love from your heart."

"I can't; it is useless to try," my heart replied.

"You can, and you must. Nothing is impossible with the help of God."

I reproached myself for my weakness of spirit. I covered my face with my hands and prayed. Yet even in prayer my weak nature kept rising. I found myself pleading, not for strength to bear without murmuring the sufferings that pressed upon me, but that the trial might be averted. I tried in vain to feel submission to Providence—and my heart was filled with shame and remorse.

Shadows were nestling closely around the foot of the sycamore tree, for the moon had risen high above the top of the dead walnut, which raised its bare arms aloft over the small slender trees in the grove, when Calvin and I arose to return to the house. He leaned his fishing-pole against a sycamore limb, and removed Bessy from my lap to his arms. I walked by his side; my heart was heavy.

"There is dew upon the grass. Are your shoes thin?" Calvin asked, after we had climbed over this stone fence into the meadow.

"No," I answered.

The hay was fragrant; a breeze came gently from the south; the moon shone clearly; the river's voice was low and soothing; an evening more delightful never brooded over our dear home. I felt an influence saying, "Peace, be still," to the passions that were surging in my heart; yet my sorrow was none the less painful for its sombre stillness.

Calvin bared his head to the night air; he appeared excited and triumphant, and even not unhappy. "He feels none of the pang that I suffer," I thought. I was selfish enough to wish his pain equal to mine.

When we reached the yard fence, he released Bessy. She stamped her little feet nervously when she found that the grass was wet with dew; then bounded up the hillside to the porch.

"Wait here awhile, Mary; the evening is so pleasant," Calvin remarked, after we had climbed the fence, and I was starting towards the house. I turned back, and we stood together, leaning upon the fence. A whip-poor-will sang upon the willow tree near us.

"Have you told mother yet?" I asked, after a pause.

"Told her what?" he exclaimed. He was actually smiling.

"Of Alf. Lane's closing the mortgage."

"No; I will to-morrow. I needn't dread telling her, though, for she's predicted it for months," he answered, his voice growing sad.

We were silent again. The whip-poor-will flew to the topmost branch of the willow tree and sang; an owl hooted in one of the burr-oaks by the spring.

"Mary," he said, at length, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "the struggle is over."

"Well, so be it, then," I uttered, resolutely calm; but my heart turned faint with despair.

"Well, if you had your choice, Mary," he continued, "which would you do, take riches without love, or 'love in a cottage?'"

"I would die, Calvin North, before I'd crucify my heart and barter myself for gold," I replied, signifying to him how much I detested his mercenary intentions.

"And so will I, Mary," he said, drawing me to his heart. I wept for joy at the sudden birth from the darkness of despair to the light of love, hope, and bliss.

Eight years have passed; our old, dear home is our own again, through industry and the help of God.

God puts the excess of hope in one man, in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.

A Man's wit is a part of himself; his wealth or his poverty is part of his fortune. The one is inherent in him, the other is appendant to him.

COLOR—IN DRESS, FURNITURE, AND GARDENING.

WITHOUT stopping to discuss the metaphysical doctrine that we know nothing of the forms of objects but by their colors, it is very certain that to color we owe many of our purest and most enduring pleasures. Color delights both wise and simple, young and old: it is one of those luxuries that the poor man can enjoy as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the educated; though the latter, perhaps, is better able to appreciate the many hues of Nature and of Art in the highest degree, because he knows the rules upon which their harmony depends, and how he can reproduce them at will, just as the musician can recall some well-remembered melody.

The rules of the art of color are easily learned, and the principles upon which they depend can be tested by a few simple experiments worked out by the cheapest materials. With a pennyworth of mixed wafers, and a few slips of colored ribbon or tinted paper, the harmonies and the discords of color may be exemplified, and the eye trained to distinguish accurately between them. The slips of paper should be cut into squares or circles of about two inches in diameter, and by fastening wafers on them experiments may be multiplied without end. White and black paper should also be used, as well as white and black wafers. When white paper is employed it will be of advantage sometimes to tint the paper round the wafer with its *complementary* color. Colors, or, to speak more correctly, lights, are said to be complementary when two of them, taken in certain proportions, produce white. This cannot be done by means of the paints used by artists, for causes which it is unnecessary to explain here; but the fact is true, nevertheless. Now if, rejecting indigo, we take the primitive colors of the rainbow, we get a scale to which we shall have occasion to refer continually.

Primitive.	*Complementary.*
Violet	Yellow.
Blue	Orange.
Green	Red.
Yellow	Violet.
Orange	Blue.
Red	Green.

Strictly speaking, there are only *three* primary colors (red, yellow, and blue) which, being mixed, produce pure secondary colors. In experimentalizing on color, it will be advisable to sit with the back to the light, and to place the paper at least a yard from the eyes, or farther, if the outline of the wafer or other object can be seen distinctly. It will be also necessary to look steadily for a few seconds, that the contrasted colors may produce their full effect upon the eye.

In dress, as well as in Nature, colors are rarely seen singly. The Quaker costume may seem an exception to the first, but even the aged Quakeress mixes her buffs and drabs. A gentleman's evening costume is about the nearest approach to uniformity, and *that* is a pattern which all would avoid if fashion were not too strong for them.

Confining our choice to two colors, we shall soon find that those which are prettiest apart do not always combine harmoniously, as mauve and magenta. Colors are something like those relations who agree best the farther they live asunder—of course, within the limits of reason. The cause of this agreement in colors we shall see presently. As soon as you bring two colors into contact they lose their strongest characteristics, and become modified. Thus, selecting three strips of ribbon of the three primitive colors (red, yellow, and blue), we shall find that, if we place them in juxtaposition with other colors, they become brighter or duller according to circumstances, each color having a tendency to monopolize its own peculiar hue by subtracting it from its neighbor; like the monkeys in adjoining cages at the Zoological Gardens, who, dissatisfied with the food placed in their own trays, seek to eat their neighbor's, and thus lose some of their own portion.

Red + Yellow.

When these two beautiful colors are put side by side, we find that the *yellow* loses some of the red rays that enter into its composition, and appears bluish, inclining even to *green;* while the *red* is robbed of some of its yellow, and assumes a *purplish* tint.

Red + Blue.

In this case the *red* parts with some of its blue, and, becoming yellowish, inclines to *orange;* while the *blue*, parting with some of its red, appears yellower, and inclines to *green*.

Blue + Yellow.

Here the *blue* yields up some of its yellow, and appears more *violet;* while the *yellow* loses its blue, and thus taking up, as it were, more red, inclines to *orange*. If you put each of these in turn upon black or upon white, you will ob-

serve a similiar modification, particularly on the edges.

It is not necessary to carry these exemplifications further, as whatever colors we use the effects are analogous. Hence we derive a rule by which we may heighten or lower the effect of every color without touching the color itself. Thus, by the juxtaposition of complementary colors—say, orange and blue—the intensity of each is increased; but if two kindred colors, such as blue and green, are brought together, the effect of each is lowered.

Offences against good taste in color are rather the rule than the exception here, partly owing to a blind submission to the absolutism of fashion, partly to the confidence young ladies feel that they are charming, however arrayed. It was an old monk that very ungallantly called woman "an animal that delights in finery." We may accept the definition without the sneer, for they wear this "finery" not for its own sake. It pleases, or ought to please, both wearer and spectator; but it is obvious that, in order to give the utmost pleasure—to feather the shafts of Beauty's arrows—the eye must be trained so that we may arrive at the great truth that, "whatever be the material, the colors selected ought to charm by their harmony, not offend by their discord." The lovely face ought to be the centre of a lovely picture. It is curious to notice how often uncivilized tastes go right, while the civilized taste as perversely goes wrong. Miss Quashee, when she does not ape civilization, adorns her black skin with feathers, and flowers, and shells, and colored fabrics that harmonize admirably with themselves and with the tropical scenery among which she lives.

Every blonde beauty knows instinctively that blue suits her better than any other color. The untaught mother wraps her infant in a sky-blue cloak and hood. Fair young ladies are very fond of wearing rose-colored ribbons in contact with their skin, under the notion that it heightens their complexion; and so it does, but in a way they do not anticipate, their skin actually assuming a greenish tint. If the color of the skin be too deep—too rosy—a deep red blanches it by contrast; a light green will increase the redness, and a dark green weaken it. Light against light, strong against strong, deep against deep, is about the best rule that can be given. Miss Quashee, whom we saw just now in her native costume, sometimes disfigures herself with a white satin bonnet, in order to relieve the darkness of her complexion, while she in reality makes it appear blacker than it is: a black bonnet would produce the desired effect. Black may be worn almost equally well by blonde and brunette, but it makes the colorless face still paler. By the terms "blonde" and "brunette," which are used to express two different types of female beauty, we would be understood to mean, 1*st*, women with light hair and blue eyes; and, 2*d*, those with black hair and black eyes—the skins of each being more or less rosy. There is, of course, an infinite variety of these types, including all shades of hair and complexion; and there is also a large number of young ladies on the border-land between both, whose good fortune it is to live upon the spoils of either. The blondes should make "analogy" their motto; the brunettes should arm themselves for conquest under the banner of "contrast." Sky-blue in blonde hair, yellow and red, or deep orange, in black hair, may be taken as illustrations of these two axioms. The latter colors, in particular, tend to produce that blue which in the raven's wing is so much admired. Pale green (not *too* blue) may be advantageously worn as dress or ornament by pale complexions; but woe to the young lady with ruddy cheeks, and highly-complexioned bust and arms, that ventures upon the same style, as she is likely to do, because it is "so becoming" to her sister blonde. Her red will become opaque and brick-dusty; and the brunette will suffer in a similar way. But a dark green? Yes, the contrast may be permitted. But all light colors do not suit the blonde type; for, if you put yellow ribbons by the side of a fair skin, the latter becomes whitish, producing that dull, lifeless tone which seems to have won for yellow the bad distinction of being the color of jealousy. Joined with light blue—not dark blue, or violet, or poppy red—it will make a pleasant mixture. It would best be left to dark skins, which it suits admirably, as it brings up the roses in the cheeks, and abstracts or neutralizes the yellow.

All these colors, it must be remembered, affect only that portion of the face brought into immediate contact with them. Thus, flowers inside the bonnet affect principally the forehead and temples; the bust and neck may be easily protected, as I have shown above; but the bare arm is quite defenceless against unsuitable colors. Violet is a color generally to be avoided, because it has the effect of adding yellow to the skin, which is not an agreeable addition; but if the violet does not come into immediate contact with the skin—being separated, for instance, by the hair, or by gray or yellow fabrics of any kind—the complexion receives no taint.

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DURFEE.

(Concluded from page 269.)

CHAPTER X.

I WAS at Drayton. It was a full month since Aunt Relie, abetted in the arbitrary proceeding by the truant Thane, had taken me, without so much as a word of assent on my part, from Comfort's hospitable rooms, too small and close, they said, for an invalid. A full month since Thane, lifting me by main strength from the carriage, had placed me upon the sofa in Aunt Lyle's pleasant parlor, in the light of her benignant presence, in the light of that congenial home. Body and soul were alike feeble and shrunken; how had vigor and volume stolen upon them in that atmosphere of intelligent, appreciating affection! A month of luxury it had been to me, of sheer abandonment to present sensation; necessarily so, at first, while borne down by the languor of fatigue, added to the lassitude that succeeded my recent illness; later, also, I had permitted myself the indulgence, accepting freely, and with silent thankfulness, the lavish, but delicate attendance, bestowed upon me by these devoted friends.

But this afternoon I aroused myself. The time was at hand when indolence and self-indulgence must be laid aside. Rest and pleasant association had restored to me somewhat of my wonted elasticity, and corresponding effort was demanded at my hands.

In a kind of instinctive obedience to this newly awakened activity, I had exchanged my customary seat, my aunt's own easy-chair, which she had insisted upon yielding to me, for the window seat; where I sat, upright, with fixed, but vacant gaze, upon the busy street, or rather, upon the grave wall of buildings opposite, that looked chill and bare enough in the November light.

I pondered, painfully, the change which I contemplated for myself. It was plainly my duty to return to Moorville and pursue my plan of self-maintenance. In the letters forwarded to me at Drayton, and retained for a time on account of my extreme weakness—letters from Alice and Lawyer Crofts—I had found no reason to recede from my resolution. And more than this, I had found none in a repentant missive that came to me, in like manner, from Ross: in which, making no denial of his passion for Alice, he yet durst intimate his willingness to consummate the engagement between himself and me, by a speedy union.

Three months earlier, I might have writhed at this; not less, at this, did my womanhood spurn the ignoble thought; but, by the calm light of reason, I saw in it only a natural effort to repair, by external allegiance, the loss of the solely acceptable loyalty of the heart.

I read this letter with emotion, truly, but, as I believe, with outward composure, and when I had done quietly dropped it into the grate, in the presence of them all. It was the only revelation that I made to these good friends, of my changed relations with Ross. By some means, however, recognition had come to them of something like the true position of my affairs; as I was more especially conscious, when, after a time, summoning bravery to meet the eyes I knew to be not unobservant of my act, I saw Thane's flaming glance at the withered scroll, and *felt*, as well as saw, their indignant fire, not without a certain sense of gratitude, but overborne with painful humiliation.

The dispatches from Robinton gave no occasion for a change in my plans. I saw my duty clearly; though, as I scanned my feelings in regard to my future, I was scarce satisfied with myself. This little renewal of affectionate intercourse with friends, which, properly, ought to have strengthened my resolution, so hardly, but, as I had thought, fully attained, of reconcilement, or abandonment to whatever phase of life Providence should appoint me, had, on the contrary, perversely acted to wake anew rebellious struggles. The poor, frayed moth expanded in the sunshine, and panted for the old breadth of wing.

"A fine day for to-morrow!" said a voice over my shoulder.

It was unexpected, yet did not startle me; and I but went on in the same line of thought, in my reply:—

"To-morrow, yes, you must take me back to Moorville—to-morrow, Thane."

"Not I! I could never see by what right you went there at all—the plague-spotted place!"

"It 's a pleasant place, Thane."

"Be it so, then. We shall never let you go back there to lie down and die, with never a word to anybody."

"I don't go back to die, but to live—literally, to live."

"You can live here."

"No!"

"Why not?"—looking deliberately into my face.

I turned my head away in some confusion. It would have been easy to answer, why did I not?—rather than say as I did: "Will you go?"

Thane took a hasty turn across the room, and, bending upon me, as he returned, a smile, rather strained and sickly, said: "Don't ask a man to cut off his right hand and pluck out his eye more than once in his life, Avis."

The matter of these words surprised me—the manner more; but I merely returned, playfully: "I'm no such tyrant. I simply ask a man to *use* his eyes and hands awhile for my behoof. A small demand, it would seem; if not—"

"What, if not?"

"If not, I had better take the cars." My weak nerves had made a public conveyance rather repugnant to me, but I gathered resolution for the exigency.

"Worse and worse! Are we, then, so very disagreeable to you?"

"On the contrary, you are only too agreeable."

I said this in all simplicity, observing with inward amazement its apparent effect upon my listener, who, making one or two hasty steps toward me, dropped presently very colorless and tremulous into a chair near by.

"You must hold me for a heathen or worse," I went on, "if you suppose me so ungrateful and unappreciating. But I have no notion of going off into a rhapsody of gratitude for benefits for which I could surely find no commensurate acknowledgment. The best way to evince my sense of the kindness of you all is not to draw upon it unreasonably. Therefore, as you have strengthened me up to the ability to do so, I hold it my duty to provide for myself. That is"—and I changed suddenly to a vein of sauciness, by way of spice to this rather heavy libation to the household divinities at Drayton. "What I mean is—that, as you one day entered Comfort's house, in her absence, and stole away her apprentice, it will be wise for you to re-enter and replace stolen goods before her return. By the by, I wonder if she has returned? But Comfort is a dear, good woman! She'll forgive you when I tell her you've repented."

"But I've not repented."

"Ah, I believe better of you; you can't be so thoroughly reprobate!"

"You speak of favors, Avis; show your gratitude by according me one."

"Most willingly, within bounds of reason."

"Then content yourself with us a little longer—a fortnight, a month more."

My heart assented eagerly; yet, strangely enough, a sigh was the expression of the mixed sensations that possessed me as I called up my previous ponderings and resolutions.

"Is it so hard a penance?" Thane asked, dryly.

"Very hard, indeed; the longer the roots grow and the deeper they are imbedded, the harder it becomes to pull up and transplant."

Thane smiled, a little more genially, as I fancied. "But you promise?"

"Yes—a fortnight."

"Then we will go to tea," Thane concluded, drawing my arm within his own.

I was not quite satisfied that I had done wisely, but the way in which Thane put it—"Show your gratitude by granting me a favor"—had made refusal decidedly inconvenient, though it was, indeed, as I said to myself, but his own delicate mode of doing me a kindness. Doubtless, seeing neither the buoyancy or vigor that he had formerly known in me, he fancied a longer term of rest and nursing needful to restore these. I was not over sanguine that they would return again to me, under any circumstances.

Yet, notwithstanding this half despondent tone, I found myself, as the days passed, dropping more and more into my old ways, into the self-oblivion and *abandon* that are wont to mark healthfulness, not less of the inner than of the outer man. Self-forgetfulness did not, of course, favor self-scrutiny; but the change was apparent to me in many ways—perhaps most clearly manifest as reflected in the friendly countenances around me; in the gentle smiles of Aunt Lyle, in the mischievous, teazing humor of Aunt Relie, in the inspiring approval of Thane.

Thane had not, indeed, altered his nature; but the ready ear, the brisk response, the appreciating glance with which he was wont to recognize and foster any approach to gayety or even to the perverse, rambling chitchat of his early companion, left no room for the impression of undue taciturnity. And more especially now that singular characteristic of Thane, definable only as an irresistible inspiration to

demonstrativeness in me, proved the very breath of life to my torpid energies. The zest with which I renewed my association with Thane showed well that I *had missed* him. If there were needed anything farther to impress this fact upon me, it was afforded by the few days of absence that occurred near the close of the stipulated fortnight.

"He 's gone," said Aunt Relie, one morning, by way of response to my surprised survey of the breakfast-table spread for three only.

I dropped into my chair with a vague sensation of uneasiness. So had that same personage vanished away once before, when I did not see him again for months. Aunt Relie, whether or not cognizant of the thought, put it into words in a fashion of her own:—

"That boy Thane! there 's no depending upon him. I thought we had him safely enough for the present. In fact, I had just made up my mind that we would *put up* with you, Avis, the remainder of our days, for the sake of keeping him with us."

"It might be safe first to learn if the cross were likely to secure the crown," I suggested, flushing a little under her arch glances.

"Exactly what I meant to do, my dear. I was to broach the matter this very day, when, lo! the will-o'-wisp 's—where?"

"Thane has gone to B——," said Aunt Lyle, quietly but significantly.

It was very evident what occasion Thane might have for going to B——. He had waited only for release from some pressing engagements in order that he might in person conduct negotiations relating to the restoration of Cherrywold. I rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy adjustment of this business. Unless the feelings of Ross had materially changed, there was no doubt of an amicable settlement; but I did not like to think of these two persons together in any way, animated as they were by mutual aversion. I wished also that Thane had stayed at home just those few days of grace that remained to me.

But, with whatever secret bodings I may have regarded this meeting of the negotiators, and with whatever of impatience or tedium I may have awaited the result, I took care that my clouds should not gloom the peaceful atmosphere of the little household—greater care, as it appeared to me, that, during the first day of Thane's absence, Aunt Lyle, at least, was agitated by a wistful sort of discomposure, discernible in unwonted nervous movements, together with an anxious hovering of the large dark eyes about myself, as if they thought thus to penetrate the true poise of the heart, that might naturally be supposed to halt, if not between two opinions, yet, between two persons, and likely to incline, with greater favor, to the latter proprietor of the disputed property.

Becoming aware of this scrutiny, probably more than half involuntary, on the part of my aunt, I was glad to realize no need of a guard upon my feelings and movements, having been, at the first, so eager an advocate for the Greystone claim, as, even at that period of fullest sympathy with Ross, to call forth from him a well remembered reproach; and if anything in my connection with the affair followed me, in those three days, it was that little chance remark: "I believe, indeed, you care more for him than for myself!" bringing always a faint electric twinge, and furnishing the text for many an inquisitorial proceeding against the poor heart thus arraigned. It might be nothing more than natural, that it should recur in vindication of my position on the side of justice—but why the foolish, obsolete charge should haunt me so pertinaciously, just at this time, I leave to the acumen of inquisitors more successful than myself.

Another problem also—why, on the afternoon of Thane's expected arrival, having passed the time of his absence in nervous eagerness for his return, I deliberately donned bonnet and shawl, and sallied forth for an airing—which I was now able to seek on pleasant, sunshiny days, perversely seeking it, this day, in a direction exactly opposite to the one that would have brought to me an earlier meeting with the traveller. I put the said proposition to myself, seriously, when I had advanced a few yards on my course, and answered it, in an off-hand, illogical kind of way, to the effect, that it would probably be satisfactory to Thane and his mother to discuss their affairs *tête-à-tête*.

The route chosen had become a familiar one to me, from the circumstance of its comparative retirement, leading, as it did, through an unfrequented street; where quiet homes, no longer mere packed lodgings and refectories, maintained a respectful distance from each other, and from the one prominent edifice, a church built of stone, and of Gothic aspiration, that served to give character to this otherwise tame passage to the open country; whose most attractive feature was found in a picturesque basin, the head waters of the rushing current, that had been the grand impetus to the growth,

as it still continued to be the generous resource for the prosperity of Drayton.

Toward this pond, purling cheerily within its fringe of copse, brown and sere in late November, I trod my way thoughtfully, yet not unmindful of the sweet influences of a sunny sky, and a mild, still atmosphere, for it was one of those rare days, that chance upon the bleak autumn, a hazy, bland reflex of the southward borne summer, thoughtfully, but not now despondently; so, already, had the happy round of friendly association, the returning elasticity of health, penetrated to the secret lairs of unrest and melancholy.

My effort to dispel anxiety, and diffuse cheerfulness, during Thane's absence, had brought advantage to myself, not less than to my companions. In emphatic commendation of the accession of sprightliness, Aunt Relie, to her former resolution, of holding me as a pledge for Thane, instituted an amendment, by virtue of which, I was to be detained for my own agreeableness. It may look to be of small account, but, from even this little social achievement, I gathered inspiration.

Indeed, when it is premised that the defection of Ross, especially adapted, as it would appear, to establish in my mind, distrust of others—had acted no less unhappily to arouse or intensify distrust of self—at least in the one choice quality of securing truthful and enduring regard, sunshine and sun-warmth to the otherwise polar gloom of the heart, it may well be evident, how, through the medium of unsought, disinterested kindness, sustained and aided moreover by the groundwork of previous reflection and resolution, there may have arisen upon my recent illness a doubly curative process, an influx of genuine healthful vitality into my spiritual as into my physical being.

Whether or not this view comprises all the influences potent for the change, it is certain that when, now, I again found myself looking forward to my duties at Moorville, my thoughts no longer ran, as heretofore, in hopelessly turbid channels, but had caught some rills from a purer fount, upon which light from the inner glory brooded softly, as the violet sky over the limpid mere.

The sun, with nether rim on the edge of the distant hills, shone through the vista of the street as I re-entered it, mellowing the accustomed glare from the rows of white houses, pranking windows, and door-knobs, and sign-boards, in pomp of golden sheen; waking even a reluctant blush upon the church windows, retiring, as it were consciously, within their deep, granite settings. I had a liking for this church. Not that its proportions were conceived with strict conformity to the laws of comeliness—this may, or may not have been the case, I am no judge—but it had upon me a certain impressive power, that I believe pertains, in a greater or less degree, to every structure of massive stone, and always, in passing, I choose the side opposite, pausing, half-involuntarily, to take my fill of the living beauty that can thus be made to inform the dead rock.

Following this habit, I stood in my customary contemplative attitude, unmindful of the transient wonder of tripping school maidens and tricksy manikins, but turning my eyes quickly, at last, when there came the sound of a more measured tread, as I fancied, a familiar tread, bringing always nearer that erect figure; surely, I could not mistake, the manly mien, the shapely head, the rather thin features, animated by those intense, blackish-gray eyes; it could be none other; there stood before me, Thane, with those same expressive eyes wandering over me for an instant, the more fully to take in my position.

"Are you studying for a sketch, Avis, that you must needs run away this evening, and make me come all this way to find you?" was the greeting that accompanied the firm clasp of the hand, which drew mine at once within his arm.

"Run away! who ran first, and for three whole days?"

"Ah, your humble servant! Did *I run away?* I did not know it. But where have you been? You are tired. You 've walked too far!"

I did not wonder at this series of exclamations; but I did wonder at the tremor in myself that called them forth.

"You must rest before we go farther; that is plain—somewhere, here, on these steps!"

"So retired, and sheltered, I suppose," laughing. "No, I am not fatigued." But I must have been, certainly.

"Let us go on," I urged; "I shall be better, presently."

"Then we will go on, presently." And Thane persisting, led the way up the steps, and placed himself beside me upon the threshold of the church, within the deep embrasure, where, if not quite hidden, we were effectually screened from observation.

"And so I ran away?" Thane began, when we were well seated. "I went to B———, Avis."

"Yes; Aunt Lyle told me."

"Aye? She told you my errand, then?"

"No: but I guessed it."

"To secure Cherrywold? Well—"

I waited gravely for the unfolding.

"No curiosity! that is not like you, Avis. But Cherrywold is safe once more."

"I am very, very glad, Thane!"

"And we are *all* to go back there, Avis," emphasizing the *all*, and passing an arm about me, to draw me nearer to himself.

"We are all to go back," he repeated, "when the trees bloom again, and the robins come out of the swamps. I ran down there for a day, while I was at Robinton, to see that all was right."

"You went to Robinton?"

"Yes."

"To Heath Place?"

"Yes."

"And whom did you see there?"

"I saw there Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Lowe, and—" A pause ensued, in which, finding my labored breathing a little too prominent, I cut it off by the venture—

"And Mr. Sands?"

"Yes; he was not, as I had supposed, at B———."

"He was friendly, Thane, of course?"

"*Friendly!*" a faint hollow laugh accompanied the exclamation.

"That is—I mean, he did not demur to the evidence you produced. What did he say to it?"

"He said, '*It was a pity it came so late!*' As if I had not felt that keenly enough!"

"Too late!" I murmured. "That *too late* is his evil genius, Thane. Things are always *too late* for him, or he is *too early* for them." I repented the hasty words, quickly, when my companion took them up with so much heat.

"Too late or *too early!* It is well said, the shallow, false—"

I laid my hand deprecatingly upon the clenched hand that enforced these epithets.

"People are often truest, in the best sense of the word, when they appear most faithless."

Involuntarily I screened my eyes from Thane's searching gaze as he ejaculated with apparently painful hesitancy—

"You do not *care* for him? Not *now*, surely?"

I said nothing.

"Avis!"

The arm that had continued to hold me fell slowly away.

"Avis! Avis!" with reproachful vehemence.

I felt relief that I saw my way clearly at last, and, drawing a deep breath, began deliberately.

"Yes: I care for him."

The falling arm quite withdrawn, was folded tightly with its fellow across the chest, panting visibly; and, as the favoring light fell upon the now erect figure, it revealed to me the contorted lineaments that in all my association with Thane, I had remarked but once before. Were the loss and the recovery of an estate one and the same thing?

"I am sure I *care* for him," I resumed, looking frankly while I spoke, into the eyes that were almost fierce, "but *only* as the prospective husband of Alice."

The knitted brows relaxed, the grieved sternness yielded, as Thane interrogated, but just above a whisper—

"That is *all*, Avis?"

"That is all."

A little girl, skipping down the street, peered curiously, for an instant, into the shadowed niche.

"We had better go home now," I suggested.

"Not yet!" And the speaker found his former seat, going on, as he did so, with rapid earnestness. "Avis, that man is my enemy! he has never been anything else; constitutional with him, I believe; let it pass. Only this"—and a hand closed over mine, while the utterance grew so husky that I caught it almost painfully—"he robbed me! of house and land! I might have forgiven him that, but not content with the shell he took also the kernel, despoiled me of all that made life comely or endurable, my enjoyment in the present, my hope for the future! Avis, these have come back to me! Have they?"

I sat still and breathless, thinking not so much of the immediate bearing of the words, as making from them a key to the past, over which my mind wandered, gathering up a wealth of love too long locked to my blinded senses. Thane broke the pause.

"Why are you so still, Avis? Have you no word for me—not one!"

"What can I say?" I asked, as half wakened from a sort of helpless bewilderment.

"What you will, or must, Avis, but something!"

"Well, then, my good Thane, do I understand you? I am not quite sure."

"But you must be sure. I ask you to be my wife, Avis, to say that you love me as I do you—as I *have*, all these years that we have walked and talked together, thought together, would that I could add, *felt* together!"

I brushed my hand over my eyes, dimmed by other than the gathering twilight.

"Is this so, really so, Thane?"

The response, oral, was but faintly audible; but Thane added—

"Really and truly. And you, Avis?"

"Ah, I thank you!"

"Not the *word*," shaking his head with an air of dissatisfaction, half playful, half serious.

"And I *need* you, Thane!"

"Not *quite* right"—the closing lips, nevertheless, signed upon mine a moiety of approval.

"I *have needed* you, always, I think, though I did but half know it. Will that do?"

"Better, much better! once more, please! I am waiting, listening"—

"Ah, then, just to content you, Thane; I am tolerably persuaded that"—the ear intent came very near the pausing lips—"that I"—

"Love," prompted Thane.

"Yes, love you!"

"That will do"—followed by a double position of arms, together with something very like a summing up of the *oral* units aforesaid; and "We may go home now."

We walked homeward: I, tenderly and heedfully upborne by the manly vigor of Thane, thenceforward, through many days, as I hoped, to be my guard and guide. Not the less grateful was the sense of secure repose that came to me then—not the less dear that I had been left for a time to walk, solitary, upon darkling shores.

"I fear Aunt Relie's tea has waited," Thane said, as we stepped through the gate.

"Aunt Relie, and Aunt Matty, what will they say?" I mused, half aloud.

A few chrysanthemums, the last of the season, still brightened Aunt Relie's little flower-pot. Thane broke their stems, smilingly, saying, as he handed them to me and pointed successively to the colors—

"You remember, Avis! 'Chrysanthemum, red—so, so. Chrysanthemum, white, etc.'"

I took the proffered flowers and carried them to my lips, laughingly, though my eyes were a bit humid. So, also, I think were Aunt Lyle's when, a little later, Thane placed my hand in hers, with the significant remark—

"Avis will go to Cherrywold with us, mother!"

"I said it, and I knew it!" cried Aunt Relie, holding me very fast; "you 'll not go to Moorville!"

But I did go to Moorville, nevertheless, where I dutifully cut and sewed Comfort's de laine, under her enthusiastic supervision, listening the while to her merry account of the haps and mishaps of travel, well interlarded with regrets that I had not consented to share them, or to take her place, instead of taking the fever, which she made no scruple of declaring to have been a judgment upon me for my obstinacy; and then, the gown duly completed, proceeded to unfold my latest programme for the future; shielding myself, as I might, from the consequence of this mischievous freak of delay, a good-natured scolding, which, however, the warm-hearted seamstress generously crowned with a promise to *get up* for me a bridal wardrobe fit for a duchess.

It was after my arrival at Moorville that a letter from Alice came to me; full of the intense ardor natural to her novel position, and penned with characteristic ingenuousness:—

DEAR, DEAR AVIS: You tell me you have been ill; I am so sorry! Why did not you let me know, that I might have come to nurse you? I am glad Aunt Relie took you home with her at last; it was so naughty of you to go away to Moorville, when all the time we thought you with them. And then to be ill, all alone! I think I should have died of fright; but I am such a poor chicken, I am sure I could not be like you in anything—so good and noble! And this reminds me of what I am going to tell you. I hope you will forgive me, if I do wrong in writing it, as I know you have forgiven me all the other wrong doing. I could not bear you should learn it first from that careless, meddlesome Mrs. Grundy. I am to be married at Christmas to—Mr. Ross Sands. It seems so strange to me to think of it! But you must know I think more of him than all the world beside, except, of course, you and mamma! I want you to come to the wedding. I want you to come home now. Do come. And then, I want you to go and live with us at B———. It will be so nice, and we will make it right pleasant for you; I know we can.

Oh, we are all to be so happy! Only, I must whisper to you, softly, how our neighbor, Mr. Hoard, whom you did not quite like, I remember, and whom I cannot help thinking very queer, has taken to being wonderfully useful and polite to mamma; so that I, and Ross too, have a surmise, that he will get beforehand with us, and we, therefore, not be able to persuade her to live with us. Won't that be too bad! What could I do without her! But I don't mean to think of it at all, only I felt as though I must relieve my mind to you.

Do write, and say you will come soon. I have such a mountain of things to tell you. Mamma sends love, and I, too.

Always your loving SISTER ELSIE.

My breath came a little more quickly and
ndibly than usual while I perused this letter;
nd an involuntary *ah!* escaped me at the allu-
on to our shrewd neighbor Hoard; but—Did
go to the wedding?

No. I preferred to postpone my experience
f weddings till, one day, when the months of
ost were gone; when Comfort had toiled and
ejoiced over the promised *trousseau*, to her
eart's content; when, moreover, Cherrywold
as gleaming in nuptial white, and glad with
e epithalamy of robins and bluebirds; and
e all, in the prophetic words of Hannah, "came
live there together."

And if to this day, upon convenient occasions,
e same damsel of dogmatic tendencies is
ont to asseverate that "Greystone place ain't
eath Place, anyhow!" she seldom fails to
mper the otherwise derogatory averment, by
ncluding: "'Tis a snug farm, though; and
r all that 's come 'n' gone, I reckon some folks
ike 's much comfort 's they ever did!"

EHOLD THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH, THE ROOT OF DAVID HATH PREVAILED.—*Rev.* v. 5.

ook forth from the battlement, watchmen of Zion!
L k forth to yon hill, on whose summit afar,
eath the deep clouds of terror that round it are lying,
The hosts of the mighty are gathered for war.
ere waged is that battle, predicted for ages,
All heaven for its witness, all earth for its prize;
say, 'n d the gloom where that dread conflict rages,
Does the ensign of Jesse still wave to the skies?

ings, pr phets, and priests, from yon heaven bending
over,
Gaz breathlessly downward, intent on the fight;
nd pa sed on bright pinions, the cherubim hover
'Mi the gloom that o'ershadows that cross-crested
height,
nd the tomb bursting wide, and the temple vail rend-
ing,
Pr n what deep awe is investing the day;
w n d b k n—while his p ple defending,
How fe th our p nce 'mid the fierce closing fray?

Zion! thy captain, though bleeding and wounded,
S n and the press of his foes;
d of Jesse, though fiercely surrounded,
St the battle, sublime as it rose!
ark! h you that shout? S e, the darkness is
cl ,
And burst again that was shadowed with
:
h the fast flying shades they are bearing
The down from the cross to the tomb.

p of victory joyfully hail him,
As w from the red field he's breathlessly borne,
t the ro hosts ran ed all hauty assail him
With dark frowns of vengeance, with loud cries of
scorn.

Pale, pale, is his brow, and the wrath of the foeman
Has marked his bright visage with many a scar;
Yet the shield of the Spartan, the car of the Roman,
Ne'er bore such a victor 'mid shouts from the war.

"'Tis finished!" See Justice, her terrors foregoing,
Retires from the field at that conquering word;
She has seen the rich blood of the sacrifice flowing,
And cancelled the sentence and flung down the sword.
And lo, on the brow of yon heaven fast clearing,
The symbol of safety resplendently shone,
Where the angel of mercy in beauty appearing,
Her emerald rainbow flings bright round the throne.

Descend from the field of thy fame, Judah's lion!
When the standards of earth shall in darkness be furled,
Thy name shall inherit the praises of Zion,
And the flag of thy triumph shall wave o'er the world.
'Bove the front ranks of faith shall it flutter undaunted
O'er the brown torrid tracts, o'er the white Arctic snows;
And wherever that all-conquering banner is planted,
The glad singing desert shall bloom like the rose.

'Twill wave 'mid the gloom where the prisoner is sighing,
And the pale, drooping captive shall bound from his chain;
'Twill wave o'er the couch where the weary is dying,
And the dim eye shall brighten 'mid darkness and pain.
'Neath its fold shall the gathering nations assemble,
And the darkness shall flee, and the crescent grow pale,
And Baal shall bow prostrate, and Nebo shall tremble
When that conquering flag flings its folds to the gale.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BY NETTIE LEE CRANDALL.

The autumn winds are sighing
Around our home to-night;
They tell me that my weary eyes
Will never see the morning light;
They murmur softly, mother dear,
That I am dying now—
Yet shed for me no bitter tear—
Dear mother, list, they whisper now,
These winds around me sighing,
That softly fan my fevered brow,
They tell me I am dying now—
Sweetest mother, hearest thou?
They tell me I am dying.

But other tones are whispering,
More thrilling and more sweet—
They say they 'll bear me gently on
My heavenly home to greet;
And when mine eyelids close at last
And hushed is this faint breath,
They 'll bear me, with their shelt'ring wings,
Through the dark gates of death.
Sweet angels light this darkened room,
I see them floating o'er me now,
I feel their soft wings fan my brow,
As they whisper, "Thou art welcome home!"
They whisper, "Thou art welcome!"

THE ROMANCE OF AUNT MARY'S LIFE.

BY M. H. D.

"MOTHER, was Aunt Mary always so quiet and lovable?" I asked, as I folded up my work preparatory to our usual evening chat. A sorrowful look passed over my mother's face, and she soberly replied:—

"My dear Fannie, there was a time when my sister Mary was the most joyous and mirth-loving amongst us; but a cloud early o'ershadowed her life, and though I believe she sees the silver lining, for years she groped in darkness. But why do you ask?"

"Because it seems so strange to me that she, possessing such innate nobility of character, should not have gone, when her heart was young and fresh, to gladden the home of some good man, and 'setting herself to him like music to noble words,' have been justly noted as a model wife and mother. Surely she is not that most rare of all anomalies—an old maid from necessity."

For a moment my mother appeared to be undecided; then coming nearer to me, she said:—

"You are young, and have most glorious anticipations for the future; but if the perusal of a leaf in the book of my sister's heart will be of any good to you, I give it as a warning that you, like her, may not be wrecked when your hopes for the future are highest.

"Mary had been in society for a year when I returned from school, and already had I heard accounts of her unimpressibility or coldness; and I thought they who judge you thus know you not as I do, my much-loved sister, or they would not thus slander the noblest heart that ever breathed. At home, where all the best and holiest affections shine forth, she was pre-eminent, and while we accorded to her superior intellectual strength, we knew that, however veiled to the world it might be, she possessed a gentle, loving, and self-sacrificing nature. Handsome, according to the common acceptation of the term, less partial critics than myself taught me to see she was not; yet her large dark eyes, ever beaming with intelligent feeling, made her lovable and fascinating. We were very gay that winter, and went out much together, and soon I noticed that reserve which I heard ascribed to her. Kind and courteous to all as friends, she wished no lovers.

"I used to amuse myself by speculating upon the time when she would meet the magician who would enthral her heart and for whom she would leave all, and would have to realize that though one of us, she was not amongst us. With her preconceived ideas of all that was manly and noble, I often wondered how Edward Francis came up to her standard; but, from the time she met him, her soul went forth to meet his, and she judged him for her mate. Her hour of awakening had come, and when Love craved admittance at the door of her heart, she admitted him, welcomed him joyously, and felt no fears. To me there was about our new acquaintance a lack of energy and certain vascillating disposition, which, however much I might like the *man*, would render him an object of distrust. Intellectually he appreciated Mary, for she was a woman he would be proud of in any circle. It was a rich treat to hear them criticize a new work. Step by step her well-regulated mind would follow the author through the intricacies of thought, and her keen appreciation of a beautiful idea or noble deed showed that it awakened a response within her soul, whilst his more worldly judgment taught her to separate some as dross where she would fain believe all pure gold. He was a skilful analyzer of character, and for a time made her his study; and by well-directed encouragement he could call forth her better feelings, and make it worth while for her to be her best self. From such a state of affairs to that of love the step was not far, and in a short time he was her declared lover. Not by words did we learn her new-found happiness; but a certain buoyancy seemed to be diffused through her nature and a gladness to beam forth from her eyes. It was beautiful to see one hitherto so proud and self-reliant absolutely lean upon him, her reserve all melt away, and all be confided to this one man, and he, according to my taste, no uncommon one; still, to her he was the one perfect, and I sorrowed, fearing that she might be rudely awakened from her dream of bliss to find that she had been worshipping an ideal, that her hope-star had fled, and her soul seek in vain to find love's beautiful Pleiad. Had she been more careless and indifferent towards him, I believe she would have held him more firmly and enduringly; but she her-

elf knew no jealousy, and by that she judged im.

"For a few weeks all went on happily; but could see that gradually his bonds were be-oming irksome. He was restless and dissatis-ed in her society, and naught could charm im. But she was not the woman to be the et and plaything of his idle hours, for it was hen he was noblest and best, when in his ost elevated moods that he was her equal. he fact could be disguised no longer—he was ndifferent to her; and I felt confident that, nce convinced of his unworthiness, she would ake no effort to win him back.

"He had been absent from town for several ays, and during that time I saw that Mary as nerving herself to give him up. Hearing f his return, she sent for him. He came won-eringly, for it was an unusual thing for her o request his presence. I waited up stairs for he result, knowing that if Edward Francis left arly, 'twas as a free man; and I was not dis-ppointed, for at nine o'clock I heard the street oor close, and I knew that he had gone and ft my sister in sadness. Then I sat impa-ently, and waited for her to come. At last e came quietly in. One glimpse at her pale, arless face was enough to anger me, and I oke forth in a fierce torrent of invectives gainst man's perfidy. A countenance more in orrow than in anger was upturned to mine, nd a low voice, quivering with suppressed notion, said:—

"'Surely you would not wish me that hardest all fates—a loving yet unloved wife? Ed-ard followed the dictates of his conscience. e respects me, I trust; but he has no love to ve.'

"Here I interposed something about pride nd honor, but she interrupted me—

"'Talk to me not of pride. Hitherto I have oried in it; but now where are my fond aginings of future joys? My most precious fering has been rejected! Henceforth I have o need of my woman's heart. I am alone!'

"Consolation at this time would, I saw, be no avail, and through the entire night she y by my side perfectly calm, no sob or moan ving evidence of her inward agony. But the mpter was strong within her, and whispered at she had been deceived, that her affections d been given where they were not valued, at she had been trifled with; but memory ld her that he *had* loved her, for she had en the recipient of those unmistakable mani-stations of interest springing up between kin-ed hearts, and her sense of justice taught her to think no ill of the faithless one, but bear it meekly, and trust to 'Him who doeth all things well.'

"They speak foolishly who tell of strong, deep affections being uprooted in a single night. Can that which has for months been growing and strengthening, fairly incorporating itself with your being—can all this die in a day or a week? The hardest, sharpest pang may be overcome in that time, but the heart struggles on and on until all love dies for want of aliment. What occurred during that interview none knew save myself. She met him calmly, and asked if he had been mistaken in the feelings which he had professed for her, and offered to release him. I believe there was a hope still lingering that he would not take advantage of her generosity, but would be all to her he had been. But no; he accepted her release, and begged for her friendship. He told her that, while he should revere and respect her as a true woman, admire her talents, candor bade him say that he would be acting the part of a hypocrite did he profess other feelings than those of the deepest and most abiding friendship. She bent down and kissed his forehead in token of the new bond between them, and he left her. To do the man justice, I believe he was sincere, although she had to suffer by his mistake.

"From that night she was a changed being; the merry, joyous, girlish feelings were all gone, and she came forth a woman purified and sanctified by the trial through which she had passed. She looked to a Higher Power, and strength was granted. Not in one duty as a daughter or sister did she fail. She seemed to have taken a vow of self-abnegation, and to live that she might make others happy.

"Time passed, and we frequently met Edward. For a while he seemed in doubt as to how she would treat him, but she gave him to understand that he was on precisely the same footing as her other acquaintances. She was to him all he had asked—his good friend; nothing more. At length he left the town, and we seldom heard of him save as rising in his profession and still unmarried. He evidently was in no hurry to form fresh heart-ties. Perhaps the wreck he had made of one fresh, loving, and confiding being was like a skeleton in his closet.

"At home all went on peacefully. Mary was quieter, and, if possible, more lovely than before; and as I saw her true worth appreciated, and homage rendered her by talented men, I indulged in a faint hope that the flowers of love

which had been so cruelly wilted in her heart might bloom afresh under the culture of some noble mind. I might have known her better, for the joyous scenes of her love's bright day had flitted into the past, but her heart retained it as the present, STILL; and while, on the other hand, memory pointed to the retrospect, awakening a lingering regret, yet hope caught up the reflected rays, and, casting a path of light before her, showed her a future through which she might walk honorably and truly, though alone. I was married after that, and when our father died, she came to live with us, and assist in the training of my household band, headed by you, my daughter. I was not surprised to hear soon after that Edward Francis was married, and was curious to see the woman whom he had selected in preference to my peerless sister, so I hailed with delight the announcement they were coming to the town, and we would have the pleasure of meeting them at a large bridal party.

"With more than usual care I assisted Mary to dress, resolved that she should look her very best, and, with feelings not to be described, looked forward to their meeting, for I was anxious to see if she really was the calm, cheerful, yet imperturbable being we every day saw, having conquered every emotion save friendship. The happy pair made their appearance. The bride was one of those pretty, childish creatures, not capable of any very deep feelings, and easily influenced for good or evil. She would cling confidingly to him, never question the wisdom of his doings—in short, had no will but his. He soon sought Mary, and eagerly extended his hand for a grasp. He was not disappointed. The mild clear eyes were upraised to his, and a sweet voice wished him all the joy which his bright prospects seemed to promise. He begged the honor of himself presenting her to his wife, and I fancied a start of surprise when, on leading her up to the lively little creature, he named her as an old and dear friend, whose counsels had done much for him in bygone days. I saw Mary try to draw her out—to discover something of her inner nature—but she was volatile, free, frank, and gay, not such a woman as would have a permanent influence over the vacillating mind of Edward.

"Years rolled on, our family increased, yet still Mary remained with us. Suitors she had, men of influence and position, yet towards all she maintained that calm, sisterly demeanor, which none could mistake. Of her early lover we heard nothing, until on looking over a paper I saw the announcement of his wife's death, and we subsequently heard that he had left for Europe. What occurred during that time will not interest you, my child. Without going into particulars, I will tell you that he returned much benefited by his tour, and I was not surprised to find him seek our home frequently. He had matured into a noble man. His mind had expanded by travel and intercourse with scientific persons, and a naturally good taste eagerly drank in the beauties of foreign landscape. His descriptions were graphic, and were dashed off in a style well calculated to entertain, and besides being an admirable narrator, he united that rare good quality of being a good listener. He came ostensibly to see your father, but we were not deceived; we knew the magnet which once more attracted him. Mary received him at all times pleasantly, and her eye would burn with almost youthful fervor, when revisiting with him in imagination the beauties of the Old World. But I could see he did not know in what position he stood. Would he again mould her to his will, or would she reject him? And he was once more restless and troubled, but from a different cause than formerly. The cool self-possession of the man was giving way before the doubt of the lover. At last he confessed all—that he could not be content with her friendship, and begged her to forget the follies of the boy, and accept the honest and sincere love of the man.

"'Edward,' she said, 'your avowal comes too late. Years ago I offered you my most precious treasure—my woman's love. My gift was not acceptable, and that knowledge caused me such struggles, as you with your cooler temperament would never dream of; but from that source which is ever ready, I obtained comfort and consolation. When I met with your bride, my heart prompted the wishes of happiness to which my lips gave utterance, but the freshness and joy of my life is gone, I cannot be your wife.'

"He did not understand the motive which influenced her, for he persevered in his suit, and bade her look back through a long vista of years, and by the memory of her early love to grant his prayer.

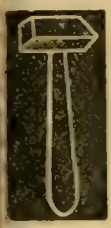
"'I cannot, oh, I cannot!' she said; 'plead with me no longer. Do not attempt to kindle the embers of a dead affection. Speak not of former scenes, for they are graven indelibly upon my heart; but there is no response to your entreaties.'

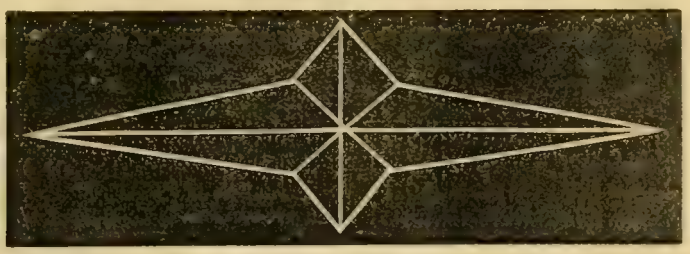
"He left her a sadder and less selfish man, for at last he saw her nobility of soul, recog-

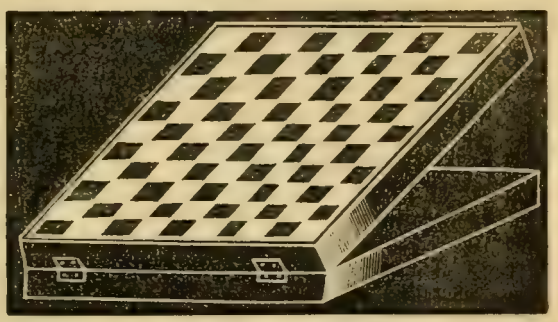
nized her true woman's worth. Such is the history of your Aunt Mary's life. Do you blame her for remaining true to the dictates of her heart?"

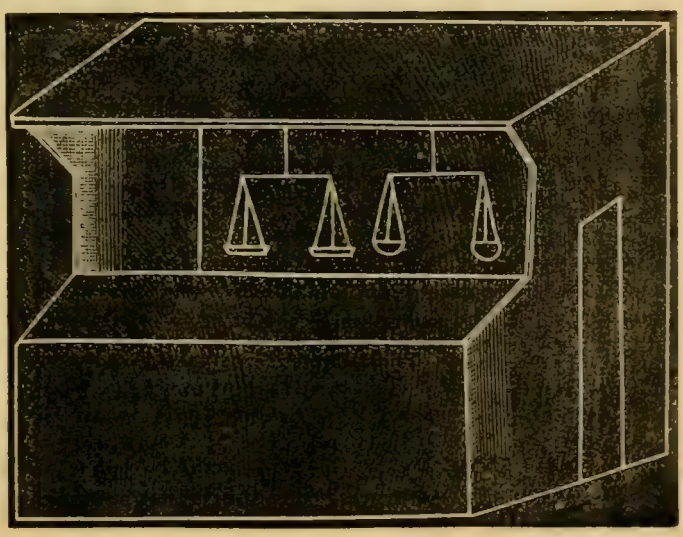
A ready "No" was upon my lips when the tea bell sounded, and we were summoned to another room. We were all seated ere Aunt Mary entered. Although always to me an object of the most intense affection, she was inspired with a new interest, and I thought, who, on gazing upon her placid countenance, would ever imagine that such feelings and emotions had struggled in her breast, or that she had passed through so many trying scenes, ere she became an old maid.

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.









SOPHIE DUMONT.

BY MARY BILDRETH.

It was a delightful afternoon in the month of August, the sun was fast declining, and a light breeze had sprung up, rustling the leaves of the trees and waving the long grass that had been standing bowed down in listless idleness through the sultry summer day. There was not a plant or shrub that did not seem fresher for the pleasant wind; and as if to greet its coming, from many of the shaded porches along the main street of the little town of Lennox stepped forth some youth or maiden, and, standing under the shadow of the large trees, bared their brows to its cooling influences. They did not long continue separate; but, calling to each other in gay and happy voices, were soon collected in two or three little groups, from which ever and anon might be heard the light laugh and merry jest. Their attention was soon attracted by the stage whirling through the street, enveloping itself and all around in a cloud of dust; and when that had subsided, they saw that it had stopped before a little cottage, and from it were descending a middle-aged woman and five children.

"That must be the family from Canada my friend wrote to me about," said Franklin Armstrong, an old bachelor who had joined the group gathered around the porch of a house almost in front of the cottage. "They have come sooner than I expected. Miss Grey, you must go with me to see them to-morrow."

The lady to whom he spoke was sitting at a little distance from the merry group, apparently absorbed in thought. She was very lovely, with large dark eyes, far down in which lay an expression of great but subdued suffering. She had taken no part in the conversation of her companions—indeed, she rarely spoke, but when she did, her voice came soft and low as the evening breeze, and sank into the listener's heart like some sad melody. She expressed with more than her usual earnestness her desire to welcome the strangers, and added some expression of sympathy which excited the curiosity of her listeners, and Mr. Armstrong volunteered to gratify them.

"I had a letter," said he, "not long ago, from a friend of mine in Canada, saying that a dear friend of his, Mr. Dumont, had died, leaving his wife and children destitute, although he had always been supposed to be wealthy. His widow, finding exertion necessary, had determined to come here, thinking it would be easier for her to succeed. He wished me to assist her as far as I could, and spoke highly of the family."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dumont had remained standing at the door with her children, looking around her with a gaze so earnest and sad that it moved the pity of the little group of observers, and, as if by one impulse, they walked towards the cottage.

"Come with us, Miss Grey," said one of them; "you are the only one of us who can speak French, and we want to ask her if she has everything comfortable, and to let her know that we will welcome her kindly."

They were fully repaid for the kind thought by the tearful glance of gratitude the stranger cast upon them when the soft voice of Juliet had made her aware of their motive in coming, and her earnest thanks, though uttered in a foreign tongue, were almost translated by her animated gestures. Her eldest child, a girl of fourteen, stood gravely and quietly by her side, scrutinizing with her flashing gray eye the visitors, and after a few moments she apologized in the sweetest broken English for not asking them in. They were expecting their furniture every moment, she said; and as she spoke the wagon appeared with it, and the party retired.

In about a week the curiosity of the good people of Lennox was gratified, and their astonishment excited in the same degree, by the information that Sophie Dumont was to support her mother and the younger children by giving lessons in French. That a girl of fourteen, and one with such childlike manners, and, when not sobered by the recollection of their sad circumstances and her responsibility, who seemed not a little inclined to romp, should undertake such an office, seemed little else than mad presumption to most of the villagers. But to Mr. Armstrong, who had seen more of the young girl, her determination did not seem so surprising. Gifted with a quick and clear mind, and with indomitable energy and decision, as soon as she learned their situation, she had taken the helm in her own hand, and proposed this plan to her easily guided mother, who yielded to her almost the same deference which she had to her husband. Sophie knew,

or rather felt, that her mother was unfitted by nature or education to struggle with adversity; and with generous self-sacrifice, without a thought of all the pleasures of youth which she was surrendering, she had resolved to relieve her of all care.

It seemed at first as though her devotion would be in vain, for at the little academy where she applied to be allowed to teach, her youth was made an insuperable objection, and no private scholars appeared willing to trust themselves to so inexperienced a guide. Sophie saw with dismay that her purse was reduced to its lowest ebb, and late one evening she and her mother sat by the open window discussing with sinking hearts the expediency of adopting some other means of obtaining a subsistence, when the tall, gaunt figure of Mr. Armstrong was seen approaching.

He was soon sitting by them, striving with his kindly smiles and encouraging hopes to reanimate their sinking spirits. He had come, he said, to propose a plan to her which he hoped she would adopt. He, with five young gentlemen of the place, had long been desirous of acquiring a correct pronunciation of the French language. He was sure that they could not meet with a more skilful instructress than she would be, and he hoped she would not refuse his request. He believed Miss Grey had been equally successful in forming a class of young ladies.

At any other time Sophie would have hesitated and shrunk with girlish timidity from such an undertaking. But in the present state of her finances, if the wisest and greatest men of the nation had come with the same offer, she would have given the same answer which she did to Mr. Armstrong. With assumed gravity that sat very gracefully on her childish features, she told him that she would be very happy to do all in her power to assist them, and the next day was fixed upon for the first lesson.

It was very amusing to see the dignity with which she received her stately pupils, and their hard struggle to preserve their gravity, tried as it was by the look of mingled meekness and drollery assumed by Martin Palmer, the possessor of one of the most mischievous yet kindest hearts in the world. He had joined the class partly for amusement, but still more through sympathy for the noble-hearted girl, but with no intention of study; he had never been guilty of such folly in his boyish days, and he did not mean to commence now. He had yet to learn that there were punishments harder to bear than cross words or birch rods. The sad, appealing look that met his eye sobered him instantly, and if she had been forty instead of fourteen, he could not have been more respectful.

This was but the commencement of her success. She was soon busy from morning till night, and, when well known, became the pet and admiration of the whole village. She was very pretty, with her raven hair and dazzlingly fair skin, her bright, *spirituelle* countenance, and slight, elastic figure, and just enough of the coquette in her nature to make her very fascinating; but yet she never for a moment permitted her love for amusement to interfere with her routine of duties, and so the old and young were equally loud in their expressions of admiration.

Martin Palmer was desperately in love at the end of the first six weeks, and though he studied his French till his mother threatened to take his books from him, he seldom could manage to remember a word when sitting opposite her, with her grave, bright eyes fixed upon him; and yet he could talk fast enough when he walked home with her from church or persuaded her to ride with him in his warm sleigh. All the winter he had been trying to discover if she loved him better than the half dozen others whom she sometimes rode, walked, or laughed with, but in vain. There was no way left but to propose in plain terms, which he did one bright spring morning, when she was sowing some flower seeds in her little garden. She was stooping, and he was obliged to speak to her twice before she raised her head, and when she did, there were tears on her cheek, and her lip was trembling. She looked far off over the green meadows, and saw his mother's house nestled among the trees, the very image of a quiet, pleasant home, and she thought how happy she might be there, with the kind friend whose voice was lingering on her ears; but her next glance was at the cottage, and the idea of the dear ones there whose plenty would be turned to want if she left them, enabled her to control and crush the buds of love just opening in her heart. She felt that though Martin had by his open and sympathizing nature endeared himself to her, her mother's claim was far holier and stronger, and so she told him. He tried in vain to change her resolution, promising that her family should be his, and that they should share one home; but that offer she was too proud to accept. He felt that she was acting nobly, and so not one feeling of anger was raised in his breast by her

refusal; but, promising to be a brother to her if he could be nothing more, he bade her a sad and kind adieu.

Three years of constant toil, cheered by the kindness of her many friends, were thus passed, when her delicate frame began to show plainly the effect of too great exertion. The physician ordered change of scene and rest, to which she could not consent. Mr. Armstrong again interposed, and procured for her a pleasant situation as teacher in a large boarding-school; the only objection to which was that it was at some distance from her home, and that she could not assist her mother so much; but the physician and Mr. Armstrong were peremptory, and she was obliged to leave.

Sophie, ever considerate and self-forgetful, took her two younger sisters with her that they might be preparing themselves for their future lot, at the same time relieving her mother of all anxiety on their account. She knew the care of her two young brothers, and the greater demand for exertion that would be made on her mother by her absence, would be almost enough to weigh her down.

The parting was a very sad one. Mrs. Dumont felt that she had hardly known her child's value till she had left her. Her spirit had so pervaded and filled every room in the cottage, and every nook and corner of the little garden, that it was long before she could persuade herself that the slight glancing figure and animated voice she loved so much were really gone.

In the mean time, with unshaken determination, though sinking heart, Sophie proceeded with her two young sisters on their journey to find a home among strangers; the first month in which was more trying than all that she had before suffered. Her labor she found was in no degree lessened, and yet, to her surprise, her health improved.

Change of scene and climate acted for a time like a charm on her youthful frame, and she gladdened her mother's heart by her cheerful letters. Her gay descriptions of the scenes around her, and her new acquaintances, produced such bright, hopeful replies from her mother, that she could not resist the temptation of continuing the kind deception, even after the labor and loss of health had rendered her situation very oppressive.

For four long years she remained far from her mother, cheered only by the far-off hope of reunion in better days yet to come, and the thought that her self-denial would and did bring its pleasant reward, in the knowledge that her mother's heart was relieved of one of its greatest anxieties concerning her two sisters, who were amply repaying her devotion. By the end of that time her health and spirits had so failed her, tasked as they had been to the uttermost, that she felt if she could only reach her mother's arms, she could rest her head on her bosom and be willing to raise it no more on earth. Her letters lost their cheerful tone and breathed only sadness and despondency. Her mother, alarmed at the change, determined to go to her, but just then, she received news of the death of a near and wealthy relative, who had left her enough to render her independent. Business relative to that detaining her, she sent for her long-absent children, and radiant in youth and health, though quiet and sedate beyond their years came two: but the third, that pale and languid girl, with sunken, mournful eyes and slow step, could that be her bright, her bounding and happy Sophie? Even her mother's eye could hardly recognize her, and the kind-hearted Mr. Armstrong almost wept as he gazed on her. Martin Palmer came with his wife of one year to welcome her back, but the words were choked in his throat, and he could only press her hand and turn to the window to hide the rising tear.

All that the most tender care and nursing could do to restore her to health and happiness was lavished on her. She became once more the pet of the village, and the feeling of love of home and of quiet rest seemed for a few weeks to be producing the effect so much desired. But it was only in seeming; she sunk slowly and peacefully to her rest without a murmur. She had performed nobly her task, and turned away from earth to Heaven for her reward.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

This graceful elm, slow waving with the wind
Above this humble plot of stainless green—
This modest cottage, crouching sweet behind
And through its gown of lilacs hardly seen,

Might draw a sigh from sated luxury's breast,
Or royal yearnings for this humble home—
Where weary souls in peaceful shades might rest,
Or musing with their teacher, Nature, roam.

But not in graceful elm or lilac sweet,
Or eave of thatch, or lawn of virgin green,
Nestles the charm that broods o'er this retreat,
From which 'tis hard my clinging soul to wean.

Into this bower the bird of heaven hath flown
Which rested on our Saviour's brow—a dove;
And where it flutters there is joy alone,
Affection, peace, and love inspiring love.

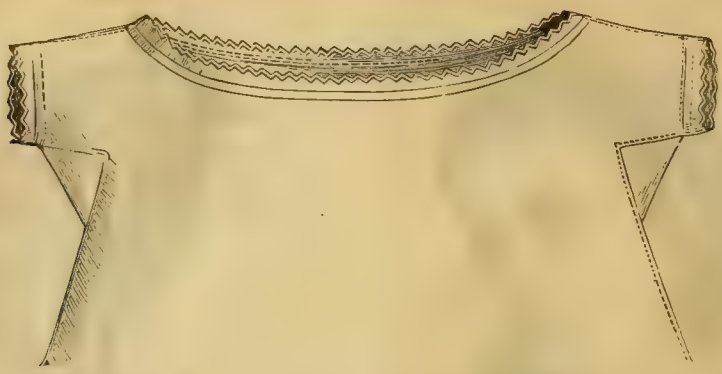
NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER.

Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.



Figs. 1 and 2 (Front and back view). The Almira headdress.

Fig. 3.—Fanchon cap.

Fig. 4.—Breakfast cap, made of white muslin, to be trimmed with black lace and Vesuve ribbons.

Fig. 6.

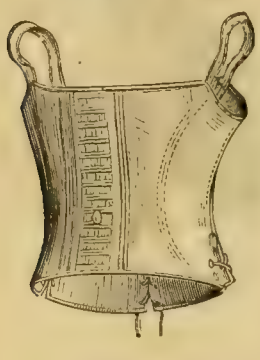


Fig. 7.

Fig. 5.—Chemise for a girl from 12 to 14 years old.

Fig. 6.—Corset for a little girl.

Fig. 7.—School apron.

Fig. 8.—Child's petticoat.

Fig. 9.—Collar and bow for an elderly lady.

Fig. 8.

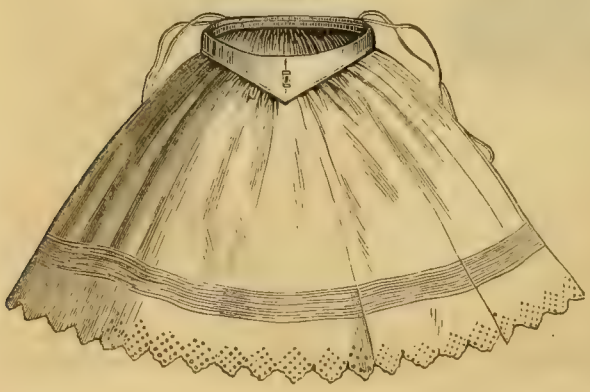
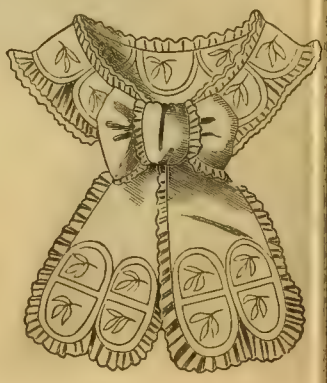


Fig. 9.



PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

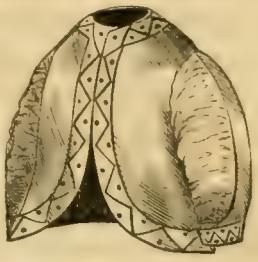
Lady's Travelling Dress.—Composed of a jacket of fine checked silk, trimmed with a narrow purple quilling. Vest of purple silk.

Skirt of fine check, trimmed with narrow flounces, edged with purple, or purple ruching to match the jacket. Plain, very narrow linen collar.

Lace Cape.—This is white lace, spotted with black, and a narrow Valenciennes inserting, set with the finest black velvet, run through it;

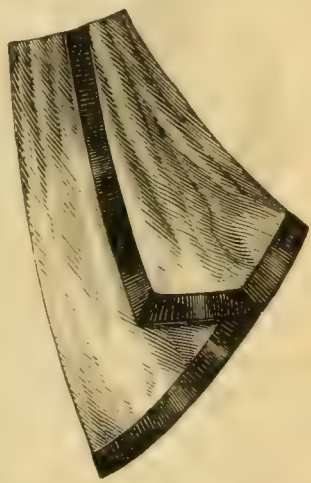
these are set on the cape, instead of being inserted in the cape; the edge is finished with a wide black lace, and a white lace, one-third narrower, over that; a bow of velvet at the shoulder, and at the waist; a ruche of lace finishes the neck and revere, and also forms a heading for the wide lace.

Clara Jacket.—This is a pretty loose jacket for morning wear. It may be made in silk, plain brilliante, or cambric, and should be embroidered or trimmed with narrow braid or velvet, in any simple pattern. It is rounded in front, and has small side pockets. The sleeve is composed of two full gores, cut lengthwise, and united by a plain straight band at the



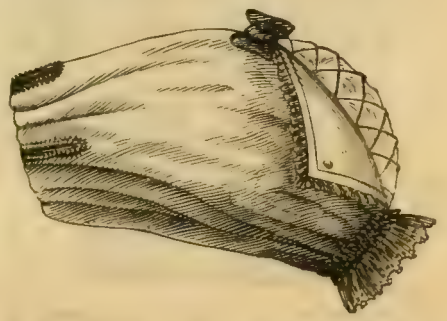
wrist. There is also a loose, straight cuff, which slips over the hand.

Lady Franklin Sleeve.—This is a simple, yet very stylish sleeve, and can be appropriately made in any of the gray materials trimmed with black. It is rather full at the top, half



long, and demi-flowing. The under-side is laid over the front, as will be seen in the engraving, and forms a loose side cap, with a descending point. The trimming is a flat border of silk, stitched on both edges with white.

Elegante Sleeve.—This is a pretty sleeve in gray *poir de chevre*, with quilling, and ruche at



the wrist of green silk. It is a sort of "bishop," with the lower part at the back, turned up

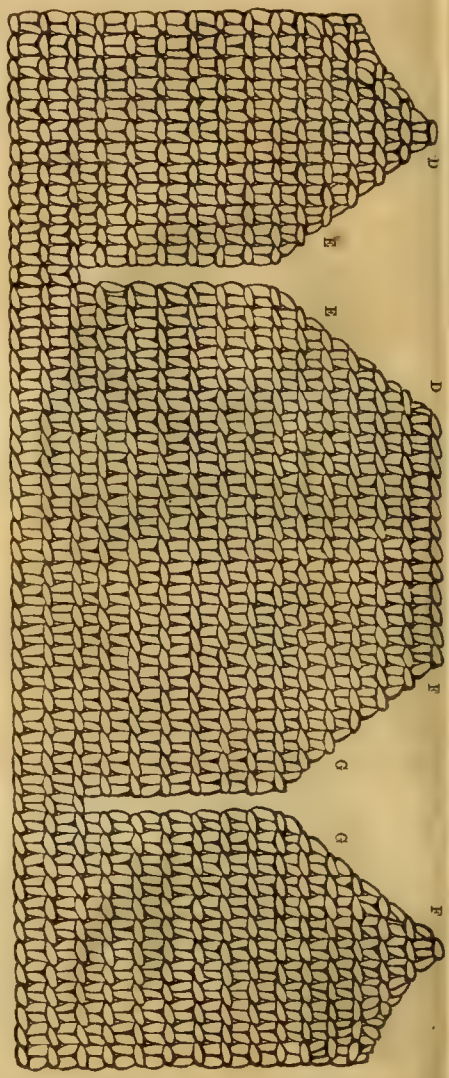
on the front, in points, leaving it open, so as to disclose the undersleeve, which is of full, plain net, crossed with narrow black velvet. The top of the sleeve is laid in box-plaits, in the centre of the largest of which is placed a quilling of silk, which extends down about three inches.

Arabella Sleeve.—This is a novel and very stylish sleeve, long and narrow, with points, which are left open on the back, the lower one

being two inches deeper than the other. A quilling upon the edge, and loops of ribbon, fastened with bows, constitute the garniture. It is handsome in poplin or silk.

HUNTING VEST.

To be made of chinchilla double zephyr in the Aghan stitch, with an ordinary sized long ivory needle.



Put on 50 stitches, and work 16 rows, which is to the armhole. The fronts are then commenced, taking 12 stitches only, and working back and forth for 7 rows. Then in C you narrow one every row for 6 rows ; at the end of the needle, but on the 4th row, you must narrow at the beginning of the row also, narrowing two stitches on both the 4th and 5th rows. This forms the slope of the neck. The other front is done in the same way.

For the back, take up 24 stitches and work 7 rows, then for 6 rows you narrow one stitch at each end of the row. Then join the parts marked G together, the same with all the other corresponding letters ; crochet them together to

form the shoulder. Work three rows in plain crochet round the neck, armhole, down the front, and round the waist. Put large buttons down the front, covered with crochet

NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET.

These new stitches are, with few exceptions, variations of the simple "rib" stitch, Fig. 1, with which, doubtless, most of our readers are acquainted. This style of crochet is not worked in the ordinary manner, but in rows backwards and forwards, *keeping all the stitches on the needle from right to left, and working them off in return-*

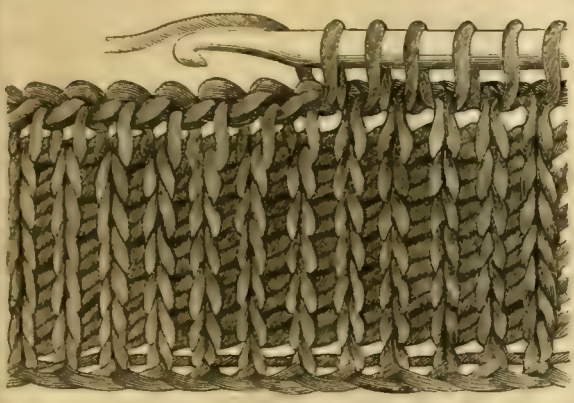


Fig. 1.—Simple Rib or Foundation Stitch.

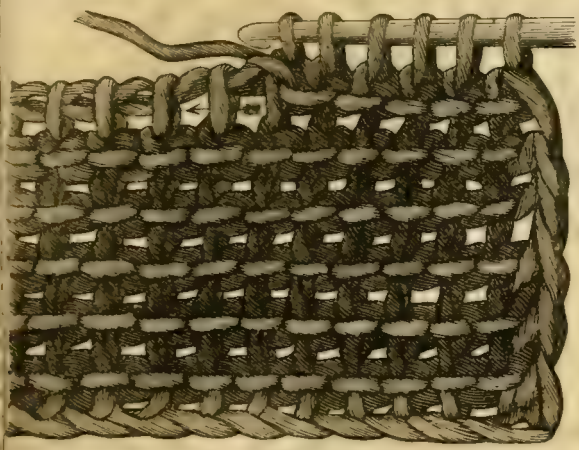


Fig. 2.—Wave Stitch.

ng. A *long* crochet needle with a hook at the nd must be used in working these stitches, nd as regards the size, that, of course, must e chosen according to the work for which it is equired. We will proceed to describe the anner in which the common "rib" stitch is executed, so that our readers will easily understand how to accomplish the rest of the patterns. Many articles may be made of these stitches, such as opera hoods, capes, sleeves, antimacassars, etc. etc., of course all in wool; and there is one great advantage, that this work is very quickly done. For the foundation of this stitch make a chain, and work a double crochet stitch into every chain, keeping the stitches on the needle, as seen in the illustration. *This row is worked from right to left.* 2*d row*, from *left* to *right*, is worked by drawing the wool through two stitches at a time to the end of the row. 3*d row.* Double crochet into every loop, keeping the stitches on the needle. 4*th row.* Same as 2*d.* When the mode of working this stitch is completely understood, the other stitches can, with little or no difficulty, be accomplished.

Fig. 2. *Wave Stitch.* This somewhat resembles purl knitting, and is more easy to work than it appears. A pattern of the "foundation" stitch, Fig. 1, is worked into the chain, and the wave stitch is then commenced. Instead of putting the needle through the front loop of the slanting stitches in the previous row, it must be drawn through the back loops, inserting the needle in the manner shown in the engraving. The chain edge of the previous row is thus left visible on the *right* side of the work, whereas in the "rib" stitch it is on the wrong side. The 2*d row* is worked by drawing the needle through two stitches at a time, the same as "rib" stitch.

Fig. 3. *Double Gobelin Stitch.* This pattern is formed of stripes, and differs somewhat from the rib stitch, therefore we will proceed to describe the manner of working: 1*st Pattern.* 1*st row.* As usual, a loop is drawn through each stitch of the foundation, and remains on the needle. 2*d row.* Put the wool round the needle, draw it through the first stitch, wool round the needle, and draw it through 3 loops at once, thus joining the 3 in 1 stitch. Proceed in this manner, first taking 1 stitch only, and then 3 to the end of the row. 2*d Pattern.* 1*st row.* * Make a loop through the first single stitch, placing the needle through the back loop of the

chain edge. It must be understood that at the commencement of the row the loop remaining on the needle will form this. The next loop must be worked into the first space, and then 1 into the back loop of the stitch that draws the 3 stitches of the first pattern together. The next stitch is worked into the next space; repeat from * to the end of the row, which must contain the same number of stitches as the first pattern. *2d row.* Same as in the first pattern.

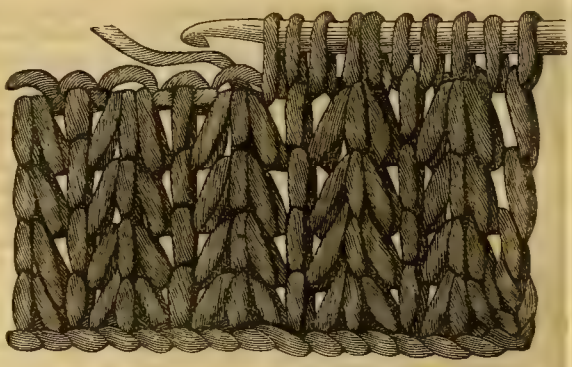
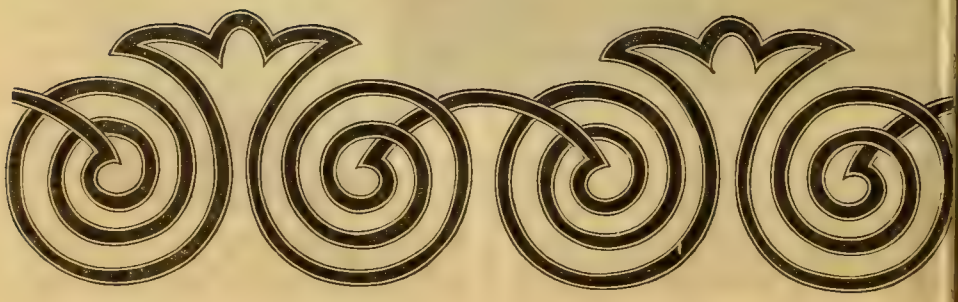


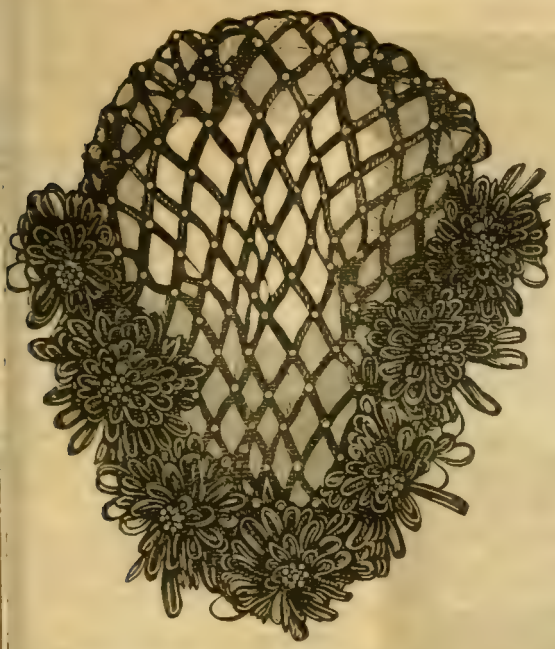
Fig. 3.—Double Gobelin Stitch.

BRAIDING PATTERNS.



BLACK VELVET NET,

ORNAMENTED WITH ROSETTES AND PEARL BEADS.



The materials required for one net are: two pieces of very narrow black velvet, two rows of small-sized imitation pearl beads, seven pearl stars (or ornamental buttons might be used). Seven rosettes with pearl centres ornament the front, which should be mounted on a piece of pointed wire, the net being fastened to this wire. A small piece of elastic should be run in behind, fastened on each side to the end of the wire. Should our readers not care about purchasing the ready-made stars, by exercising a little ingenuity they may easily arrange a few beads in the form of a star for the centre of the rosettes.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

KNITTED MITTENS, IN BERLIN WOOL.

For a little girl of two or three years old. Hair brown, military scarlet, apple-green. Pins, No. 8. Cast on forty stitches, in scarlet.

1st row—Scarlet. Across in plain knitting, and back, putting the wool forward, and taking two together; that is, in open work.

2d, 3d, and 4th—Brown. Plain knitting.

5th—Green. Across plainly, and back in open work.

6th, 7th, and 8th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one in the *front* of the work, on the *left* hand side, in the last stitch but one, in the *8th, and 9th* rows.

9th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

10th, 11th, and 12th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one as before, on the left, in each row.

13th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work, as above, increasing one.

14th, 15th, and 16th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in each row.

17th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work, increasing one.

18th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, on the left.

19th—Brown. Knit plainly, with a third pin, fourteen stitches only, for the thumb, turning back at the fourteenth, and leaving the other stitches on the pin.

20th—Brown. Plain knitting.

21st—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

22d and 23d—Brown. Plain knitting.

24th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

25th—Scarlet. Across *and* back in open work.

Cast off the fourteen stitches, and return to the stitches for the hand.

19th and 20th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in each row.

21st—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

22d and 23d—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the *22d* row.

24th—Scarlet. Across plainly, and back in open work.

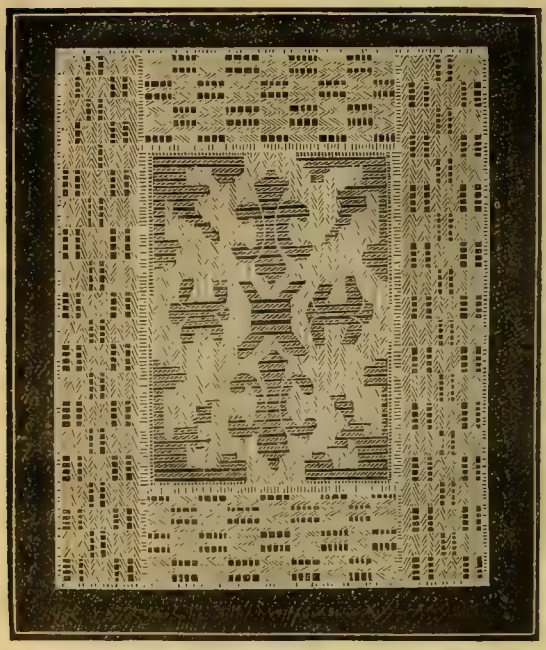
25th—Scarlet. Across and back in open work.

Cast off. For the other mitten, etc., see previous directions.

EMBROIDERY.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTERPANE.

IN SQUARES FORMED OF FOUR FLEURS-DE-LIS, AND SCROLLS JOINED WITH STRIPES OF INSERTION.



Materials.—Knitting cotton No. 6, four threads, and pins No. 14.

CAST on 53 stitches.

Knit 2 plain rows.

3*d row.*—Knit 2, seam 49, knit 2.

4*th.*—Same as 3*d.*

5*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 19, seam 3, knit 3, seam 3, knit 19, seam 1, knit 2.

6*th.*—Knit 3, seam 19, knit 3, seam 3, knit 3, seam 19, knit 3.

7*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 18, knit 9, seam 18, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

8*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 18, seam 9, knit 18, seam 1, knit 3.

9*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 17, knit 5, seam 1, knit 5, seam 17, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

10*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 17, seam 5, knit 1, seam 5, knit 17, seam 1, knit 3.

11*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 8, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 3, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 8, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

12*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 8, seam 5, knit 4, seam 4, knit 3, seam 4, knit 4, seam 5, knit 8, seam 1, knit 3.

13*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 7, seam 2, knit 5, seam 3, knit 5, seam 2, knit 7, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

14*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 7, seam 7, knit 2, seam 5, knit 3, seam 5, knit 2, seam 7, knit 7, seam 1, knit 3.

15*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 5, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

16*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 7, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 5, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 7, seam 1, knit 3.

17*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 8, knit 1, seam 2, knit 9, seam 5, knit 9, seam 2, knit 1, seam 8, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

18*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 9, knit 5, seam 9, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 3.

19*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 10, knit 7, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 7, seam 10, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

20*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 10, seam 7, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 7, knit 10, seam 1, knit 3.

21*st.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 7, seam 4, knit 1, seam 3, knit 1, seam 4, knit 7, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

22*d.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 2, knit 4, seam 7, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 7, knit 4, seam 2, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

23*d.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

24*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 4, knit 3, seam 7, knit 5, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 5, seam 7, knit 3, seam 4, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

25*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 5, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 2, knit 5, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

26*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 5, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 5, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

27*th.*—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 6, seam 1, knit 1, seam 7, knit 1, seam 1, knit 6, seam 2, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

28*th.*—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 6, knit 1, seam 1, knit 7,

seam 1, knit 1, seam 6, knit 2, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

29*th*.—Knit 2, seam 6, knit 1, seam 2, knit 9, seam 1, knit 7, seam 7, knit 7, seam 1, knit 9, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

30*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 9, knit 1, seam 7, knit 7, seam 7, knit 1, seam 9, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

31*st*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1, knit 1, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

32*d*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 15, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 15, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3.

33*d*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 14, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 4, knit 14, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

34*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 14, knit 4, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 4, seam 14, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

35*th*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 4, knit 14, seam 2, knit 1, seam 3, knit 1, seam 2, knit 14, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

36*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 14, knit 2, seam 1, knit 3, seam 1, knit 2, seam 14, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3.

37*th*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 16, seam 3, knit 16, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

38*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 5, seam 16, knit 3, seam 16, knit 5, seam 1, knit 3.

39*th*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

40*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, seam 4, knit 3, seam 6, knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 2, seam 6, knit 3, seam 4, knit 3, seam 1, knit 3.

41*st*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 5, seam 5, knit 1, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 1, seam 5, knit 5, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

42*d*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 5, seam 1, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 1, knit 5, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 3.

43*d*.—Knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2.

44*th*.—Knit 4, seam 6, knit 3, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 5, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 3, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2.

45*th*.—Knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 9, knit 3, seam 4, knit 1, seam 4, knit 3, seam 9, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2.

46*th*.—Knit 4, seam 6, knit 9, seam 3, knit 4, seam 1, knit 4, seam 3, knit 9, seam 6, knit 4.

47*th*.—Knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2, seam 6, knit 5, seam 7, knit 5, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 2.

48*th*.—Knit 4, seam 4, knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 5, knit 7, seam 5, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2, seam 4, knit 4.

49*th*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 3, seam 6, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 6, knit 3, seam 1, knit 2.

50*th*.—Knit 3, seam 3, knit 6, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 2, seam 2, knit 6, seam 3, knit 3.

51*st*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 16, knit 3, seam 5, knit 3, seam 16, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2.

52*d*.—Knit 3, seam 2, knit 16, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 16, seam 2, knit 3.

53*d*.—The same as 49*th*.

54*th*.—The same as 48*th*. And so on until all the rows have been knitted back, when the square will be complete.

For the stripe between the squares cast on 16 stitches.

Knit 2 plain rows.

3*d row*.—Knit 2, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, knit 2.

4*th*.—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 2.

Repeat the 3*d* and 4*th* rows alternately, each 3 times more.

11*th*.—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

12*th*.—Knit 2, seam 4, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 5, knit 2.

Repeat the 11*th* and 12*th* rows alternately, each 3 times more, then repeat from the 3*d* row until you have the length of the stripe. For the pieces to join between the squares, cast on the same number of stitches, and knit 2 plain rows.

Knit 88 rows of the pattern, knit 2 plain rows, and cast off.

These short pieces must be very neatly sewed to the squares, to the casting off of one and the casting on of the other.

The long strips of insertion to be sewed up the sides of the squares.

EMBROIDERY.

CROCHET ZOUAVE JACKET.

(*See engraving, page* 327.)

Materials.—Ten ounces of double Berlin wool, four skeins of a medium-sized gold twist.

ALTHOUGH winter has not yet set in, and although we do not require very warm and thick clothing, yet to prepare for the coming season is necessary, so we give our readers a pattern of a crochet Zouave jacket, as a commencement to many other novelties, both in knitting and crochet, which we hope to present to them.

The jacket is made of double Berlin wool, which is superior to the cheaper fleecy wool, as it does not become rough by constant wear. The jacket is worked backwards and forwards in ribbed rows in double crochet, and has a row of gold twist crocheted all round it as a trimming. A crochet lace is put round the gold twist, and the jacket is fastened in front with gold and black buttons.

The needle must not be too large, and care must be taken not to crochet too loosely, but yet sufficiently loose to be very elastic. If the jacket is too loosely crocheted, the effect is lost.

The work must be exactly of the shape in the pattern, without the slightest alteration. Although it may look rather small, yet a jacket worked this size will be usually found quite large enough. The increase does not take place in every row, but in every one of the ribs, each of which consists of two rows. The breadth across the chest is formed by gussets, as will be seen in the engraving. At the end of each row, before turning, 1 chain is made, so that the needle may be placed through the first stitch of the row. We of course suppose that by ribbed crochet it will be understood that only the back loop of each stitch is worked into. Make a chain of 73 stitches, and crochet back into every stitch. Then turn the work 1 chain, 2 double crochet in the first stitch (thus increasing), and then 35 stitches in the middle; in the next stitch 2 double crochet; the increase for the shoulder commences here; then work to the end of the row, increasing in the last stitch.

The next row is worked plainly. In the following row, as well as in the ones after it, the work is increased at the beginning, middle, and end.

Seven ribs or fourteen rows having been worked in this way, *i. e.*, increasing 3 stitches in every rib after the fourteenth row, which must end at the back of the shoulder, make a chain of 18 stitches. The fifteenth row thus lengthened by 18 stitches is not worked to the end, for there the gusset for the front of the jacket commences. This row is worked to the shoulder and 18 stitches further towards the front; the work is then turned and crocheted back to the end of the row. The increase on the shoulder in every rib is still continued, and one stitch is increased at the end of every row, forming the under slanting line. The next 3 ribs are each worked longer by five stitches than the preceding; the last of these ribs must contain 36 stitches reckoning from the middle of the shoulder to the front; the gusset is then finished. The next row is worked from the bottom of the back without increasing on the shoulder to the end of the front, and then lengthened by 18 chain-stitches. The shoulder is now as wide and as high as it should be. The following rows are worked separately back and front: double crochet till only 4 stitches remain from the middle stitch on the shoulder, then turn round, increasing one at the end in order that the slanting line at the bottom of the jacket may be followed. At the neck the shape is made by decreasing one stitch in every rib. The front part to the edge must be 7½ ribs or 15 rows broad; it is then finished. The wool should now be joined on to the back part 4 stitches from the middle shoulder-stitch, and the neck and shape round the edge worked. Twelve rows or six ribs must be executed, and the back will be finished. When both halves of the jacket are made, the two pieces are crocheted together up the back and under the arm. The jacket has a row of double crochet worked round it, and in working this row the neck must be held in a little, so that it may be made a proper shape. On this row work 1 with gold twist, then 2 in black wool, 1 on the right and 1 on the left side, without breaking off the wool.

The points are made in 1 row as follows: 2 long in the first stitch of the previous row, 3 chain, 2 long in the same stitch (there will thus be 4 long stitches united), miss 2 stitches and make another point, etc. The jacket is trimmed round with similar points, but at the front edges, instead of making chain-stitches, work 5 long into 1 stitch, as that will be found stronger. Six buttons are sewn on both sides, having on one side thick crochet loops to fasten them together.

The sleeve is thus commenced: Make a chain of 34 stitches, and crochet back into them. At the end of the row make a chain of 8. Turn round and work double crochet into every stitch, at the end of the second row there will be 42 stitches. The third row is worked in double

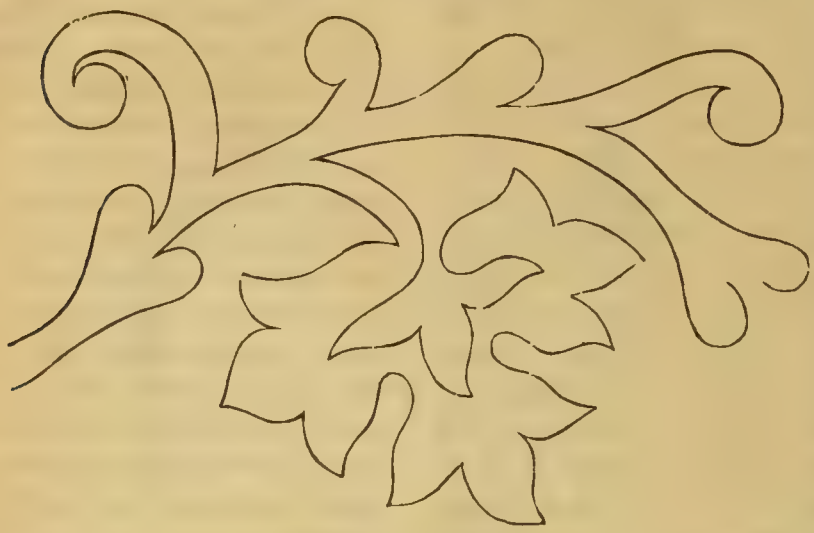
crochet, and 8 chain-stitches are made at the end. The fourth row, containing 50 stitches, is worked in double crochet to the end. The top edge of the sleeve is now reached. The next 36 rows are worked straight at the under edge of the sleeve; at the top edge one stitch is decreased in each rib, so that there are only 32 stitches remaining. The next 6 rows are also worked straight at the bottom; at the top the two first only are straight; in the other 4 the stitches are increased, so that there are 34 stitches in the row. The same number of stitches is preserved in the next 26 rows. To form the slanting line at the top and under edges, 1 stitch less is worked at the under edge in each rib, whilst at the top edge it is increased by one. Five rows now follow, which must be worked straight at the under edge, but increased as before at the top. The point must now be reached. The last row contains 37 stitches. From the top to the bottom the same number of stitches must be worked without increasing or decreasing. The following row is shortened by 4 stitches, and then worked back as far as the bottom edge. The next row is shortened by 5 stitches; this must contain 28 stitches. When 2 more rows have been worked plainly, the sleeve, with the exception of the trimming, is finished. This is the same as that of the jacket, and is worked all round the sleeve except at the top edge. The sleeve is then folded so that the points of the trimming lie a little one over another at the top, and is worked into the jacket with a row of double crochet, the open side of the sleeve being even with the middle of the shoulder. To make the jacket more ornamental, take 1½ yard of gold and black cord, and lace it through the loops from the under edge to the middle of the sleeve; then put a black wool tassel at each end, and fasten the cord into a double bow.

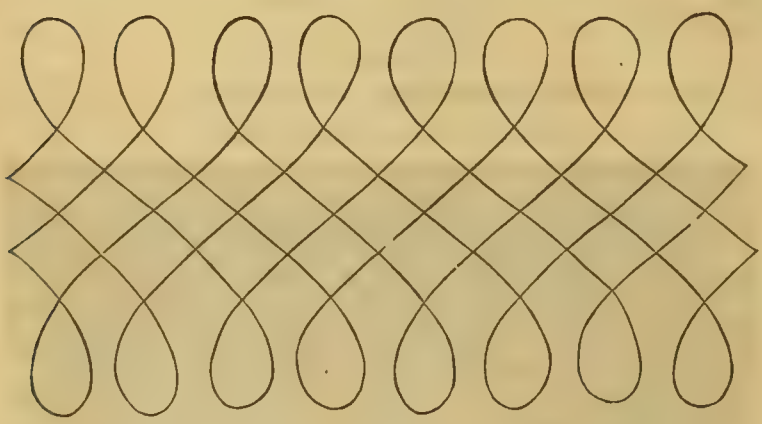
Instead of the gold cord, which is rather expensive, yellow braid may be used. A small gold gimp or ribbon may also be sewn round as a substitute for it; but this sometimes interferes with the elasticity of the outer edge of the jacket.

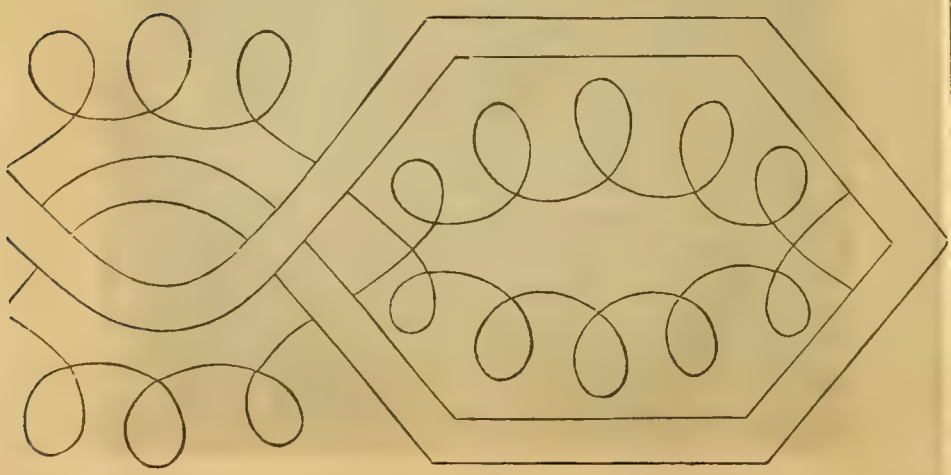
TABLE COVER BORDER BRAIDED ON CLOTH.

(*See description, page* 185 *August number.*)

BRAIDING PATTERNS.







Receipts, &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON PICKLES.

The strongest vinegar must be used for pickling; it must not be boiled, or the strength of the vinegar and spices will be evaporated. By parboiling the pickles in brine, they will be ready in much less time than they are when done in the usual manner, of soaking them in cold salt and water for six or eight days. When taken out of the hot brine, let them get cold and quite dry before you put them into the pickle.

To assist the preservation of pickles, a portion of salt is added, and for the same purpose, and to give flavor, long pepper, black pepper, allspice, ginger, cloves, mace, garlic, eschalots, mustard, horseradish, and capsicum.

The following is the best method of preparing the pickle, as cheap as any, and requires less care than any other way: Bruise in a mortar four ounces of the above spices, put them into a stone jar with a quart of the strongest vinegar, stop the jar closely with a bung, cover that with a bladder soaked with pickle, set it on a trivet by the side of the fire for three days, well shaking it up at least three times in the day; the pickle should be at least three inches above the pickles. The jar being well closed, and the infusion being made with a mild heat, there is no loss by evaporation.

To enable the articles pickled more easily and speedily to imbibe the flavor of the pickle they are immersed in, previously to pouring it on them, run a larding-pin through them in several places.

Pickles should be kept in a dry place in unglazed earthenware, or glass jars, which are preferable, as you can, without opening them, observe whether they want filling up; they must be very carefully stopped with well-fitted bungs, and tied over as closely as possible with a bladder wetted with the pickle; and if to be preserved a long time after that is dry, it must be dipped in bottle cement.

When the pickles are all used, boil up the liquor with a little fresh spice.

To walnut liquor may be added a few anchovies and eschalots; let it stand till it is quite clear, and bottle it; thus you may furnish your table with an excellent savory keeping sauce for hashes, made dishes, fish, etc., at very small cost.

Jars should not be more than three parts filled with the articles pickled, which should be covered with pickle at least two inches above their surface; the liquor wastes, and all of the articles pickled that are not covered are soon spoiled.

When they have been done about a week, open the jars and fill them up with pickle.

Tie a wooden spoon, full of holes, round each jar, to take them out with.

If you wish to have gherkins, etc., very green, this may be easily accomplished by keeping them in vinegar, sufficiently hot, till they become so.

If you wish cauliflowers, onions, etc, to be white, use distilled vinegar for them.

To entirely prevent the mischief arising from the action of the acid upon the metallic utensils usually employed to prepare pickles, the whole of the process is directed to be performed in unglazed stone jars.

Next month we will give the directions for pickling cabbage, onions, gherkins, beans, walnuts, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Mutton Sausages.—Take one pound of underdone leg of mutton, six ounces of beef suet, one pint of oysters, two anchovies, and some sweet herbs. Chop all these ingredients fine, and season with mace, pepper, and salt; add a quarter of a pound of grated bread and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well and pot it. Use it by rolling into balls a sausage shape, and fry them. N. B. *This makes a delicious entrée.*

Carrot Soup.—To seven pints of soft water put one pound of lean beef, cut thin, half a pint of split peas, one large carrot cut into pieces, one or two turnips, some celery, and a large onion. Boil all together until the liquor is reduced to one-half the quantity, then strain it through a coarse hair sieve. Have ready three or four large carrots (half boiled and then grated fine), put this into the soup; boil it with pepper and salt to your taste. Just before it gets to the last boil, take a little fresh butter (about the size of a walnut) rubbed in flour, and put it into the soup. Serve it up with fried bread. If more soup is wanted, all the ingredients must be doubled, with the exception of the grated carrots, and if they are large, six will be found sufficient for a good-sized tureen.

A Bengal Omelet.—Take half a dozen fresh eggs, beat the whites and yolks up well together in a clean basin; chop half a dozen young onions fine, a little fresh parsley, three green chillies, and add a teaspoonful of catsup. Mix all together, and fry them after the form of a pancake. When done brown, take a fork, roll them up, and send to table.

To Mince Cold Veal.—Chop the veal up very fine with a little ham or bacon, a tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, yolks and whites well beaten, a few sweet herbs, a small onion chopped up, seasoning to the taste. Butter well a round pie-dish, fill it with the meat, leaving a round space in the centre of the dish, into which you must place a good-sized cup; put the dish in the oven, and let it bake until the meat assumes a light brown color, then take out the cup, and fill up the space with a rich sauce. White sauce with button mushrooms is the best.

A Swiss White Soup.—Take a sufficient quantity of good broth for six people; boil it; beat up three eggs well, two spoonfuls of flour, and a cupful of milk; pour these gradually through a sieve or colander into the boiling soup; add nutmeg, salt, and Cayenne pepper to your taste.

Baked Chicken Pudding.—Cut up two young chickens, and season them with pepper and salt, and a little mace and nutmeg. Put them into a saucepan with two large spoonfuls of butter, and water enough to cover them. Stew them gently; and, when about half cooked, take them out and set them away to cool. Pour off the gravy, and reserve it to be served up separately. In the mean time make a batter, as if for a pudding, of a pound of flour stirred gradually into a quart of milk, six eggs well beaten and added by degrees to the mixture, and a very little salt. Put a layer of chicken in the bottom of the pie-dish, and pour over it some of the batter; then another layer of chicken, and then some more batter, and so on, having a cover of batter on the top. Bake till it is brown. Break an egg into the gravy which you have set away, give it a boil, and send it to table in a sauce-tureen to eat with the pudding.

Vegetable Soup. Boil a teacupful of Scotch or pearl barley in a saucepan full of soft water till the barley is

nearly done. Then put in a bit of butter or dripping and a mess of vegetables shorn small, such as greens, cabbage, onions, carrots, turnips, parsley, and, if it be relished, a sprig of thyme, with a little pepper and salt.

A Ham has an excellent flavor boiled as follows: Preparatory to cooking, soak it well in vinegar and water; then boil in water with some heads of celery, two or three turnips, five or six onions, and a handful of sweet herbs. Put the ham in cold water, and allow it to heat very gradually. One of sixteen pounds will require four and a half hours boiling.

Leg of Lamb.—Cover it with boiling water, and let it boil five minutes, then put in sufficient cold water to reduce it to simmering; it will take an hour or an hour and a half, according to size. It may be served with parsley, or with gooseberry sauce and spinach, broccoli, or cauliflower. The loin is sometimes cut into chops, fried, and put round the dish, garnished plentifully with crisp parsley.

Chops with Cucumbers.—Fry the chops of a light brown, and stew them for half an hour in good gravy; thicken and flavor the gravy, and add to it some cucumbers, thickly sliced and previously stewed. Boil them up together, and put the cucumbers on the dish, and the chops on them.

Pigeon Compote.—Truss six pigeons as for boiling; grate the crumb of a small loaf, scrape a pound of fat bacon, chop some thyme, parsley, and onion, and some lemon-peel fine; a little nutmeg, pepper, and salt, mix it together with two eggs. Put this forcemeat into the craws of the pigeons, lard the breasts, and fry them brown. Place them in a stewpan, with sufficient beef stock to cover them, and stew them gently three-quarters of an hour; thicken with a piece of butter rolled in flour, serve with forcemeat balls round the dish, and strain the gravy over the pigeons.

Fish Sauce.—A pint of port wine, a quarter of a pint of vinegar, twelve anchovies, a small quantity of pepper, one nutmeg (grated), a few cloves, a quarter of an ounce of mace, a little horseradish and lemon-peel, one onion, a bunch of thyme and parsley. Let all simmer together over a slow fire, until the anchovies are dissolved. Strain it through a sieve and bottle it when cold. When you wish the sauce served with the fish to be extremely rich and good, put as much of the above mixture as you would of water into the butter when melting, omitting the water altogether.

Lamb Stewed with Peas.—Take the neck side of a forequarter of lamb, cut it in pieces proper for serving, lay it in a pan, putting the long bones at the bottom, cover with cold water, put on the lid and simmer gently for one hour. Have ready a quart of green peas, lift the meat to the sides of the pan, put in the peas with a dredge of flour, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, let it simmer until the peas are cooked enough, taking care you have just gravy enough to cover. Lay the lamb round the sides of the dish, and the peas in the middle. The other side of the quarter to be roasted. A neck of mutton cooked the same way with potatoes, and an onion sliced, is an excellent dinner on a winter's day.

An Italian Method of Dressing Maccaroni.—Let one pound of maccaroni boil in a large quantity of water until thoroughly done, when it will fall in separate pieces easily; then drain it through a colander. Put a piece of fat bacon, with a quarter pound of butter, and a half pound of gravy beef, into a saucepan, with a wineglassful of water to prevent its burning. Let it simmer until the bacon is dissolved, when the beef must be taken out, and the mixture strained into a hole made in the middle of the maccaroni. Then strew over it a quarter pound of grated cheese, and stir the whole well together with a wooden spoon. Season with salt and pepper.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Queen Cakes.—Take one pound of loaf-sugar, pound and sift it; one pound of flour, well dried; one pound of butter, eight eggs, half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg, the same quantity of powdered cinnamon, and half the quantity of mace. The great success of these cakes depends upon the manner and order in which the different ingredients are mixed; therefore attention must be paid to the following directions: Work the butter to a cream, then sprinkle in the sugar by degrees. The whites of the eggs must be beaten for at least half an hour, after which mix them with the sugar and butter. Afterwards, beat up the yolks for the same length of time, add them to the preceding ingredients, and beat all up exceedingly well together, adding in by degrees the flour, spices, and currants. Bake them in tins, and dust some sugar over them.

Bread Cheesecakes.—Slice a penny roll as thin as possible, pour over it a pint of boiling cream, leave it to stand two hours, then take eight eggs, half a pound of butter, and a nutmeg grated; beat them all well up together, put in half a pound of currants, well washed and dried before the fire, and three teaspoonfuls of brandy or sherry wine. Bake them in raised crusts or pattypans.

A Swiss Almond Pudding.—Chop up very small two ounces of almonds and some lemon-peel; put them in a saucepan with a pint of milk, and sugar to taste; when this begins to boil, stir in slowly a large cupful of ground rice, and let it boil for ten minutes, not neglecting to stir it well during the whole time; pour it into a mould, and, when cold, turn it out. Put two ounces of white sugar into a pan with a little water, stir until it is melted and becomes light brown in color, add a pint of milk, bring this to a boil; then strain it and add the yolks of four eggs; put the strained milk and eggs on the fire, and stir well until it thickens; when this is cold, pour it around the pudding.

Tea Cakes.—One pound of fine flour, three-quarters of a pound of fresh butter, the same of loaf-sugar, sifted finely, three-quarters of a pound of well-washed currants, two ounces of candied lemon, and one ounce of almonds. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the rest, and moisten it with some well-beaten eggs. Make it into a paste and roll it out. The oven must not be too hot.

Baked Almond Pudding.—Beat fine in a mortar four ounces of almonds with a few bitter ones, and a little sherry wine. Beat up separately the yolks of six eggs, grate the peel of two lemons, four ounces of butter, three half-pints of cream, and the juice of one lemon. Mix all these ingredients well together; make a rich paste, put it at the bottom of a dish, pour the above upon it and bake half an hour.

The Helena Pudding.—Pour one pint of boiling milk upon three ounces of grated bread, one-quarter of butter, four eggs, leaving out two of the whites, the rind of a large lemon, sugar to your taste. Place any sort of preserve at the bottom of a tart-dish; pour the above over and bake it.

Ratafia Pudding.—One pint of cream, the same of milk boiled with a little cinnamon and lemon-peel; sugar to your taste. When boiled strain it on to the crumb of two rolls. Butter the mould, and put into it half a pound of ratafia cakes. Beat up two eggs and mix them with the bread and milk. Pour these ingredients into a mould and boil them an hour. Serve wine sauce. *N. B.* Half the above quantity is sufficient for a moderate sized pudding.

To Make nice Diet Bread Cake.—Six pounds of flour, three and a half pounds of butter, three and a half pounds of sugar, three pints of milk, six eggs, four pounds of fruit, half a pint of yeast, three gills of wine, four nutmegs, and one and a quarter ounces of mace citron. Stir the butter and sugar to a froth, boil the milk, and turn in the wine, put the curds and whey warm, but not hot, into the flour; then add the eggs and yeast, and only one-third of the beaten butter and sugar; let it rise until very light, and then add the remainder of the butter and sugar, and let it rise again; when light, put in the spices, fruit, etc.; bake it in a moderate oven till thoroughly done.

HINTS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SICK.

The room in which a sick person lies should be kept very sweet and airy; there should never be a close smell in it. If the weather is warm enough, let the door or windows be open; if cold, let there be a small fire. The chimney should never be stopped up. *Ventilation* is particularly demanded in those fevers in which miliary eruptions take place. Under no circumstances is the ventilation of the sick-room so essential as the febrile diseases of an *infectious* kind, such as typhus fever, plague, and its incidental ills, fever, influenza, hooping-cough, consumption in its latter stages, smallpox, chicken-pox, measles, scarlet fever, erysipelas. It may, however, be consolatory to those whose duty it is to attend such cases, to know that infection, communicated through the air, rarely extends above a few feet from the body of the patient; and even in the most malignant diseases, with the exception of confirmed smallpox and scarlet fever of the worst kind, its influence does not exceed a few yards, if the room be well ventilated. On the contrary, if ventilation be neglected, the power of infection becomes greatly augmented from its concentration in confined and quiescent air; it even settles upon the clothes of the attendants and the furniture of the rooms; and these imbibe it most readily when their texture is wool, fur, or cotton, or any loose and downy substance capable of receiving and readily retaining the air.

The room should be made rather dark by a blind over the window; but bed-curtains should not be drawn close.

The room should be very clean; and if there is any bad smell, a little *chloride of lime* should be sprinkled on the floor, and the walls also if practicable. The medicine should be kept in one particular place, and all bottles, cups, etc., that are done with, should be taken away and cleaned at once. The room should be very quiet; there should be no talking or gossiping; one or two people at the most, besides the invalid, are quite enough to be there at a time; more people make it close and noisy, and disturb the sick. Neighbors should not be too anxious to see the sick person, unless they can do some good. The sick person's face, and hands, and feet, should be often washed with warm water and soap, and the mouth be rinsed with vinegar and water; the hair should be cut rather short, and be combed every day. Never give spirits unless ordered by the surgeon; sick people always feel weak, but such things given at a wrong time would only make them weaker.

It is a mistaken kindness to give a sick person whatever the morbid appetite may desire in opposition to the direction of the physician. It is also decidedly wrong to experiment upon the administration of nostrums prescribed by unskilful friends. The true interest of the patient, and the solemn duty of the attendants, require that the physician's orders only shall prevail, and that these be strictly complied with.

Whenever it is necessary to purchase drugs, or to have prescriptions dispensed, always seek out a respectable druggist, who will supply pure articles, and prepare medicinal compounds without error. *This is of the utmost importance.*

COOKERY FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Lemon-Water.—Cut into an earthen teapot, or a covered jug, two or three slices of lemon, with one lump of sugar, and a spoonful of capillaire. On these pour a pint of boiling water, and cover it closely for two or three hours, when it will form an agreeable beverage for the thirst of a feverish patient.

Raspberry Vinegar.—A dessertspoonful of which, in a tumbler of cold water, forms a very efficacious gargle.

Tamarinds and hot water, when cool, may in some cases be given; but no acid drinks should be given to patients without the knowledge of their medical attendants.

White-Wine Whey.—Dilute half a pint of new milk with an equal quantity of hot water; boil both together, and while boiling pour in at the moment two wineglasses of white-wine. A curd will form, which, after boiling the mixture for two or three minutes longer, will settle at the bottom of the saucepan. The whey must be strained carefully from the curd; it should be perfectly clear. Sugar may be added to please the taste. *Warm white-wine whey* promotes perspiration, and hence is useful in the commencement of some complaints; but taken cold, it has a different effect, and often, in cases of low fever, it is an excellent beverage; also, in the early stages of convalescence, it is as safe and sufficient a stimulant as can be given.

Milk Whey.—Steep in a cup of hot water, for four or five hours, a small piece of rennet, about an inch and a half square. Pour the water, not the skim itself, into two quarts of new milk. When the curd is come, pour it into a sieve or fine earthen colander, and press the whey gently out of it into a jug. This may be given either cool, or made the warmth of new milk, whichever the patient prefers.

Lemon and Vinegar Wheys.—Instead of wine, pour into the boiling milk and water a tablespoonful of lemon-juice or of vinegar. The whey obtained in this manner, being less stimulating than that of white-wine, is sometimes given to an invalid in preference.

Ground Rice Milk.—Rub a spoonful of ground rice, very smooth, in a little cold milk; add to it three half pints of milk, some cinnamon, lemon-peel, and a little nutmeg; boil altogether for a quarter of an hour. Sweeten to the taste.

Sago Milk.—Wash in cold milk a tablespoonful of sago, pour off the milk, and add to the sago a quart of new milk. Boil slowly till reduced to a pint. Cinnamon may be added if required; but neither sugar nor spice is usually added to this food.

ARROWROOT AND MILK.—Mix smooth, with a very little cold milk, one dessertspoonful of arrowroot. Boil half a pint of new milk, and the moment it rises to the boiling point, stir in gently the arrowroot and cold milk. Boil it till it becomes thick.

MILK PORRIDGE is sometimes made by adding milk to fine groat gruel. Another way is to mix a tablespoonful of oatmeal in a basin with cold milk, and pour it, when perfectly smooth, into a saucepan containing half a pint of boiling milk. If this does not thicken it sufficiently, it must be boiled a little longer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COFFEE SYRUP.—This confection is exceedingly handy to travellers when proceeding on a long journey. Take half a pound of the best roasted ground coffee; boil the same in a saucepan containing three quarts of water until the quantity is reduced to one quart; strain the latter off, and, when fined of all impurities, introduce the liquor into another clean saucepan, and let it boil over again, adding as much Lisbon sugar to it as will constitute a thick syrup, like treacle; remove it from the fire, and, when cold, pour it into bottles, corking the same tight down for use. Two teaspoonfuls of the syrup introduced into a moderate-sized tea-cup, and filled up with boiling water, will be fit for immediate use. If milk is at hand, use it *ad libitum*.

POTTED HERRINGS, AS DONE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—Take fifty herrings, wash and clean them well, cut off the heads, tails, and fins. Put them into a stewpan with three ounces of ground allspice, a tablespoonful of coarse salt, and a little Cayenne pepper. The fish must be laid in layers, and the spice, etc., sprinkled upon them equally. A few bay leaves and anchovies are then interspersed among the fish—the latter improve the flavor greatly. Pour upon the whole a pint of vinegar mixed with a little water. Tie over them a clean bladder, and bake in a slow oven. Skim off the oil; boil half a pint of port or claret wine with a small quantity of the liquor, and add it to the fish. If required to be sent any distance, it is better to cover the whole with some clarified butter.

PRESSING FLOWERS.—Flowers can be well pressed by being put between blotting or bibulous paper, on which a weight must be placed. We have generally used the former, but either will do.

Or,—Place them between new writing-paper, which must be changed every two days until the plants are quite dry. Be very careful to gather them on a *warm fine* day, and let nothing induce you to put them between blotting-paper. Do not put a very heavy weight on *tender* plants the first day, and you will be successful.

Or,—Take two of every kind you wish to keep, lay them inside a sheet of blotting-paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for their reception, and fastened down with a little gum; or, if large, tacked carefully on the page with some very fine thread, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the collector may think advisable.

THE reason that plants are unhealthy in a bed-room is that at night they absorb oxygen, and give off carbonic acid gas: in the daytime the process is the reverse, as they give off oxygen, and absorb the carbonic acid.

TO MAKE BARLEY SUGAR.—Take a sufficient quantity of clarified sugar in that state that on dipping the finger into the pan the sugar which adheres to it will break with a slight noise; this is technically called "crack." When the sugar is near this point, put in two or three drops of lemon-juice, or, if you do not happen to have a lemon in the house, a little vinegar will answer the purpose, which is to prevent its graining. When it is come to the crack, as it is termed, take it off instantly and dip the pan into cold water to prevent its burning. Let it stand a short time, and then pour it on a marble slab, which must be previously rubbed with oil. Cut the sugar into small pieces, when it will be ready for use. Some persons like the flavor of citron, and where they do, a single drop will suffice for a considerable quantity.

Or,—Take three pounds of loaf-sugar, dissolve it in one pint of water, boil it over the fire until it becomes clear. Take off the scum. When half boiled, add one tablespoonful of vinegar to each pound of sugar. Fry it with water in a basin, by dropping a little in with a spoon. When it is brittle it is enough.

N. B.—The barley-sugar is to be poured upon a marble slab, and when cool, cut it with scissors and twist it.

CHINA is best cleaned, when very dirty, with finely-powdered fuller's earth and warm water; afterwards raising it well in clean water. A little soft soap may be added to the water instead of fuller's earth. The same plan is recommended for cleaning glass.

RICE GLUE.—This elegant cement is made by mixing rice-flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it; it is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent.

HOLLAND CASES FOR PILLOWS, ETC.—One very common instance of the unfortunate result of being "penny wise and pound foolish" is to be found in the continual escape of valuable feathers or down from valueless old "ticking" cases. As ticking is an expensive article, many housekeepers find a difficulty in procuring it; not thinking that any other material can supply its place. Thus every day the feathers diminish in their pillows, and the dust and flue increase in their rooms, until their formerly really valuable pillows are not deserving an expensive covering. In such cases, and as a preventive of such cases, we can recommend a *fine, close brown holland*, instead of ticking. It will be found to answer every purpose, to wear as well (for fine feathers or down), and to be much softer and pleasanter to lie on than the harsher and more expensive ticking. The French mostly use nothing else for the first covers to the down of which their quilts or "duvets" are composed; nor, speaking from experience, can anything be better.

TO DESTROY BEETLES.—We have given several receipts and hints for this purpose before. We now add another: Take some small lumps of unslacked lime, and put into the chinks or hole from which they issue, it will effectually destroy them; or it may be scattered on the ground, if they are more numerous than in their holes.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Mix together one pound of soft soap, half a pound of pumice stone, powdered, and half a pound of pearlash, with hot water, into a thin paste; take a painting-brush, and lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and in five minutes wash it off with boiling water.

DRY-ROT IN CELLARS.—This may be prevented by whitewashing yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

Editors' Table.

AUTHORSHIP.

None but an author knows an author's cares.
COWPER.

"Those who cannot write and those who can
Compose, and scrawl, and scribble to a man."

So says Pope, and the fashion of scribbling has increased since the criticism of the author of the "Dunad" was promulgated. Women as well as men are arnest volunteers in the grand army of American liteature. In truth, authorship is now a feminine pursuit, erefore we feel it our duty to say a few words now nd then on the subject to our young lady friends who re daily asking of us counsels or suggestions. It would e impossible, considering the shortness of life and the onsequent value of time, for us to answer each of our genious correspondents who want engagements as riters for the Lady's Book or *reasons* for our rejection; we will now give a general explanation, and hope very one of our literary friends will accept it as a parcular response.

Persons not skilled in human nature may perhaps onder that separate individualities do not require parate reasons and direct objections. Just as every an has two eyes and a nose, every man has his little anities and his juvenile mistakes; the same is true of very woman. The remedy for weak eyes is the same or prince or ploughboy, for her "majesty, Queen Vicoria," and her maid of "all work." In defects of menl vision the advice of experience is salutary and simiar in every age and country. We do not pretend to oin new axioms of wisdom, but only to place old truths i a new and as we hope a stronger light.

In the first place, we would beg our young writers to d their minds of the notion that words, as *words*, are f any value out of the dictionary. There is no use in lking of "vernal hues," "rosy clouds," "blushing asts," and so on. These and similar epithets are pretty their places; but when crowded together like a flock f sheep in a pen, with no idea beneath, except the very-day fact that the sun has risen or the grass is reen, the pretty words never induce us to go on with e page. Commonplaces, without wit or originality of entiment may be got at all times, *but are never worth aying for*. And though there are people who like this mmon-place, flowery style, we do not believe our aders belong to the class.

As to characters, why give us repetitions, ill colored r weak, of pictures drawn by celebrated authors, creons of their genius, types, perhaps, of their own eccenicities? These pictures being taken from real life and ature, strike and impress us as good, or beautiful, or ue; while your tiresome and pale reproduction has life, no strength, and is only a caricature of what you ay have admired, but failed to emulate.

Do not attempt to write new stories from old novels. ake the simplest scene at a farm-house and describe as it appeared, tell me of the gambols and tricks of our dog, of your pretty pets, describe what you know, hat you have seen and felt. Then your picture is ue, and you interest me, because there is the life of our own heart in the words. But when, in the freshness of youth, ignorant of the strong passions and deep sorrows of humanity, you undertake to depict the scornful and dark spirit that exists in exceptional, and only exceptional, cases, when you talk of "no flowers in life," "no childhood," "no hope in the future," and all the woes and wrongs that to your youthful craving after excitement seem sublime, you only weary your readers—if you find any.

The Brontés were a very remarkable family. They were women of genius, of peculiar temperament, and of peculiar training. It was their misfortune to want health of mind and health of body. The books they wrote took hold of the public heart in spite of these disqualifications, not because of them. The Brontés had originality, sensibility, sympathy, and untiring energy; these, all rare qualities, gave life, and light, and truth to their works, particularly to the writings of "Currer Bell," who is the great representative of the family Genius and Character.

Young ladies, and young gentlemen also, living in the way of ordinary folks, and without any uncommon mental developments, may affect a sickly sentimentality, a feeling of discontent with the bounties of Providence, may talk of "the soul's secret aspirations," of "feelings never understood" by those with whom they are obliged to live, and whom they ought to love; of the wonders they could do if they were "appreciated;" but these fancies are not the true exponent of genius; only affectation representing her distorted shadow. Nothing great comes from affectations. We want pure metal as a standard of worth; then, whether gold, silver, brass, or copper, we are sure there is worth and strength, and use of some kind. Tinsel is always trash as soon as it is tarnished—that is, touched.

It is not our aim to discourage young writers while we thus endeavor to excite an earnest desire for greater intellectual cultivation and mental fitness for authorship. Young ladies may greatly improve their education by the habit of writing out their impressions and putting their ideas or fancies on paper. Write, my young friends, as much as you can without neglecting what is of greater moment—the actual duties of the day; but remember that Horace advised writers to keep their works nine years for examination and revision before publishing. Remember, too, that Miss Edgeworth kept her novels three years to perfect them before she sent them to the press. The works of Horace have lasted nineteen hundred years as classics; Miss Edgeworth has earned an enduring fame as an original and popular writer.

Good wine is not made by pouring the flat remains of one bottle into another; good literature is not produced by dressing up the tenth imitation of a great author's ideas in a maze of showy epithets and a cumbrous garniture of wordy sentences.

Read over Miss Mitford's charming "Village Sketches;" you cannot fail to observe how often these are on the simplest, the homeliest themes, and these are drawn from the true and real life of the people among whom this noble-hearted and genius-gifted woman lived. We love the scenes that she loved, and are deeply interested

in the simple pleasures of her villagers; she has found the way to our hearts because she wrote from her own heart.

To come nearer home. How pleasant are the domestic scenes and the characters represented in the popular stories of our friend (and the favorite writer in the Lady's Book), Mrs. Alice B. Haven! She describes everyday life; her personages are, perhaps, our next-door neighbors; their adventures, their faults, follies, worth, woe, weal—we are interested in all these things. The reading public finds delight in the living pictures, recognized by all as humanity individualized; while the most learned critic is pleased with the appropriateness of the style, the skilful arrangement of incidents, and the artistic part of the work that Genius alone never gives, but which is to be attained only by observation, education, practice, industry, and perseverance. More than this, the mind of Mrs. Haven is elevated and purified by her tender sensibility, her earnest and warm piety. She is a true Christian. The wisdom of woman is comprised in that one word—a *Christian*.

THE following poem, full of original fancy, tender thought, and true sentiment, well deserves its place in our Table. The writer is known in our pages as an excellent prose contributor: this gem will establish her title to the rank of poetess.—EDS. LADY'S BOOK.

THE LILY'S STORY.

(*On finding, in the month of October, a Lily growing in the dry bed of a pond.*)

LINGER not within the shadow
Of the lonely forest pines;
See, on yonder hill and meadow,
Bright October sunlight shines!
Come, for bright must fall its radiance
On the pond where lilies grew,
Still, perchance, some breath of fragrance
Hovers o'er its waters blue.
O'er the rocks the wild vines creeping,
Flushed with autumn's crimson glow,
Wondering, see the clouds lie sleeping
In the mirror depths below.
We, with such sweet fancies haunted,
Seek the spot last year so fair,
Painfully are disenchanted,
For no pretty pond is there.
Coarse and rank the weeds are growing
O'er its dark and oozy bed,
But no murmuring brook is flowing
'Neath the alder-berries red.
Yet, in yon low quagmire gleaming,
Something pure and white I see!
But I 'm only idly dreaming—
Can the flower a *Lily* be?
Yes, all fragrant, fresh, and smiling
In October's mellow light,
Me of all sad thoughts beguiling,
'Twas a Lily met my sight.
None can tell my heart's deep pleasure,
Half the foolish things it said,
As I sought the precious treasure—
Bent me o'er its beauteous head.
Had my loving admiration
Waked some sweet responsive thrill?
Saw I not a faint pulsation
All its slender stamens fill?
Why did every petal tremble
'Neath my warm admiring gaze?
Might it not its joy dissemble
At my words of earnest praise?
Had it, like the human spirit,
Longed for recognition too?
Strong desire did it inherit
For appreciation true?
Wilt thou credit this sweet marvel
That, within my spirit's ear,
Words of hopeful, earnest counsel
From the Lily I should hear?
Sweet the tale of joy and sorrow
Which the Lily told to me;
Would I might its accents borrow
While I tell it unto thee.

Spring was young (thus ran the story)
When the tiny bud had birth;
Came and went the summer's glory
Ere she bloomed in beauty forth.
Never, on the clear bright billow,
Lifted from her lowly bed,
Never on a wavelet pillow
Rested she her gentle head.
Still, the torturing, upward-yearning
Instincts of her dainty race
Bade her, from the dull earth turning,
Rise in purity and grace.

"Mockery every aspiration!
Prone and helpless here I lie!"
This in hours of dark temptation
Was her spirit's anguish-cry.
"Vain the hopes, the longings endless,
For a freer, brighter life,
Making me more lone and friendless,
Wearying me with useless strife.
Let my better nature perish;
Nevermore will I aspire,
Nevermore will seek to cherish
Higher instinct, pure desire:
On these weeds will gaze admiring,
Nodding in this earth-born breeze;
Coarse, contented, unaspiring,
Would I were like one of these."

But the sunbeams on her falling,
Roused from that despairing chill,
And the voice within her calling,
Bade her *be a Lily* still.
Wind-borne, from some purer region,
Came this testimony free:
"Fear not, for their name is Legion,
Who have hoped and toiled like thee.
Slowly, painfully, thou learnest
What thy destiny must be;
All thine inner promptings earnest
Are but glorious prophecy.
Faithful to thy highest duty,
Hope, yet work with heart and will;
Thou shalt yet arise in beauty,
Thou *shalt be a Lily* still."

Then, as to some touch mysterious,
Every inmost heart-string thrilled,
While her spirit, thoughtful, serious,
With a wondrous joy was filled.
Blessed hours of exaltation!
Memories of such rapture rare,
Saved her from her dark temptation,
Strengthened her against despair.
Though no partial friends beholding
Cheered her with delicious praise,
All unmarked her slow unfolding
Through the long, long summer days;
Though half doubtful of her mission,
Dreading lest her power might fail,
Musing on that dream Elysian,
Hopeful grew the Lily pale.

All its meaning scarce divining,
Still, new efforts she put forth:
For the vital moisture pining
Deeper struck her roots in earth.
Gratefully, her thirst allaying,
Every dew-drop gathered up;
Choice perfumes from zephyrs straying,
Hoarded in her pearly cup.
Once, to let the sunbeams enter,
Dared to ope that chalice white:
Instantly her heart's deep centre
Caught their golden radiance bright.
So she kept her pure corolla
Free from earthly soil or stain,
Till the autumn winds blew hollow—
Fell the welcome autumn rain.
Then a little pool collected—
Raised her on her slender stem,
Then a Lily was perfected
Fairer than the fairest gem.

Toiler, thinker, dreaming poet,
Doubtful of your highest powers,
Work in hope, for, ere ye know it,
Help shall come like autumn showers.

AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

LYNN, MASS.

WOMEN IN THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

We learn from "Holbrook's United States Mail" that there are now four hundred and eleven women in our country, who hold the office of *Postmistress*. We like to give the true feminine title, as *female postmaster* is a monstrous combination to our taste.

Of these Postmistresses, only five are what are known as Presidential appointments, the net income of the office amounting to $1,000 and upwards. They are as follows:—

Mrs. Ann Gentry, Columbia, Boone County, Mo.; commissioned February 20, 1838.

Maria G. Hornbeck, Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa.; commissioned February 26, 1849.

Mrs. Ann L. Rutherauff, Lebanon, Lebanon County, Pa.; commissioned August 5, 1850.

Mrs. Mary Berard, West Point, Orange County, N. Y., commissioned March 28, 1853.

Mrs. Margaret Sylliman, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pa.; commissioned April 6, 1861.

It thus appears that Mrs. Gentry is officially the oldest postmistress (older than any postmaster officially speaking), now in the service, appointed directly by the President.

The 411 appointments are divided among the States as follows:—

Pennsylvania	98	Kentucky	7
Virginia	48	Mississippi	6
Ohio	34	New Hampshire	6
New York	33	Vermont	5
Maryland	20	Florida	4
North Carolina	17	Tennessee	4
Illinois	15	Connecticut	2
Indiana	14	Delaware	1
Iowa	10	Rhode Island	3
Missouri	10	Alabama	1
Maine	9	Georgia	2
Massachusetts	9	Louisiana	2
New Jersey	9	Nebraska Territory	2
Michigan	8	Texas	3
Minnesota	8	Arkansas	2
South Carolina	8	Kansas	3
Wisconsin	8		
Total			411

At the present time these statistics are very important. When it is known that women have, for a long time, been employed and found capable, faithful, and honest managers in the post-offices of the land, will not public sentiment become favorable to an extended patronage of their abilities in this department of national business? There are now thousands of widows and single women, well educated and capable of managing the concerns of a post-office, who are dependent on their own talents and labors for their daily bread. Men are wanted for duties and in professions where women cannot act; but in this duty they could become efficient agents in public service. Let them have this branch of governmental beneficence open for their needs. It would be a blessing to many a sorrowing woman beyond expression in mere words.

There are, we believe, throughout the land, over *forty thousand* post-offices, and only *four hundred* of these now in the hands of women! Before the year closes, we hope there will be at least *four thousand* postmistresses commissioned; and if women, who *need* the office and can command the requisite credentials, would at once make application, we cannot believe they would be refused.

We feel sure the Press of the country will warmly advocate the cause of Woman in the Post-office department. We appeal to our brother Editors for their good will and efficient aid in urging this measure. Would it not be beneficial to public interests if seven-eighths of the post-offices were under the care of women? There would then be no need of change in this department with the changes of parties or rulers. But we will leave this subject to our brethren of the press, who, we are confident, will nobly maintain this just appeal of woman.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL EDUCATION.

We have before us the Circular of the "Female Medical College of Pennsylvania," from which we give the following very satisfactory summary, in the hope that many young women will avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded:—

"The thirteenth annual session of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, October 15th, 1862, and continue five months.

"The peculiar condition of our country induced the Faculty to omit the session of 1861–2. During this recess, however, neither the cause nor its friends have been idle. The Women's Hospital of Philadelphia has gone into successful operation, and this, with its daily Clinic and Dispensary, offers facilities never before possessed for the satisfactory prosecution of our objects.

"The Faculty, therefore, in issuing this announcement, congratulate the friends of the cause that the means so long desired and needed for obtaining familiarity with disease and practical skill in its treatment, are now in this city, for the first time, available to women engaged in the study of medicine.

"The College possesses ample facilities for imparting thorough scientific instruction upon the various branches of a Medical education; the lectures and demonstrations being aided by an excellent Museum of Paper Mache Models, Drawings, Natural Preparations, Microscopes, and other apparatus.

"Patiently, from year to year, the Corporators and Faculty of this College have prosecuted their labors amid many obstacles, sustained by the profound conviction that their object was right, and was destined to succeed; and every year's experience has but confirmed their belief, that the study and practice of medicine are admirably adapted to woman's nature, that the world and the profession need her, that success awaits her when duly educated for her office, and that her entrance into this fitting and enlarged sphere of virtuous activity is the harbinger of increased happiness and health for woman and for the race."

In our "Health Department," see page 402, we have an article by a distinguished physician on the medical education of women, which deserves serious reflection. At this time, when so many of the young ladies of our land must see before them the prospect of a single life, should they not inquire how they can make themselves happy and become most useful to their friends and to society? No profession, except that of Teacher, offers such a field for the talents and tendencies of the feminine heart and mind as the practice of those branches of the medical art which belong to woman—these are the peculiar diseases of her own sex and the care of children.

This "College" we are commending, has many and great advantages; among these we reckon the "Board of Managers"—ladies of the highest estimation—and the two most important Professorships, that of "Physiology and Hygiene" and that of "Obstetrics and Diseases of Women," are held by ladies who are eminent in the practice of their art.

Should any reader wish further information, address Ann Preston, M. D., Corresponding Secretary, 315 Marshall Street, Philadelphia.

Miss S. J. Hale's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral

training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, FOR HEATHEN LANDS.—We have two new members, and thank them truly and warmly for the interest they express in the Mission.

Miss M. J. Laird, Moro, Madison Co., Illinois, $1.

Mrs. S. S. B****, Altona, Pennsylvania, $1.

Shall we not have a longer list next month? Subscriptions are much needed.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We accept these articles: "Young Widows"—"Mistakes"—"My own Betrothed"—and "Our Lizzie."

These we cannot use: "Glean the Gems nearest thee"—"Inez Howard"—"A Mother's Lament"—"Song"—"Great Changes"—"Examinations"—"Come Home"—"The Great Eastern"—"Hope and Faith"—"Any News To-day"—"Emma"—and "Soliciting Subscribers."

We have other articles on hand for examination next month.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

TO WHAT EXTENT SHALL WOMEN BE EDUCATED IN MEDICINE?—As we have already intimated, the practice of women would, from the very nature and fitness of things, be confined almost exclusively to their own sex and to children. And while it might not be necessary for them to treat all the general diseases common to men and women, their education should certainly be sufficiently extensive to enable them to give assistance and medical attention under all the circumstances of disease and trial peculiar to the sex. But so complex is the human system, and so extensive are the sympathies of its different parts, that no one class of diseases can be treated scientifically and successfully without an extensive range of studies—without a knowledge of the action of the organs in health and disease, the sympathetic relations of these organs, the effects of remedies, the influence of various causes in the production of disease, the means of prevention, etc. etc.

We consider the following branches as indispensable in the medical education of women, even when their practice is to be confined to their own sex: Anatomy, Physiology, Medical Chemistry, Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Midwifery, and the Diseases peculiar to Women. Besides these fundamental and indispensable branches, it would be very desirable for female practitioners to know something of Medical Jurisprudence and Pathological Anatomy, or the changes produced in the structure of the organs and tissues by disease. Indeed, a course of reading embracing the General Practice of Medicine would render them all the more competent to treat the diseases belonging to their peculiar province.

With knowledge so comprehensive as this, we cannot see any great impropriety in conferring upon a woman the degree of M. D. We candidly confess, however, that we once entertained and published views in opposition to this. But on further reflection, and having, perhaps, shaken off to some extent that professional and sex pride of which we have before spoken, we have come the conclusion that a woman doctor, educated after fashion, would be about as competent as most of our m ern high-pressure M. D.'s, and therefore as much entit to the degree, though her practice might be confined particular class of disease. And why should we stic about the title any way, when it is no longer an evide of high intellectual attainments, moral worth, or e of the qualities which belong to a gentleman?

Let regular physicians then no longer wage w against their "medical sisters;" let them submit gra fully and cheerfully to the decree of nature and the mands of society; let them erect a high standard of tainments for themselves, and for the women who s to enter the profession; and their requisition havi been met by the sisters, let them freely share in th rights, privileges, and honors, which cannot be confer by diplomas, which should not be restricted by s and which are the first and sure rewards of extens mental attainments and moral worth.

(From Hall's Journal of Health.)

WHY CHILDREN DIE.

"I have seen persons who gather for the parlor th choicest flowers, just as they begin to open into f bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should t them from the bush and destroy them. Does not G sometimes gather into heaven young and innocent c dren for the same reason—lest some rude hand m despoil them of their beauty?"

Some weak brother has been trying his hand to s what a beautifully sounding sentence he could make of a whopper. The reason why children die is becau they are not taken care of. From day of birth they a stuffed with food, choked with physic, sloshed wi water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bedcloth So much for in-doors. When permitted to breathe breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once twice during the colder months, only the nose is p mitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are s out with no clothing at all, as to the parts of the bo which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, ba necks; girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to c lect the air, and chill the other parts of the body. A sto strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and ov coats, woollen stockings and thick double-soled bo with cork between and rubbers over. The same day, child of three years old, an infant in flesh and bloo and bone, and constitution, goes out with soles as thin paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, arm naked, necks bare; an exposure which would disab the nurse, kill the mother outright in a fortnight, a make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? harden them to a mode of dress which they never a expected to practice. To accustom them to exposur which a dozen years later would be considered dow right foolery. To rear children thus for the slaught pen, and then lay it on the Lord, is too bad. We don think that the Almighty has any hand in it. And draw comfort from the presumption that He has an agency in the death of a child, in the manner of t quoted article above, is a presumption and a profanatio

APPLES.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food mo widely useful and more universally loved than th apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not an a

ble-orchard where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half; while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert which can be placed on the table, is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions, more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple, sound, ripe, and luscious, for the pies, cakes, candies, and other sweetmeats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE YELLOW MASK; *or, The Ghost in the Ball-Room.* By Wilkie Collins, author of the "Woman in White," etc. A thrilling and fascinating story. It is one of the earliest of its author's productions, and may safely be said to have formed the basis of the reputation he has earned. Price 25 cents.

SISTER ROSE; *or, The Ominous Marriage.* By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Yellow Mask," etc. Not so entrancing a tale as "The Yellow Mask," but nevertheless well and forcibly written. It is also one of its author's earlier attempts, and is probably already familiar to hundreds of thousands of the readers of fiction. Price 25 cents.

THE TRAIL HUNTER: *A Tale of the Far West.* By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," etc. etc. Tales of Western and frontier life must always have a peculiar interest to all who delight in relations of the bold and marvellous. Aimard is perhaps the best writer of the day of romances of this character. His works are exciting and absorbing, and abound in wonderful adventures, perilous encounters, and hairbreadth escapes. They are exceedingly ingenious in construction, and bear evidence of the great genius of their author, who can thus produce romances at once so marvellous and so natural. The scene of "The Trail Hunter" is laid in New Mexico, and its hero is Don Miguel, a revolutionist. Two of the characters of the book, Valentine Guillois and Curumiller, have figured in previous works. Price 50 cents.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES. SECOND SERIES. *Delivered in England During the Present American War.* By George Francis Train, of Boston, U. S. Mr. Train is making quite a sensation in England by his speeches on American politics; and, as he is a stanch defender of the Union, and a man of talent and energy withal, his course is watched with attention by his fellow countrymen. These speeches are witty, caustic, and bold, and their deliverer seems in no manner to fear the anger of the British lion. Price 25 cents.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Nos. 49, 50, and 51. Price 15 cents per part.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Nos. 4, 5, and 6. Price 20 cents per part.

These works should be in the possession of every person. Chambers's is the best Encyclopedia published. The "Book of Days" is also published by the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, and is a miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including anecdotes, biography and history, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character.

DEVOTIONAL POEMS. By R. T Conrad. The many warm friends and admirers of the late Mr. Conrad will hail this volume as a beautiful and substantial tribute to the memory of a gifted poet and congenial companion. It embraces the more solemn, and, we may say, the most sublime of the poetic effusions of the able author. The dedicatory stanzas, by Mr. Boker, are full of tender feeling, and lead one into the book with heart and soul prepared to appreciate its beauties, and to think of its author with Christian sympathy. The book is elegantly bound in purple and gold, and is a gem of typography. A fine steel engraving of Mr. Conrad precedes the title-page. Price $3 00.

—

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

BARREN HONOR: *A Novel.* By the author of "Guy Livingston," "The Sword and Gown," etc. One of the most stirring and vigorous of novels has just appeared from the press of Dick & Fitzgerald, printed from advance sheets of the English edition. It is by the same author as "Guy Livingston," a work which made quite a sensation a few years ago, and, in fact, founded a school of its own. "Barren Honor," while retaining many of the characteristics of the earlier work, is in many respects superior to it. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand. Alan Wyverne is almost a new creation in literature—a man who possesses right instincts, yet lacks faith, and who, forgetting religion, bows down to the shrine of honor. Lady Mildred, the female diplomatist, is no less a remarkable portraiture. "Barren Honor" is a work that will be extensively read. Price 50 cents.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. By Victor Hugo, author of "Les Miserables," etc. The popularity that has attended Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" has led to the republication of a most excellent translation of his first romance, "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame." It is needless, at the present time, to speak of the literary merits of this wonderful production, which has been placed among the three great books in the French language. The thanks of the ready public are due the publishers of this edition, inasmuch as the work has gone out of print. Price 50 cents.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden," "Doctor Thorne," etc. Hitherto the yellow-covered trash, whose contents are generally as indecent and demoralizing as its paper and typography is miserable, has been considered the especial and appropriate companion for the car and steamboat; but the enterprise of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald in issuing their "Hand and Pocket Library" seems likely to work a revolution in the literature for the traveller. The

volumes thus far included in this library are a delight to the eye, and of a character chaste and refining. Trollope has written nothing better than "Barchester Towers," and there are few writers who, in his especial line, can excel him. The style of the novel is elegant, its sentiment pure, and, while it is by no means a sensation work, it is yet deeply interesting. In two volumes, 25 cents each.

—

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LES MISERABLES. MARIUS. A novel by Victor Hugo. Each successive part of Hugo's great work seems to augment its thrilling and absorbing interest. It is emphatically the book of the age. Already it has been translated into no less than seven languages, gaining everywhere a popularity almost unprecedented in the annals of literature. Price 50 cents.

THE FLY-ING DUTCHMAN; *or, The Wrath of Herr Vonstoppelnoze.* By John G. Saxe. With sixteen comic illustrations. A great deal of paper and binding wasted to very small purpose. "The Fly-ing Dutchman" is far from being one of Saxe's funniest productions; and its publisher must be hard up indeed to issue a book with so little substance, character, or humor, in either reading matter or engravings, as this. Price 50 cents.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

OLIVE BLAKE'S GOOD WORK: *A Novel.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "A Book About Doctors," etc. A superior novel, both in plan and style. It seems particularly intended to illustrate the too frequent results of *marriages de convenance*, and narrates the wrongs done to two women, one of them the victim of such a marriage. The novel opens rather slowly; but if one has patience to read through the dull beginning, he will be amply repaid, for as the story progresses it becomes most absorbing. Price 25 cents.

—

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. *Principles and Interests.* By Count Agénor de Gasparin. Translated from advance sheets by Mary L. Booth. This is a volume which cannot fail to attract the deepest attention of American readers at the present unhappy juncture in the affairs of our beloved country. Count de Gasparin is a warm and sincere sympathizer with our struggling Republic, and his words of counsel and encouragement are at least deserving of a respectful hearing. His previous volume, "The Uprising of a Great People," has already become popular with us, and will sufficiently indicate the tone and character of the present volume. Price $1 25.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

EDWIN BROTHERTOFT. By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme," and "John Brent." A third of the works of Theodore Winthrop has appeared posthumously, adding its evidence to that of its predecessors of the wonderful genius which has untimely perished. Edwin Brothertoft is a character drawn with rare nicety, a man seldom met in this world, and little appreciated when found. There are other personages deserving notice in the book, among whom is Major Skerritt. It is a story of revolutionary times, and more than one prominent historical name finds its place in its pages. Price $1 00.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS FOR MEN, WOMEN, AN CHILDREN. *With a Translation of Prof. Kloss' Dumb-Bell Instructor and Prof. Schreber's Pangymnastikon.* By Dio Lewis, M. D., Proprietor of the Esse Street Gymnasium, Boston. With three hundred illustrations. The new system of gymnastics developed i the volume before us seems to be complete and effectiv as a means of physical training, and at the same tim few can complain of not being able to put it into practic on account of the complicity or costliness of the neces sary apparatus. The exercises are adapted to both sexes having already been introduced into a number of femal seminaries. We can certainly commend Dr. Lewis' "new system" to the favorable consideration of ou readers, inasmuch as we know nothing the ladies of ou country stand so much in need of as the physical de velopment resulting from a judicious course of carefully graduated gymnastic training. Price $1 00.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Wit a Memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. This beautiful littl volume, all in blue and gold, will be looked upon as prize by all lovers of the delicate and thoughtful in po etry. Clough's style is characterized by a certain sim plicity and sincerity that appeal to the sympathies o the reader, and gain his unfeigned admiration. Th first and chief poem of the collection is "The Bothie o Tober-nauolich," a pastoral in hexameter verse, whic possesses many beauties notwithstanding the disadvan tages of the halting measure when adapted to English The minor poems are all of them excellent, some sur passingly so; and the entire book is a valuable additio to a poetic library. Price 75 cents.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ADEN POWER; *or, The Cost of a Scheme, A Novel* By Farleigh Owen. An ingenious and somewhat origi nal book. There is no attempt at secrecy in the plot though it is well constructed. An English nobleman exceedingly proud of his untainted lineage, is sorely dis appointed at being childless. Finally, when a fulfil ment of his wishes seems at hand, his own anxiet results in the frustration of his hopes. His wife, i despair at what she knows will be her husband's dis pleasure, produces a false heir, bought of an old cron in a garret, which is received by the proud and gratifie father as his true son. Seven years afterwards a son i really born, and then the mother is seized with repent ance for her act. The remainder of the story is skilfully managed, and both husband and wife receive their du share of punishment for being the cause of and commit ting such a crime. The book finally ends quite satisfa torily. Price 50 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR OCTOBER.—"Plotting Mischief." Wer there ever four more mischievous faces represented Read the excellent story, and see how they are "Plot ting Mischief."

Our double extension Fashion-plate is a correct tran script of what will be the fashions that ladies will wear not a fancy picture, merely given as a vehicle for brigh colors, but a representation of dresses that may be found on the lady promenaders of Chestnut Street, Broadway and other fashionable streets of our large cities.

"CLUBS," "CLUBS."—Now is the time to commence the organization of clubs. Remember that the Lady's Book is the cheapest, because you get so much more for your money, and that so much better. Compare the Lady's Book with any other magazine. See the quantity and quality; and remember, also, what our exchanges so often mention, that it is "an evidence of the good taste of a family when the Lady's Book is seen upon the centre-table." We hardly need say more upon this subject. Every one of any taste wanting *a* "lady's book" will subscribe for "Godey."

PEMBERTON SQUARE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 26 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass., Rev. GEORGE GANNETT, A. M., *Principal*. Twelve Professors and Teachers; number of family pupils limited to twenty. This school furnishes unsurpassed facilities for the acquisition of conversational French, and the best instruction in every department of female culture. Being one of the first that inaugurated, it is now zealously carrying forward the work of physical education, under the direction of Dio Lewis, M. D. To a limited number of pupils it also offers a pleasant home and all needful attentions.

WE wish all our exchanges and subscribers were of the opinion expressed in the following lines:—

WE CAN'T LEND IT.

What, borrow! and the LADY'S BOOK!
You do not mean it, really;
Godey would stare with frownful look,
And censure us severely.

Scarce any wish would we deny;
(Before asked, you knew it)
But as to lending GODEY, why,
We cannot, WILL NOT do it.

Save your loose pocket money;
Wash your husband's shirts and collars;
Cut down expenses—cut no dash,
Till you've amassed Three Dollars.

Then, with a conscious dignity—
Unlike a begging toady—
Hand your honest dollars three,
And pay for YOUR OWN GODEY.

Public, Pana, Ill.

A LONG-CLOSED THEATRE REOPENED.—At the moment of the destruction of the city of Pompeii by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year A. D. 79, a theatrical representation was being given in the amphitheatre. A speculator, named Langini, taking advantage of that historical reminiscence, has just constructed a theatre on the ruins of the above-named city, the opening of which he announces in the following terms: "After the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the theatre of the city will be reopened with *La Figlia del Reggimento*. I solicit from the nobility and gentry a continuance of the favor constantly bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure them that I shall make every effort to equal the rare abilities he displayed during his management."

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE dulness of the summer months it is very probable will not be left lingering after the "last rose" is gone; and autumn will be ushered in to a livelier tune. Already we hear notes of the coming of opera, and baton, and white kids; and the watering-places are giving up the sirens of song, who come back to new glories and triumphs. By next month the chaos of plans will have assumed some shape, when, as faithful chroniclers, we shall report what is in store.

The Popular Songs.—We are frequently asked, now that Gentle Annie, Ever of Thee, etc., have run their day, what ballads have taken their place. To reach all our readers we name some of these songs here: Rock me to Sleep, Mother, The Boy and his Angel, and Lillie Sleeps, are three touching ballads by Leslie that are favorites, one of them having passed to the fiftieth edition. No Home, No Home! is the best of Foster's late melodies; it is very beautiful. No One to Love is a popular song. Hattie Bell is a touching song and chorus. Dream on, Lillie, is a beautiful ballad by Root, author of Rosalie the Prairie Flower. If Thou hast Crushed a Flower, is a sweet song by Buckley, director of the famous opera troupe. Happy Days of Yore is a popular ballad by Woolcott, author of Belle Brandon. I Hear Sweet Voices Singing, and Annie of the Vale, are the two new favorites by the author of Cottage by the Sea. Our friends who want the *singing* ballads cannot go amiss in ordering any of these. The price is 25 cents each, excepting the last two, which are 30. We will send any seven named, free of postage, on receipt of $1 50.

Of new pieces we name the following: Fairy Polka Redowa, a fine piece by Vaas. The Lafner, graceful waltz, by Otto. Schrieber's Band Drum Polka, capital composition, now very popular. Volunteer's Quickstep, spirited and pretty new military piece by F. Karl, destined to become a favorite; it is easy and taking. Each 25 cents.

New Songs, etc., from Horace Waters, New York: Sleep, Beloved, Sleep, touching song by Hering, 25. Freedom, Truth, and Right, Heineman, 30. Where Liberty Dwells is my Country, fine patriotic song, 25. The Girls are not so Green, and What they do at the Springs, two humorous songs, each 25. Forget if you can, but Forgive, and Home is Home, by author of Annie of the Vale, each 25. The following new ballads by Foster, each 25: Slumber, my Darling, I will be True to Thee, Lizzie Dies To-Night, A Penny for Your Thoughts, Better Days are Coming, Merry Little Birds are We—all pretty.

New Pieces, etc., same press: Little Bird Waltz, Three Roguish Chaps, Sunnyside Rondo, easy pieces fingered for beginners, each 15 cents. Marching Along, arranged as a march, by Cull, 25. Continental Guard Grand March, 25. Warblings at Eve, Richards, 30. Airy Castles, beautiful fantasie, 35. Love Waltz, Laura Keene Waltz, by Baker, each 35. President Lincoln's Grand March, by Helmsmuller, with brilliant colored title, 50. Commodore Nutt Polka, with characteristic title-page, 35. Grand March, by Heineman, with the Regimental Colors of the Shepard Rifles, 50. Souvenir de Owego, grand waltz, 10 pages, 50. La Chute d'un Ange, charming valse brillante of 12 pages, 60 cents.

All musical correspondence and orders to be addressed to Philadelphia, to J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.—Among the few city items which the present dull season of the year affords may be mentioned the approaching opening of the new *Grand Hôtel de la Paix*, with its seven hundred chambers and seventy salons, announced originally for the 1st of June, but now of necessity deferred till the 15th of July. The incident, though apparently so remote, cannot be otherwise than interesting to Americans; in the first place, because they very probably will form, or at all events are confidently expected to do so, a very large portion of the guests of the new public establishment; and, secondly, because the establishment itself is a new homage paid to a system which in the United States has attained to the rank almost of a national institution. All these large European hotels, whether in Paris or in London, derive their origin from the American pattern, and are universally pronounced to be an immense social improvement and a great advance in every respect upon the old-fashioned system. The hotels in London, indeed, were long notorious for being the worst in the world, considering their charges; and even those in Paris were capable of being made infinitely better. The experiments made in London at the Great Western station, and now more recently those of the Victoria, Grosvenor, and Westminster Hotels, are all due to the example of America, and though on a much less gigantic scale than those in Paris, are found to be an immense resource and improvement upon the old style of thing, by the French and other foreigners now visiting the British capital. Here in Paris, the *Hôtel du Louvre*, as is well known, was the first inauguration of the new method, and has now proved a decided success, both in a social and financial point of view. The same company which built it, the Real Property Company, with the Messrs. Pereires at its head, have now erected, and are about to open the *Grand Hôtel de la Paix*, at the head of the street of that name, in the most central and fashionable quarter of Paris, and close to the New Grand Opera, now rapidly rising above its foundations. The block of building, as seen externally, is really enormous, and shows at a glance the prodigious size of the new establishment. All round the basement stories run a series of handsome shops, cafés, *glaciers*, etc., decorated, according to the terms of their leases, in a uniform pattern of black and gold, the effect of which, with the pure white stone building rising above them, is very good. The rents generally paid for this choice position may be conjectured when I say that the *glacier* opposite the New Grand Opera is let for one hundred thousand francs per annum!

Such a building scarcely admits of verbal description, and the hurly-burly at present going on there, the prodigious masses of furniture pouring in at every entrance, the crowd of purveyors and servants preparing for the opening, almost prevent one forming a correct notion of the place. But I will add a few of the most striking characteristics of the new hotel. The exterior form is an isosceles triangle, the base fronting the Boulevard des Capucines. Over the principal entrance are six beautiful groups of caryatides, of two entwined figures each. Inside are three vast courtyards, the principal one adjoining the chief entrance and covered with glass, as in the Louvre Hotel. The large public rooms occupy the ground floor, adjacent to this principal courtyard. They consist of a *salle a manger*, a smoking room, reading room, banqueting room, and a restaurant of three salons. It is almost needless to say that everything that decorative art can effect in the shape of gilding, painting, sculpture, draperies, etc., has been lavished on these truly palatial apartments. The *salle a manger* is of circular form, and of the size almost of a small theatre. It is lighted from above by a vast cupola of glass, supported on diminutive carved figures of exquisite design and workmanship; while around the sides runs a double tier of red marble columns, alternating with fine mural arabesque paintings and mirrors of prodigious dimensions; the whole producing an effect of marvellous splendor and richness.

To walk through the corridors of the hotel, one hundred and ten metres long each, is a good day's exercise. They are all richly carpeted and hung with draperies, while the *parquets* throughout the hotel, wherever seen, are formed of woods harmonizing in tint with the prevailing colors of the furniture.

The internal arrangements and organization appear to be everything that can be desired for comfort and celerity of attendance. A telegraphic office attached to the establishment is open night and day, supplies the place of all bells, and is also placed in direct communication with all the chief theatres of Paris, of which models are kept in the office, so that places may be secured at any moment before or even after the rising of the curtain, and before the parties leave the hotel to occupy them. Nothing can surpass the elegant luxury of the fittings in every part of the house in the way of bronzes, candelabra, silk hangings, etc. Each quarter is provided with its own separate attendants, with separate offices, all in direct communication with the kitchen, where twenty-seven assistants act under the surveillance of a single *chef de cuisine*. Every office is provided with lights throughout the night, and hot water tea, etc., can be had at any moment of the twenty-four hours. Dinner is provided either at the tablo d'hôte or in the saloons of the restaurant by the *carte*, or in the private sitting-rooms; nothing, in short, seems wanting to the convenience either of public or private life. Passengers and baggage alike are wound up, as they arrive, to the top of the house, so that the occupiers of the *quatrième* experience no more fatigue, or even less, than those of the *premier*. The *Grand Hôtel de la Paix* is now only waiting for guests to appreciate all the admirable arrangements which have been provided for their entertainment and comfort.

A YOUNG LADY whom we can recommend, wishes a situation as governess in a family—one where the children are young would be preferred—to teach Music and French, and the usual branches of an English education. Would have no objection to accept a situation as companion to a sick lady. Address Publisher Lady's Book, Philadelphia.

A GENTLEMAN, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said—

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"Very good," said she. "Now answer me. Why is a *man* unlike a mirror?"

"I cannot tell you!"

"Because the mirror is *polished*, and the man is not."

There she had him.

CHESTNUT STREET FEMALE SEMINARY. *Principals*, MISS BONNEY and MISS DILLAYE. The 25th Annual Session will open on Wednesday, September 10th. Particulars from Circulars, 1615 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE—THE BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Her Royal Highness Princess Alice's wedding lace consisted of a deep flounce of honiton guipure lace, composed of rose, myrtle, and orange-blossom, with a veil to correspond, and was furnished by Mrs. Clarke, of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. The design was chosen by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Various articles were furnished as gifts—as flowers, riding-habits, umbrellas and parasols, shoes and boots, hosiery and gloves, cutlery, etc. etc. Owing to the deep mourning, the colored dresses were in the piece, and not made up.

The following articles of jewels and plate were presented on the occasion:—

By the Queen—A very beautiful tiara of diamonds, composed of a rich bandeau, with foliage, spires, etc., from Messrs. Garrard, and a pearl and diamond brooch, with pearl pendant, from Messrs. Hancock; the former designed and the latter chosen by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Jointly by the Queen and the Prince Consort—A set of three ornaments for the table, in silver, consisting of a candelabrum composed of a group of boys supporting branches for nine lights, and two side candelabra for four lights each, the branches being so arranged as to be substituted by baskets of flowers or fruits, if required.

By the Prince Consort—A cross, two brooches, and a pair of ear-rings, all in very fine opals and diamonds.

By the Prince of Wales—A parure of very fine sapphires and diamonds, consisting of a necklace and brooch, a pair of ear-rings, and bracelets. From Messrs. Garrard.

By Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold—Three keep rings, diamond, ruby and emerald.

By Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice—A locket and pair of ear-rings, in turquoise and diamonds, a diamond rose, sprig bouquet, which had belonged to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

By the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—A bracelet of gold with diamonds and enamel snap, containing a painting of the duke's eye.

By the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—A gold enamel tiara with emeralds.

By the eight bridesmaids to her Royal Highness—A magnificent tea and coffee service of silver, gilt and embossed, each piece bearing the monogram of the donors.

By the Queen of Bavaria—a gold band bracelet, with emerald and diamond snap.

By Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—A bracelet with circle of turquoise and in the centre "A. E. I.," in rubies and a diamond horseshoe. From Hancock's.

By Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—A four-row garnet necklace and bracelets, with diamond and garnet snaps.

By the Empress of Russia—A bandeau of thirty-five collets of large, fine diamonds.

By Prince and Princess Charles of Hesse—A large and very fine diamond stomacher.

By Prince Louis of Hesse.—A pair of large and very fine top and drop diamond ear-rings.

By Prince Henry, Princess Anna, and Prince William—A blue enamel bracelet, with three pearl and diamond stars.

From the King of the Belgians—A diamond and emerald linked bracelet.

From the Grand Duchess Alexander of Russia—A gold heart-shaped locket, suspended by a gold chain; on one side the miniature of the Grand Duchess Alexander (Constantine) of Russia set in diamonds, on the reverse the arms of the Grand Duchess.

From the Grand Duchess of Mechlenberg-Strelitz—twenty-four silver-gilt worked spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs to match, and a sugar-sifter.

From the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary—A pair of engraved crystal claret jugs, set in silver-gilt ornamental work.

From the Maharajah Duleep Singh—A magnificent white silk fan mounted in carved mother-of-pearl and gold sticks, the two outsides covered with pearls and emeralds, and Princess Alice's ciphers in rubies and diamonds.

From the King and Queen of Prussia—A gold bracelet, with a centre of sapphires and diamonds.

From the Crown Princes of Prussia—A handsome dressing-case with gold fittings.

From the Marquis of Breadalbane—An electric gold bracelet, the centre composed of diamonds and rubies, with a large Scotch pearl in the centre. Pendants to the bracelets of Scotch pearls and rubies to correspond.

From the Countess of Fife—A large silver-gilt engraved casket, four angels in the corners, on the top a large cairngorm from Mar Forest.

A Bible and Prayer-Book, bound in dark blue leather, with gold cipher and arms of Princess Alice, on each side two gilt clasps. The books inclosed in cases of ebony and ivory. The Bible presented by the matrons, and the Prayer-Book by the maidens of the United Kingdom.

In addition, Princess Alice received other presents, ornamental and useful, beautiful china services from the members of the royal household, etc.

A CURIOUS HANGING BASKET.—Procure a large sized turnip, and scrape out the inside, leaving a pretty thick wall all around; fill the cavity with earth, and plant in it some climbing vine or morning-glory. Suspend the turnip with cords, and in a little time the vines will twine around the strings, and the turnip sprouting from below, will put forth leaves and stems that will turn upwards, and curl gracefully around the base."

THE *Lansingburgh Gazette* says: "It is in every respect a beautiful work The engravings are appropriate, tastefully arranged, and well executed. The illustrations of patterns are plainly laid down, carefully explained, and very beautiful in design; while the reading matter is of a very choice and instructive, as well as an interesting character. The domestic receipts are alone worth, to anybody of taste, more than the cost of the issue, and how anybody of fashion can manage to get along without Godey is more than we can imagine.

WHAT OUR FASHION EDITOR CAN SUPPLY. Address Fashion Editor, care L. A. Godey Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale is not the fashion editress.

Hair-work, patterns for all kinds of garments, and for women and children, jewelry, caps, bonnets, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, mantles, headdresses, shawls, bead-work, materials for wax and paper flowers, embroidery, collars, capes, worsteds, Shetland wool, infants' wardrobes or patterns for the same, stamped collars, orné balls, canvas for working, etc. etc.

POETRY AND ACROSTICS addressed to particular persons are only of interest to those to whom they are addressed, and had better be sent to those persons.

MME. DEMOREST'S EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS.

473 Broadway, New York.

We think our lady readers will be both interested and benefited by having their attention called to the results which may and have been made to flow from female ingenuity, talent, and industry well directed and perseveringly applied to special and useful objects. A recent visit to Mme. Demorest's large establishment in New York, and a knowledge of some interesting facts connected with the rise and progress of a department of business which she has made almost exclusively her own, has impressed us forcibly with this fact; and in the encouraging stimulus which they afford to patient effort, aided by natural genius, will repay the time spent in becoming acquainted with them.

Many ladies remember the slow and tedious process of Dress-Cutting which was in general use ten years ago, and the distressing doubt and uncertainty which was always felt lest the material, beautiful and costly as it often was, should be rendered nearly valueless by a bad or inaccurate fit. No rules existing except the Dressmaker's own judgment, uniformity of excellence could not be expected. One good fit was no guarantee for the next; every new dress requiring the same long wearisome process of pinning and cutting to fit the form, trying and retrying before it finally reaches the hands of the owner. At this time Mme. Demorest was a practical Dressmaker, and, like all others, encountered the difficulties resulting from so slow, tedious, and inaccurate a process. But, unlike other members of the same profession, she was not willing to set down and accept so stupid and laborious a method, without at least an effort at discovering a principle, which might form the basis of a reliable and perfect system. In the prosecution of this work she found a valuable assistant in her husband, and as the result of their united labors, was produced the simple yet really beautiful and valuable system for cutting dresses by measurement, which we presented to our lady friends in a recent number.

This system of Dress-Cutting is easily understood, and is as certain as the art of Daguerreotype in arriving at an accurate result, and places within the reach of every dressmaker, and every woman who desires to do her own fitting, a scientific method for cutting dresses more perfect than could have been acquired by seven years apprenticeship under the old system, or rather want of system. The novelty and merit of Mme. Demorest's system of Dress-Cutting commended it at once to experienced judges in the arts of the wardrobe. The first premiums, generally accompanied by special laudatory notices, were awarded on every occasion upon which the model was exhibited, including the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace, New York, and it has now found its way not only into the hands of enterprising dressmakers, but also into many private families all over the country.

HOW THE PATTERN IDEA ORIGINATED.

The ingenious and successful idea of supplying plain and trimmed patterns of the different parts of ladies and children's wardrobe originated also with Mme. Demorest, and probably grew out of the various plans suggested by the new system. Charmed with the perfection and elegance of the fit, ladies at a distance were frequently desirous of securing an exact copy in paper of a waist of a dress which particularly pleased, and sometimes desired the sleeve also for their own benefit, or that of a friend. This suggested to the fertile mind of Mme. Demorest the advantage of displaying a few favorite models in tissue-paper, and this was quickly followed by the selection of proper colors for the representation of trimming, etc. The first exhibition of this kind consisted of about one dozen patterns, which attracted much attention. Almost immediately the small show rooms were crowded from morning until night, a throng of ladies frequently stretching out upon the sidewalk. This extraordinary demand made the creation of facilities for supplying an absolute necessity; the slow process of cutting by hand was quickly replaced by the accessories of machinery, which was at the same time both more rapid and more accurate. Simple duplicates, and the variations of styles suggested by the requirements of different tastes, was the limit of Mme. Demorest's first expectations; but it was very soon found desirable to employ original and skilful designers, and profitable to import from the fountain-heads of London, Paris, and Berlin the latest novelties calculated to attract attention and admiration in the world of fashion.

By this time, 1853, a more extended sphere of operation became necessary, and the establishment was removed from Canal Street into more spacious quarters, No. 375 Broadway. In 1860, the tide of business moving up made a change of location necessary, and the present large and commodious building, 473 Broadway, 26 feet front by 60 feet deep, is now entirely occupied by this establishment as follows:—

First floor, show-room and publishing department of Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions, an illustration of which is here presented. Second floor is occupied for dress and corset making. Third floor, for the manufac-

ture of Prize Medal Skirts. Fourth floor, for pattern making. Immediately in the rear of this establishment, on Green Street, is their large machine-shop, supplied with steam power for the manufacture of Mme. Demorest's running stitch Sewing-Machine, capable of turning out one hundred said machines per day.

Orders from dressmakers at a distance have become a very important item in the business of this house, and to secure them against imposition, and to extend to them the advantages of a known connection, the privilege of using the name is allowed, and such agencies in the hands of enterprising, honorable, and trustworthy persons granting all the privileges of regular authorized branches. The number of these is now upwards of one hundred and thirty, located in every part of the United States, Cuba, and the Canadas. The thought and labor connected with the stated and frequent requirements of these branches is great, but is little compared with the regular trade in patterns of every description furnished by the city and suburbs of New York alone. For plain and full trimmed models, upwards of two hundred reams of paper are used every month, including the colored tissues and fancy styles for ornamental work. Ladies will comprehend the quantity better by trying to imagine huge sacks, used for collecting the waste paper, five or six of which are filled in less than a week.

In the skirt and corset departments the goods are made after original models, the peculiarities of which are known to have originated in this establishment, and have attained a deserved celebrity. We have had frequent occasion to speak approvingly of the grace of form and scientific adaptation to their uses, which distinguishes these inventions, and which could only have been achieved by a woman who is naturally best acquainted with the special wants of her sex. The number of persons employed in these and other departments is upwards of two hundred in Broadway alone.

To mothers, Mme. Demorest has proved herself a real benefactor. The care and economy with which, by the aid of the most gracefully designed little patterns, an air of fashion is imparted to a child's dress, has operated wonderfully, even in the remotest districts, in the neatness and taste which have succeeded the old-fashioned and clumsy method of cutting and fitting, which mothers were generally compelled to adopt, and which afterwards required an infinite amount of care and patience at their inexperienced labor. For a special effort on behalf of the children Mme. Demorest received a testimonial at the World's Fair, in the following terms: "The award of a Medal, with special approbation, for a Child's Model Dress Chart (on the principle of the one designed for ladies), of great usefulness and undoubted originality." This Chart, placed in the hands of a girl of ten or twelve years with a few instructions, will enable her, if of ordinary intelligence, to cut her own dresses with ease and accuracy, as we have known to be the case in several instances. It certainly ought to be in every school and family; the benefits arising from a practical knowledge of Dressmaking being of invaluable advantage in any situation in life. These few facts do not comprise a tithe of the interesting and instructive information gathered from a brief visit to Mme. Demorest's magnificent showrooms, 473 Broadway, New York, but they will serve to give an idea of the results which may be accomplished by enterprise and industry, aided by skill and inventive genius.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into Bracelets, Pins (which are very beautiful), Necklaces, or Ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breastpins, from $4 to $12.
Ear-rings, from $4 50 to $10.
Bracelets, from $3 to $15.
Rings, from $1 50 to $3.
Necklaces, from $6 to $15.
Fob-chains, from $6 to $12.
The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, $4 50.
Hair Studs from $5 50 to $11 the set.
Sleeve Buttons from $6 50 to $11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

MR. L., a great epicure, was afflicted with very short sight. One day at a dinner, where the table was heapd with the choicest delicacies, he called the servant to him, and whispered—

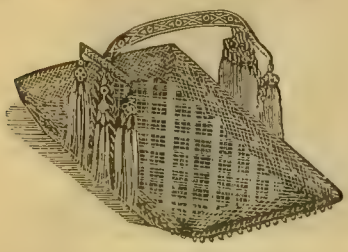
"Have I had some of everything on the table?"

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

WORK-BASKET A LA MATHILDE.

We do not give this article as one which our young friends may themselves imitate, but rather for the sake of showing them what exquisite articles are prepared in Paris for the Etrennes of the coming season.



As we have the same form, however, and all suitable trimmings, those who would like to make one themselves can readily do so, substituting black filet, embroidered in gold, for the horsehair embroidered in straw, of which this is composed. The bottom of the basket is a sort of canework, of black horsehair, crossed by diagonal bars of *bourdon or* in one direction, and scarlet chenille in the other. The sides are a sort of fancy net, made in horsehair, and embroidered with straw. A lace edging of the same materials, shaded with scarlet chenille, forms the border.

The edges and framework generally are decorated with *bourdon or*, scarlet, and green chenille; and three triple tassels, of silks of various colors, with gold, finish each side of the handle.

We should recommend the coarse filet for the bottom of this basket, not embroidered, but with cross bars of chenille and bourdon, as already described. Whenever two cross each other, let them be fastened down with white and green chenille alternately. The sides may be of fine filet, and embroidered with scarlet and gold, in any simple design. The wire frame being entirely covered with satin ribbon rolled round it, may be finished by holding a piece of bourdon on and winding the chenille round it and the wire together, but *not closely*. Bourdon is twisted across both handles to connect them. These baskets are intended to be full of *bonbons* when presented.

NEW PARLOR GAME.

SQUARING WORDS.

Doubtless those are the best drawing-room games which stimulate the imagination and tax the knowledge of the players. Without submitting the members of a merry party to the tortures of a competitive examination, some of these *jeux de salon* are better and more real tests of the acquirements of an individual than a hundred deliberate examinations. They require no special effort; they do not admit of cramming; cribs are quite useless as well as inadmissible; all is spontaneous, fair, and above-board. For a combination of all these excellent qualities, we recommend, as an agreeable addition to drawing-room games, that of "Squaring Words." The apparatus of this game consists of a few scraps of writing paper and a pencil for each player.

RULES OF THE GAME.

1. The game should be played with words of three, four, five, or six letters; more than six will be too difficult.

2. The words should be chosen either by a person who remains independent of the game, or at random from a vocabulary.

3. The game may be played either for a small pool, to which each player contributes, or for forfeits. If for a pool, a prize may be awarded to the player who first squares the word, and another to the second.

The operation of squaring a word may be best shown by example. It may, however, be described as follows: Having written down the word horizontally and perpendicularly, you must find other letters to complete the square, which will also read in words both horizontally and perpendicularly.

Words of Three Letters.—*Examples:* To square the words *Cat, Dog, Tea, Pig, Rap*:—

CAT	DOG	TEA	PIG	RAP
APE	ONE	EAT	ICE	ALE
TEA	GET	ATE	GET	PET

Words of three letters are generally very easily squared, and should only be used for the purpose of teaching the game. Once, however, we were very much puzzled with a proper name containing three letters. The name was *Cox*. The obvious difficulty was to get a word of three letters beginning with X. After some trouble, we succeeded in accomplishing the fact by the aid of a well-known dramatic piece called, "Obi: or, Three-fingered Jack," and the name of the dwarf who attended the three gigantic warders in Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London." Thus, then, stood the word:—

COX
OBI
XIT

Words of Four Letters are more difficult. *Examples:* To square *Love, Milk, Lamp, Town.*

LOVE	MILK	LAMP	TOWN
OBEY	IDEA	AREA	OBOE
VETO	LEAN	MEAT	WONT
EYOT	KANT	PATS	NETS

Words of Five Letters are more difficult still. *Chair* may be squared with the help of *Haddo, Adieu, Ideas,* and *Rouse.*

With Six Letters the difficulty increases progressively. Here, however, we may achieve the apparent impossibility of

Squaring the Circle.

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

Various exercises may be suggested out of the words thus obtained. Thus, each of the party may be required to invent some composition, either in poetry or prose, containing all the words, in the order of their occurrence. Or they may be requested to point out some sequence or connection between the words—as, for example:—

The six words required to "square the circle" may suggest the following cognate reflections:

1. We have the *circle* to square, which is regarded as a mathematical impossibility.

2. A man who attempted an impossibility, and failed miserably.

3. That which the accomplishment of an impossibility would be.

4. That which only the Omnipotent can accomplish.

5. The physical expression of glory.

6. The mental expression of the same.

Sometimes, in squaring six letters, we may have recourse to two or even more words, as in the word *Domino*:—

DOMINO
ONEDAY
MERITS
IDIDIT
NATIVE
OYSTER

Here we have *One day* and *I did it*, for lines. The sequence of *Nativ* and *oyster* is curious enough; though very curious accidents of this kind are not uncommon in the game of SQUARING WORDS.

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

GODEY'S Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

SEVERAL gentlemen were conversing loudly and brilliantly at the same table with a *gourmand*.

"Gentlemen," said he, "for pity's sake make less noise. You speak so loudly I cannot tell what I am eating."

SAUT STE MARIE, *July* 19.

MR. L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: For many years I have been persuaded that life without the Lady's Book would be unendurable, and now I find that I have created a new want; Godey's Bijou Needle-Case will henceforth rank as one of the indispensables. I received a case last week, and found them so superior to any I had ever used that I was not willing to enjoy them alone, and the result is that I find my needle-case so empty that I am obliged to send for another. I have been for a great number of years a constant subscriber for your best of magazines; but I never realized how much it contributed to my happiness till this last winter. Living up here in this ice-bound region, where we are shut out from the rest of the world for half the year, our mails only reaching us twice a month, it would rejoice your kind heart to see the eagerness with which we grasp our Lady's Book. Mamma is privileged to hold the Book, but little heads look over her shoulder. They cannot wait for their turn to come, but must see the pretty pictures at once. And then the fashions! What could we do without them in this far away place? Altogether, it is invaluable to us; we cannot do without it, and how any person of taste can willingly live without it is a mystery that I have never been able to penetrate. But I am running on to a great length, and fear lest I should weary you. Some other time I will describe the wondrous beauties of our lovely river, with its ever-varying scenery of rapids, islands, rocks and hills, though I doubt my ability to do even partial justice to the subject.

Just now our little town is filled with visitors from all parts of the Union, who are seeking rest and quiet in this cool, secluded spot. Wishing that you could rest from your labors, and come up here and enjoy our cool air and charming scenery, I subscribe myself your well-wisher and constant subscriber, Mrs. ——.

TO PREVENT DROWNING.—Men are drowned by raising their hands above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface and continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him liberty to breathe; and if he moves his legs as in the act of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. Persons not having learned to swim in their youth, will find the above plain directions highly advantageous.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. E. D. B.—Sent cap by Kinsley's express July 18th.

Miss E. M.—Sent ring 22d.

L. M. H.—Sent bracelets by Adams's express 22d.

C. B. C.—Sent ring 26th.

Mrs. S. McM.—Sent pattern 26th.

Mrs. C. H. R.—Sent pattern 26th.

Miss M. J. L.—Sent articles 29th.

Mrs. A. A.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 29th.

Mrs. T. S. C.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 29th.

M. L. S.—Sent comb 29th.

Mrs. G. H.—Sent package August 2d.

Miss A. H.—Sent articles by Adams's express 4th.

Miss M. C. B.—Sent articles 4th.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent articles by Adams's express 5th.

H. C. J.—Sent ring 7th.

W. J. L.—Sent pattern 8th.

J. P. B.—Sent articles by Kinsley's express 9th.

Mrs. J. A. H.—Sent articles by Adams's express 9th.

M. E. S.—Third finger of left hand.

Miss L. V.—We say Cape May, decidedly. Although our answer now will be of little use to you.

A. H. P.—It cannot be procured in this country, and would be of no use if it could.

L. C.—We do not furnish receipts for removing freckles, pimples, or superfluous hair; having no faith in any of the receipts or the nostrums advertised.

M. A. S. cannot be aware that we have often given directions for the working of almost every kind of patterns given. There are many persons who cannot work from every description, and are most excellent workers; they must see it actually worked, before they can undertake it. A very little inquiry among friends would gain the necessary information, and save us so much room every month. The receipts we repeat only yearly, but this would be a monthly work. You can refer to the receipts at any time, but we change subscribers every year to the number of 50,000, to whom the receipts are a novelty. Ours would be a curious publication if we did exactly what each subscriber would like. We must give variety for the million.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXI.—(*Concluded.*)

521. Collect the watery and gelatinous mass on a filter; preserve the *filtrate*, or liquor, which comes through, and label it "Solution of *hydro-fluo-silicic acid.*" Pour a little of it into some liquor potassæ, and observe the gelatinous precipitate. Repeat the experiment with a solution of soda, and remark the difference.

522. It appears, then, that we are desirous of collecting all the silica which may have been removed from the gun flint and converted into gas, we might accomplish this by passing the gas through liquor potassæ instead of water. It is true that a portion of potash would also be thrown down; but after drying the whole precipitate perfectly, and adding a weak acid—say the acetic—all the potash would be removed, and silica left behind.

523. Let us now turn our analytical power to account in the analysis of English flint-glass. For this purpose, accurately mix a little powdered flint-glass with about four times its weight of dried carbonate of soda; fuse the mixture (516); add water and sufficient nitric acid to render the whole acid, as demonstrated by blue litmus-paper; evaporate to complete dryness, and filter off the silica.

524. Evaporate the filtered solution to small compass; add common salt (24, 77, 79, 86, 438), or hydrochloric acid and alcohol (182). A white precipitate will fall, which must be the chloride of one of two* metals (158). Is it the chloride of lead? Prove it to be so (165-6-7-8-9); filter the chloride of lead away.

525. The filtered liquor may contain other calcigenous metals besides lead, although this is not likely. Evaporate it to dryness, for the purpose of chasing away excess of acid (155, 160). Redissolve in water. Pass through the solution a current of hydro-sulphuric acid gas. All the remaining calcigenous metals, save five (219), will now be thrown down.

526. If any precipitate arises, separate it by filtration, and render the filtered liquor alkaline by means of ammonia, and pass hydro-sulphuric acid through it again. If any precipitate now falls, it must belong to one metal out of five (219, 306-7).

527. Filter; neutralize the filtered liquor by means of ammonia, and throw down lime by means of oxalic acid or oxalate of ammonia (498).

528. Thus every constituent of the glass will have been determined, or almost determined, save one, namely, the alkali of the glass, which it is evident we cannot determine by means of our present operation, inasmuch as we have used an alkali as our chief analytical agent. There are several plans known to chemists by which the kind of alkali existing in any kind of glass may be defined. The most ready for our purpose consists in driving off all the silica from the glass in the form of gas, and seeking for an alkali in the fixed result. The operation ought to be performed in a vessel of platinum, but an earthenware dish will suffice, in order to fix the principle on the mind. If, instead of powdered flint, fluor spar, and oil of vitriol (510), powdered glass and these ingredients be employed, after the lapse of some hours all the silica will be driven away, and the alkali will remain in the fixed residue, combined with sulphuric acid. In other words, we shall have sulphate of soda, which may be filtered away, and recognized as a soda salt (511, 342).

529. Repeat now the operation, substituting black bottle glass, which contains iron, not lead. Demonstrate the existence of iron by the means already described.

530. These analyses of glass are of the greatest importance. They should be well gone through by the young chemical beginner, and their bearings studied. The principles on which these analyses are based may be considered the very foundation of mineral analysis. By far the greater number of mineral bodies contain silica, with which their other constituents are combined; and inasmuch as the first step in analysis consists in reducing the body under examination to the condition of fluidity, the process of fusion with potash or soda is had recourse to. We are unwilling to occupy space unnecessarily with descriptions of processes, when such descriptions can be properly avoided. Suffice it, therefore, to state, that the young analyst may, with great advantage to himself, repeat the outline analysis, mentioned in detail as respects two varieties of glass, on other glasses of different characters—on porcelain, or a piece of brick, slate, etc. Amongst ornamental glasses, the opaque white varieties either owe that property to the presence of arsenic or tin. Ruby red glass is tinged either with gold or with iron. Greens are imparted by copper compounds; the beautiful opalescent yellows, now so common, derive their color from uranium, a metal which, being somewhat uncommon, we have not dealt with. Remember, however, that you may be considered very expert young analysts if you succeed in demonstrating the presence of gold in ruby red glass, inasmuch as it exists in remarkably small quantity—

* Mercury is excluded by the conditions of the glass manufacture; it would have sublimed by the heat applied.

consisting, in fact, of a red glaze varnish, thinly spread over transparent glass.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.—Rich green silk skirt, with overskirt of black silk, trimmed *en feston*, with alternate flounces of black and green silk, caught up at intervals with large black velvet bows. The body is of black silk, made with a small point both back and front, and trimmed with narrow ruffles. Muslin collar, and very full undersleeves. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with tufts of green and black velvet, with black lace.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress of pink checked silk. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of *chicoré* ruching. Swiss body, with short sleeves trimmed with ruching. Full muslin guipure, finished at the neck with a Swiss muslin ruff. Long sleeves, confined at the waist by a band of ruching. Beaver hat, turban shape in front, but sloping down to a point at the back. It is trimmed with blue velvet, a white pompon, and long white plume.

Fig. 3.—Light lavender alpaca, of very rich quality. The skirt is trimmed with one box-plaited flounce and three rows of box-plaiting made of the alpaca and black silk. Corsage trimmed with rows of the box-plaiting. Black velvet sash, tied at the back with two loops and long flowing ends. Fancy black velvet coiffure.

Fig. 4.—New style of Zouave, made of purple velvet, richly embroidered with black, and trimmed with black guipure lace. Plaited shirt bosom and ruff. Black velvet neck-tie. Coiffure of purple velvet.

Fig. 5.—Poplin dress, of a dark shade of *cuir*, trimmed with crescents of blue silk. Blue silk belt, fastened behind with long flowing guipure ends. Blue silk bonnet, with cap crown, trimmed with quillings and black lace.

Fig. 6.—Rich purple silk dress; body made with points both back and front. Black corded silk mantle, talma shape at the back, and scarf shape in front. Purple silk bonnet, trimmed with white lace and white feathers. White ribbon strings, with fringed ends and black lace over strings.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

We are now able to answer the numerous questions of our correspondents respecting fall hats. We have visited Mr. Genin's establishment on Broadway, New York, and have accurate information as to shape, style, and trimming.

Among the many graceful models, we have selected the following: "The Restori," suitable for a riding-hat or for a miss. It is made of black felt, with a crown about three inches high, bulging out at the back. The brim is round in front, slightly drooping, shallow at the sides, and falling in a deep point at the back, which sets closely to the head, and is a great protection against the cold. The trimming consists of a long black feather and black velvet torsades. This shape is also made up in black velvet and gray felt.

The new riding-hat is a jockey, composed of black silk felt and velvet. The crown is melon-shaped, one division being of felt and the next of velvet, and finished on top with a black velvet button. The vizor is of velvet, and the trimming a handsome black feather and velvet bands.

The same style of hat is made up for little boys, with this exception; for the latter the feather is fastened under the button on the top of the crown, and falls gracefully over, and on the left side is a velvet rosette.

Another style for boys is a black felt hat, with plain crown three inches high, with a very narrow turned-up brim, bound with velvet. The trimming is merely a wide band of bias green or garnet velvet.

The "Matelot" hat for boys consists of a plain felt crown and the brim of long beaver, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with a band of ribbon velvet, tied at the side with a bow and ends.

The "Garibaldi," for boys, is a felt cap, bulging out at the back, bell front, and crown slightly rounded. The vizor is of black velvet, and the trimming is bands of velvet twisted in with fancy cord.

Misses' hats are of various shapes, many like the straw hats given on page 82 of July No. Some are made with felt crowns and long beaver brims, slightly turned up at the side. They are trimmed with rosettes of velvet and fancy plumes.

Capucine or nasturtium color will be the fashionable color with black.

We also saw at this "*Dep't de bon ton*," numerous little gray felts for children, trimmed in various ways. For little girls the "Peeress," or hats with two vizors, will be very desirable. This style of hat is placed rather more on the back of the head than the top, which gives it somewhat the appearance of a bonnet in front, and the back vizor is a great protection for the back of the head.

For babies there are white felts of every imaginable

shape, trimmed with blue, cerise, or white velvet, and tiny plumes. The assortment is admirable, and our ladies cannot fail being pleased with the numerous models to be seen at this establishment.

In the show-rooms of Mr. Brodie we have seen a number of mantles made shawl-shape at the back and mantilla in front, trimmed round with fluted ruffles edged with black velvet. This style will be made up of silk, cloth, and velvet. The "Sevillian," given in September number, and the cloak in the present number, are very desirable shapes.

Among the newest wraps was a "Camail" (a talma-shaped garment) made of black silk richly braided. Another was of *gros graine* set in large plaits to the waist, with a pelerine of guipure lace falling to the waist. It had small open sleeves, also trimmed with guipure, which was laid on flat.

Paletots are still in vogue, and will be a popular winter garment, trimmed with passementerie braiding and galoons.

One of the prettiest novelties in the shape of an opera cloak is the "Fortunio." It is made of white or some delicately tinted silk, of the "Camail" shape, and reaches half way down the skirt. It is ornamented with very elegant crochet and bead stars. These ornaments cover a considerable part of the wrap, merely leaving bare a space on the shoulders the size and shape of a pelerine. A row of gimp, with a cordon of jet beads, goes round the neck, and forms a head to a handsome guipure flounce. The same article can be made of black silk, cloth, or velvet, and worn as a street wrap.

Sacks, or *Saut en basques*, are still worn, but rather longer than those brought out in the spring.

A very pretty novelty in the way of cloaks is exhibited by Madame Demorest, and called the "Giralda." The middle of the back is laid in large plaits, and set in a square Raphael yoke, which only extends to the shoulders, where it joins the front, cut in the mantle shape. The sides are open, and laid on so as to form a deep and graceful sleeve, which displays, without crushing, the dress or undersleeve. The entire garment is ornamented with a bordering of passementerie, which has the effect of mixed braiding and embroidery.

Among the new sleeves brought out by Madame Demorest are the following, which struck us as being exceedingly pretty: The "Giselle," a simple, graceful sleeve in two parts, tied together with loops of ribbon at the back, over a full muslin undersleeve. Flat bows of silk contrasting in color with the material may be substituted. The "Madalena" is another charming sleeve, close at the wrist, with three puffs inserted, the centre one extending in a point above the elbow. The "Mignon" is laid in box plaits at the top, upon a straight band, with an epaulette cap falling below. The wrist is plaited into a band, and finished with a pointed cuff.

In the dress-making department of this well-known *modiste*, we notice a very jaunty *gilet* or veste, which may be worn open or closed, and is certain to become a fall and winter favorite. It may be made in cloth, merino, or cashmere, and is ornamented with small flat fire-gilt or steel buttons.

The following styles from this establishment will serve to illustrate the present fashions: A walking-dress of striped *poil de saxe* is trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with five rows of black braid, placed above a narrow box quilling put on as a frill. A very gracefully fitting talma of the same material is trimmed to match, and completes the costume.

A more distinguished walking-dress is composed of *cuir* colored taffetas, of a very rich texture, dotted with tiny black seeds. Three graduated bands of black velvet are placed in points upon the skirt between box quillings of silk one inch in depth. These round up nearly to the waist on the left side, leaving a space down the centre of which is arranged flat bows of black velvet, with the addition of tiny bronze buckles at the option of the wearer. A long scarf, ornamented with quillings of silk and bands of velvet to match, and lined with white silk, accompanies this dress.

A very pretty travelling-dress was made of smoke-colored cashmere, the entire suit braided in a narrow Greek border, which is a showy pattern, yet easily and rapidly accomplished. Plain high bodies are now generally closed up in the front and fastened with metal buttons, very small but very costly. The jacket waists only are worn open or turned back *en revers*. Sleeves are generally moderate in size and loose at the wrist, but shaped at the elbow, and in thick materials approach something to the regular coat sleeve, but are generally more becoming.

Among the new goods imported by A. T. Stewart, of New York, we find *Poil de Saxe*, a cotton and wool material, Zanelli, Britanni, which resembles a Poplin, *Crêpe*, a wool material with a *crêpy* appearance, also *Merinos Ecossais*, a very pretty wool material. As yet, there is nothing new in design, most of the goods being in checks or small figures, but the colors are particularly rich and full.

In reps and poplins solid colors will be the most worn and mode, of which there is an infinity of shades.

Shepherd's plaids, which heretofore have only come out in black and white, are to be had this season in black and a very rich purple. The material is *merinos Ecossais*, and the checks and broken checks are to be had of all sizes.

Plain rich silks will be the most in favor the present season. It is some time since they were decidedly so, and ladies begin to be weary of the brocaded, *chiné*, parti-colored stripes, and set figures we have so long seen. All shades of gray, mauve, blue, and green, with the new colors, "bois" and "cuir," and Esterhazy brown, of which there are two shades, will be represented. They can be varied by plain or rich trimmings, and can be made as elegant or as simple as may be desired.

At Madame Ellis's, 880 Broadway, we were shown a black silk of extremely rich quality, the skirt trimmed by two gauffered bands of the same, three inches in width, the plaits confined by narrow gimp mixed with jet. They were placed ten inches or so apart, and between them was arranged a ruche of rich guipure lace, caught by handsome silk and jet ornaments. The sleeves were quite wide, and trimmed in a corresponding manner. Corsage plain and pointed, closed by jet ornaments.

Another dress was of plain gray silk, with tablier trimming of porcelain blue, in graduated ruches, at each end of every ruche a butterfly bow. The corsage was arranged so as to give the effect of the corslets or waist-bands now in use. A ruche of blue rose from under the arm, and was brought up to a point just under the bust, as in a peasant's corsage, where it ended in a bow. The dress was corded heavily with blue on all the seams of the sleeves and corsage.

In our next chat we shall speak particularly about bonnets, which, we are happy to say, have decidedly changed in shape.

FASHION.

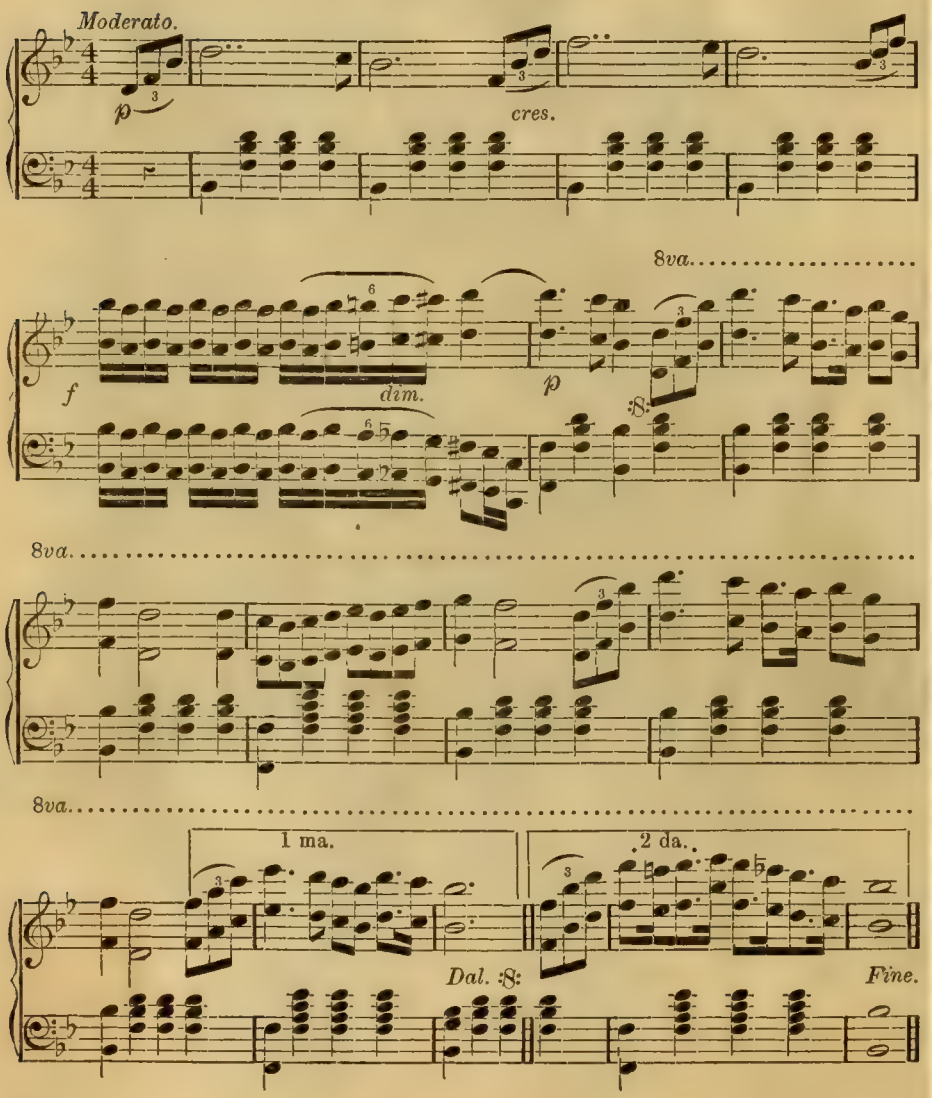
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER 1862.

TOO HOT.

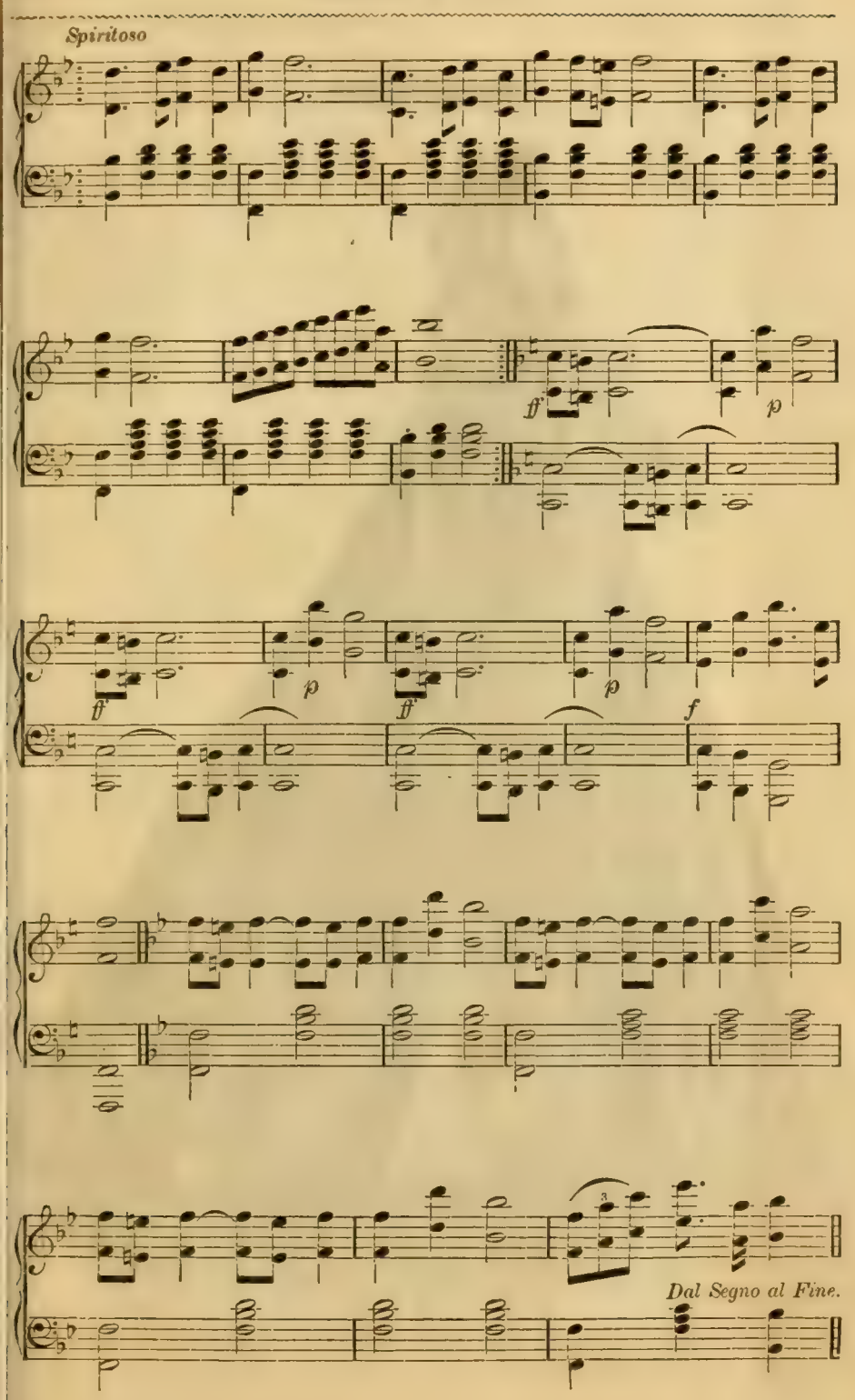
Union March.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY F. KARL.



UNION MARCH.



THE RICHELIEU.

This cloak is made of black velvet, trimmed with white silk, cross barred with narrow velvet, an finished with a rich crochet passementerie.

THE PHOEBUS.

This wrap is of black cloth, trimmed with crochet passementerie.

THE TITIAN.

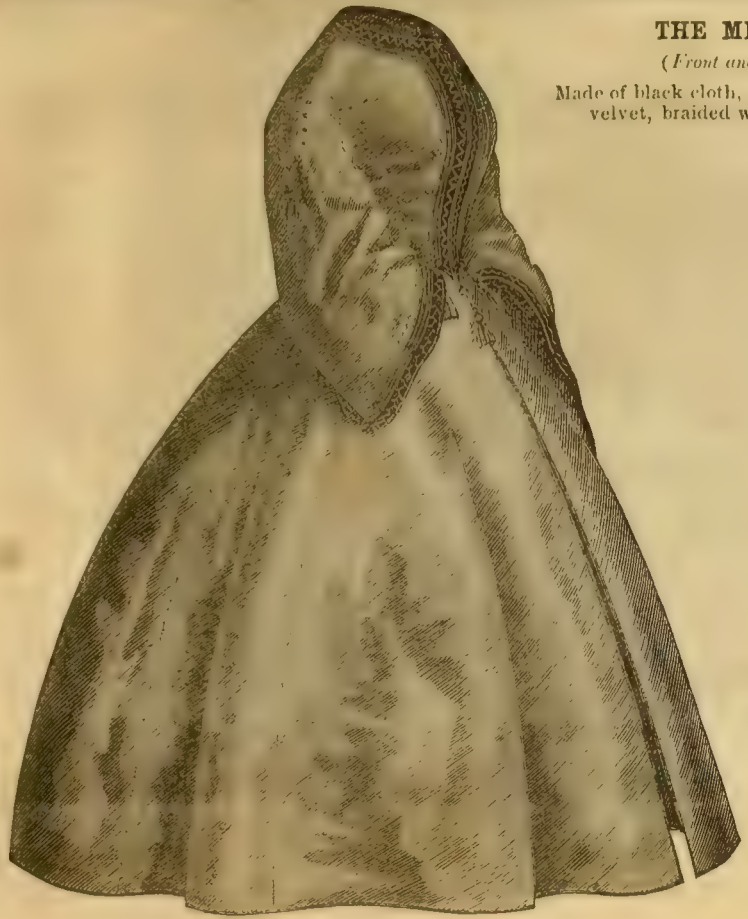
(*Front and Back view.*)

Made of gray cloth, and trimmed with black mohair.

THE MIRANDOLE.

(*Front and Back view.*)

Made of black cloth, and trimmed with black velvet, braided with black silk braid.



THE ALICANT.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This new creation, we incline to think, will be much prized, as it is in itself all that can be desired in the pardessus style. Simple, convenient, graceful, and comparatively inexpensive, it can be obtained in any of the fashionable colors, and although ornamented in a variety of modes, the passementerie in the illustration is perhaps as effective as any other.

CROCHET SCARF FOR A GENTLEMAN.

This scarf is worked in two colors, with a crochet needle, No. 5; it is worked lengthwise.

Make a chain of 256 stitches, and make two rows of wave stitch in *chinée* worsted; then three rows in Afghan stitch with blue worsted; continue to do so until the scarf has seven *chinée* stripes and six blue stripes; then bind off; finish the ends with a deep fringe, and the sides with a scalloped edge.

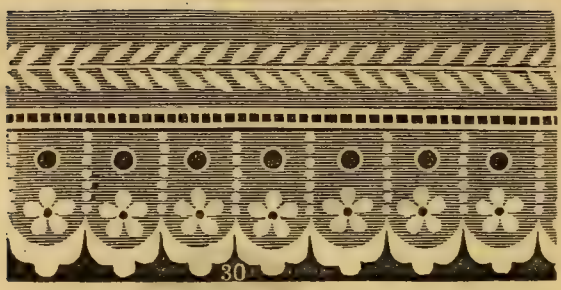
Wave stitch is done by making one row of plain Afghan stitch, but in picking up the second row you push the chain over on the right side and pick the long loops up on the back; the third row you do in plain Afghan stitch, and the fourth as the second row, and so continue to work.

THE CLARENDA.

Organdie skirt. Fancy Zouave, braided with black, and trimmed with black lace. White silk vest.

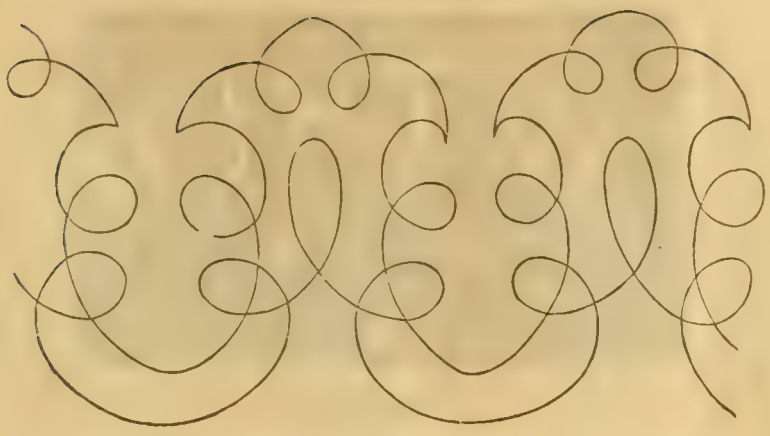
THE JENNY DRESS.

Sprigged grenadine dress, with four flounces on the skirt, bound and headed with black velvet. npadour waist, trimmed to match the skirt. Coiffure of gold cord and black velvet.



CARRIAGE WRAPPER.—(*See description, Work department.*)

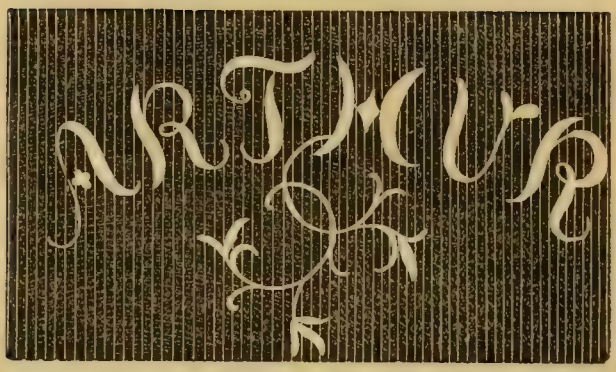
BRAIDING PATTERN.



WORK-BASKET, TRIMMED WITH RIBBON.

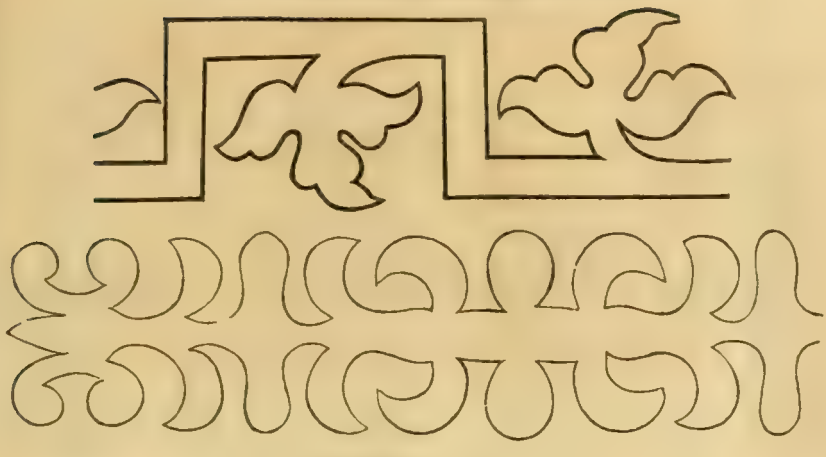
Procure a small basket, of a round or oval shape, with a lid; some violet and maize-colored ribbon (the quantity must depend upon the size of the basket): it will require to be slightly fulled, so as to make it fall easy. There are two rows of each color on the basket, and likewise on the lid. The ribbon is pinked at the edge, and the pattern is worked in chain-stitch, in fine white purse silk. A narrow gimp trimming is laid round the upper row of ribbon, as shown in the engraving. The width of the ribbon must depend upon the depth of the basket.

NAME FOR MARKING.



GLASS BEAD FOOTSTOOL.

Materials required: Eight rows light red beads, seven rows dark red, 16 rows white, eight rows yellow, four rows green, one row black.

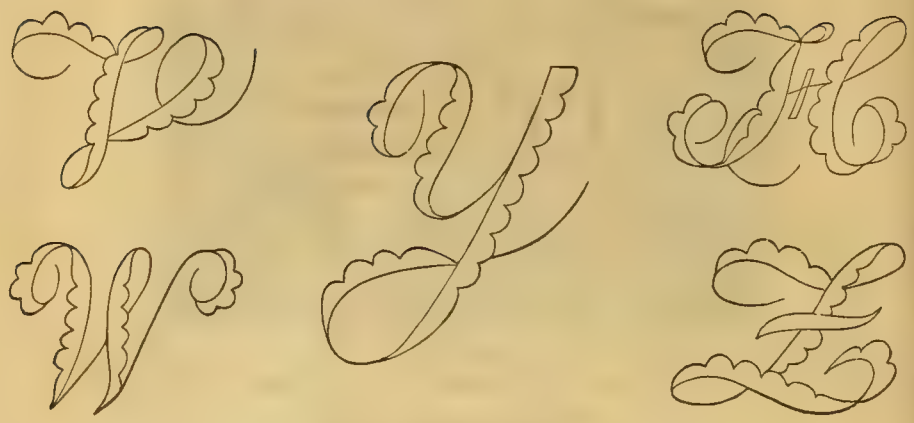


DARNED NETTED TIDY.

OR IT MAY BE WORKED IN CROCHET.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

(Concluded from October number.)



NAME FOR MARKING.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1862.

THE WATER GARDEN.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with that interesting botanical experiment of growing an acorn in water, which has been christened "the acorn tree." In country places these delicate little sprouting oaks are very favorite parlor ornaments, but we rarely catch a glimpse of them in town apartments, where their presence would be particularly desirable. An acorn tree can be grown in a common wide-mouthed phial, but more conveniently in a white hyacinth glass, which may be procured from a florist. In order to form one of these trees, take a ripe acorn, and, having removed its cup, steep it for a day or two in rain water, or let it lie among some damp moss. Then tie a thread round it, and suspend it in the hyacinth glass from a piece of cork or cardboard, which must be made to fit the mouth of the glass so tightly as to exclude the air. The acorn should hang about a quarter of an inch above the surface of the rain water, with which the glass is to be half filled. In a few weeks the acorn will begin to sprout, and the whole process of its germination may be observed through the transparent sides of the glass vessel. As soon as the leaves reach the cork, another arrangement must be adopted. The hole through which the thread passed must be widened, in order that the leaves may be pushed through it. The young plant must then be raised and resuspended, so that its rootlets just touch the water. The tree will continue to grow, and will flourish for three or four years if proper care be taken to cleanse its roots from fungi, and to change the water whenever it becomes slimy or turbid. A horsechestnut may be grown in a similar manner.

We have often thought that this mode of growing plants in water might be carried out on a much larger scale with every chance of success, and that a host of flowers might be added to the hyacinths and crocuses, which now form almost the sole ornaments of our water garden. We have repeatedly grown tulips, snowdrops, and other bulbous plants in saucers filled with damp moss, and have thus procured some charming ornaments for the sideboard and breakfast table; but we have never yet attempted to cultivate plants with fibrous roots in this manner. A well-known naturalist has lately directed our attention to a very old book, which contains an account of an extended series of experiments on the growth of all kinds of plants in water. It is entitled, "A Flower Garden for Gentlemen and Ladies; or, the Art of Raising Flowers without Trouble, to Blow in full Perfection in the Depth of Winter, in a Bed-chamber, Closet, or Dining-room." From this strange old book we will take the liberty of making such extracts as are likely to interest the in-door naturalist, to whom we must leave the task of verifying the statements which they contain.

"I flatter myself," says our quaint author, "that the following improvement in the delightful art of gardening, as it has hitherto escaped the thought of the curious, will meet with no unwelcome reception, it being a contrivance to divert the ingenious, in a place and at a time they cannot be otherwise furnished with those pleasing objects of delight; that is, to raise many sorts of flowers in a chamber, in the greatest smoke of London, and in the midst of winter, and to have them blow in full perfection within twelve days of Christmas, as I had myself in the last Christmas past.

"I shall run into no extravagances, and only give the reader what I performed with very little trouble, leaving the improvement thereof to better understandings."

After having described his early experiments, in which he succeeded in raising tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, and other plants in large basins filled with good garden mould, he arrives at the conclusion that earth can be entirely dispensed with, and that the plants may be made to flourish in water alone.

"I resolved to trust to the effects of water only," he continues, "that is, without earth, which would be a much neater and cleanlier way, and might be more acceptable to the curious of the fair sex, who must be highly pleased to see a garden growing, and exposing all the beauties of its spring flowers, with the most delicious perfumes thereof, in their chambers or parlors—a diversion worthy the entertainment of the most ingenious; but yet farther, to bring this to a more profitable use by raising young salads in the same place, and all with very little trouble or charge.

"I bought some dozens of flint tumbler glasses of the Germans, who cut them prettily and sell them cheap. I bought them from whole pints to halves and quarters. These glasses are wide at the top, and are made tapering to the bottom, which renders them very convenient for this use. I likewise bought some glass basins as large as I could get, and took care to choose them also tapering from top to bottom; then I fitted pieces of cork, about half an inch thick, to the inside of the tops of the glasses, which could not sink far in, by reason of the glasses being less all the way from the top to the bottom, as aforesaid. In these corks I cut holes proportional to the roots which I designed to place upon them. Some glasses would hold two roots, some but one, and some three or four. The corks on the basins had many less holes cut in them, in order to place on them a number of smaller roots, which might blow together with the more splendor. Being thus prepared, which was all my charge and trouble that way, my next business was to get the flower roots. A little before Michaelmas I accordingly made a small collection of polyanthus and narcissus roots, several sorts of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, daffs, jonquils, etc., all large blowing roots, or the labor of rearing them would have been lost. These I placed upon the corks in glasses proper to their size, the crocuses on the corks in the basins, that they might, being of various colors, blow together, to make the more pleasing object. Before I placed these dry roots on the corks I filled the glasses and basins only just to the bottom of the corks, so that the bottoms of the bulbs would but just touch the water. My dry roots being thus placed in my windows, some of them even with the pains, others with their tops only even with the bottom of the sash, which, by the way, I kept always shut, because my glasses hindered the opening of the casement; but, doubtless, a little air in very fine weather, when the wind was only in the south or west, and when there was no frost, would have been very advantageous to the plants. I took particular care that no water should be filled up to wet any more than just the bottoms of the bulbous roots; for that would certainly have rotted them, and have destroyed all my hopes.

"In a few days after I had placed my spring flower-roots on the corks over the water they threw out their white fibrous roots strongly into the water, which was a most diverting pleasure to behold. The whole process of that germination (if I may so call it) was visible through the glass. When the glasses were pretty well filled with these fibrous roots—that is, when there were enough to draw sufficient strength for the nourishment of the leaves, stalks, and flowers—the green buds first appeared, which soon shot into leaves, and the stalks with the flower-buds soon followed, all as strong, or, I may say, rather stronger than the garden does afford. They grew so fast, and yet with a full strength, that I had polyanthuses and narcissuses blowing out in perfection before Christmas day, with all their perfection of color and perfume. Several hyacinths followed them in the same manner. The crocuses would have been equally early, but I could not get any roots to my mind till some time after Michaelmas, which occasioned their being later than the rest of their companions. I at last met with the large roots of the great blue crocus, which blows late, and very often not at all. The yellow crocus and the white-striped, or very pale blue, are the forwardest, and the best to be chosen for our use.

"At a time when the gardens are divested of all their beauty this early production will supply the curious ladies with most agreeable perfumes for their chambers and parlors, and with nosegays to adorn their bosoms at Christmas, when they dress their houses with evergreens. It must be remembered that the rooms in which this gardening is carried on must have fires in them every day, as I had in my chamber, which was kept with reasonable warmth all

the day and evening, but not in the night. These exceedingly forward rarities are certainly most grateful to the exterior senses; but this leads me to a more useful fact; namely, that by the same means you can produce, as early as you please, something that may be acceptable to the taste and nourishing to the microcosm, or little world—the body; that is to say, that you can raise fine young salads in the coldest part of winter, in any warm room, as aforesaid, and very near after the same manner."

Our author grows eloquent upon the subject of salads, and speaks lovingly of the virtues of scraped horseradish and young cabbage sprouts, which he added to his chamber-grown luxuries. The pleasures of the table had evidently great attractions for him. One more extract and we have done:—

"All fibrous roots will grow and blow in these glasses, and it is much better for their lasting in bloom than putting cut flowers in flower-pots, which usually decay in four or five days, when those on the glasses will keep blowing for a month. I have had all this Christmas great double daisies, red and white primroses, and striped polyanthuses, in full, fair, and sweet blooms, flourishing upon my glasses in as much perfection as they would have done in the garden in summer; and by this means the chamber garden may be continued all the year round, not to be destroyed by heat or cold, by wind, nor by any inclemency of the air; and these glasses give a full and most delightful view of vegetation in all its progressions. You here behold the great Creator's all-wise directions in the course of nature, and see wonderful things produced from very weak and small beginnings."

We have been much gratified with the perusal of this quaint volume, and we are convinced that the extracts we have selected indicate a fresh and delightful path of study for the indoor naturalist.

THE LITTLE MATCH-MAKER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

I.

"HERE is the summer house, Lucy. Let us go in out of the sunshine, and I will tell you all about it."

"No, cousin. I do so detest being shut up in fine weather. We will sit here under the shade of this old tree. This view of the bay is charming. I can enjoy it and listen to you all the same. Isn't this a splendid tree? A perfect patriarch!"

"But I want your attention, Lucy. It is quite necessary that you should understand how I am situated."

"I am listening, heart and soul. Go ahead."

"You are so abrupt, Lucy, and the subject is so delicate."

"Yes, I know; it is about Dr. Ashleigh."

There was a gentleman in the summer house behind them, so intently engaged in studying a medical work that he had not observed the approach of the young ladies until the mention of his own name aroused him. He laid down the book, and partly rose to join them, when Annie's reply to her cousin put it out of his power to do so without greatly embarrassing her.

"Ah, mamma has told you," she said. "She has set her heart on a marriage between us."

"Yes. I understood her to say that you were engaged to him."

"Engaged! that is not exactly the word; we are not formally engaged, but—"

"But so nearly that it amounts to the same thing. And your mamma, taking into due consideration both his attractions and mine, and the prospect of my spending the summer here, very properly let me understand that he is already appropriated. Very thoughtful of aunty, I am sure. Now, you see, Annie, I can feel quite free with him. He is just the same as married, and married men are the most convenient of beaux. One can accept their attentions with a clear conscience, because they don't expect any return. Your Dr. Ashleigh can ransack your garden to furnish me with bouquets, and it will be all right; I shall not be dreading an offer of marriage if I accept them. Really, Annie, what exquisite carnations you have growing in that bed!"

"How you run on, Lucy! But you don't know mamma at all," said Annie, "if you think she will permit any flirtation here. She only spoke to you because—because—"

"Let me help you. Because of her anxiety for my peace of mind. Many thanks to her. But, cousin, I feel an extraordinary curiosity

in regard to this husband elect. When shall I see him? He boards in your family, does he not?"

"Yes. He is at Groton this afternoon, visiting patients; half of his practice is there, I think. He is at home very little, and is scarcely ever seen in general society. I see so little of him that if it were not for mamma, who understands the ways of gentlemen so well, I should never dream of his having any preference for me; but mamma is sharp-sighted, and it only offends her when I betray my want of discernment."

"Indeed!" Lucy scanned her cousin's face curiously. Its passive expression was a study to her; it was such a contrast to her own impulsive wilfulness.

"Do you always have such a color in your cheeks?" asked Annie, suddenly, whose attention had been arrested by Lucy's earnest looks.

"They are natural roses, coz, but freshest and fairest in the morning. On the whole, I think I will wait till to-morrow before being introduced; there is a great deal in the first impression, you know."

In spite of his awkward position, a broad laugh illumined Dr. Ashleigh's face as he listened perforce to Lucy's plans. Surprised and vexed as he was at discovering the match-making talent of his hostess, Lucy's talent for mischief was proportionately refreshing.

"Let me think," continued the young lady, meditatively. "I have two such exquisite morning-dresses, just made up, that I am perfectly at a loss which to wear. I wore them both last week at sister Sue's, just to try the effect. Everybody said the blue one was charming, suggesting clear skies, violets, and May days; but when I came down in the pink one, the conversation turned at once upon blush roses, delicate sunsets, and acacia blossoms. Why, you look amazed, Annie, dear."

"I didn't know—at least I always thought you didn't care for dress. Mamma thinks that very plain dress is best suited to young girls. She says they need subduing instead of setting off."

"Aunty may think what she pleases; I suit myself, *always*."

"Uncle wrote that if you came to us during his absence in Europe, he should take it kind of mamma if she would advise and watch over you as if you were her own child."

"Did he? Well, he also told me to return to sister Sue's if I were not quite happy here. I have a letter to aunty to that effect. As if, Annie," added Lucy, in a softer tone, as she saw the dismayed expression of her cousin's face, "as if one could be unhappy in this glorious open country. But I want to hear more about this knight of yours. Describe him, please. Is he handsome?"

"Not particularly, I think; but mamma says he is very distinguished looking."

"Ahem! Black eyes?"

"No; I think they are gray."

"Dark hair?"

"Yes, and dark whiskers."

"Figure tall, just a little portly, perhaps, has a broad forehead and a rare, sweet smile, the sweeter because of its rarity?"

"Why, Lucy, who told you?"

Lucy hesitated, and bit her lip. "Of course, coz," she said, "he must have these to correspond with his dignified reserve of manner. No wonder aunty thinks you slow at drawing inferences. But what is his chief charm? Ned Green was handsome, and devoted to you; I remember that you wrote to Sue that you liked him, too."

Annie sighed deeply as she replied: "Yes, Ned was handsomer than Dr. Ashleigh; but mamma discouraged him, and kept him at such a distance that he never dared to propose marriage. He is poor, Lucy, and mamma is determined that I shall make a wealthy match."

"And the doctor is rich?"

"Yes; his father left him fifty thousand dollars, and he has an old maid aunt who is very fond of him. She lives at Cross-Tree, and owns a fine place next the hotel on the bank of the river. He is her heir. Then his practice, which he is devoted to, brings in an ample income independent of his inheritance."

"Quite a catch!"

"So mamma says. At first I felt no interest about it; but I can't help knowing that a marriage with him would give us position and means, and that mamma would be easy, as she never will be till I am settled."

"You spoke of some secret trouble in connection with Dr. Ashleigh—what is it?"

"It troubles mamma more than it does me. I hardly like to mention it to you, because—because, Lucy, you are not very staid in manner; but mamma advised me to tell you everything, and so secure your help. I hope we can depend on you?"

"I am a miracle of discretion, Annie."

Dr. Ashleigh fidgeted nervously in his seat, and looked anxiously around for some way of escape; it seemed so unmanly to listen to a young lady's privacy, even though it related to himself. But there was no help for it, for

the two girls sat on a bench directly in front of the only entrance to the summer house.

"It is two months ago, I think," said Annie, "and only a fortnight after Dr. Ashleigh came here to take Dr. Goodnow's place, that I went into Miss Green's shop to order a bonnet. It was the Neapolitan that I wore to the station to meet you. I was talking to Miss Green about the flowers for the front (I am very particular about the arrangement of my flowers, and the color, too, because my face is a little long, and my complexion delicate). Well, Miss Green and I differed about the flowers; she thought those I preferred were too bright altogether; there was too much contrast, she said. She was quite bold, as, indeed, she always is, and said that I needed some color that would just neutralize the *sallowness* of my complexion. I was nearly angry with her when she called in a young girl from the back shop to confirm her views. 'Miss Hamilton has such taste,' she said. 'Those lovely bonnets that Lawyer Lovell's daughters wore last Sabbath were designed by her.' I was quite taken by surprise, because everybody thought those hats were French. So I thought it might be worth while to hear her opinion. She looked at the bonnet and just glanced at me, and then, taking up a spray of moss-rose buds, twisted them carelessly about some blue flowers, and, pinning them into the bonnet, desired me to step to the mirror and try the effect. They were just the thing, Lucy; it is the most becoming hat I ever wore."

"I observed it; it is very pretty."

"While she was fastening the flowers more securely, I looked at her. I don't think she is handsome, but there is a sort of attraction in her voice and manner that I could not understand; I never saw any one who interested me so much at first sight. Mamma fairly scolded because I confessed as much, and spoke of her inferior position; but in this place, Lucy, we have very few aristocrats, and they would have very little society if they were as exclusive as mamma would like to be. We are poorer than Miss Green, the milliner, and—and I'm sure we should be happier if we had less pride of station." Annie sighed; her thoughts were evidently straying from the subject in hand.

"You have forgotten the young milliner, Annie," said Lucy, quietly; she began to understand her cousin. "Who is she?"

"She is an orphan, Miss Green told me. I could not keep my eyes away from her. She seemed quite uninterested in our conversation, though we gossiped about everybody in Manville, I think. At last Miss Green asked the name of the new doctor. As soon as I mentioned it the work dropped from Miss Hamilton's hands, and her face lighted up with an eager expression that made her positively beautiful. 'Do you mean Dr. Lewis Ashleigh? Is he from Philadelphia?' she asked, hurriedly. 'That is his name, and he came from Philadelphia,' I answered, rather coldly. I could not account for her emotion. I could see that she struggled to control herself, but it would not do, for at last she burst into tears and trembled so that Miss Green was obliged to finish the trimming and allow her to retire."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, compassionately.

"I inquired about her, of course," continued Annie, "but I only learned that she is an orphan, well born and thoroughly educated, and that she is educating her brother with her own earnings. Very noble in her, I think, though mamma thinks differently. She plays the organ at St. John's; we often hear about the charming music there. The doctor is an Episcopalian, but out of courtesy to us has accompanied us when he has had leisure to attend church at all. But mamma is quite miserable every Sunday, and makes me so too, lest he should go to St. John's. I think the doctor and Miss Hamilton have not met."

"And you prefer that they should not until your own affairs are quite settled."

"It's not my plan, Lucy. You look as if you thought I was foolish to allow another to plan for me; but indeed, cousin, I am not to blame. Now, if I had consulted my own judgment, I should not have told you a word of this, but mamma insisted; she says that if you are a bit like Cousin Sue, you will be a valuable help."

"But I am not like Sue. I will keep your secret, Annie, but I am not going to help you. And this young organist, Miss—what did you call her?"

"Hamilton—Ada Hamilton, I think."

"I will write to Sue to inquire about her. If she, too, came from Philadelphia, we shall get her history, for Sue knows everybody in the city. But I think, from your description of the doctor, that I shall like him myself. Don't look so vexed, coz."

"Mamma should have told you herself," said Annie, in a quick, short manner that showed her misgivings. "You are so wild, Lucy. But come, let us go in. You had better be introduced to-night."

"Horrors! Without the advantages of either of those loves of dresses? Impossible!"

"I think," said Annie, with great simplicity, "that you are teazing me. Your sister wrote that you did not care enough for dress. But she didn't write how much you were changed; you were quite a plain child, Lucy."

"But now," said Lucy, stretching up her arms as high as she could, and laughing merrily, "*now* I am a beauty, and aunty did not know it. Is she particularly pleased about it? Only think, cousin—a beauty!"

"No, you 're not a beauty, but prettier than we thought. There, take your shawl. It is nearly sunset; the doctor will soon return."

The doctor was only too glad to listen to their retreating footsteps and to escape from his confinement. He had studied to advantage, it seemed, for he was a far wiser man than when he entered the arbor. He laughed outright at the thought of Miss Lucy's questionable assistance in this match-making. She was no stranger to him. He had known her for the very mischief she was ever since she wore short frocks and pinafores. That she was a relation of his hostess he had not known until the reception of a letter from her father, two days previous. He was not at all sorry that the place was to be enlivened by her presence. But his heart beat quicker as he thought of the young milliner. "Hamilton! I do not recollect the name. Yet surely no stranger would have manifested such an interest in me. I will go to St. John's next Sabbath, and see her for myself." He had been walking rapidly down the hill back of the house, but now turned, and re-entered the garden by another path. "I hope Lucy will conclude to keep out of sight to-night, for I fear it will be impossible to meet her as a stranger. The witch! To think of her getting up a flirtation with me! I only wish that Frank Adams, the gypsy's own betrothed, had been with me in that summer house."

II.

Dr. Ashleigh was nearly thirty years old at the time our story commences. He had been left an orphan early in life, but had scarcely felt the deprivation, for his only sister, then but fourteen years of age, had supplied the place of his mother with a thoughtful care and devotion beyond her years. At nineteen she had married, but this had made no difference in her relation to him, for Lawyer Stanly was one of nature's noblemen, and a large share in his affections was given to the young brother whose intellectual superiority to the lads about him added a peculiar charm to the home circle. Nothing that could benefit his young charge was neglected, and it was with feelings akin to a father's pride that he watched the development of those manly and generous traits of character that so easily in after years won the entire confidence of the patient sufferer from disease and the blessing of many who were ready to perish.

Just opposite Lawyer Stanly's house was the residence of Mr. Seaton. The two families had always been intimate, but the friendship was cemented more closely than ever soon after the lawyer's marriage, by the union of his brother with Susan Seaton, the sister of Lucy, and their subsequent residence in her father's house. Lucy was then a little fairy of four summers. She was the spoiled pet of both families, and especially of the boy-student. It was his delight on his return at night from the academy, to forget for the time his studies and fatigue in a game of romps with the little one. She was never tired or out of humor. If he came in early or late she was always ready for him, and even then her capacity for fun seemed inexhaustible. Older persons looked on and prophesied a closer union by and by, in spite of the disparity in age. But the years passed on and revealed no perceptible change in their relation to each other. When, after an absence of three years to study his profession in Paris, the Doctor returned to find Lucy just entering upon the glories of young ladyhood, the old prophecies were renewed, and the relations on both sides began to hope for the fulfilment of the general belief. But months and then years passed by, and the despairing gossips voted Dr. Ashleigh an incorrigible bachelor, and Lucy a pretty coquette. Old Mr. Seaton still held on to his long cherished plan. Even when Lucy burst into the library one morning with the sudden intelligence that she had engaged herself to a young man of undoubted worth and position in society, and only waited for his sanction to become the happiest little Lucy in the universe, he still clung to his old project, and reproached her in sterner language than he had ever used to her before, for her wilful indifference to his wishes.

"You will repent of it. You and Lewis both are as blind as bats. I 'm sure you love each other. As for this Frank Adams, he is well enough; but you will tire of each other before the honeymoon is over."

"O papa!"

"Lewis is so wise and good. He 's just the person to manage you properly."

"But I don't want to be managed, papa."

"Very likely. But you need managing, nevertheless. I hoped to see you well married before I left for Europe."

"But listen a moment, papa."

"No, not a second. I am going to send you out to your Aunt Seaton's, where Lewis is living. When I come back, if you and young Adams are not sick of this nonsense, it will be time enough to attend to it."

This was the first of a dozen conversations on the same subject, each ending with the declaration that she was to spend six months in the country without once seeing her lover. "It will test the constancy of you both," said the disappointed old man.

Young Frank Adams thought it very natural that Lucy should find the trammels of genteel society irksome, but he did not relish her enthusiasm in regard to country life. Any sort of life that separated them he thought was hardly worth having, and his inward comments on the old gentleman's arrangements were hardly in keeping with the filial position in his family that he was so desirous to fill. The six months of probation looked a long time to him, and it vexed him to hear Lucy planning country recreations enough to occupy a lifetime.

"Do you know, Frank," she asked, on the very night previous to her leaving home, when he really felt that she ought to be bathed in tears of regret at the prospect of so long a separation from himself—"do you know that I feel quite impatient to see Lewis? I shall ride with him all over the country and explore every nook within ten miles."

"And charm him, no doubt, out of all his notions of bachelor life."

"I wish I could. Don't be disagreeable, Frank. You know Lewis is like a brother to me. We have always loved each other."

"You have? Well, you are candid enough to own it, I am glad to see. I suppose he is ready to make a similar confession."

"I don't know about that. It is a little different with him. He is older, so of course he has not the respect for me that I feel for him. I am only a child to him."

"He will not be slow in discovering that you are past your childhood, and then we shall see."

"Do you remember, Frank," asked Lucy, without heeding his last remark, "how he helped that poor lady and her daughter at Hallock's hotel? They were strangers, and had lost all their money, and the brutal landlord would have turned them out if Lewis had not happened to be there. I don't believe," said Lucy, emphatically, "there ever was another man so good, so perfect every way, as Lewis."

"You are very complimentary, Lucy, to the rest of the sex." Frank began to bite his finger nails nervously.

"I declare," said Lucy, opening her eyes with well acted astonishment, "I believe you are going to be cross. Our last evening together too, for ever so long. I wonder at you." And the sly little teaze nestled close to his side and looked up wistfully into his face. It was impossible to be angry with her, but the slightly jealous feeling still remained.

"Well, dear," he answered, "it is not very pleasant to come here hoping to have you all to myself, and then to hear your raptures because you are going to enjoy the society of another even though he be the best man of the two. You are spoiling that fan, Lucy."

She threw it down carelessly, and took up his gloves which were on the sofa by his side.

"Now, my pet, I like Lewis, and I know how noble he is, but I want you to love me instead of him."

He smiled as he took his gloves from the busy fingers already engaged in unravelling the silk.

"Well, don't I! Can't you see the difference? He is my brother, my friend, my everything, almost," said Lucy, at a loss how to describe his relation to her; "but I should be frightened to death if I thought of being his wife. He is so dignified, so grave, so every way above me. Don't you understand?"

"Yes." Frank laughed at the implied idea of his own equality with the fair speaker. He was very well satisfied with this view of the subject.

"Well, then," continued Lucy, "you need not get so hot and uncomfortable if I do mean to enjoy this visit to the country. Why, I have never been out of the city except when we have left it awhile to be fashionable in a crowd somewhere. I would rather not go at all. Now I shall be free. I don't mean to dress fashionably once while I am gone. I hope the word 'fashion' will not be uttered in my hearing."

"You will find time to answer all my letters, will you not?"

"I will keep a journal for you, Frank. I will write in it every night, and send it once a week."

"Besides letters?"

"I can't write letters. They are so humdrum."

"I shall want to hear from you oftener than once a week. You will want me to write oftener than that, I hope."

"Every day, Frank, every day. I will never forgive you if you miss once." For want of other employment she had been twisting his dark hair around her fingers, and now in her sudden earnestness gave his locks such a pull that he was fain to imprison the mischievous hands within his own.

"Perhaps your aunt will object to our correspondence, Lucy, or feel it her duty to inspect it."

"She will not dare. Why, papa never does that."

"She may think you need restraining a little."

"Do *you* think so, Frank?" looking full into his eyes as she spoke.

"No, darling. I like to see you free and natural. But your aunt may think differently, and if your father insists on your remaining there you may be unhappy, even though Lewis be there. Is your aunt so very precise as Mrs. Stanly represents her?"

"Let go my hand, Frank. I have something to show you. See here!" Lucy held up a bit of paper, and clapped her hands gleefully. "Papa has relented at last. On this last evening he could not refuse me. He wrote this just before you came."

It was a note to Mrs. John Seaton, desiring her to allow his daughter to return home at any time if she were not contented.

"They are poor but very proud, Frank. I heard papa telling Sue that aunty excused herself for proposing an exorbitant price for my board, because she wants to give Cousin Annie a decent outfit on her approaching marriage. I thought till then, and papa and Sue wish me still to think, that I am only to visit my aunt. But I am to be a boarder, and I got this bit of paper on purpose to frighten aunty with. Let her attempt to control me now, if she likes."

"You will not stay six months, Lucy, with that paper in your hands."

"We shall see. But what are you laughing at?"

"At your diplomacy, my little intriguer. I shall not fear in regard to you after this. But what shall I do while you are away? I shall be entirely at a loss how to dispose of myself. I might visit Nellie Brown, perhaps, or that pretty little witch, Bessie Fry. Why, Lucy, darling, what is the matter? Of course you know that I am in jest. Indeed, Lucy, I shall not easily forgive myself if my careless talk has caused you these tears."

But the little schemer was not easily soothed. The bare idea of a flirtation on his part was too serious a thought, and all the old protestations of deathless love and fidelity had to be renewed ere full confidence could be restored. And then he was sent home with fresh praises of Lewis Ashleigh ringing in his ears, and the prospect of a long and undisturbed intercourse between his friend and his capricious betrothed.

III.

Dr. Ashleigh was somewhat relieved on learning from Mrs. Seaton at the tea-table that her niece was too much fatigued by her journey to appear. He made some common-place inquiries in regard to her, and mentioned incidentally that he had received a letter from the young lady's father with whom he was somewhat acquainted, requesting him, in consideration of her youth and rather hoydenish habits, to take charge of her, if possible, in any excursions that she chose to make, and to see, especially, that she did not neglect her music and drawing.

Mrs. Seaton gave her daughter a side look of dismay that was very easily interpreted by the Doctor after his lesson in the summer house.

"I am afraid," she remarked uneasily, "you will find your mission rather burdensome."

"Very likely."

"She is quite a child, sir. And rather headstrong too, I fear. Why, sir, she had hardly entered the house before she took Annie, as delicate as the dear girl is, a long walk in the woods. She climbed rocks, and trees too, Annie says, as quick as a squirrel. And just now when I remonstrated with her, she sat down on the floor in her room and laughed like a great ploughboy."

"Extraordinary! No wonder my old friend wished me to take care of her."

"But you have no leisure. Brother Henry is very unreasonable to expect you to watch over such a spoilt child."

"She can accompany me in my rides to my patients," replied the Doctor. "If that don't work off some of her surplus energy, she is stronger than I am."

"But really, doctor, I cannot let her become troublesome to you. I prefer—"

A succession of heavy thumps in the room above them, followed by peals of merry laughter, interrupted her.

"It is Lucy, mamma," said Annie. "And she is in your room, doctor. What can it mean?"

Another crash and another burst of merriment soon took Mrs. Seaton and Annie to the field of action. The doors and windows were all open to admit the summer air, so the doctor had no occasion to move from his chair to learn the cause of the commotion.

"Why, Lucy Seaton!"—the lady's tone told her indignant astonishment—"what *are* you doing?"

"It's these books, aunty. See, I've upset the table, and here are boxes, and bottles, and powders, and pills, mixed in with the books and papers in such comical confusion! And the more I pick them up the more they roll about. They are as slippery as eels," said Lucy, bursting into a fresh laugh as the armful of books that her aunt had collected fell from her hands with a crash. "There! I told you so; they won't stay picked up."

"Lucy Seaton, I should be glad to know what business you have in this room."

"Business? Why, none in particular. I wanted to write, and my desk is not unpacked, so I came in here for the materials. I got paper, pens, and envelope out of that lower drawer, and a postage stamp from that box, and was reaching to that shelf for ink when this old rickety table gave out. I was standing on it, you see, but it wasn't high enough, so I just stepped on that big lexicon, and the whole concern went over. Did you hear it, aunty?"

"Hear it, child! Do you think I shall allow you to go into any of the rooms and overhaul the things in it according to your pleasure? Do you think the doctor will thank you for examining his drawers and boxes?"

"I did not do it for his accommodation, aunty."

"Turn round a little, if you please. Well, Miss Lucy, your dress is covered with ink, and quite spoilt, of course. That will be a lesson to you, I hope, and keep you from meddling with other people's affairs."

Lucy began to understand that her aunt was seriously angry, so she wiped her eyes, still sparkling with mischief, and answered, coaxingly: "Never mind the dress, aunty; I do not care at all about it. Is it not fortunate that the ink has soiled nothing else? And I have plenty of time to put all right again if Dr. Ashleigh will only come and tell where the old trash belongs. Call him, if you please, aunty, so that he can bottle up some of these drugs. They *do* smell abominably."

The doctor's step on the stairs prevented the wrathful reply that Mrs. Seaton was on the point of uttering. "But I'll risk him, so far as she is concerned, after this," was her mental conclusion, and his grave face, which he had forced himself to assume for the occasion, seemed to warrant her inference as he paused at the open door. "A fine opportunity to introduce them," was her next amiable thought, and the sense of Lucy's awkward plight made her voice almost gracious as she spoke: "Dr. Ashleigh, my niece, Miss Lucy Seaton."

Lucy looked up quickly, like a child sure of forgiveness; but the gravity of his face deceived her, and the mirthful expression faded quickly from her animated countenance. Had she really offended him, when she had been so anxious to see him again? He had always understood her, and when others had reproved and misconstrued her actions he had been her champion. Never, in all her acquaintance with him, had she met that stern, grave look before. She could not bear it now; her lips quivered; child of impulse that she was, she could not control her feelings, and though a second glance assured her that he was more amused than vexed with her, she burst into a fit of hysteric weeping, and, darting past him like an arrow, shut herself in her own room."

"What shall I do with her?" asked Mrs. Seaton, in dismay. "She is completely spoilt. I can't have such confusion and disorder in my house; she must be subdued."

"I will take her with me to Groton in the morning; it is a long ride, and will give me time to reason with her. She is tired to-night, and probably a little nervous."

"She deserves a good scolding. I shall feel obliged to talk very plainly with her myself. Just look at your room."

"If you please, I will arrange these things myself. No one else can place them conveniently."

"It is a shame for you to have so much trouble, doctor. I am very sorry. You look fatigued now."

"I was up all last night, with old Joseph Snow. I shall go to bed early, so you will excuse me if I do not come down again, and take this opportunity of wishing yourself and Miss Annie good-night."

He held the door open for them to pass out, and though Mrs. Seaton had not half relieved her mind in regard to Lucy, she could make no excuse for remaining longer. But when she again took her seat at the tea-table, the restrained anger found vent. Annie, though

accustomed to her mother's way of speaking, was surprised at the intensity of her feelings.

"She needs breaking in as much as John Tuttle's ugly colt, and she will get it, too. Six months from to-day she 'll be a different person. If I do nothing else while Henry is gone, I 'll subdue her."

"But, mamma," said Annie, "she will not stay if she can't be her own mistress."

"What?"

"She has her father's written permission to go home when she pleases, and if she is not treated as a guest, she will please to go very soon. I mentioned it, mamma, because you seemed to attach so much importance to what you would get for her board."

Mrs. Seaton's anger cooled down rapidly before this new aspect of things. "I wouldn't care so much," she said, "if Henry had not given the doctor a sort of charge over her. She is very pretty, Annie."

"But such a child, mamma. I don't think there is any danger."

"I shall watch them, nevertheless. There is no danger unless she becomes more womanly. I can send her home if she does. You are right, Annie, in supposing that we must treat her courteously. The saucy minx! I thought she was to be wholly in my power for six months at least. I should like to train her. We will remove the dishes, if you have finished, Annie."

(Conclusion next month.)

THE WINDS.—A CHORUS.

BY S. T.

We are the Winds that, in mischievous mirth,
Frolic around the troubled earth;
We whistle along in the hollow creek,
Or the mountain's highest crag we seek:
For we are lightsome and formless things,
Borne on our own invisible wings
We care not for rock—we care not for dell—
There 's naught in the world can live so well;
There 's not a spot in the world so wide,
That man or his art from us can hide:
In at the casement or through the gate,
With our wild success for ever elate;
Over the turret—along the court-yard,
Excelling the speed of the nimble pard:
No bird can follow our swift career;
No sooner we 're there than again we 're here.
Among the trees on a moonlit night,
Where lovers are met, their love to plight,
We witness their vows, with a moan and a shriek,
Kissing the bloom from the damsel's cheek;
Then the dainty youth round his maiden fair
His mantle spreads, that the midnight air
Which blows so cold and whistles so shrill,
May bring his lady-love no ill.
But we heed not the cloak nor the lover's care,
And wildly play with her flowing hair:
Then like a streamlet, golden and bright,
It flashes and waves in the pale moonlight.
Then off we bound to the dungeon lone,
Where the prisoner sighs 'twixt walls of stone;
We scatter all warmth from his gloomy cell,
And ring in his ears his own death knell.
Then up and way to the rich man's couch,
Where smiling menials cringe and crouch:
Let the damask curtains be ne'er so stout—
Nor curtain nor damask can keep us out.
And the fire burns with a fiercer glow,
As up the chimney we leap and blow:
The languid sick their faint heads turn,
As we scatter perfume from a half-closed urn.
But death and disease oft follow our flight,
And pestilence covers the world with blight:
Then mansion and cottage are empty and lone,
And we speed o'er new graves with a hollow moan.
We carry the cannon's roar over the hills,
Or play with the murmur of rippling rills—
The agony-shriek of the murdered man,
Or the tramp of the desert caravan.
We carry the trumpet's victorious blast
To the bleeding warrior breathing his last;
In the ears of the conquered, flying the plain,
We rattle its note again and again;
Broadly displaying the pennons gay,
That tell who vanquished their bright array:
Colors bedabbled, like Victory's flush,
With slaughterous Glory's blood-red blush.
The dust and smoke we whirl on high,
Hiding the light from the victim's eye,
When he feels how glory is ebbing away
In the stream that deserts his helpless clay.
With vessels at sea we play our mad pranks,
While the waves rend open their creaking planks;
We burst and crack their feeble sails,
And bear to the shore the drowner's wails.
Yet we take sweet odors from summer-flowers,
Diffusing them gaily through ladies' bowers;
And tones of music, or lover's sighs,
We carry to those that their beauty prize.
Though never seen, we are known by all—
By young and old, and great and small,
By beast and bird, on rock or wave;
We howl with the fearful, and laugh with the brave,
And whether for good, or whether for ill,
We obey no law but as God may will:
And so in wild glee, by land or sea,
We 'll gambol to all eternity.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

Every scheme of happiness must needs be imperfect that does not embrace the three incidents of wife, home, and children.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

MRS. MANN'S "ZOU-ZOU."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"Now, what are the fashions?" asked Mrs. Allison, in an eager, interested sort of way.

Little Mrs. Mann had been to Boston on a shopping-trip; and, upon her return, her lively neighbor had run in to take an inventory of the newest styles brought from the city.

The little lady interrogated drew herself up with a half patronizing air, and plunged deep into the complexities of her crochet-work and her subject; for Mrs. Mann was the oracle *par excellence*, and led *la mode* in the pleasant town of Wheaton.

"The *fashions?* Oh, everything is worn! You can't be out of style, Mrs. Allison—that is, in dress goods; for stripes and set figures are worn as much as ever. But bonnets—they 've changed. They 're ever so much larger, with a decided point over the forehead, and cap crowns. I saw hosts of them in the milliner's stores, and they do look so odd!"

"Well, I always liked the soft crowns. They were fashionable seven years ago, when I was married. I remember, I had a dove-colored silk, and everybody said it was a beauty. And they 're so becoming to *some* figures—a person with a long neck; though any one that 's *dumpy* don't look well in one. What do they wear for shawls, this spring, Mrs. Mann?"

"Oh, shawls have all gone by! Nobody is buying new ones. *Zou-zous* are all the rage!" answered the little lady.

"What 's a *Zou-zou?*" exclaimed Mrs. Allison, eagerly, in a tone of delight, for the questioner was never more gratified than when on the scent of novelty. "That 's something new, isn't it?"

"Yes, altogether!"

Mrs. Mann arose; went to a drawer of the secretary in her sitting-room, from whence she produced a paper pattern, which she unfolded with as much mysterious *empressment* as though it were a draught of the plan of operations of McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula.

"Yes, it 's entirely new, Mrs. Allison. You mustn't mention it to a living soul. This pattern came from Madame Demorest's; and there isn't another in town yet; and I want to get my garment made before they have the styles down here. I wouldn't show it to any one but you for the world; for I do dislike to have anything that is worn by everybody. It 's the prettiest and most stylish garment they 've had for a great many seasons."

"But what *is* it? A sort of short sack?" asked Mrs. Allison, turning over the jaunty pattern of white tissue paper with the air of a connoisseur. "How small it is!"

"Yes, a short French sack. Here 's the place for the pockets; and the jacket sleeves are to be trimmed with a deep cuff and buttons," and Mrs. Mann pointed to the pattern marks. "And the beauty of it is, that it is short. I 'm so tired of those long cloaks and circulars! You don't know how pretty these are, Mrs. Allison. I saw some half dozen on Washington Street, and any quantity at Hovey's and Warren's. The season was rather early when I was in Boston, you know, but a week or two of spring weather will bring out the styles, and Boston will be full of them."

"Well, I do think I shall admire this!" said Mrs. Allison. "*I* want something new; thought of having one of those pretty black and white plaid shawls; but then, if this is more *stylish*—" she added, hesitatingly.

"Oh, they 'll be worn exclusively, I assure you! The largest houses are having them manufactured by hundreds. Nobody was buying shawls; and these *Zou-zous* are made of every variety of material—French cloaking, gray flannel, black ladies' cloth, and everything!" persisted Mrs. Mann, volubly. "Don't tell, and I 'll show you *mine!*" and she approached the secretary.

"Oh, not for the world!" replied Mrs. Allison, her invariable reply to a request of secrecy, which she would be sure to forswear to her next female companion. "As you say, Mrs. Mann, I don't like for everyone to know what I have new before I hardly know it myself. Oh, that is a beauty! Where did you get it—and how much?" lifting her hands in rapture at a pretty plaid that Mrs. Mann took from the drawer and unrolled before her.

"Yes, I think it 's neat," replied the little lady, in modest triumph, as she shook out the soft folds of the really desirable goods, for it was not to be denied that Mrs. Mann possessed excellent taste, and put to the best possible use the contents of the well-filled porte-monnaie which her indulgent husband furnished

her on her semi-yearly shopping excursions to "the hub" of bargains—to wit, old Boston.

"And I thought it would be a good idea to have a suit alike—dress and Zou-zou. They 'll do for street wear; and then, if one takes a journey, it 's just what is needed. I think this will be very serviceable; it 's goat's hair and linen, and very firm. It was five shillings, and came from Hovey's."

"Yes, it *is* a good article. I admire your taste, Mrs. Mann. But these Zou-zous—I know they must be the prettiest things worn for many a day. When are you going to have yours made?—I 'm impatient to see it," asked Mrs. Allison, recurring to the pattern.

"I have Miss Fitwell engaged for next week."

"Well, I sha'n't rest till I see how it looks. By the way, I wonder how much it takes to cut one? Not more than three yards, I should say"—holding up the pattern. "Why couldn't one cut over a garment into this?" she exclaimed, an idea striking her. "There 's my ladies' cloth circular, good as ever, but I 'm tired of it."

"Why, yes, it would be just the thing," replied little Mrs. Mann, favorably impressed with the suggestion. "It only takes two and a half yards, double width, they told me. You *could* get out one, I 'm confident."

"Now, if I only had the pattern. I wonder if I couldn't send up to Madame Demorest for it?"

Little Mrs. Mann knew at once that this was an indirect way of asking for hers, for the same thing had occurred before, and though she had been congratulating herself secretly on "setting the fashion" in Wheaton, she was really too kind-hearted to refuse.

"I will loan you mine with pleasure, to cut it by, only don't *show* it, Mrs. Allison," she said.

"Oh, thank you! If you 'd just as lieve! And I 'll send it right back by Allie. Of course I wouldn't let the neighbors know for the world, for the Bond girls, and Ellen Streeter, and Kate Houston would be having them immediately. You and I will get in advance of Wheaton this time, Mrs. Mann." And she folded up the pattern and rose.

Five minutes later Mrs. Allison was in her own sitting-room, with the cape in question spread on the table before her, and the pattern of the new garment upon it. "It 'll come out nicely," she said, in triumph. "Just as well as a new cloth, for this has been worn so very little. Now, I 'll rip and press it out, and if I 'm industrious, I 'll have it done by Sunday. How fortunate that I ran in to Mrs. Mann's! She always brings such pretty fashions, and is *so* obliging!" And her busy finger kept pace with her tongue, as she caught up the scissors and commenced ripping the cape, while thoughts of the glances that would be cast toward her pew when she appeared at church next Sabbath flitted through her mind, for lively Mrs. Allison was a famous manager, and often made "auld clothes look a'maist as weel as new," and, by dint of good taste, and altering, and turning, appeared far better dressed than many of her acquaintances upon whose wardrobe was expended twice or thrice the money she indulged herself in. Three days passed, during which Mrs. Allison scarcely crossed her threshold, but sat at home, stitching and pressing, and when Saturday came, she surveyed the completed garment with great satisfaction, then hung it in her clothes-press to await its advent the next morning.

"There won't be one like it in church, or in town either," she said, triumphantly, "and is such a decided change from the old style cloaks and capes that it 'll pass for something entirely new." Nothing pleased Mrs. Allison better than "to lead," be it in having the start of the news or a novel fashion. "But it 's sort of queer that Mrs. Mann should go to Boston, and I should stay at home, yet get in advance of her," she said, with a smile, as she shut the closet door.

Sunday morning was never fairer—a pleasant day in April; and when the bell had tolled and "set," and the minister was turning the leaves of the book, preparatory to giving out the first hymn, there was a very perceptible rustle of silk skirts, and Mrs. Allison swept up the middle aisle to her pew. Policy and pride had prompted her tardiness that morning, and it was with quite a conscious flush of gratification that she shook out her flounces and subsided on the pew cushions, confident that half the eyes of the female portion of the congregation had been turned toward her on her ingress. No conqueror, with his laurels fresh on his brow, was ever more delighted than Mrs. Allison.

It was a brilliant sermon the pastor of Wheaton church preached that morning; the choir sang a new anthem, and a finer "voluntary" than usual rolled from the keys of the organ; and the prayer for "the congregation," "the parish," "the town," "the nation," "the soldiers in camp or field," "the President and his Cabinet," "the heathen in the distant East and islands of the sea," and, lastly, for "the whole world," was a very fervent appeal, and

the male portion of the audience rendered as devout attention as ever; but—alas, that I must record it for the sake of truth in this narrative!—neither the spiritual needs of the world or the temporal ones of the Union army received a tithe of the notice from the bonneted part of Parson Primrose's congregation that Mrs. Allison's new Zou-zou did.

"Did you see Mrs. Allison?" asked Julia Bond of her sister, as they descended the meeting-house steps after service.

"Yes, and I do believe she had one of those new sacks Cousin Anna wrote us were going to be so fashionable. We must call on her to-morrow, and she 'll show it to us, and perhaps lend us the pattern. She 's very obliging," replied Sarah.

"Maria," said Mr. Mann, entering his sitting-room, that noon, where his wife, who had been kept at home by a sick headache, lay on the lounge, "Maria, your friend, Mrs. Allison, wore a *monkey-jacket* to church this morning, and was the observed of all the congregation."

"Wore a *what*, Charles? Mrs. Allison wore *what?*" asked the little woman, looking up in astonishment.

"I say she had on a regular little short monkey-jacket, made of black cloth, and coming just below the waist," he persisted.

"Why, Charles, it 's a *Zou-zou!*—the new fashion they are wearing in Boston," said Mrs. Mann, adding in a half vexed *sotto-voce* tone: "That 's why she 's stayed at home so close since she was in here—to finish it to appear out in to-day."

"A new fashion, I should think! You can't imagine what a queer pinched-up appearance it made. She reminded me of the old lady in Mother Goose, who went to market to sell her eggs, and came home with her dry-goods shortened," said Mr. Mann, laughing. "I hope you aren't going to have one of those things, Maria?"

"Most certainly I am," replied Maria. "I got the material in Boston, and it 's *my* pattern Mrs. Allison borrowed to make hers from. How that woman must have worked to have finished it!" she added, a little tartly.

"Oho! Mrs. Allison got ahead of your time, I see," said Mr. Mann, jocosely. "She 's bound to be the first at anything or anywhere. But there 's *one* thing about this new monkey-jacket affair to recommend it, Maria—it don't take much cloth to cut it; and, now you say hoops are going out of fashion, of course it won't cost half the money to dress the ladies as of old. And, while we 're talking 'fashions' (very profitable discourse of a *Sunday*), I must not forget to tell you, Maria, that Mrs. Morning-Bloom was out in the biggest kind of a blue bonnet, that was drawn way over her face like a coal-scuttle, and held a whole flower-garden inside of it. I couldn't help noticing it, you see, for it was right between my eyes and Parson Primrose; and, move as I would, up the pew and down the pew I couldn't get round that long bonnet."

"Was it a *cap* crown, Charles?"

The question was put rather faintly, for poor Mrs. Mann inwardly groaned. In a bandbox in her chamber was a new spring hat she had brought from Boston, a hat she hadn't even shown to Mrs. Allison in her determination to have at least one article of dress which that lady should not copy. And now, what if Mrs. Morning-Bloom had out-generalled her?

"I didn't see any cap or crown either, Maria. It was all fore-part," answered Mr. Mann, "just like a coal-scuttle, as I said."

The little woman inly consoled herself with the thought that a crown of the new style would not have escaped the eyes of her husband, who prided himself upon being quite a *connoisseur* in ladies' wearing gear, and she sank back upon the lounge with the mental decision that if both Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Morning-Bloom had electrified the church-going Wheatonites *that* day because of her unfortunate illness, on the *next* Sabbath *she* would furnish a grand *coup d'œil* for their astonished eyes in both new Zou-zou and bonnet.

Monday afternoon came. Mrs. Allison's washing fluttered in white clouds from the lines in her yard; and, just as that lady had descended to her sitting-room in a neat and becoming dress, she heard the peal of her front bell, and opened the door to greet Sarah and Julia Bond, two pretty young girls of the neighborhood.

After pleasant greetings and a warm "*Do* come in," and "Now, take your things right off" (said "things" being two black basquines and two rose sublime and white clouds tied over glossy brown braids), to which latter request two "No, I thank yous," were quickly returned, Miss Sarah, the eldest, opened the object of their visit:—

"Oh, Mrs. Allison, you don't know how stylish you looked at church yesterday! I do admire your new sack, and I wonder if it isn't the same Cousin Anna wrote us about from New York?"

Mrs. Allison flushed, and looked pleased

under this touch of flattery. That was her weak point; she was easily flattered.

"I dare say, Sarah. You know they get the fashions in New York earlier than they do in Boston, though mine was the first pattern that came from Madame Demorest's." (She quite forgot to say that Mrs. Mann bought it.) "These Zou-zous *are* a stylish garment, I think, and something so entirely new."

"Zou-zous! There! I couldn't remember the name," said Sarah Bond, quickly. (She, also, forgot to add that she never had heard it before.) "But I *did* admire yours, and I saw half the congregation eying you, and I told Julia we 'd call over and I knew you 'd be willing to let us see it. You *do* have such pretty things, Mrs. Allison."

"Oh, certainly," echoed the lady, quite won by this further flattery; "I 'll bring it down." And she started for up stairs.

As she took the garment from its peg in the closet, Mrs. Mann's warning—"Don't show it," flashed across her mind; but she hesitated only a moment. "It isn't showing *her* pattern, for I sent *that* home as soon as I cut mine out," she said, by way of reconciling herself. "But I 'll only show mine to the Bond girls; they 're so pleasant and agreeable I should dislike to refuse them, and I 'm so intimate with them, too."

The garment was taken to the sitting-room, and pounced upon by the two young ladies in quest of the newest fashion, and pronounced "sweet," and "stylish," and "neat," in one breath.

"Try it on, Sarah! I should like to see how *you* look in it?" said Mrs. Allison, propitiated still further by their praises. "Now, isn't that becoming, Julia?" she asked, turning round the eldest sister, who had donned the garment, like a lay figure. "Becoming—and *so* stylish?"

Miss Julia coincided.

"I never saw *you* look so well in anything, Mrs. Allison!" said Sarah, turning round and round before the mirror. "If I only looked as well in it!"

That was her *coup d'état*—a master-stroke of policy.

"Now, girls, I 'll tell you what you can do!" said Mrs. Allison, very confidentially and patronizingly. "You can cut over your basquines, and come out with new Zou-zous. You never would believe that mine was made of that cloth circular I had last year? but it was; and yet it is just as good as a new one right from the web!"

"Oh, do you believe we could cut our basquines over?" asked Sarah, with animation.

"Certainly, my dear!" replied Mrs. Allison, expanding with patronizing and her subject. "There 'll be enough come off at the sides for the sleeves and collars; they 'll do just as well as new, and nobody 'll know, unless you tell them. And, if you 'll never mention it in the world, I 'll lend you my pattern. You can say, if any body asks you, 'it came from Madame Demorest's,' you know!"

"Oh, we 're ever so much obliged! We didn't think to borrow it!" said Miss Sarah. "You are so kind, Mrs. Allison!"

"There, don't say a word, nor refer anybody to me, my dear!" replied Mrs. Allison, benevolently producing the pattern. "You can cut one by it, and return mine. Don't hurry, girls!"

"Oh, we must! We only called in a moment," echoed both, rising. "Do come in!"

"Oh, I shall be running in to see how you get along with your Zou-zous! Good afternoon!" replied Mrs. Allison, as the twain departed.

"I knew we could get the pattern of her," said Sarah Bond, as they gained the side-walk. "Well, if hers was got out of that old cape—I never 'd have told of it—*we* can have far handsomer ones, for our basquines are heavier cloth. I shall let Kate Houston have the pattern, Jule; she can cut over that gray circular of hers."

"But you know Mrs. Allison charged you not to lend it, Sarah!" said Julia.

"Oh, I don't intend to lend *her* pattern; but I can do as I please with my own! Of course I wouldn't let *everybody* have it—but Kate 's got a new Zouave jacket pattern that I want, and I 'll exchange with her."

Mrs. Allison's conscience smote her a little after her callers departed.

"But, there, Mrs. Mann never 'll know but the Bond girls' cousin Anna sent them the pattern. I charged them not to mention me!" And thus she dismissed the subject.

Poor little Mrs. Mann! The fatal sisters who hold the warp and woof of events in their hands, plying the shuttle that weaves the web of destiny, seemed inexplicably unkind to the poor little lady. Her sick headache continued two days beyond the Sabbath; and then, when she had recovered, Miss Fitwell, the popular Wheaton dressmaker, fell sick also, so crowded was she with over-work.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Mann!"

said Miss Fitwell, "but I feel really unable to go out this week. I must have a little rest. But, next week, I hope to be able to go to your house."

Little Mrs. Mann, who was not ordinarily unreasonable, sighed as she refolded the plaid and placed it in the drawer. She was disappointed; and half resolved to stay at home from church the next Sabbath. But, when the day came round, she thought better of her decision. It was a cool April day—just the weather for heavy silks; and she submitted to wearing a long-worn black one, her cashmere shawl, and her winter bonnet. The new "cap crown" must not air itself until the new suit could also be worn in company.

"Next Sabbath it will be done," was her thought, as she dressed herself, and taking her husband's arm, set out for church, "and nobody 'll have one except Mrs. Allison."

But, alas for human calculations! Mrs. Mann was comfortably seated in church, with hymn-book in hand, when up the aisle swept Mrs. Allison, and hardly had that lady entered her seat ere Sarah and Julia Bond also sailed past Mrs. Mann's pew, each arrayed in new garments cut after the identical pattern she had folded up with her plaid at home in her work-drawer!

Little Mrs. Mann fanned herself violently, and bent her gaze upon the stylish-looking sisters in mute wonder.

"We will commence the services by singing the Hundred and Fifth Psalm, First Part," said Parson Primrose, in his bland, sonorous voice, breaking her painful stupor.

Hymn-books were lifted, leaves fluttered, the Psalm was read, the prelude was played, the congregation rose. Mrs. Mann turned to face the choir, and three pews behind her stood Kate Houston, in a gray Zou-zou!

When the congregation sat down, little Mrs. Mann sat down, too, in a bewildered sort of way. Was she in Wheaton church, or in Hovey's or Warren's, in Boston, where she had seen dozens of these new garments on the lay figures?

But the last drop was added when presently she collected herself to lift her eyes to good Parson Primrose. There, right within the angle of her vision, sat Mrs. Heady, with a cap crown, ashes of rose silk hat, and a city visitor beside her, wearing another!

"Maria," said her husband, with a smile lurking about his handsome lips as they walked home from church behind the two last-mentioned ladies, "I suppose those are the 'new style bonnets' you spoke of; but I declare I thought an *emigrant* train or a file of *tin-peddlers' carts* were coming into church when they entered. Well, they 'll do to go with the monkey-jackets; what *they* 've lost in length is pieced on the bonnets, I should say. What a pity a sober man like me can't attend church without having the minister completely obscured from sight by those monstrous bonnets."

Poor Mrs. Mann, no response came from her lips.

Miss Fitwell came that week, and dispatched both dress and Zou-zou. But Mrs. Mann was in no hurry to wear them now. Her interest had departed. She hung them up in her closet, and did not take them down for three Sabbaths.

Before she had worn her new spring outfit, she counted no less than thirty Zou-zous, of all colors and materials, in different pews of Wheaton church, and fourteen cap crown hats. Indeed, so common had they become, that, when she did appear in hers, her husband hardly greeted her with a remark.

"He don't know I have a new bonnet on," she mentally said, hurt and wounded. And yet she had thought to "astonish" the Wheatonites.

It was a lesson to little Mrs. Mann. When she is unwontedly eager for "a new fashion," she checks herself, and smiles as she remembers her Zou-zou. "I brought the fashion *first*, and was the *last* in town to *wear* it," she says, with a merry laugh.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY LIFE.

There is no more marked phase of the prevailing prodigality than the extravagance of the female toilet. That the rich should spend their wealth is naturally to be expected, but it would be well if it were spent in such a way as not to vulgarize the tastes and demoralize the character of their fellow-citizens. The expenditure of the opulent, particularly that of woman, is too personal in its character, and necessarily leads to imitation. If the wealthy dame will persist in making a show of her riches upon her person, her less opulent rival will not be outdone in expense, even if she should break her back or her husband's credit by its weight. There is such a spirit of intense competition in the female heart that no consequences will deter a woman from an effort to equal a rival in personal attractions, which the female sex will persist in thinking depend upon the richness of their adornments.

If, however, women dressed to please their male admirers, they would remember that it is the universal sentiment of *man*kind that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," and that even homeliness gains nothing by being richly set. There is not one man out of a hundred who has not "dealt in the article" who is conscious of the difference between Brussels and cotton lace, or silk and calico. All that the most fastidious male admirer will insist upon is, that propriety of female dress which comes from suitableness and harmony of color, neatness of fit, and perfectness of detail. There is nothing so charming to a cultivated man as the exhibition on a woman's dress of a refined taste, exercised in the simplest materials. A plain calico neatly made and cunningly trimmed, with the nice properties of a pure white collar, a hand well gloved, and a foot *bien chausée*, is the drapery the most provocative of admiration the male observer is conscious of.

Women, however, do not dress to attract the opposite sex, but their own. Men admire in female attire the becoming, but women the costly. It is to catch the knowing woman's eye, which can tell at a glance the difference between the cheap and expensive, that our Junos spread out their fine feathers. Cheap calicoes are eschewed for moire antiques, cotton for Valenciennes lace, and French shawls for Cashmeres, and for no better reason than because cheap is cheap, and dear is dear, and sharp-sighted woman is conscious of the difference, and admires the wearer accordingly.

It is astonishing to what an extent this passion for expense in female dress is carried. Let us count the items. There is the jewelry, which may amount to any sum from one to thousands of dollars. There are the laces, with the multiple varieties of Valenciennes, Chantilly, points d'Alençon and *appliqué*, enveloping, under the forms of veils, collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, flounces, and insertions, the fluttering insect of fashion in a web that would have puzzled the skill of Arachne to have woven. A single veil often costs $100, and a pocket handkerchief half that amount. As for the dresses, since they go on increasing in expansiveness, until they bid fair to outswell the dome of St. Paul's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or, in fact, within anything of fixed proportions. Say, however, that there are ten —each containing at least twenty yards of stuff, some of moire antique or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, the most expensive of which may have cost the yearly salary of many a respectable hard-working man.

To love such a woman may not be, as Steele said of a charming person of his day, a liberal education, but to possess her is undoubtedly a very pretty little fortune. We have taken, perhaps, an extreme case, but it is a genuine one, derived from real life, and will serve to show the standard of female expense, which if not always reached, is more or less approximated, and universally aspired to.

Examples of prodigality are found everywhere, but we conscientiously believe they are getting more frequent now than ever they were in female dress. Such examples should be avoided by the rich for their vulgarity, and by the poor for their danger.

If happiness consists in dressing extravagantly, it admits of many diversities. There is, however, one beauty of the willow, another of the magnolia, another of the live-oak; and so the elements of happiness, like those of beauty, vary in different organizations. The plan of happiness we would recommend is, not to force ourselves into other people's ways and imitate their modes, but to believe in our own nature, and make the best of that we can. Of all the abuses of what phrenology calls imitativeness, that is the most ridiculous which follows others in their particular channels of happiness.

If our object is to beautify life, let us see where it is best to begin. The best point to start from is simplicity. It is a great intellectual quality; it is a grand moral virtue. To be simple-minded is to be in a position to learn, and to be simple-hearted is to have access to all the love in the universe. This simplicity keeps alive the childhood of the soul, and makes every day a fresh gift from Heaven. How the senses live in it! How the spirit, cherishing its glad freedom, and content with its abounding consciousness, has a patrimony of blessedness in in its infinite joy! Now, this simplicity is just what we need. For we act as if we believed that a man must own a little of everything to be rich, and enjoy a share of everything before he can be respectably happy. We are idolaters of the much. Far wiser would it be to cultivate the simplicity which expands the little within easy reach into a great deal, and by having a big heart, enlarges all that comes into it to the measure of its own capacity. Intelligent and living simplicity would cure half of our follies. It would convert our fops into gentlemen, and our fashionable belles into well-behaved women. It would build us such houses as had ideas in them as well as bricks. It would give us social festivities that would look higher

than the cork of a wine-bottle. Above all else, a genuine simplicity would tend to diminish that excessive regard for circumstances which so often occupies the mind, to the exclusion of veneration for character. Acting thus on us, it would soon show itself in outward life, breathing the spirit of art beyond the immediate sphere of art itself, and exalting us to the enjoyment of such pleasures as Nature offers to those who, by refinement and purity, are capable of appreciating her as the work of infinite beauty.

Life may be beautified by well-directed efforts to improve the society of home. We say well-directed efforts, for few there are among parents who have just that peculiar wisdom and temper which give the right tone to domestic character. Sympathy with children is a great means of cultivating the sense of moral and social beauty; it is such a pure and unmixed emotion, so singularly free from fictitious elements, so spontaneous in its lightsome activity, that generous Nature has ample scope in it for her best instincts. The happiness of childhood is born within itself, and by entering into its gladness we learn the lesson which age is so apt to forget, that the mere consciousness of existence is a fruitful source of pleasure. Then, too, the various offices of home, while they exert a potent influence by the duties springing from such intimate relationship, are yet more effective in the higher culture of character by the outgoings of that delicate, quiet, appreciative spirit, which seeks to adjust look, tone, and manner to the aspects of the family circle. Then, too, the calm of home, what a mighty power! We lose the inspirations of nature for want of tranquillity. Out into the fields and beneath the skies we carry eager, restless, turbulent thoughts; but the fireside breathes repose, and because of this, images of beauty and love rise from its hours of stillness and charm us heavenward. Is not this a kind of beauty and a kind of happiness which the most costly bravishment in dress can never give?

PAST AND PRESENT.

(Inscribed to my only Brother.)

BY E. B. R.

I sit by the fire to-night, brother,
And my heart is sad and lone;
No sound can I hear save the clock's dull tick,
And the wind's unceasing moan.
I gaze at the empty seats, brother,
That are standing side by side.
And I think of the dear home circle, brother,
Now scattered far and wide.

I listen for the well-known steps, brother,
That used to come in at the door,
And the night falls dark, and the lamp burns dim,
But those steps return no more!
Father and mother are here, brother,
As they were here of yore;
But our father's footsteps falter, to-night,
As he paces the parlor floor.

His hand is weak and nerveless, brother,
And his hair is white as snow;
He has long since passed the meridian, brother,
And life's sun is sinking low.
Dear mother is sitting near, brother,
But her eye is faded and dim;
She thinks to-night of her only son,
And she softly prays for him.

Few are the familiar friends, brother,
That now take her by the hand,
The most have silently crossed the flood
That bounds the spirit land.
She 's recalling the past to-night, brother,
It comes back with a muffled tread,
And ghost-like and wan the shadows flit by
As she mournfully numbers her dead!

The homestead is little changed, brother,
Since you were with us last;
The cottage still nestles among the green trees,
As it did in the days that are passed.
The willows stand near the pond, brother,
Like sentinels gray and tall,
While the sweet wild roses are clustering below,
And the ivy climbing the wall.

The orchard still blossoms in spring, brother,
Where we wandered with dancing feet,
And the birdies are singing the self-same songs
That in childhood we called so sweet.
The white birch still shadows the rock, brother,
Where we rudely carved each name;
They have levelled the beautiful grove, brother,
But they spared our record of fame.

The old oak at the foot of the hill, brother,
Still lifts its green branches on high,
And the broad, bright stream, where you paddled your boat,
Goes sparkling and murmuring by.
Ah, nature *never* grows old, brother;
'Tis only the human soul
That must *wear* its way through its prison of clay,
Till it reach its final goal.

FOLDED WINGS.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

O TREE! that standest so mournfully,
And toss'd in the wintry air—
Yet folded within thy branches
Lie leaves and sweet blossoms fair

O chrysalis dead! that danglest
Like a corse from some April tree—
Within thee bright hues are mingling,
That shall glance in the sunshine free.

O human soul! that art pining
And weary of earthly things—
In a tenement worn and wasted,
Thou, too, hast thy folded wings.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SECRET.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY PROF. M. HARDIN ANDREWS, M.D.

(Concluded from page 353.)

CHAPTER VIII.

PERILOUS ESCAPE.—EXCITING SCENE IN CAMP.—SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

THE sound of horses' hoofs crashing and reverberating along the rocky hill-side road, and the exulting shout of the party of dragoons, caused the letter-bearer of Washington to look behind and discover his pursuers. He also uttered a loud cry, as if in derision of their attempt to overtake and capture him. Yet he saw that he had not a moment to lose to escape the rapidly advancing party. Quickly dashing the rowel into the horse's flanks, instead of pursuing the regular road to Pauless Hook, as was his original intention, he dashed down the precipitous embankment and fled in a straight line across the plain that lay between Bergen Hill and the Hudson river, evidently with a view of seeking refuge on board of one or the other of two British galleys that floated at anchor in the middle of a basin-like inlet of the river.

The sudden and oblique divergement from the main road gave the sergeant considerable advantage over the pursuing dragoons. The descending road on either side was encompassed by a wall of solid rock, literally as straight and steep as a plumb-line could make it, and at the point where the dragoons now were of such a height above the plain that the most daring adventurer would scarcely risk his own and horse's neck by a leap from its summit to its base, while close at the foot of the hill there was a wide and deep ditch, which had been dug in order to drain the water from the marshy land between Bergen Hill and the Hudson. Thus the dragoons were necessarily obliged to descend the road almost to the base of the hill, before they could turn in the direction the fugitive had taken, while the manœuvre of the latter placed at least another quarter of a mile of actual distance between himself and the dragoons, although in a geographical point of view he approached nearly double that space nearer to the range of the carbines of the horsemen, so that his escape would have been impossible but for the intervention of the roadside precipice and ditch.

The captain of the dragoons quickly perceiving that the fugitive would now be likely to elude their attempts for his capture, owing to the physical obstacles detailed, vehemently exclaimed:—

"The scoundrel will escape our clutches after all! As I live he 's making toward the river! And see! By the living Jupiter! a boat is putting off from the galley yonder to aid in his escape. Fire! all of you, comrades, fire! Shoot down the infernal scoundrel on the spot!"

Instantly there was a sharp volley of fire-arms, but the dragoons did not wait for the clearing away of the smoke of the discharge to see the effect their weapons had produced. Onward they dashed, at furious speed, as if now sure of their prey.

The shot of the dragoons fell widely of the fleeing horseman, yet he realized that his life was in imminent danger, and that his utmost exertions would be necessary to enable him to reach the beach and throw himself in the arms of his British deliverers. His horse seemed greatly jaded and spent, and apparently quite indisposed even to obey the lance-like urgings of his master's spurs. Time was precious, and the horse coming to a dead halt, began to rear on his legs, as if determined to pitch the rider over his neck. It was impossible for the sergeant to alight, and his only alternative was to cling to the animal's back, keep the snaffle strongly turned, and goad him sharply and incessantly with the already blood-stained rowels.

The object of the fugitive was now to make the obstinate beast leap a high fence, which appeared to be the only obstacle to his escape from the dragoons, who gained rapidly on him, and kept up a wild shout like maddened devils, only a few hundred yards in his rear. Suddenly, however, at this critical moment, the horse of the fugitive yielded submission to the determined spirit of his desperate master, plunged furiously forward, bounded high in the air, in order to leap and clear at a single spring the barrier of the fence. The effort was a failure. The feet of the fiery steed caught in the railings and caused him to fall headlong

pon his quarters, and hurl his rider several ards over his head, where the man lay much ruised and completely stunned for several inutes, while the railings fell with a crashing oise upon the loins of the prostrate animal imself, thus leaving but slight impediment to e capture of the sergeant by his quickly pproaching pursuers.

"Victory! victory!" shouted the captain of e dragoons. "We are certain of him, now. ee, the barricade is down! The horse has roken his neck, and pitched the deserting oundrel into eternity! Quick, comrades! ecure man and beast, and blaze away, all of ou, at the bloody red-coats in the barge that coming over there. Quick, or they 'll get r man yet! Blaze away! Kill every one of e British hounds!"

The dragoons fired their arms at the men in e boat, and, with an exulting yell, rushed on seize their prize of the prostrate horse and der.

The crippled and bruised fugitive, however, d not waited to hear the report of the dra- ons' firearms, but gathering himself up from e ground as well as he was able, he lashed s valise, containing Washington's letters, to s back, threw away his sword, hobbled quickly seeming great pain to the river's brink, unged in, and swam boldly out to meet the proaching boat. A few vigorous strokes on s part, and a few stout pulls of the bargemen, abled him to reach the side of the vessel, hen he was promptly lifted on board, and wed rapidly and safely to the British galleys.

The moment the fugitive was safe among his itish friends, one of the vessels fired a swivel- n upon the pursuing party, by way of com- iment for their waste of powder and shot upon e oarsmen sent to the fugitive's rescue, while afening cheers resounded from the decks of e galleys when the crews discovered that the ll of their cannon had struck within a few t of the dragoons, and thrown up the earth er their heads and apparel.

"By Jupiter!" cried the leader of the dra- ons, "this is rather lively work, comrades, declare! Certainly it will never do to tarry re and be bruised to jelly by British iron! ick, seize the rascal's horse, and let us haste ay. The trophy of the beast, at least, will proof to Washington that we tried to do our ty for our holy cause!"

The animal was promptly secured, and being t slightly injured by his leap, the party ickly retraced their journey towards the adquarters of Washington, leading the steed and bearing along also the sword and other cast off incumbrances of the escaped fugitive.

On the arrival of the dragoons at camp, the soldiers, seeing the sergeant's horse, equipments, cloak, and sword, made the air resound with their vociferations of rejoicings. "The scoundrel is captured!" "The rascal is killed!" passed like wild-fire through every tent and all the lines of the entire army, until the astounding annunciation called Major Lee from his quarters to receive the full particulars of the exciting affair.

The commander-in-chief and his gallant aid were much affected by the perilous adventure of their trusty messenger, but could only *secretly* rejoice in his escape. They anticipated the confidence with which the sergeant would be received by the British, in supposing him to be a *bona fide* deserter from the American ranks, while they scarcely doubted the successful accomplishment of the important business intrusted to the soldier's discretion and fidelity.

Washington and his worthy aid kept their secret and their own counsels, while the entire army entertained the belief that the sergeant's abandonment of his post was a premeditated and dishonorable dereliction of an American soldier from duty and patriotism.

There was, however, a young cornet in the cavalry upon whom the news of the sergeant's perils and escape had a sudden and very alarming effect. He had heard the wild cry of the soldiers that the deserter was killed, but knew nothing more of the adventure. Such was the shock to his nervous organization that he fell to the earth in a series of convulsions that rendered him entirely insensible for several hours. He was at once placed in the invalid's department, and the necessary means employed for his recovery. This was finally accomplished, but the young soldier was never afterwards seen in the ranks of the American army. A strange discovery had been made by the attending surgeon—the young cornet proved to be *a woman*.

CHAPTER IX.

STRATAGEM—HOW IT ENDED.

The captain of the galley sent the refugee promptly to New York, with a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, describing his escape from the pursuing dragoons, which he had witnessed from the deck of his vessel.

The British commander, after a long conversation with the supposed deserter from the

American lines, presented him with several pieces of gold coin, and then dismissed him with a note to the American officer who had effected his escape from West Point on his *treason* being discovered, a few days before. This officer questioned the young refugee very closely for some minutes, and, finding the answers to his queries intelligent and satisfactory, expressed his gratification at the result of the perilous adventure, shook him warmly by the hand, and assigned him to his quarters.

The emissary of Washington found no opportunity to deliver the letters which had been intrusted to his care until several days after his arrival at the head-quarters of the British commander-in-chief, when he obtained a brief and clandestine interview with one of the parties to whom the letters of Washington were directed. This individual received the young sergeant of dragoons with much attention, and readily promised to ascertain, without delay, full information in respect to the rumors that had reached the ears of the American commander-in-chief, implicating a certain major-general in a course of crime involving the overthrow of the American Government and the capture of Washington and his troops by the British army.

He set about this delicate business with due caution and promptness, and soon brought such information to Washington's agent as entirely exonerated the suspected American officer from the slightest stigma of infamy and treachery.

Meantime, Washington's functionary made the necessary arrangements to effect the seizure of the arch traitor who had escaped from his post at West Point, and for his delivery into the power of Washington for suitable punishment. He acted with great prudence and judgment, and soon had all his plans in a train of promising development.

The other parties to whom he communicated the dispatches of Washington zealously co-operated with him in every particular, agreeably to the instruction they had severally received from the American chieftain.

They soon ascertained the peculiar habits of the officer they designed to capture. They found that it was his practice to return to his home or his quarters about midnight, and go into the garden before retiring to bed. The confederates arranged to seize him at such nocturnal season, place a gag in his mouth, bind his hands and feet, and carry him on their shoulders to the river, where a boat was to be in readiness to convey him across the Hudson to the Hoboken shore. Should they be discovered in such attempt at the abduction of the officer, they were to represent that he was a drunken soldier whom they were taking to the guard-house.

The sergeant emissary of Washington did not in the least doubt of the complete success of the hazardous enterprise, and accordingly managed to send word to Major Lee, requesting him to have a party of dragoons in waiting at Hoboken, on a certain night, to receive the prisoner and deliver him over to the American chief.

The night arrived, and found a body of horsemen stationed at Hoboken, in the shadow of the hillside. They were a score in number, and had extra horses, intended for the use of the captured general and his captors. The dragoons arrived at the rendezvous about midnight, and waited patiently and quietly until daylight, when, finding that no boat approached with the captured party from the city of New York, they promptly returned to Tappan, and reported the failure of their expedition.

Washington and his aid were much chagrined at the result, and feared that the sergeant had been detected in the stratagem, and met with summary punishment at the orders of Sir Henry Clinton. Various artifices were contrived to learn the cause of the failure of the abduction project, but nothing was elicited concerning the matter or of the fate of the emissary of the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER X.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

An exchange of prisoners was soon after made between the English and American generals; but no arrangements could be effected for the surrender of the *American traitor* on one side, or the salvation of the *British spy* on the other. The British commander could not dishonor his pledges to the former, while Washington's integrity would not permit him to interfere with the trial by court-martial and the decree for the execution of the latter.

The British officer was condemned to be hung in the presence of the American army as a *spy*. Washington was about to sign the death-warrant, when a female, closely veiled, threw herself at his feet, and begged, with tearful eyes and in the most supplicating manner, for mercy to the unfortunate British officer. The chieftain was greatly moved at her piteous entreaties, but could not be swerved from his inflexible principles and the duty he owed to himself and his bleeding country.

It was the second of October, 1780, when a guard of three hundred men was drawn up in front of a small stone church, in which the young English officer had been confined since the sentence of death had been pronounced upon him. A procession was soon formed by placing the soldiers in single file on each side of the road. At its head were many American officers of high rank, on horseback. They were followed by a wagon containing a coffin painted black, and officers on foot with the *spy* in the midst.

The mournful pageant moved along in silence for some distance to an open field, where a rough gallows was erected. The cart, containing an official and the driver, was drawn up directly beneath the scaffold and stopped. The condemned at once stepped into the end of the vehicle, and stood firmly erect on the coffin, taking off his hat and calmly surveying the gallows and the imposing spectacle of the body of soldiery that was gathered around. It was a sight to melt a heart of stone. There the young officer stood with the bearing and composure of a heroic and noble soul. His hair was long, and, according to the fashion of the time, wound with black ribbon, hung gracefully down his back. He was dressed in complete British uniform. The coat was bright scarlet cloth, trimmed with green, while his vest and breeches were of a light buff color.

The executioner presently made his appearance, and, mounting into the cart, with a halter in his hands, attempted to throw the noose over the victim's neck. His beard was very long, and his face was covered with a composition of soot and grease that contrasted hideously with his thick, red lips and large, glaring white teeth. His gray eyes also gleamed a sinister, if not a fiendish expression, while his whole appearance and demeanor were those of a creature of perdition, rather than that of one possessed of the attributes of a human being.

The condemned man indignantly dashed back the halter, and prevented it from being thrown over his head in the ignominious manner intended. He, however, deliberately took the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar, adjusted the halter, placed the knot under his right ear, and drew the noose snugly to his throat. He then bandaged his eyes with a large red silk bandanna handkerchief, and calmly awaited his fate.

The officer who superintended the details of the execution having ordered the executioner, in a loud voice, to tie the soldier's hands behind his back, drew another handkerchief from his pocket, and handed it to the executioner for that purpose. The ropes being again properly adjusted, the cart was drawn suddenly from under the gallows. The body dropped the length of the cord, swung to and fro with great violence for some seconds, and finally hung entirely still. It remained hanging about half an hour, during which the silence of death prevailed, while the eyes of many of the officers and soldiers were bathed in tears on witnessing the fearful throes and struggles that closed the melancholy career of the British spy.

The rope was cut and the body taken down without letting it fall upon the ground. It was then placed on a litter, and the large concourse of spectators allowed to approach and inspect the corpse. In a few minutes the face became very black, as if from a high state of mortification, though, in other respects, there were no traces of spasmodic contortions of the muscles and nerves.

The victim's clothes were finally taken from the body, and given to the care of two young men, dressed in gaudy livery, who had taken their station near their master, and witnessed the ignoble manner of the departure of his spirit from the scenes of earthly life. They immediately left the grounds under the escort of a guard, and soon afterwards were permitted to return to New York and report what they had witnessed to the British commander-in-chief.

The body of the condemned was placed in the rude coffin, carried off in a private manner, and buried in the grave that had been prepared for its reception. Such was the death of a British officer detected in conspiracy with a miserable *American traitor!* such the ignominious end of a *British spy!*

CHAPTER XI.

THE VICISSITUDES OF WAR—THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

THE policy of the British commander had been *concentration* of his forces in order to defeat Washington at a single blow or engagement. At length he seemed to realize that his operations would prove more successful by a *division* of his army, and making demonstrations on various points of the country at one and the same time. He prosecuted the war, accordingly, not only in the vicinity of his head-quarters at New York, but in Virginia and several of the Southern States. The troops were constantly sent from New York to the South, until

the forces under Lord Cornwallis appeared in sufficient strength to make a final demonstration upon all the strongholds of the Americans in that direction.

Washington, meanwhile, deemed it most advisable to remain stationed on the banks of the Hudson, with the view to defend and retain West Point, the strongest citadel and most important post in the country, and also to concert operations with our French ally which should bring the war to a speedy termination. His design had been, from first to last, to attempt the recovery and repossession of New York. Intelligence, however, having reached him that the French fleet, commanded by Count de Grasse, had arrived in the Chesapeake, he was induced to change the programme of operations, march to Virginia, and lay siege to the post of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

This expedition Washington determined to command in person, and, having concerted with Count Rochambeau, the French fleet on the shores of Rhode Island was suddenly sent to join Count de Grasse in the southern waters. Washington and Rochambeau thereupon passed by the British head-quarters at New York, and reached the shores of the Chesapeake by the overland route.

Here they had an interview with Count de Grasse, when it was agreed that the combined forces of the Americans and French should instantly proceed and suddenly attack the British army at Yorktown. The plan of operations proved wise and judicious, and finally resulted in the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, thus closing the Revolutionary War.

Before this important event took place, however, a soldier from the British army found opportunity to desert and reach in safety the division of the American army that was stationed in North Carolina, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. This *deserter* was no other than the same individual who had been dispatched by Washington, through the instrumentality of Major Lee, from the army at Tappan to capture the traitor who had fled from West Point to New York.

His return to the American ranks excited no little amazement among his former comrades, and when they found that he met with a most cordial reception from the commanding officer, and learned his wondrous story, their admiration of his heroism and good conduct was expressed in the warmest and most enthusiastic manner.

From this emissary's report of himself, and the account he gave of his mission to New York, it appeared that his plans for the seizure and abduction of the traitor had failed through a sudden transfer of the "American Legion," as it was called, of the British forces, under the command of the American traitor, from the barracks in New York to the transport ships that bore them promptly to the shores of Virginia.

This transfer had been made on the very day set apart by the sergeant and his associates for the capture and surrender of the traitor to the mercy of Washington. Thus several weeks passed away before he was able to effect his escape from the British lines and report the cause of the failure of his mission as the emissary of Washington in the enemy's camp.

General Greene promptly complied with certain promises that had been made to the quondam deserter by the American commander-in-chief. He was provided with money and a good horse, and sent to the head-quarters of Washington. The great chieftain received him very warmly, and treated him munificently. Not only this; he insisted on presenting the faithful soldier with his honorable discharge from service, lest, in the vicissitudes of war, he should fall into the hands of the British, and terminate his life by the gibbet.

The honorably discharged soldier returned to his place in Virginia, and hastened to the home of the lady to whom he had pledged himself in marriage at the commencement of the war, with a view to test her constancy and claim her as his bride, after so many long years engaged in the strife and din of Revolution. He, however, could obtain no information of his "lady-love," further than that she had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her family circle soon after her lover's departure for the war, and had never been heard of thereafter. Though his bosom was greatly pained to learn these tidings, he had no other resource than to school his philosophy against idle regrets and the changeful events of human life. Accordingly, he at once turned his attention to his original pursuit as an agriculturist, set about improving his long neglected plantation, and in providing for the happiness and comfort of his aged parents while they should be spared to him on earth.

CHAPTER XII.

MYSTERIES REVEALED—DENOUEMENT.

SEVERAL months passed away, during which time the whilom sergeant and honorably dis-

charged soldier gave his attention to agricultural pursuits. Having purchased the domain which formerly belonged to the family of his betrothed, and united it to his own goodly fields, his dominion was not only now very ample, but speedily yielded the abundance of fruits and products concomitant of industry and the skilful tilling of a genial soil.

At length there came intelligence of the great battle of Yorktown and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to the commander-in-chief of the allied army of Americans and French. As a matter of course, there were great rejoicings everywhere throughout the land on account of this signal and crowning military achievement, but in no province were these demonstrations of gladness more enthusiastic than in Virginia. Our hero shared in the general joy, and sat in the porch of his farmhouse, at the close of his day's labor, recounting to his aged sire, in an animated manner, the particulars of the brilliant triumph of Washington over the formidable British adversary.

While he thus recited the glorious story, a young and handsome soldier rode up the lane leading to the farmhouse from the main road, and claimed the hospitality of the patriotic yeoman for the night.

"Welcome! heartily welcome, sir! Never shall it be said that I turned a soldier from my home, when I had clapboard to my roof and corn in my granary. Alight, sir, and freely share of whatever food and shelter I have to extend."

"Thanks, my warmest thanks, my generous sir. Such cordial greeting gives me abundant assurance that I shall not trespass upon your kindness, and, therefore, with the greater pleasure, will I avail myself of your gracious hospitality for the evening, sir."

The youthful soldier at once alighted, when a colored servant led away his steed to the stable. The farmer seized the hand of the stranger, shook it warmly, and led him in from the heavy falling dews of the evening to a large room, where a fire had already been kindled and cheerfully blazed in the capacious chimney-place. He assisted the soldier to take off his equipments, placed a chair for him near the fire, and ordered a servant to quickly spread some supper for the stranger guest.

These attentions being completed, the farmer and soldier took seats near each other, and entered upon the all-engrossing theme of the vicissitudes of war and the great victory that had just been gained by the American arms at Yorktown.

Suddenly the warm-hearted host sprang to his feet and exclaimed:—

"Can it be possible! Surely I am not mistaken! You were my messmate—my young *Cornet* of the Legion of Major Lee!"

"Yes, sergeant! I am that same youth to whom you always acted so like a *father!* I am too glad to greet you again, under auspices so favorable as these. I knew of your *desertion* to the British ranks, and grievously deplored the circumstance until this very day, while on my journey hitherward, I accidentally learned the full particulars of the affair of your wonderful adventures; your return to the American camp, and your honorable discharge by the great general himself, as a tribute to your integrity in keeping and fulfilling so admirably "The Chieftain's Secret!" Of course, I knew your generous nature sufficiently well to hasten hither and claim a renewal of your former sympathies and friendship.

"Yes, yes; we were friends together till that affair rendered our separation necessary. A soldier's duty is paramount to all other claims of mere personal ties especially. We are still friends. You are welcome to a share of all I possess in the world. Yea, you shall tarry with me, and we will continue to be friends and companions forever hereafter!"

"Nay, such may not be. I am not worthy of such warmth of sentiment and regard. What would you say, were you to learn that even I have taken up arms against Washington and my native land?"

"*You!* Were you a *deserter*—a base, unprincipled renegade to the cause of justice and independence? If so, no shelter shall you have! Nor a crust! No, no—I mean not that! Pardon me, sir; you are now my guest, and I shall not violate the laws of hospitality beneath my own roof, at least. Therefore, were you the vilest wretch in the world, I would give you of my abundance and let you depart in peace."

The farmer's fiery temper was subdued; but it was plain to be seen, though he had pledged his hospitality to the young soldier, that he now viewed the stranger with deep suspicion if not with positive abhorrence.

"Will you now allow me, my good friend, on the score of our old friendship," rejoined the soldier, "to explain *how* I came to be arraigned on the side of the enemy against my native land? I, too, had a *secret* to keep—a vow and a duty to fulfil!"

"Ah! say you so? Perhaps, after all, you were not the poltroon and traitor to desert your country's cause?"

"Listen, and you shall know all, and then be the better enabled to determine the amount of my guilt or innocence."

"Proceed."

"I shall make a long story as short as possible. You know that dissatisfactions were becoming quite common in the American ranks. The commander of West Point had gone over to the enemy, and the contagion of *treason* spreading; my best friend, whom I revered as a *father*—even yourself, sergeant—was the next to set the pernicious example, and *desert* from the very camp of Washington himself."

"Nay—nay—I—I—" choked the voice of the farmer.

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted the young soldier; "be patient, till you hear all that I have to say. When the dragoons brought back your horse, there was a wild cry in the camp that you had been killed. The news so affected me, that I was deemed unfit for duty, and dismissed at once from the ranks. I resolved to follow your fortune, and seek you out among the British troops, and for this purpose obtained an interview (through permission of Washington) with the British spy who had arranged the *treason* with the American officer. I became one of his body servants, saw him executed, and assisted in conveying his clothing to Sir Henry Clinton, by means of a passport from Washington himself."

"Ah, say you so?"

"Even as I say, my friend. While in New York, I made diligent inquiry concerning your fate, but, obtaining no trace of you, I concluded that you were dead. Soon after, I entered the British ranks, not with the view of fighting against my native land, but to find the means of returning to my home in Virginia. The transports were soon in readiness, the troops landed on these shores, and became attached to the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The battle took place, Washington triumphed, and, as a prisoner of war, I was returned to the land of my birth. From first to last, I cherished no disloyalty to Washington and independence, and would, under no circumstances, have ever lifted weapon against the liberties and integrity of the American people. If I erred, *you*, my dear sergeant, are to blame! Driven, as it were, from the army, a friendless, unfortunate youth, to whom could I go for sympathy and aid but to yourself? Yet there was a deeper motive to guide my actions. I have but this very day explained everything to Washington, and this document will show that he exonerates me from all censure, and yields to me the fullest forgiveness of my only misfortune—that of being the weak and erratic human being that I am."

"Enough, enough! I have it all. Washington sent you to New York to obtain tidings of his messenger—even myself; but it so happened we never met! Forgive me, my dear sir, my unjust suspicions against your patriotism and fidelity to the land of your birth. Welcome, the more welcome you are now to my heart forever."

The generous farmer and the spirited soldier were clasped in an ardent embrace, while neither could arrest for some moments the tears that bubbled spontaneously from their eyes. They finally regained their composure, and, after supper, renewed their conversation till a late hour in the evening, when they bade each other good-night, and retired to rest.

It was late on the morning following when the hospitable farmer entered the sleeping chamber to call the young soldier to breakfast; but instead of greeting the *cornet*, what was the sergeant's astonishment to find him metamorphosed into a young and beautiful maiden, even into the semblance and living identity of his early *betrothed!* The secret of the young soldier's only crime was out; it was that of being—*a woman!*

The scene that ensued may be imagined, but not adequately described. A full explanation took place. She was the same lady that he had left behind when he went to enlist under the banner of the great captain of the American army. Her parents having suddenly deceased, and being now the only surviving member of her family, she sold her estates, followed her lover to the camp, enlisted, and fought by his side until the news of his desertion and escape from his pursuers caused the illness by which her sex became known to Washington, who refused to allow her to return to the ranks, but employed her as his emissary to New York, where she appeared in the disguise of a servant of the British spy, as already detailed.

Little more remains to be said. All the cherished sympathies of their former attachment as lovers were revived, the old vows of fidelity and truth were renewed. In due time they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and long and blissful was their union!

Such was the career of ARNOLD, the American *traitor*, and such the fate of ANDRE, the British *spy*. Such a *soldier's duty* and a *woman's devotion*. And such the CHIEFTAIN'S SECRET!

THE POWER OF THE HUSBAND OVER THE WIFE.*

The first question that presents itself is the property question. In this consideration, in fact, is included all others, for nothing denotes the moral subordinate so unmistakably as pecuniary dependence. Not to possess is to be civilly and morally dead; for to possess is to use, to give, to help, to act, to live! The questions of delicacy and dignity are found, then, closely connected with the question of money, and to deliver over to the husband the fortune of his wife is to condemn her to a moral minority; it is to make him absolute master of the actions and almost the soul of his companion.

Rome afforded a singular example of feminine emancipation. At Rome there were two very different kinds of marriages; the first, called *by sale*, delivered the wife, body and fortune, into the power of the husband; or, if she were a patrician, a religious act took the place of the sale, but without at all changing the result. The young patrician girl appeared with her betrothed before the high priest of Jupiter, accompanied by ten witnesses; her headdress was in the form of a tower, like that of the vestal virgins; on her brow was sweet marjoram and a crown of vervain; a purple vail adorned her face, a girdle of lamb's wool confined her tunic. Then, approaching the high priest, she received from his hand a cake of flour, water, and salt, which she divided with her husband. After this form of communion, she formed one with him—that is to say, she became absorbed in him; the ownership of her present, the right to her future possessions, the management of her income, the disposition of her real estate, the power even over her own person, all passed from the father to the husband. She was *in his hand*, according to the energetic expression of the Roman law.

But, beside these kind of marriages, there was another union, much more in harmony with the spirit of the Roman family. The wife, instead of entering her husband's, often remained in her father's family. Hence a strange result for the benefit of the wife. Her independence as a wife sprung from her subjection as a daughter. In the first place, while her father lived, she had a dowry to meet her household expenses. Then, her father being dead, her hereditary fortune enriched her. She enjoyed and alone controlled it; her husband had no right either to its use or management. This latter was usually intrusted to a slave, who was responsible only to the wife, to whom he rendered all accounts, and to whom he delivered the proceeds of sales, whether of cattle or grain. He was called the *dotal* slave. Possessing, thus, an independent patrimony, free as to her fortune and the management of it, the wife assumed an equal, often, indeed, a superior rank in the household. Sometimes the husband, to obtain a sum of money, was reduced to concessions which compromised the marital power, at other times he had recourse to ruses and corruptions to deceive the dotal slave, which, if discovered, lessened his dignity in the eyes of his wife—his mistress henceforth, both by his necessities and his expedients. Finally, if heavy business operations compelled him to borrow, he applied to his wife, she opened her purse to him, but only for usurious interest; moreover, she imagined she could purchase by these conjugal loans the right to caprices and strange whims, and sometimes even worse than these.

If her husband complained, she armed herself with her loan as with a sword—no longer a wife, but a creditor; and the dotal slave, charged with pitiless orders, pressed the poor man, who could only hang his head and be silent.

More than one indignant voice was raised against this state of things; more than one Roman cursed the fortune he had sought in marriage, and cried with comic grief as in the "Asinaria" of Plautus, "No dowry! no dowry! women with dowries swallow you up. You sell yourself for a dowry."

Cato, the censor, attacked with bitter sarcasm this subjection of the husband, and loudly demanded the establishment of a law setting bounds to such fortunes and their consequent excesses. Yet, in spite of Cato, and of every other obstacle, the material independence of the wife certainly strengthened; for this independence—in its abuse, vicious in its consequences—yet, rightly used, represented one of the most lawful interests of the wife—the right of decision in her own affairs, and the possession of her own property.

The barbarian law, and that of the middle ages, adopted neither the rigor nor the indulgence of the Roman system. The wife was neither a slave, nor was she altogether free. She was a minor, a protected minor—a ward. The law styled the husband an administrator; but he could not sell the property of his wife

* Abridged and translated from the French of Legouve's "Moral History of Woman."

without her consent, nor even without that of her nearest relation.

The feudal system imparted a character to woman at home, by interesting her in her own property—to recognize a fortune in her husband, to render marriage no longer the union of a superior and an inferior, but it represented the alliance of two free individuals pursuing a common end by an equal intelligence. A widow was compelled to pay the debts of her dead husband out of her own fortune; or, if her poverty made that impossible, she could not marry again unless the second husband engaged to discharge the obligations of the first. A law soon followed, which absolved the widows from this obligation of paying their husbands' debts, by relinquishing their right to the personal property, and this was the manner of removing it:—

On the day of the funeral the widow followed the body to the burial-place, her waist bound with a girdle, and having all the keys of the house in her hand. At the grave, the body having been lowered into it, the wife unclasped her girdle, and let it fall to the ground, and took the bunch of keys and threw them on the grave. Henceforth there were no more debts in common, for she had loosened the cord with which she girt herself for labor, and had thrown away the keys that guarded the furniture of the house. This ceremony accomplished, she returned to her house, from whence she was permitted by the law to take as a gift her most beautifully decorated bed, her finest dress, and the best of her jewels, or at least, according to circumstances, her ordinary attire during the sickness of her husband; her bed as it was usually furnished, a couch for a servant girl, and in addition, because she would henceforward be compelled to transact her own business, a small palfrey for riding. This was the ancient law, and, until very lately, the husband could sell all the property of his wife, as well as the furniture of the house, even though she herself had earned this furniture even by her own industry, and when the house was empty the husband abandoned it, and as soon as the industry of his wife had refurnished it, he returned and sold it anew.

The half of all family quarrels originate in money matters. Let the husband be a gambler, or speculator, or even only a spendthrift, and his wife shall see the goods which compose all their wealth scattered in mad waste. She even foresees, perhaps, the bankruptcy and ruin, and can do nothing for herself or her family. Sometimes, perhaps, she has not even seen the impending misery, and she has first learned it on the day when she finds the very house she inherits, is entered by strangers acting in the name of the law. All sensible people must agree that a certain portion of the joint property should be under the control of a single manager. But why is it to be subject to no restriction? Why cannot two persons in marrying, who may each bring a dowry, unite, and again divide them into three parts! The first should form the personal property of the husband, the second of the wife, and the third should compose the estate in common.

Since the government of the family is the true woman's realm, it is just that she should be queen it it. Now, putting what can hardly be called an extreme case. Over whom does she reign with any individual power? Over the children the father alone exercises parental authority in the eye of the law. Over the husband? The husband alone is sole master of the household. Over herself? No. The wife owes obedience to her husband. Over the servants? The master of the house can dismiss or engage them as he pleases. Over the real estate? The wife cannot even touch it. Over the personal property? Her own, unless by arrangement previous to marriage, does not even belong to her. Now, what is a wife who is without control over her husband, children, servants, furniture or estates? Yet women have a much pleasanter life, even with all these drawbacks, than they had in the time of St. Augustine, who, in his "Confessions," relates, "My mother blindly obeyed her husband; so that when women came to her whose husbands were much less passionate than her own, but who yet bare on their faces the marks of marital wrath, my mother would say to them—'It is your own fault; lay the blame on your own tongues; it does not become servants to hold up their heads before their masters; this would never have happened if, when your marriage contract was read to you, you had observed that you submitted to a bond of servitude.'"

No man is perfect. The ideal man is the whole Christian brotherhood. That alone presents God's idea in the creation of man.

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

Love is an admiration which never wearies.

ACTING CHARADE.—MANAGER.

BY ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MISS SNUBBEM, *a school-teacher.*
GRACE LEWIS, *aged* 18.
LOLA HOLMAN, *aged* 18.
ANNA LEE, *aged* 17.
CHARLEY MOORHEAD.
MARY CARROLL, *aged* 12.
JULIA JONES, *aged* 7.
MIRIAM WILLIS, *aged* 14.
JENNY SMITH, *aged* 18.
POLICEMAN.
MR. STARUM, *a theatrical manager.*
MR. DRAWEM, *an actor.*
MR. VOXPOPULI, *as Jonathan Clodhopper.*
MISS HAVEROWNWAY, *a great tragic actress.*

This charade is intended for a whole evening's performance, as the last scene will admit of immense variety. In a good company of performers scenes may be acted before the manager, and specimens of every nation and grade given. From Othello's suicide to the low comedian as an Irishman; from Lady Macbeth to Betty in the House-dog, the dramatic library may be ransacked to give variety to the scene, while the conversation amongst quick-witted people may be made very amusing. The scene written will serve as a specimen.

MAN-

SCENE 1.—*A school-room. A large closet, closed, in the background, facing the audience. A table, centre of left side, covered with books, papers, globes, inkstand, and slates.* MISS SNUBBEM *seated at table, looking over a copy-book.* MARY CARROLL *stands beside her. Scattered about the room on benches are* GRACE LEWIS, LOLA HOLMAN, ANNA LEE, JULIA JONES, MIRIAM WILLIS, *and as many young ladies and little girls as the strength of the company will permit.* CHARLEY MOORHEAD *hidden in the closet.*

Miss Snubbem. This copy, Miss Carroll, is as bad as a copy possibly can be. All the lines are crooked, and all the letters are badly formed. You will go to your room after recess, and rewrite the whole of it. I am ashamed to have any scholar so disgrace her teacher. I cannot even read it! "Man miss"—

Mary (*crying*). Many miss fortune's road by want of humility.

Miss Snubbem. And pray where are the y's on many?

Mary. I can't make 'em.

Miss Snubbem. You *will* make them, or I 'll know the reason *why.*

Mary (*laughing*). Ke—he—.

Miss Snubbem. What do you mean by laughing when I speak?

Mary (*suddenly grave*). I beg pardon. I thought you wanted to be funny.

Miss Snubbem. Go to your seat, Miss, and rewrite that copy.

(*Mary courtesies and goes to a seat. All sit quiet, while Miss Snubbem takes up another copy-book. As soon as she bends over it, all the girls begin to move. Some exchange notes, some bite apples, some show caricatures on their slates, some yawn, and Grace, who is seated next the closet, opens it a little and tosses in a big apple; a hand is put out with a note, which she takes and reads, watching Miss Snubbem.*)

Miss Snubbem (*suddenly looking up*). Julia Jones! (*All sit erect and still, absorbed in study.*)

Julia. Yes 'm.

Miss Snubbem. Spell Anthropology!

Julia. An-throw—.

Miss Snubbem. Get the dictionary and study that word.

Julia. Yes 'm.

Miss Snubbem. We have some moments before recess. I will call a class for moral observations. Miss Lewis, Miss Holman, Miss Lee, Miss Smith. (*All called rise and stand up before the table.*)

Miss Snubbem. Our subject to-day will be—Man.

All four. Man!

Miss Snubbem. Miss Smith, you will give the definition of the word.

Jenny. M-a-n, Man; a-a-an agreeable companion for young ladies.

Miss Snubbem. What! You dreadful girl! Oh, I am shocked beyond expression! Miss Holman, define Man.

Lola. M-a-n, Man, an animal—an-animal.

Miss Snubbem. Very good; go on. What is an animal?

Lola. A beast.

Miss Snubbem. *Very* good. Man, an animal, consequently a beast. Miss Lee, give us a more complete definition of Man.

Anna. M-a-n, Man; something to fall in love with.

Miss Snubbem. What!

Anna. After we leave school of course.

Grace (aside). I 've been and gone and done it already, as Charley says. I 'll define him.

Miss Snubbem. Miss Lewis, let us hear *your* definition.

Grace. M-a-n, Man. Johnson says, not a woman. So we may suppose that everything that is not a woman is a man, which certainly makes a great variety in the species. My definition is—a tall, erect animal, who wears a suit of white linen in summer and black broadcloth in winter, has dear little patent-leather boots, kid gloves, the loveliest waistcoats, and has the most bewitching black moustache and large soft brown eyes, a voice like music, and oh *such* an altogether (*rolls up her eyes as if words failed her*).

Miss Snubbem (who has been gradually getting more indignant and surprised). Do I hear rightly? Dare I trust my ears? Where, where, you brazen-faced girl, did you get such ideas?

Grace (meekly). I met one of them in the street last Sunday.

Miss Snubbem. And how dared you look at him?

Grace. He—he looked at me first!

Charley (peeping out of closet, but seen only by Grace). I 'll wring his neck!

Grace (aside). Don't! It 's wicked to commit suicide.

Miss Snubbem. We will now proceed to the moral observations. Miss Smith, you will commence.

Jenny. Man is a reasoning biped, which is probably the cause of his being the most unreasonable being created.

Miss Snubbem. Very well. Now, Miss Lee.

Anna. Genus Homo. Genius semi-occasionally. Species varied, more acceptable when the species is well provided with specie.

Miss Snubbem (seriously). Is that meant for a joke?

Anna (humbly). Yes 'm.

Miss Snubbem. Young ladies, you may take ten seconds to laugh at Miss Lee's joke. Now, remember, ladies, never laugh loudly; a quiet laugh, never degenerating into a titter, is all that is allowable in polite society. Now, one (*all laugh*), two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten (*all stop*). Very well.

Anna (aside). It will teach me never to make another joke.

Miss Snubbem. Miss Holman, give me your opinion of man.

Lola. O Miss Snubbem, men are such pests.

Miss Snubbem. How do *you* know?

Lola. Ma is all the time telling pa so!

Miss Snubbem. Now, Miss Lewis.

Grace (in an injured tone). Where can *I* get an opinion? You always give us a chance to study for the moral observations, and here you pounce right down on us with a man, and then scold if we look at one to see what the critter 's like.

Miss Snubbem. Don't be vulgar, Miss Lewis.

Grace. You invite one here for a week, and I 'll study him up. I 'll be bound you 'll get *one* opinion.

Miss Snubbem. Your language, Miss Lewis, is as intolerable as your sentiments. (*Sarcastically*). Perhaps you could suggest a guest for your studies.

Grace (blushing). I—don't—know—but—I—can.

Miss Snubbem. What?

Grace. Oh I only meant pa. (*Aside*). Of course.

(*Clock strikes twelve. All the scholars drop a courtesy and go out. Grace lingers.*)

Miss Snubbem. Do you wish to ask my pardon, Miss Lewis?

Grace (aside). Old she dragon! (*Aloud*). Yes 'm.

Miss Snubbem. It is granted. Go down stairs.

(*Exit Grace.*)

Miss Snubbem. Dear, dear! What a terrible state of mind those poor young things have got into! I must take them to hear our talented Miss Snow lecture upon Woman's Rights. In the meantime, let me find some quotations for them to study. (*Opens closet. Charley, crouched on the floor, under a pile of shawls and cloaks, escapes her observation as she reaches up to take a book off of shelf.*)

Enter GRACE, *softly, unperceived by Miss Snubbem.*

Grace. Poor Charley! he must be nearly smothered. But there was no other way to hide him, when the clock struck nine so ridiculously soon this morning (*sees Miss Snubbem*). Gracious, she 's here yet. And got the closet open! Oh, if she *should* look down, or Charley move!

Miss Snubbem (opens a book, that she holds so as to conceal Charley from herself). Here I can find something for these poor children. (*Reads aloud*).

"There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men."

Ah, Shakspeare knew, though he *was* a man.

(*Turns the leaves.*)

(*Grace creeps softly behind her, and stooping down peeps round her skirts into the closet.*)

Grace (softly). Charley!

Charley (*looking out*). Take care, Grace, she 's awful near!

Grace. Did you get the apple?

Charley. Yes, that 's the seventh to-day.

Miss Snubbem (*reading*). "A man of an unbounded stomach"—hm—hm.

Grace. I must go.

Charley. Don't, she 's absorbed, and it 's awful lonely for a fellow here.

Miss Snubbem (*reading*). Tupper says: "Man, thou hast a social spirit."

Grace. Can you creep out, Charley?

Miss Snubbem (*contemptuously*). Let him not dare to cross my path! What 's all this? Oh, I see. Romeo and Juliet.

Grace. I think you could manage it, Charley.

Charley. I cannot bear to leave the spot where you are, dearest!

Miss Snubbem. Ha! Emerson has a good definition.

Grace. Come try, Charley.

Miss Snubbem.

"Man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals,
He creepeth and peepeth,
He patters and steals."

Charley. I wonder if the old lady intends to be personal.

(*Miss Snubbem puts up the book. Grace darts back to a corner of the room, and Charley crouches under the cloaks. Miss Snubbem looks down and discovers the pile of cloaks.*)

Miss Snubbem. What does this mean? Who tossed all these cloaks and shawls down here?

Grace (*aside*). Oh, if she should discover Charley? What can I do?

Miss Snubbem (*taking up a cloak*). This belongs to Miss Jones. Miss Jones will get a black mark.

Grace. Miss Snubbem, if you please—(*aside*) how can I get her out of the room?

Miss Snubbem (*taking up a shawl*). Well, Miss Lewis. This is Miss Holman's shawl.

Grace. Let me pick those up, Miss Snubbem. (*Aside*). Charley can't squeeze up a bit more.

Miss Snubbem (*taking up a hood*). This hood belongs to you, Miss Lewis. You will take a mark for untidiness.

Grace (*aside*). Oh, she has uncovered his blessed boots. (*Screams.*)

Miss Snubbem. What is the matter?

Grace. Oh, oh, oh! (*Rushes to the window.*)

Miss Snubbem (*following her*). What does this mean, Miss Lewis?

Grace (*pointing out*). Look! See there! (*Miss Snubbem looks intently.*)

Grace (*aside to Charley*). Run while you have a chance. (*Aloud*). Oh, see! Oh, look! (*Exit Charley.*)

Miss Snubbem. I see nothing. This is most extraordinary conduct! (*Enter all the girls, screaming.*) Are you all mad?

Julia. Oh, there 's a man in the house!

Lola. He ran down stairs.

Grace. I knew it. (*Aside*). I must get her away from the window. He 's down there, waiting to run out.

Lola (*going to window*). He must be down there.

Grace. Oh, my head! Oh, oh! (*Writhes as if in pain.*)

Miss Snubbem (*going to her*). Miss Lewis, I really believe you are deranged. (*Grace faints in Miss Snubbem's arms.*) [*Curtain falls.*

AGE-

SCENE 2.—*Scene same as first. Miss Snubbem alone in the school-room.*

Miss Snubbem. Here 's a very pretty state of things, indeed! Miss Lewis is evidently deranged, or in love. In love! Preposterous idea! Yet how else account for her strange conduct? She writes up a quire of note-paper in a day, and constantly eludes my endeavors to discover where she sends the epistles. Girls of her age are the greatest of trials. I heartily wish she would go home, for her romance is affecting the whole school. I asked Miss Jones this morning what was woman's highest destiny, and she demurely answered—Getting married. And little Mary Carroll, when asked in the Natural History class what animal would be most useful on a desert island, said—A man. What are we all coming to!

Enter CHARLEY MOOREHEAD.

Charley (*aside*). Here 's a pretty go! The old she dragon! Now, Charley, call all your impudence to aid you.

Miss Snubbem. Well, young man, do you wish to see me?

Charley. Do I address the inexorable Minerva of the nineteenth century, Miss Snubbem?

Miss Snubbem (*aside*). He 's very handsome. (*Aloud*). I am Amanda Matilda Snubbem.

Charley. I have ventured to call, uninvited, perhaps unwelcome, to pay my homage to the star of Peddletown.

Miss Snubbem. You speak in riddles.

Charley. It can be no new thing to Miss Snubbem to have laid at her feet the devotion of the humble admirers of her genius. Who that has seen her in her stately dignity amongst

the fair buds whom she develops to full intellectual beauty, but owns the superiority of the rich blossom to which they strive in vain to attain! (*Aside*). Old maids of her age will swallow anything.

Miss Snubbem. Your address, sir, is most extraordinary. May I ask the cause of this visit?

Charley. If I have been misunderstood, I will take my leave. (*Turns to depart.*)

Miss Snubbem. Stay. Do—do you mean that you—you admire me?

Charley (*aside*). She 'll hold her own in coming to the point. (*Aloud*). Can you doubt it?

Lola (*calling outside*). Miss Snubbem! Miss Snubbem!

Miss Snubbem (*aside*). She must not enter! (*Aloud*). I will return. [*Exit hastily.*

Charley. Thank you for nothing; I had much rather have you stay away. Where can I hide? (*Tries the closet door.*) Locked! I hate getting under the table, but there is no other place. (*Creeps under the table.*)

Enter Miss Snubbem.

Miss Snubbem. Now, young gentleman—why, he 's gone! Was I too stern? Has he left in despair? Poor boy! I always knew that some time I should be appreciated, and surely it is time now, if ever. When a woman owns to thirty-three years of age, and knows that she is curtailing every year over a third, she begins to get rather tired of waiting for her affinity. Deary me! I wonder if he will come back. He is young, to be sure, but I 've got age enough for two. [*Goes out pensively.*

Charley (*peeping out*). Has she gone? Where is Grace? She told me that it was a holiday, and almost all the girls would go home. Surely she is here. Some one is coming. (*Conceals himself.*)

Enter Grace.

Grace. I thought Miss Snubbem never would go! Where is Charley? I surely saw him come in here.

Charley (*creeping out*). I am here, Gracie, and, as I stated in my note, I have something important to say to you. In the first place, I am now a free man.

Grace. Why, I never knew you were anything else.

Charley. I mean that to-day I am twenty-one.

Grace. Mercy on me! As Lola says, "There is a man in the house." So you are of age today. Well, I congratulate you.

Charley. I am about to leave this place, Gracie, to give my talents scope in some larger field. I am, as you well know, poor.

Grace.

"And when he arrived at man's estate,
It was all the estate he had."

Charley. I am tired of a lawyer's office, and mean to start as a poet or actor. I have not quite decided which.

Grace. Oh, an actor, by all means! You will look charming in some of those lovely dresses. As a cavalier or an officer I am sure I should fall in love with you.

Charley. I thought you had done that.

Grace. Did you? That shows how apt one is to be mistaken. When do you go?

Charley. To-morrow.

Grace (*half crying*). Oh no! Wait till vacation.

Charley (*aside*). She little knows that I am living on the melancholy remains of my last dollar. (*Aloud*). Circumstances over which I have no control prevent me. But I trust I shall not leave Peddletown alone. She whom I love—

Grace. You wretch, you always declared you loved me only.

Charley. And now I swear it. Your father will, I am sure, never consent to our marriage, yet once you are my own, his heart may soften. (*Aside*). And his purse-strings loosen.

Grace. An elopement! Oh, delicious!

Charley. We are now both of age, so the marriage must be legal. Say, darling Grace, that you consent.

Grace (*earnestly*). On one condition.

Charley. Name it.

Grace. A ladder of ropes. I have always fancied myself eloping on a ladder of ropes.

Charley. At midnight, then!

Grace. To-night?

Charley. Why delay?

Miss Snubbem (*behind the scenes*). Miss Lewis!

Grace. Hide quick! You are too late. Stoop, I 'll hide you. (*Charley stoops and Grace holds out her skirts to hide him.*)

Enter Miss Snubbem.

Grace (*as if reciting*). Calypso ne pouver se consoler.

Miss Snubbem. What are you hiding?

Grace (*getting round so as to be between Miss Snubbem and the door, facing the former*). Nothing, ma'am. (*Charley creeps out, Grace keeping him concealed.*)

Miss Snubbem. Nothing! Then turn round. (*Grace drops her skirts, and spins round two or three times, then runs off, laughing.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

ERR.

SCENE 3.—*Same as before; the stage darkened. Enter* GRACE, *in a walking-dress, carrying a candle.* LOLA *is with her.*

Grace. Is it midnight, Lola?

Lola. Yes, ain't you scared?

Grace. Scared! Why, my own love will soon be here. By the way, Lola, there is a hole in the last pair of stockings from the wash, and they are in Miss Snubbem's room.

Lola. Gracie, why don't you write home and get permission to be married in a respectable way? I think eloping 's a bother, and it 's horrid cold here. Besides, I don't believe it 's right.

Grace. Can I err when I fly to him I love?

Lola. Well, I think so. I know my pa would feel real bad if I ran away from him.

Charley (*outside, under the window*). Gracie!

Grace (*going to window and opening it*). Hush! I am here.

Charley (*still outside*). I couldn't get a ladder of ropes.

Lola (*singing softly*).

"When a lady elopes
Down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong Kong for me.
She may go! She may go!
She may go to Hong Kong for me."

Grace. O Charley, that 's real mean of you. I don't care about going, then.

Charley (*appearing at window, as if climbing*). You 'll have to come down to the door. I have a carriage at the corner, and there 's a train passes through here at one o'clock. (*Jumps into the room.*)

Lola. I have just been trying to persuade Gracie not to go. Surely she errs in leaving the school where her parents have placed her, and you are by no means sure of not gaining her parents' consent to your marriage.

Charley (*dramatically*). Who listens to cold, calculating reason when Love stands at the portal whispering hope and joy? Come, Gracie!

Miss Snubbem (*outside*). Murder! Thieves! Murder! Somebody 's in the house. (*Exeunt Charley and Grace.*)

Lola. Here 's a pretty predicament. (*Blows out the candle.*)

Miss Snubbem. I heard voices! Murder! Murder! Where are you all?

Enter MISS SNUBBEM.

Miss Snubbem. Here 's a window open.

Enter JULIA *and* MISS SMITH.

Julia. What is the matter?

Miss Snubbem. Bring a light, somebody! Thieves! Murder! (*All the girls flock in. Lola, striking a match, lights the candle.*)

All. Oh, what *is* the matter? Oh, I'm so frightened. (*They all crowd together.*)

Miss Snubbem. There 's thieves in the house. (*Knocking at the door.*)

Enter a POLICEMAN.

Policeman. Seeing your front door standing open, madam, I stepped in to see if you were aware of the fact. (*Some of the girls faint, some scream, and run about making an awful confusion.*)

Miss Snubbem. O officer, search the house! Oh, there 's a thief here, I 'm sure! Oh! (*Faints in the policeman's arms.*)

Policeman. What shall I do? Here, some of you girls come hold the old lady.

Miss Snubbem (*springing up*). Old, sir! How dare you! I shall report you at the station to-morrow. Old!

Lola. Shall the gentleman look for the thief?

Miss Snubbem. Oh, I forgot the thief! Come, we will all go together. (*They all go out, the policeman leading.*) [*Curtain falls.*

MANAGER.

SCENE 4.—*A manager's room. The large table in centre is covered with books, plays, piles of manuscript, opened letters, writing materials, and scraps of theatrical properties. In the waste paper basket is a pistol, a purse, and a poodle dog. Every chair is covered with cloaks, masks, and other articles, and the furniture is a mixture of old chairs that have been thrones and sofas past being effective. Boxes are piled up, with lamps, and in fact any odds and ends to make an effective mess that the house will furnish. On the walls hang old play bills, and pictures of actors and actresses in costume.* MR. STARUM *discovered seated, reading a newspaper.*

Mr. Starum (*reading*). "Call at the manager's office between ten and one." So, this is my advertisement for new performers. All the old ones have struck for wages, except some four or five who know that nobody else will engage them. I will never employ them again, so here goes for new talent. All are invited to call and give a specimen of their powers.* Ha! this is really almost an inspiration; for, should they fail in standard drama, I can give an impromptu performance, with full liberty to each novice to

* In this scene much must depend upon the company performing the charade. It can be shortened or lengthened to fill almost a whole evening. Each actor or actress can give specimens of their own individual talent, so that really good elocutionists can give pleasure, though generally the broader the burlesque, or the greater the variety in the selections made, the better.

act the part that suits him best. (*Knock.*) Who is there? Come in!

Enter MR. DRAWEM *as Mephistopholes, Macbeth, Charles the First, or in any other fancy costume which he can beg or borrow.*

Mr. Drawem. The placards look beautiful, sir.

Mr. Starum. Ha, Drawem, we shall weather this storm, and rise on the wings of native talent, developing genius to the topmost round of the ladder of popularity.

Drawem (*in a loud aside*). What a mind! (*Knock.*) Come in.

Enter JONATHAN CLODHOPPER *in a farmer's dress of some years ago.*

Mr. Starum. Well, my friend! Have you a message for me?

Jonathan. Be you the man as rit this? (*Pulls out a newspaper and points to paragraph.*)

Mr. Starum. Advertising for actors? Yes, sir.

Jonathan. Wall, I got kinder tired livin' down country, and I like to try it here 'n town a spell; cum up to market yesterday 'n' seed this, so I cum to see what you 'd give a feller a week.

Mr. Starum. But—

Jonathan. Allers thought it was manners to tell a feller to take a cheer (*sits down*); now, then!

Mr. Starum (*aside to Drawem*). I wonder if he could play Cousin Joe. His costume is perfect.

Mr. Drawem. Capital!

Jonathan. When you 've done talking to yerselves, s'posin' ye talk to me, seein' I 've paid a night's lodging on purpose to see yer.

Mr. Starum. Pray, sir, what are you qualifications for the stage?

Jonathan (*vacantly*). Hey?

Mr. Starum. Have you ever studied dramatic elocution?

Jonathan. Hey?

Mr. Starum. Gesticulation, and accustomed yourself to memorize a part.

Jonathan (*fiercely*). Look a here, mister, if you think I 've come here to have fun poked at me—

Mr. Starum. Not at all. Don't get enraged about nothing, my friend. Give me a specimen of your talent.

Jonathan. Hey?

Mr. Starum. Show me what you can do. Recite something for me.

Jonathan. Speak a piece?

Mr. Starum. Yes.

Jonathan (*rising and giving the following without punctuation, save a full stop whenever he is out of breath, and working his arms and legs like a windmill*).

"*To* be or not *to* be that *is* the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind *to* suffer
The slings an' arrers of outrageous fortune
Or *to* take *arms* (*flinging his arms up*) against a sea of troubles (*sniffles*)
And by opposing (*fiercely*) end 'em."

Mr. Starum. That is quite sufficient! You will not suit us.

Jonathan (*in an easy, gentlemanly tone*). I think that I will! Suppose I try again. Select your own scene, Mr. Starum.

Mr. Starum (*aside to Drawem*). H'm—I smell a mice! (*Aloud*). Try Rienzi's address to the Roman citizens.

Jonathan (*vacantly*). Hey? Rien—who? what? Are ye're got the book?

Mr. Starum. Oh yes (*finds play*); here it is. Begin here—"I come not here to talk."

Jonathan. Seems to me that 's exactly what I did come for. (*Reads, in a hesitating, schoolboy fashion.*)

Friends (*in a low tone*) *one,*
I come not here to talk. One, two, three, four. Ye know too well,
The story of our thraldom, one, two, three, four.

Mr. Starum. What nonsense is this? What the deuce are you counting in that absurd way for?

Jonathan. That 's the way to mind stops. One comma, two semicolon, three colon, four period.

Mr. Starum. Well, go on; but leave out the counting. (*Aside*). There *is* something behind all this. (*Aloud*). I am listening, Mr.—Mr.—

Jonathan. Clodhopper, sir. Wall, I try again. (*Reads, at first in a schoolboy way, gradually getting dramatic, till, tossing the book aside, the actor throws himself fully into the part.*)

"Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises on his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor (*pointing to Drawem*), there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,

He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope—
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was a look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!"

Mr. Starum. That is quite sufficient. Both tragic powers and comic seem alike familiar to you. Mr.—

Jonathan. Mr. Voxpopuli, from the New York theatres, Mr. Starum.

Mr. Starum. What terms can I make—(*knock*). Come in! (*Enter* Miss Haverownway.) Drawem, will you show Mr. Voxpopuli our improvements? (*Exeunt* Messrs. Voxpopuli *and* Drawem.) Madam, I am at your service.

Miss Haverownway (*condescendingly*). Mr. Starum, I believe!

Mr. Starum. The same! Allow me to offer you a chair. (*Aside*). The great tragic actress. I must secure *her* on any terms.

Miss Haverownway (*in a deep tone*). I called, sir, in answer to the paragraph setting forth your desire for talented performers. *I* am Matilda Haverownway. I need say no more.

Mr. Starum. All managers bow to the magic of that name.

Miss Haverownway. Very good! Now, sir, for terms. I shall expect $500 a night, my hotel expenses paid, a carriage placed at my disposal, my choice of pieces, a star actor engaged to support me, and a large dressing-room and two servants, while I am in the theatre. On those terms I will play one week.

Mr. Starum (*aside*). Ruination! However, it will do no harm to promise. (*Aloud*). Madam, your extremely moderate terms shall be complied with.

Miss Haverownway. Any other little matters that may occur to me I will mention.

Mr. Starum. It is not customary to call for a recitation from such well-known performers, but if you would favor me, I should feel the obligation enormous.

Miss Haverownway. With pleasure, sir. (*Recites with such deep tragic emphasis as to make it a burlesque.*)

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold.
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night! He is about it:
The doors are open: and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die."

Mr. Starum. Thank you! Where shall I call to make our further arrangements?

Miss Haverownway (*giving card*). There do I dwell! The morning finds me home! Good-morning, sir! (*Sweeps out.*)

Mr. Starum (*loudly*). Queen of her profession. (*Aside.*) There, I hope she heard that as she went down. (*Knock.*) Come in!

Enter Charley *and* Grace. *Charley is dressed in the seedy poet style, a threadbare coat, buttoned close to the throat, shocking bad hat, and shabby gloves. Grace is shy and timid.*

Charley. I have called, sir, with my wife, Mrs. Moorehead (*Grace and Mr. Starum bow*), to secure an engagement in your theatre.

Mr. Starum. Your first appearance?

Charley. On any stage. Grace, my dear, recite for Mr. Starum.

Grace. Oh I can't! O Charley, I 'm trembling like a leaf.

Charley (*sweetly*). Try, my love. (*Fiercely, aside to Grace*). Don't be an idiot. If your father *won't* support us we must try this.

Grace. I 'm so afraid!

Charley. My wife's *forte* is light comedy. Shall we try a scene together from the "School for Scandal?" My *forte* is (*dropping his voice*) deep tragedy.

Mr. Starum (*aside*). Very deep, to judge from that down cellar voice.

Charley. Now, Grace, my love. "Lady Teazle! Lady Teazle! I won't bear it!"

Grace (*in a shaking whisper*). "Very well, Sir Peter, you"—

Mr. Starum. But I cannot hear the lady.

Charley. Louder, Grace, my dear.

Grace (*still trembling and speaking very fast and nervously*). "Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in everything, and what 's more, I will." O Charley, I can't! (*Cries.*)

Charley (*aside, contemptuously*). I didn't think you were such a ninny. The idea of breaking down on that. I thought you had some brains.

Grace (*indignantly, aside to Charley*). I've got as much brains as you have, and I can play as well, too.

Charley. Pshaw! don't talk nonsense.

Grace. You go on with the next speech.

Mr. Starum. I am afraid the young lady is too timid for the stage.

Charley (reciting). "What, madam! Is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?"

Grace (with spirit). "Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she is bid after marriage? Though I was bred in the country, I am no stranger to that; if you wanted me to have been obedient you should have adopted me, and not married me. I 'm sure you were old enough." (*Aside to Charley*). There, Mr. Bashaw Charley, you couldn't read it any better yourself, with all your contempt for my brains.

Charley (still reciting). "Ay, there it is! You, madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?"

Grace (very angry). "I am sure I 'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be."

Charley. "'Slife, madam, I 'll have no more sums squandered upon such unmeaning luxuries. You have as many flowers in your dressing-room as would turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse; or make a *fête champetre* at a"—

Grace (sulkily). "Lord, Sir Peter! am I to blame that flowers don't blow in cold weather? You must blame the climate, and not me."

Mr. Starum. Capital! Go on, madam.

Grace (with a look of triumph at Charley). Thank you, sir! (*Recites the rest of the part with spirit and gayety*). "I 'm sure, for my part, I wish it was spring all the year round, and the roses grew under our feet."

Charley (angry in his turn). "Zounds, madam, I should not wonder at your extravagance if you had been bred to it. Had you any of these things before you married me?"

Grace (aside to Charley). Simmer down, don't be savage, *dear!* (*Recites*). "Lord, Sir Peter! how can you be so angry at these little elegant expenses?"

Charley. "Had you any of those little elegant expenses when you married me?"

Grace. "For my part, I think you ought to be pleased your wife should be thought a woman of taste."

Charley. "Zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me!"

Grace (emphatically). "Very true, indeed; and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again."*

* The whole scene can be read if desired. School for Scandal, Act II, Scene 1.

Mr. Starum. Very good, indeed. I see you have talent.

Charley. Shall I recite for you, sir?

Mr. Starum. Well, yes. Something from Shakspeare.

Charley. Very good. I will give you Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's body. I will take this for a mantle (*takes a very ragged dressing-gown from a pile of costumes*). Now, Mr. Starum, sit here. You are the dead body of Julius Cæsar. Grace, stand there—you represent the Roman populace.

Grace (spreading out her skirts). There 's all the room I want.

Charley (in a burlesque tragedy manner, with great mouthing and grimaces).

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!
(*Grace draws out her handkerchief.*)
You all do know this mantle. (*Shows dressing-gown.*)
I remember
The first time Cæsar ever put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look (*showing a hole*), in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See (*showing a tear*) what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this (*opens the pocket*) the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark (*slowly drawing out the cotton wool from lining*) how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
(*Finding a very tiny hole, and poking his finger in.*)
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
(*Wraps the dressing-gown round his head.*)
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell!
(*Jerks off the dressing-gown.*)
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh now you weep (*Grace wipes her eyes*); and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops,
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors.
(*Seizes Mr. Starum by the throat and drags him forward.*)

Mr. Starum. Stay, Murder! (*Shakes himself free.*) That's quite sufficient. You certainly have talent.

Charley. May we consider ourselves engaged?

Mr. Starum. Ahem! Well, yes, for the present.

Charley (to audience). And may we hope for

your approval to confirm our manager in his opinion. [*Curtain falls.*

AN EGYPTIAN DINNER.

On entering the room where we were to dine, we were placed on chairs at the cotton-covered table, and at the same time an immense tray was brought in and laid on it. In the centre was a huge turkey dressed plain, though it looked too sodden to be roasted, and around were arranged little dishes of pickles, salt, sugar, and other condiments. We had plates, and were, moreover, favored with knives and forks—respecting the necessity of which my friend had overheard a murmured conversation while we had been in the bride's room. All the spoons were of tortoise shell or ivory, with rather flat bowls; and we had each a large napkin, worked at the ends with gold; and a small one more like an embroidered pocket handkerchief. There was also Turkish bread—a sort of flat, soft, tough roll, cut into morsels, but not separated. Having taken our plates before us, a slave grasped the wing-bone of the turkey, nicked the joint very neatly with a knife, took off the wing, and then with her fingers tearing off long strips of the breast, put them on our plates. As we held it wise to follow as far as might be at Rome the customs of the Romans, we ate, and instantly another dish took the turkey's place, and then another, and then another, *ad infinitum*, with the most extraordinary rapidity. What the dishes were, or of what they consisted, it was impossible to say; and no order was observed as to the succession of meat and sweet dishes, the one replacing the other apparently at hazard. A tempting-looking white dish, we were told, was made of chicken, but on tasting it, it proved to be sweet and very sickly. It appeared to be considered a peculiar delicacy, and was composed of the white meat of the chicken cut up very small, brayed in a mortar, and then mixed up with a variety of other ingredients, sweetened and perfumed. One or two dishes were rather good, but as, from their number and rapid succession, we could barely taste them (of some, indeed, we only took morsels on our plate, which we pretended to take for courtesy's sake), we carried away a highly confused idea of the component parts of the feast. At last, to our great relief, dessert, and a huge glass bowl, not unlike a globe for gold fish, but more open at the top, were brought in, and we were invited to drink. As neither glass, nor cup, nor any other convenience for drinking was supplied, we felt puzzled how to accede to the invitation, until large ivory and tortoise shell spoons, or rather ladles, being produced, we were instructed to dip these into the bowl. This we did, and found the drink, which was clear and almost colorless, a sweet mawkish perfumed compound, in which were floating small slices of banana, and little stoneless raisins, or dried cherries. A very few sips were enough. We wound up with some morsels of apple, which the slave who chiefly served us had peeled and cut into little bits.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY THOMAS HENRY BACON.

Dear to me the constant plashing
  Of the rain drops falling fast,
And the dripping leafless branches
  Waving in the autumn blast—
When the withered summer flowers
  Dead and cold are strewn around,
When the autumn leaves are lying
  Black and wet upon the ground,
Then I wander through the forest,
  Then I haunt each dark retreat,
But the leafy carpet never
  Starts an echo from my feet.

I have listened to the murmur
  Of the quiet autumn rain,
As it fell with ceaseless patter
  On the tinkling window pane.
I have stood to hear the music
  Of the quiet autumn rain,
As upon the spectral darkness
  Floated by the sweet refrain.
And I love the gentle whisper
  Of the patter on the pane,
For I feel the spirits near me,
  When I hear the autumn rain.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY JUANITA.

There are voiceless whisperings in me,
  Of that golden, heavenly clime,
Where shall dwell the faithful servant
  After he has passed from time.

Passed from time to the eternal,
  Passed from death to fullest life,
Passed from sorrow unto gladness,
  Passed to rest from weary strife.

Passed from darkest night to morning,
  To the clear and perfect day,
Where, enwrapp'd in heavenly sunlight,
  Clouds and shadows melt away.

Sure the dark should here be sweeter,
  When we know that glorious light
Doth await the faithful servant
  When the moon breaks on the night.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

"I'D rather you'd be as green as this," said Mrs. Mousetrap, holding up some water-cresses in her fingers, "than to be as wise as *some* people; they know too much. I like you all the better for it, my dear." And she glanced maliciously across at the young man by my elbow.

"Green certainly isn't one of your colors, ma'am," replies he, politely.

She bet all the women ever I see for getting out of a scrape. She actually kept on until she made it appear that she'd only been paying me a high compliment when she called me green; as for whether Seraphina Arabella kissed me or not, she didn't care; she'd done what she intended, which was to let the public know she'd caught me, so that I needn't attempt to get away from her.

I never said nothing the rest of the meal. I made a pretence of swallowing a few victuals, and rose before any of the rest, and went up to my room. I locked the door for fear Mrs. Mousetrap, now that she considered us engaged, might take the liberty to make some excuse for coming in. I sot down on the edge of the bed, and buried my face in my hands. I was full as miserable, or more so, as the time I lost my money to the St. Nicholas. I felt as if it was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I thought more of Kitty than any one else—how she would feel to see me coming back to Beanville with a wife. I thought, too, of Seraphina Arabella; of her calling *me* father! of taking her along with us to our house, for mother to wait on and put up with her sass. I thought of Kitty pining away, losing all her fun and good spirits, perhaps going into a decline, and dying, and being buried in about a year of a broken heart. It all riz up before me how she'd be lookin' out of the window when she expected me back, ready to fly down the lane to meet me, with her thoughts full of love and the pink calico and white mull I'd promised her. It was dreadful! I darsn't think about it very long; a lump came up in my throat, and I pulled my hair so hard that nigh unto twenty or thirty hairs come out in my hand. I do believe that if it hadn't been so slippery with the oil I'd been a laying onto it, a hull handful would have come out by the roots. Just as I'd about made up my mind to face the widow down in a lie, and give her the mitten before the hull house, su'thin' come a tappin' at my door very soft. I felt about as oneasy as the fellow did that wrote that "Raven," only I didn't do as he did, holler out and ask what in thunder it was; I knew without inquirin', and I kept as still as a mouse. The tappin' grew a little louder, and then a voice whispered through the keyhole:—

"I'm going out, my precious, to purchase the wedding-dress. What shall it be—lute-string or moire antique? *I* shall like whatever my darling likes."

I kept as still as a treed woodchuck.

"Won't my dear 'Bijah go out with me and pick out the piece? I'd like it to be his selection."

The voice was awfully coaxing, but I held on to the bedpost and kept mum. If she peeked through the keyhole, which I s'pose she did, she must have seen me setting on the edge of the bed, and looking obstinate. Whether she did or not, she purtended she didn't, saying, before she went away:—

"He must have gone down town to buy his goods. I suppose he feels in a hurry now. I was a going to give him a check on my banker. It's a pity he's gone!"

A check on her banker! Wall, wall, there ain't a trouble in the world that hasn't an alleviatin' plaster to put on it. I began to think I'd been a little sulky not even to answer her. I was just a going to onlock the door and call after her when my eyes fell on a package laying in my open trunk; it was the white muslin I'd bought for Kitty. I took it out and looked at the little bundle, wishing all the time that I knew how large a check the widow had been on the point of presenting to me. One minute I'd see, in my mind's eye, Kitty, with the mull on, tucked to the waist, a wreath of white roses on her head and a white veil a flowing about her lovely form; the next, the widow would rise up before me, with little wrinkles around her eyes, and Seraphina hanging on to her skirt making faces at me, holding out a bag of gold in one hand and a check on the bank with the other. I don't know which would have got the best of it, if the landlady hadn't come to the door and knocked. I let on not to hear till she spoke out and said it

was she, and she 'd like to speak to me a minute if I wasn't too busy; so I unlocked the door and asked her in, and she hemmed and colored up, and got so embarrassed that I began to feel queer, too.

"Mr. Beanpole, I 've come to you as a friend," said she, "to ask you if you 're really engaged to marry Mrs. Mousetrap. Because I can't abide to see you taken in by that woman, if she *is* a boarder of mine, for you 're young and away from home, and I 've taken a fancy to you. She 's too old for you, and in no ways suitable, and that young one of hers is awful. She tries to catch everybody that comes to this house, but I hope she hasn't caught you, sir."

"Wall, really, ma'am," says I, blushing like a beet, "I don't know how it all came about no more than you do this minute. She was a saying she had some capital to invest, and inquiring round if I didn't want a partner in my new store, and all to once she jumped up and kissed me, and said she 'd be ready whenever I was, and went on exactly as if I 'd popped the question. I 'm sure I didn't mean to do it, if I did. And I 've been a setting here thinking it over, trying to make out how it all came about and what 's to be done."

"How much capital did she pretend she had?"

"She said she 'd put in an equal share with me, and she talked as though she was worth twenty or thirty thousand dollars."

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelin's; you 're young and good-looking, Mr. Beanpole; but if she was really worth as much as that, do you s'pose she 'd a been trying ten years to get married and not made out? She ain't wuth five hundred, except an annual income that just pays her board, and that goes to her daughter if the mother gets married. She 's an awful temper besides. I wouldn't have told you, but somehow I 've taken a fancy to you, and I cant bear to see you imposed on."

"I 'm a thousand times obliged to you, ma'am," says I. "I 'm sure I hadn't the least idea of wanting anybody in New York, for I 'm engaged to home to the prettiest girl in Beanville. I don't know how the widow come to make such a mistake. We was talking about a store pardnership."

"She made a mistake a purpose, Mr. Beanpole; she 's up to such tricks. Now, you be bold, and treat her as you ought to. Don't you be scart into doin' what 'll make you miserable for life."

"Oh dear, I 'm afraid she 'll sue me for breach of promise. I wish I 'd never come to York. I 'll send pa next time."

"No, she won't sue you; she knows it will spoil her future prospects; besides, the court wouldn't give judgment against a man for not marryin' a woman old enough to be his mother. Don't you be frightened, I say; we 'll all take your part." And she riz up to go.

"I 'm everlastingly obliged to you, ma'am, and I 'll be sure not to forget the lamb and green peas when I get home, and I 'll always stop to your house when I come to New York to buy goods."

"I hope you 'll bring that pretty wife along next time as a purtector," says she, smiling, as she went out. I felt as mean as skim-milk to think how easy I 'd been took in by a sharp woman, not that I ever *had* asked her to have me, for I hadn't, but I 'd come nigh to let her have her way about it. I felt as if I should be ashamed to look Kitty in the face when I got home. It wasn't very comfortable to feel ashamed, so I took refuge in getting mad. The more I thought about it the madder and madder I got. As I said, I ain't half so bashful as I am green. When I get my dander up, I can take my own part. There ain't a young man in Beanville who dares to play tricks on me.

I did a lot of work that day; bought most all my dry-goods, and was so short and jerky about it, the merchants set me down for knowin' a good deal more 'n I really did; in consequence of which I wasn't fooled half as much as I should have been. I was grittin' my teeth all day over the widow. I 've reckoned since that she saved me about three hundred dollars that would have been cheated out of me if I hadn't been so rily in my temper, which I ought to set down to her credit.

Wall, I got back in good time for supper, brushed my hair, and put considerable "Kiss me Quick" on my pocket-handkercher; I didn't go down to the setting-room, staid clus' till the bell rung, and went down to the dining-room as bright and smiling as a camphene lamp before it busts. Mrs. Mousetrap must have been on the watch; for she didn't make her debut until after I was seated; then she sails in, lookin' like a full-rigged schooner with her ruffles and crinoline, and bears down upon me with a bundle in her hand.

"Ah, dear 'Bijah, you got home first, didn't you? *Such* a time as I 've had, trying to make up my mind! there 's so many pretty things, you know. I 've looked at half the bridal silks in town. But I made my selection at last. See! isn't it a beauty? Tell me how you like

it, ladies and gentlemen. Tell me how *you* like it, dear. I hope it'll please *you;* a bride had rather look pretty to her husband than anybody else."

She unrolled a handsome piece of white watered silk; everybody stopped eatin' to look at it.

"Say, 'Bijah, how do you like it?" says she, sweetly, putting one hand on my shoulder.

"If it's your taste and your husband's," says I, looking her right in the eye, "it's nothing to me. Tastes differ. *My* girl told me to get her a white Swiss mull for her wedding frock, and I've done so. I'll show it to the ladies some day, and let 'em see if it's a suitable piece. Kitty's particular, and I should hate to disappoint her."

"What are you talking about?" says she, a little sharp.

"I was talking about Kitty—the 'girl I left behind me,' that I'm engaged to marry the 1st of next October. I said I'd bought the wedding frock, Mrs. Mousetrap. Would you like to see it?"

"And don't you intend to fulfil the engagement you've made with me? Are you going to back out, after I've went and spent thirty dollars for the silk? Are you—"

"I don't know what you mean," says I, coolly; "you tried to engage yourself to me, but I wouldn't have you. No, ma'am—I'm engaged, thank you."

The table began to titter and laugh.

"Oh, you perfidious villain! oh, you heartless monster, going about like a—like a—like a—" she was so mad she choked up for a minute.

"Wolf in sheep's clothing," I put in, meekly. "I make no doubt you took me for a sheep, ma'am; but you didn't pull the wool over my eyes."

"You sha'n't get out of it so—you sha'n't, I say! she screamed. "I've got all these people for witnesses. If we ain't engaged, why didn't you deny it this morning. I'll have you in court. I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

"Go ahead, old lady," says I, beginning to eat my dinner, "it's the only kind of courting you'll ever get."

"There, now, mamma, you might as well quit at once," spoke up Miss Arabella Seraphina, who'd been puttin' in the time with an oyster-pie beside her plate. "I told you long ago you'd never catch anybody, and you might as well settle down, and wait for *me* to grow big enough."

This put the finishin' touch to the widow's fury; she made a grab at my hair, but it was so ily it slipped out from her hand.

"Look a here, ma'am," says I, pushin' back my chair and standin' up, "two can play at that game."

I jest throwed one arm around her waist and held her arms tight down, so she couldn't stir, and with my other hand began to pull off her false curls, and braids, and cushions, and all kinds of hair fixin's. I just did it for mischief; I was as cool as a cowcumber all the time; but O Jerusha! wasn't she used up, and didn't the folks roar! You never see such a scarecrow as she was, with nigh about all her beautiful hair lying about loose.

"Now," said I, lettin' go of her when I'd done, "you wash my face and I'll wash yours."

But she scrambled up her hair, and got out of the room as quick as she could.

"I'll have you arrested for salt and battery, sir!" was her parting salute as she banged the door. The servants was all laughing fit to kill, and the pale young man turned round and shook hands with me, quite brotherly.

"You're a brick, after all," says he, as if that was the highest compliment he could pay me.

"We all desire to congratulate you on your escape from one of the standing dangers of our city," said the other young man across the table, solemnly.

"I'm glad mamma's got her hair pulled for once," said the sweet Seraphina; "she pulls mine half out."

I slept a good deal sounder that night than I had done the night before. When I come down to breakfast the next morning, the widow didn't make her appearance, and when I come back to supper that afternoon, the landlady informed me that I'd cost her the loss of two stiddy boarders; Mrs. Mousetrap had moved herself and her daughter to a new scene of experiments.

"I'm sorry to lose my boarders," said she, ruther sadly, "because I can't afford it; but I'm glad, after all, she didn't get you, Mr. Beanpole."

"Those ever-reaching affections of hers would have had a good time with a Beanpole to twine around," said the chap beside me. "You've robbed us all, Mr. Beanpole, of a source of constant satisfaction. What shall we do without the widow?"

"Git married, and bring your wives to board here, is the only way I see to better things," says I. "You'll have somebody to console you then, and fill up the vacant places at the

table besides. What do you say to that, ma'am?" says I to the landlady.

"I'm afraid there ain't much hopes," said she, smiling and shaking her head.

"I'll tell you what we *will* do," said the other young feller. "We'll use our influence to get you a couple of boarders, right away. I know a friend now that's about to change his boardin'-place."

So the landlady brightened up, everybody was in good humor, and them city chaps wa'n't nigh so ready to pick at me as they had been before I pulled out the widow's hair for her. I told 'em about my being robbed to the St. Nicholas, which was the reason why I had to stay as a witness till court sot. They said I mustn't grumble at that, for I was most uncommonly lucky to get my money back. We was all busy talking, and the waiters was passing around the plum pudding when the door-bell rang, and the girl that went to answer it brought in a letter, and come and handed it to me. My heart went up in my throat, for I thought likely it was a summons from the sheriff. I'd been a little uneasy all day, for fear the widow would really have me arrested for salt and battery. I shouldn't have cared very much if she *had*, as I calkilated to have some rich sport out of it if she did, except that it would get in the papers, and the folks to home might see it. It would cause an awful sight of scandal *there*, and Kitty might not like it very well. Before I broke the seal, I knew it didn't come from the sheriff. It was in a square wrapper, and scented to kill. My curiosity was sufficient to induce me to open it immediately, regardless of my plate of pudding getting cold. I read it first to myself, and then aloud to the company, but first I made 'em guess who it was from.

"Mrs. Mousetrap, of course," said all.

"You're out, there, and you ain't far away, nuther. Listen:"—

DEAR MR. BEANPOLE: I hope you'll excuse me for writing first, and forget that I made fun of you the first day I saw you. I always make fun of everybody that mamma likes; but indeed, indeed, as sure as I live and breathe, I like you first-rate—lots better 'n that hateful Mr. Brown, who's always provoking me, or Mr. Jones, either. I can't bear them. I like you ever so much, because you're good and good-looking, and come it over mamma so nicely. So I thought I would write to you, and ask you if you wouldn't marry me. I knew you wouldn't have mamma, for she's too old. I'm rather young, but not so much so as I look. She's always making out I'm eight or nine, but I was eleven last month—in my twelfth year—and if you would take me away somewhere where you live, and wait two or three years till I grew a little taller, and had finished my grammar and botany, I should be willing to wait. I've heard of girls being married when they were thirteen, haven't you? You see, I'm *so* unhappy! O Mr. Beanpole, I'm *perfectly miserable!* Mamma's so cross, and since you pulled off her false hair, she's been crosser than ever. She hates me, I know she does. I've wanted to run away this long time, only I haven't any idea how to do it. I'd rather go off with one of those brigadiers that we read about in those charming stories than to live with mamma. But you're better than a brigadier—or maybe it's a brigadine; I don't remember; but those terrible fellows, you know. I shouldn't be afraid of *you*, and you could appoint a time, and could carry me off, and take me to your own mother, who I've heard you say was such a nice person. I'd be good; a great deal better than I am here. I must hurry and finish this before mamma comes in. She will think it's my composition; but if she should see it, she would shut me up two or three days. I expect you will know best what to do to get me away, only don't let it be at midnight, as it usually is in stories, for I'm mortally afraid of the dark. Please answer this so I will get it to-morrow morning, and direct it to Betsy Williams, which is the waiter girl's name, who I have paid to deliver it to me, for fear mamma should find us out. I don't like this house as well as the one we left. I await your reply with the utmost intensity. Yours, forever,

CLARA ARABELLA SERAPHINA MOUSETRAP.

No. 90, B—— St.

P. S. I shall have five thousand dollars the day I come of age, which is now only six years and a little over.

"I declare, there aint one of us ought to laugh at that child," said the landlady, when we got done laughing. "She's a hateful little minx, and I never could like her; but 'tain't her fault; that mother of hers is to blame. Just look at that letter, now! It shows how she's been brought up; novels and a match-making woman's been her teachers. I don't doubt she's unhappy, too, as she says, for Mrs. Mousetrap's got a dreadful temper, silky as she looks."

"Poor Seraphina! I'd take you home, and let mother put a little sense into you, if you

wasn't too deep in your ma's tricks to ever be made over," thinks I, puttin' her letter in my pocket. "I'll answer her, to relieve her anxiety, and tell her I'm already engaged to a young lady whose heart would be broken all to flinders if I should bring back a city bride. That 'll let her down easy."

Wall, the boarders they mostly scattered after supper; the landlady she come in the parlor and talked to me awhile; then she went out to 'tend to her servants. I felt lonesome, and did wish I could go and spark Kitty. As I couldn't do that, I did the next best thing—went up to my room and wrote her a letter. I hadn't expected to write when I went away, as I didn't calkilate to be kept so long; but now I thought I'd surprise her with a real love-letter, fixed up about right, and topped off with a verse or two of poetry that would tickle her highly. I seen her, in my mind's eye, tuckin' the epistle in her bosom, and takin' it out to read about twenty times a day in the kitchen pantry, the milk-house, out in the meadow, and before she blowed out the candle when she was going to bed. So, as I have a sort of faculty for making poetry, I wound up my letter with a hull lot of verses. Some of them are so good I'll give 'em. It took me a good while to study 'em up, and I guess they 'll pass muster with the most:—

I wish I was a spelling-book
  And Kitty was the cover.
I wish I was the gales of spring
  That round her footsteps hover.

I wish I was the stars of night
  That in her window glimmer.
I wish I was a pan of milk,
  And Kitty was the skimmer.

I wish I was the tortle comb
  That holds her raven tresses.
I wish I was the hooks and eyes
  That fastens up her dresses.

And if I was a gorgeous sunflower,
  I'd do as they all oughter;
Instead of turning to the sun,
  I'd foller round the daughter.

I wish I was away from York,
  And going to see my Kitty,
Or she was hanging to my arm
  A walking through the city.

I'm awful homesick. Kitty, now,
  Don't flirt with that Reub Lummis,
When I'm away, for if you should,
  I'd pound him into pumice.

The rosy is a pensive flower,
  The winter winds are blasting,
My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
  My love is everlasting.

I felt sleepy after the last verse; "the rosy is a pensive flower" was considerable of an effort, so I blew out my light and went to bed. Before this, ever sence I came to the house, I had left it a burning, for fear of robbers; but this time I was thinking so much about home I didn't feel afraid. So I blowed out the light, which wasn't a lamp or a candle, and never had to be snuffed, and in two minutes was sound asleep.

It was a blessing for which I shall ever be grateful that Mr. Smith stayed out late that night, and that I forgot to lock my door, for as he came home about an hour later, and passed my door, he smelt somethin' suspicious, and come in. It took 'em some time, they said, to bring me to. That pesky candle was made of gas, and after I blowed it out it kept on smoking till I was strangled asleep. I'd been dead long before morning if it hadn't been for Providence and Mr. Smith. There's no telling what danger a feller is in as long as he stays in this city.

An Idea—true and beautiful.—"I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like the shadows will stay in our presence forever."

Safe Physicians.—Dumoulin, the physician, maintained at his death that he had left behind him two great physicians, Regimen and Pure Water.

Conscience.—Conscience is a sleeping giant, but his starts are terrible when he awakes.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XIII.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

"Ah, your new clock strikes the half hours," said Mr. Dorr, as the measured chimes interrupted his uncle's remark. At Mrs. Laselle's pleasant answering smile he drew forth his watch, and, glancing at it, sprang to his feet abruptly, exclaiming: "Hours! hours winged as of old! I beg pardon for having kept you up so late. I hope I have not thus lessened the probability of your going home with me to-morrow, have I, Aunt Sophie?"

"If there *was* a probability, it is not altered," replied Mrs. Laselle.

"There *was* one; I saw it in your face as I first urged my request to-night," said the gentleman, positively. Then added, without giving her an opportunity to respond: "But it is quite time to say good-night. I may take my old room, I suppose."

After his nephew had retired, Uncle Charles sat musing while his wife went to the kitchen to see that all was right; then, as she gently touched his arm, he said: "Well, mother, you will go with Frank, will you not?"

"Do you think it best?"

"I certainly do. You are all the mother the poor fellow has, and I am confident he would not urge you so importunately, if he were not very anxious you should visit his home. Something goes wrong there, or he would never grow old so fast. His prospects were very fine a half dozen years ago, and he seems to be making money now, but evidently he is not as happy as he used to be."

"I have noticed the change in him, and would be glad to smooth the wrinkles on his brow if I were able."

"Then you will gratify him, of course, if you can do no more."

Mrs. Laselle's sympathies had been touched by the careworn appearance of Mr. Dorr, as she had welcomed him that afternoon, and she had been disposed to accept his eager invitation while she pitied him then; but when, during the evening, he had been beguiled into something of his old cheerfulness, she had dropped the idea of accompanying him the more readily, perhaps, that she had so many times declined his urgent invitations upon his regular returns from market. Now her husband's words gave force to her first impulsive decision, and, her swift thoughts rapidly planning for the comfort of her home while she should be away, she soon replied: "Yes, Charles, I think I will go."

Long after her husband was quietly sleeping Aunt Sophie's pillow supported a wakeful head. Her active thoughts went back to the pleasant time when Frank Dorr had proudly brought his young bride here. She remembered how confidently he had claimed her approval of his choice, and the pleasure she had found in heartily bestowing it. His enthusiastic, lover-like encomiums, and the fond praise of the girl's invalid mother scarcely seemed more than the exactest justice when she had been told how efficiently Ada Field had performed all the duties which had long devolved on her in her father's large household. She was gratified, too, to learn that Ada was humbly striving to be a worthy follower of our risen Lord, and she did not frown upon that gayety which was the natural result of high health, exuberant animal spirits, and a glad heart. As Mrs. Laselle recalled the winning vivacity and girlish sportiveness of the young bride, association brought memory's record of twilight conversations, when Ada had talked with womanly earnestness of the new duties she had now assumed and the old ones which she had left to younger sisters. She would no longer have her mother at hand to consult in every emergency; but must become accustomed to depending on herself in the minor household affairs of which Frank would know nothing. However, neither she or Aunt Sophie apprehended that she would have any difficulty in reflecting due honor upon her husband's home arrangements in the thriving little village in which he had a little time before established a new store, though they knew there was a constant emulation amongst the ladies there in housewifery as well as in dress and style of living.

Aunt Sophie had never seen Ada Dorr except during that visit and a brief one a few months later; but her interest in the little family had not lost its freshness during the eight years which had glided by since the last; for the young husband had gratified himself and them by making brief semi-annual visits at their pleasant home as he thus regularly repaired to market. For the first three or four years his stays with them had been sources of satisfaction

only to the uncle and aunt, who felt a deep interest in his welfare. They saw that he was proud of his wife and little ones, and happy in his home; but gradually the tone of his feelings had seemed to change, and they had more than once been pained by what appeared to be undue anxiety for his children. The old fondly proud references to his wife grew less and less frequent, and their place was more than supplied by praises of his little daughter Lottie, which were usually ended with a sigh and minute, motherly inquiries as to the needs of children. Knowing Ada's active temperament and practical knowledge of housewifery, Aunt Sophie was so much at a loss to account for her nephew's being overburdened with care in the midst of evident prosperity that she was at first disposed to attribute the change in his appearance to accidental, temporary, unreasonable depression of the spirits; but when she saw those lines of care deepening themselves upon his face, she needed, as we have seen, little urging to accept his renewed request that she would accompany him home.

Late the next afternoon, as Aunt Sophie took her nephew's arm to walk the few rods between the little depot and his dwelling, he said, cheerily: "We 'll see the little folks soon; their eyes will sparkle merrily."

"And Ada," said Aunt Sophie, hesitatingly —"I hope she is not one who may be disturbed by a half-expected visitor?"

"O no! She is never disturbed by visitors, if she is only at home, and you she will be delighted to see. But there is my little woman. Poor thing, the baby is altogether too heavy for her."

Aunt Sophie had but a glimpse of the little weary-looking face as its owner tried to arrange the pillows in the baby carriage with the heavy infant in her arms, when, at the click of the gate latch, the blue eyes were lifted, and a glad light flashed over it as Lottie, exclaiming "Oh, papa 's come! papa 's come!" dropped the baby upon one pillow, and, throwing the other out, caught the carriage tongue, and sprang forward down the walk. Frank hastily left Aunt Sophie's side, and took the little girl in his arms for a quick embrace; then seated the baby upon one knee as Lottie clung about his neck for an instant, saying: "I am *so* tired! Mother has been gone all the afternoon, at Mrs. Warner's, and baby is sick. Besides, Johnnie and Nellie were real naughty. They are good now, though, so I have let them go out to play."

"Ah, mother gone? Then you must welcome Aunt Sophie," replied the father, as Mrs. Laselle came up.

The little girl advanced, and, offering her hand with demure grace, said: "I am quite glad you are come. I will try and make you comfortable till mother comes, if you will please to walk in."

Johnnie and Nellie just then came with a boisterous welcome for their father, so the "little woman" waited upon Mrs. Laselle into the parlor, in her own much practised way, before Mr. Dorr realized what she was doing. She came out to the noisy group upon the piazza in an instant, and said: "The lady will not let me wait upon her, father; but if you will please to send Johnnie and Nellie out to play, and go in the parlor and stay with her, I will get your supper as nice as I can."

"And that would be too nice for us, little one; we can let Aunt Sophie go into the dining-room and kitchen, and she and I will see to the supper, now you are so tired."

"O no, no, father; I am not tired now, if you can only keep Willie still. I have not had a minute's chance to clear away our supper, and Johnnie spilt his cup of milk over. There she comes. Don't, please, don't let her go in the kitchen!" And the look of entreaty and dread was real, though it seemed so comic upon so petite a face that, as Mrs. Laselle came to the door, after having hung her bonnet and shawl on the hat tree, and was making the acquaintance of Johnnie and Nellie, Mr. Dorr laughed heartily, saying: "Here is a girl so afraid that we shall find a flaw in her housekeeping that she is going to keep us in the parlor."

Aunt Sophie saw the look of pain on Lottie's face, and replied: "Perhaps she has been having such a frolic as one of my girls had once when she was not much older than Lottie is. I was obliged to leave her with the care of a little brother who was teething, and I told her to spare no pains in amusing him. She tried one thing after another, but nothing pleased him long. At last she thought of the little shavings basket which stood in the shed, brimful of the long wood curls we like so well to kindle fires with, and brought it into the dining-room. These made rare fun for the little fellow, and he forgot his aching gums in tossing them about. As he tired of this sport, she fastened them round her head and shook it in his face, when, as he was giggling merrily, our minister called. Poor Emma was dreadfully mortified for a minute; but I came then, and complimented her upon the baby's improve-

ment under her care and her thoughtfulness in making the litter on the oilcloth, thus giving force to Mr. Thorne's pleasant words, and so fully reassuring her that there was a smile upon her face as we left her to make the room tidy again. I was a great deal better pleased with my little girl than I should have been if I had found the room in order and the baby feverish from fretting; so you need not be afraid to let me go in the kitchen, if you have upset the shavings or done even bigger mischief, for I see you have taken good care of Willie."

"You may go everywhere you want to," replied Lottie, adding, as if fearful she had been rude, "I did not want you to go before, because Johnnie spilt his milk on the tablecloth, and mother always says don't let strangers go in the kitchen, unless it is perfectly tidy."

"Well, but Aunt Sophie and I are not strangers," said Mr. Dorr, as he yielded the willing babe to Mrs. Laselle's offered hands, and the little girl naively replied:—

"I guess she means everybody; for she meant Mrs. Wood, and she is here almost every day."

Aunt Sophie smiled and said:—

"I will sit in the sitting-room and rock the baby, while you and your father get supper. Remember a simple one for me, Frank."

"I understand," replied the gentleman, as he went to light a fire, while Lottie lingered to see if Willie would be quiet. Aunt Sophie had quite won her heart already, but her admiration was increased when she saw the little one lie contentedly on her lap, and she gently rubbed the inflamed gums with her finger.

When tea was ready, Mrs. Laselle placed Willie in his little cab, and Lottie took the three children out in the yard; for Johnnie and Nellie had prevented their father's rendering her much assistance in preparing the meal, and he did not wish their company while eating.

"I do not wonder that you call Lottie 'little woman,'" said Aunt Sophie, as she glanced over the neatly arranged table, "but you must take care lest she ruin her health by lifting that heavy baby."

"I know it," replied Mr. Dorr, with a little sigh. "I sometimes wish she were a mischievous romp, like what Nelly bids fair to become under Johnnie's tuition."

"Quite likely," said Aunt Sophie, thoughtfully, "for the romps make the healthiest women, and thus accomplish more in the world than those whose sensitive, conscientious natures lead them to drain life's forces early. Very careful should be our physical culture, when a child's mind or soul is precocious, if we would not mourn over a little grave, or by and by grieve in sympathy with a beautiful growing soul, cramped and hindered in its every effort for good, by the incapacity to work its will, of that instrument which, though 'fearfully and wonderfully made' by infinite loving wisdom, has been so sadly overstrained in its development that its secret springs have lost their elasticity. Lottie will require most careful physical nurture, but she will nobly repay all your care when her fragile frame shall have gained the power to do all which her affections will prompt. I am glad to know that you have a fine healthy situation here, and this nice lawn and garden giving abundant room for out door exercise, will prove a mine of health to all your children. The village has altered very much since I was here last," and thus the conversation was thrown into a general channel, till, just as they were rising from the table, Frank exclaiming:—

"There comes Ada!" hastily stepped to the door to greet her. Aunt Sophie was glad to realize from the sparkling eyes and joyous tones, that the old love was bright between them. Mrs. Dorr was full of apologies and regrets for her absence; she knew Frank would not mind her being away, and she had eagerly watched for Aunt Sophie so many times, that she had given up the expectation of seeing her here.

Mr. Dorr was obliged to leave soon after, and then it was time to call the children in for bed. Mrs. Dorr unfastened Lottie's clothes, and the three started to go to their room. Aunt Sophie offered to take the babe that Ada might go to hear them say their prayers. Mrs. Dorr blushed at the offer, and Johnnie's noisy declaration that God would take care of him just as well, if he did not say his prayer, for He always did, but she declined it, and followed the children with Willie in her arms. She soon came back and seated herself, saying, apologetically:—

"I cannot tell what makes Johnnie so rude and heathenish; I am sure Lottie is a well-trained child, if she is my own, but the other two are forever doing something to mortify me. Perhaps it is because I have so much less time to devote to them than I used to spend with her, but one woman cannot do everything, and I will not consent to Frank's frequent proposal of keeping hired help, for my work is never well done unless I do it myself."

But we need not record conversations to tell what Aunt Sophie learned from many, as well as from other sources. She found that Ada

Dorr had, by the flattery of others and her own false aims in life, become the slave of the "They say" of a little gossiping village. Ada knew that she had been called the "smartest" woman in the place, and she was too much pleased with the title to lessen her efforts to deserve it. She was an excellent housekeeper, and she knew it and rejoiced in it. Her house was always in good order, her table neatly arranged, and abundantly provided with wholesome, well-cooked food; her husband's shirts never lacked a button, and herself and her children were always well-dressed and tidy. She was strong, quick-motioned, and handy, so that work was as play to her, led on as she was by love of approbation. She was exceedingly fond of company, and hence nearly every afternoon found her away, unless visitors were expected. She was president of the sewing society, and quite active in the mission cause. Indeed, she was living in a hurry, and very well satisfied with herself for what she accomplished. Lottie was a source of pride to her, for she was accustomed to consider the womanliness and conscientiousness of the child as solely the result of her judicious training, but her younger children rather interfered with her plans. She thought she loved them just as well as any mother could do, and would have been shocked had any one told her otherwise. Had one of them been taken from her, her grief would have been exceedingly demonstrative, and she would very likely have wanted a party, that her friends might condole with her, but she would not have forgotten to see whether mourning became her. Ada loved her husband, too; had he been sick or unfortunate, she would have been as a right arm of strength unto him, but she knew little of her love for him, since it was pride in him, and in what he bestowed on her that came to the surface. She thought, and she did not scruple to tell him so, that he was decidedly "old maidish" in his care for the children. She had no patience with the fears which he early expressed, lest she should call upon Lottie for assistance too frequently for the child's health, for she believed it was quite as well for a little girl, and far more becoming, to use her strength for some good, thus preventing her romping about and tearing her clothes in pieces. She did not realize how closely she kept the child night and morning, nor how often she kept her from school to help her, or to take care of the baby and Nellie, for she never stopped to think of or aggregate these things.

Latterly Lottie had often been troubled by side-ache and headache, and the sensitive child saw that her mother was annoyed by any complaints of pain. Mrs. Dorr did not suppose that her little daughter was censurable for these ailments; but they were vexatious to her, and she had not become accustomed to making the best of such. Mr. Dorr's anxiety was soon aroused by her restlessness and frequent moans in her sleep, for he had always taken the care of the children, nights, as his wife thought it belonged to a man to see to his children when he was in the house, since he must be absent so much; and he, in his tender love for them, and constant indulgence for his wife, had been very willing to assume such care. His business cares by day were engrossing, and thus a quite sufficient draft upon his nervous energies; adding to these constant care of his little ones, and very frequently an anxiety which Ada could neither appreciate or share, was making him old before his time. He did not suspect this. He was very proud of his showy, active wife, his pleasant, well-kept home, and his pretty, tastefully-dressed children. He thought that if his favorite Lottie were only strong, his happiness would be complete, but her weary little face haunted him. Many times he had talked with Ada of his anxiety, until her motherly feelings had been so far wakened that she had resolved to be more careful of the child's lifting and carrying her heavy baby brother; but the resolutions were weak when they came in contact with old habits, and had soon been forgotten. Mrs. Dorr excused herself with the thought that one woman could not do everything in its proper time and take care of a baby besides; and she never questioned whether this everything was of more consequence than a child's health, nor did she realize how large a proportion of her energies were devoted to making visits and entertaining company in the lavish style prescribed by the custom of the village.

It required all Aunt Sophie's tact to show Ada her mistakes without inflicting direct wounds upon her self-love. However, she succeeded in convincing her niece that there was a difference between Lottie and Nellie beyond anything which different training had caused. She led Ada to partly apprehend the delicacy of Lottie's physical constitution, and the unusual activity of her higher powers, which called for entirely different care from that under which Nellie would thrive. But Aunt Sophie did not content herself with alarming Ada's fears for her child's health, and leaving her to the old temptations. In many conversations she sought to show her the true relations be-

tween home duties and social ones. She saw the good in Ada's habits of life clearly, and she was ready with such cordial praise of her activity and thrift as showed that she felt truly glad to bestow it. She saw the vain, unworthy motives, too, and she wished her niece to recognize them that they might be thrust aside. Through her earnest, suggestive words, Ada was led to such self-examination as was far more profitable than pleasant. The young wife saw that home had *not* been first in her estimation. She realized that she had *not* sought her husband's happiness, her children's well-being, or her own improvement so much as the gratification of her love of the approbation of the gossips of the village. She saw how unworthy and poor in its motives and aims had been her life as a Christian, as a wife, and as a mother; and, seeing, she resolutely determined upon a change. In her new appreciation of the superior claims of home duties she was disposed to ignore social ones, and thus commence a constant conflict between duty and inclination; but Aunt Sophie showed her that the one class was as real as the other. She assured her that, holding the place she did in the society of the village, she was responsible for a large influence over her neighbors; and she found early opportunity to illustrate her meaning.

Ada invited a half dozen of her friends to tea, that her aunt might make their acquaintance. Aunt Sophie saw the large preparations for the small entertainment with surprise, saying nothing, however, till Ada, tired and heated from standing over the stove to fry "troubles," threw herself into a rocking-chair, saying:—

"There, I must rest a minute; but if I have as good luck the rest of the morning as I have so far, our table will eclipse Mrs. Warner's, though she and her daughter both did their best."

"And will there be any particular advantage in that?" asked Aunt Sophie.

"Why, we all like to outdo others," replied Mrs. Dorr.

"We are wiser when we aim to-day at doing better than the ourselves of yesterday could have done. But how will you outdo Mrs. Warner? Please give me the particulars."

"Why, Mrs. Warner had but four kinds of sweet cake, and I shall have five; she had only dried beef, I shall have that and cold tongue also; she had but one kind of preserves, I shall have two; besides, I am going to make both custards and *blanc mange*, and no one in the village can make such delicate 'troubles' as mine."

Aunt Sophie laughed, and said: "Do you know, Ada, I am beginning to understand the remark your friend Mrs. Wood made here yesterday? It struck me then as singular that she should say she had '*got* to have company next week;' but I don't wonder at her use of the word if she feels under obligations to overload a table, as you propose doing. Suppose you furnish yours reasonably to-day, and thus set her an example which it will be easy and right for her to follow."

"I don't know what you would call reasonable," replied Ada. "I don't want to make myself ridiculous."

"If you will repeat last night's supper, with a trifling addition as to quantity, I will guarantee that no sensible person shall ridicule you."

"O Aunt Sophie! you would not have me leave off the pound cake, fruit cake, and gold cake which I have ready, would you? You remember sponge cake and cookies were all we had for cake."

"But they were nice and wholesome, which is more than you can say of your richer compounds. Remember, your example has much to do with this silly emulation as to the number of dishes, which makes an afternoon's visit a trial to the stomach of the visitor and the strength of the visited; and remember, too, that with a different standard of table propriety you can gratify your social nature, and have more time to devote to those little ones who have the strongest claims upon you."

Ada's thoughts were active upon the subject as she went about her preparations; and when Willie waked an hour too soon, she sat down quite calmly to soothe him to sleep again, thinking that it would be just as well to leave the custards unmade, since she had determined not wholly to disregard Aunt Sophie's suggestions.

The visitors came at about three o'clock, excepting Miss Dana, a dyspeptic invalid, and the conversation ebbed and flowed, upon matters of gossip mostly, at one time all chattering together, and at another the room so silent each seemed to be waiting for the other's voice, until her arrival, an hour later, threw the talk in a different channel. Miss Dana excused herself for coming no earlier by the fact that she had not been as well as usual since her visit at Mrs. Warner's. Mrs. Willis, the doctor's wife, inquired if it was the old trouble connected with visiting—eating something unsuitable. With a half sad smile, Miss Dana replied in the affirmative, adding that hot cream biscuit always served her ill. Mrs. Warner expressed

her regret that the biscuit should have harmed her, and told her she should have some old bread next time she visited her.

"I shall be obliged," replied Miss Dana, candidly, "and I shall be glad if it ever comes the fashion in this town to eat more of it, for I believe it would be an improvement, even for well folks."

"Undoubtedly," replied Mrs. Willis. "The doctor says we need a reform in cookery."

"Aunt Sophie has been urging one," said Mrs. Dorr, with an arch glance at her aunt, and Mrs. Laselle, thus appealed to, said:—

"I certainly have, ladies, and I think a little sober thought and candid, neighborly consultation upon the subject will convince you all that your social tea parties would give more pleasure to all concerned if each of you should throw aside the petty emulation which leads to a continued increase in the quantity of rich, unwholesome goodies to be expected at social gatherings."

"I have often thought upon the subject," said the pastor's wife, "and wished that we might enjoy an afternoon socially without making useless trouble for our hostess."

"I presume you have all thought of it more than once," replied Aunt Sophie; "sometimes when you have really wished to invite your friends, and have not found time or strength for such an undertaking; sometimes when you have been made ill by mixing various tempting but indigestible compounds in your stomachs; or perhaps when weary of your exertions in preparing and entertaining, you have carelessly let your children feed on the fragments of your feasts till they have been seriously ill. Now, if each of you will candidly tell the results of your thoughts and your experience, it may be we shall find that you have not all enjoyed this system of over-feeding visitors, which seems to be so much the fashion in your village."

"We can at least pledge ourselves to frankness," said Mrs. Warner; and, the other ladies assenting, she continued; "I was brought up to suppose I must do my very best for visitors, and have known no other way; but I must own I should enjoy company better if there were less hard work about it; and I should as soon sit down to a neighbor's ordinary supper-table as to one loaded with dainties."

"So should I," responded Mrs. Wood; "besides, I was not brought up to housework at all, and you all know I am very slow, so that I need not deny that giving a tea party is a much-to-be dreaded affair at our house. We are obliged to have a picked-up dinner the day before and the day after, and I generally feel worn out for a week; but, ladies, if I may set my table with but two kinds of cake, tarts, preserves, and cold bread, I should be exceedingly happy to see you all at our house to-morrow afternoon, for I have been wishing to invite you these six months, and have commenced preparations several times before."

The invitation was promptly accepted, and the animated talk flowed on. Many a jest and repartee sparkled on the surface, yet it was, as a whole, an earnest conversation. But one lady favored the old way; she was a middle-aged matron, who, having no intellectual tastes and no children, had devoted her life to her housekeeping. She could not feel that it would be really hospitable for her to set a plain table, though she thought it was absurd for ladies with large families or different tastes to follow her example, for she was sure that she enjoyed making nice things much better than eating them.

"We are glad to hear you say so," responded Ada; "and henceforth you must make all the vanities, troubles, and snowballs, and excuse us who are blessed with little 'troublesome comforts' from all culinary opposition, except as to the most wholesome food."

"If you," said the pastor's wife, "with your superior manual faculty and abundant means, will set us a worthy example in this respect, I think we shall profit by it."

"Shall I commence to-night?" asked Ada, as she rose to prepare tea.

"There will be even more merit in so doing, now that your pantry is so full," replied Aunt Sophie; while Mrs. Wood looked up with an appealing glance, which decided her, and Mrs. Dorr's table was not overloaded.

"It has been the pleasantest visit we have had for a long time," said Mrs. Willis, as she was taking leave, "and I for one hope it will prove the commencement of a decrease in my husband's night practice."

Aunt Sophie met Ada's friends several times during the remaining week of her stay, and her unobtrusive earnestness won their hearty respect. She was gratified to see that her niece was realizing that we ought not to live regardless of motives and content with the praise of others, and also to know that the fragile child, Lottie, would be better understood and cared for more intelligently.

A dozen years have glided by since Aunt Sophie's first visit at Mr. Dorr's. He still makes his semi-annual calls at his uncle's, and occasionally leaves his wife, or one of his chil-

dren there during his trip to the city, while Aunt Sophie has more than once accepted his cordial invitations to accompany him home.

Mrs. Dorr and her friends are still notable housekeepers, but they realize that there is something more implied in the care of a family than superlative neatness and order, and studied cookery. They are still eminently social, though each recognizes the superior claims of home duties, and connected with their pleasant interchange of courtesies is such rare good feeling and friendliness as banishes petty gossip and thoughtless backbiting.

Mr. Dorr and his wife account themselves blessed in all their intelligent, well-bred children; but the intellectual, affectionate, and conscientious Lottie is still very much a favorite with Aunt Sophie, who reads in the girl's earnest, nobly-developing womanhood bright promise of future usefulness.

FURS FOR THE LADIES.

LADIES have, I think, under their command a very great and powerful influence, of the extent of which they are not sufficiently aware. They have, as is acknowledged by all, great dominion, not only over the so-called "lords of the creation," but also over the creation itself. It is for the benefit of the ladies that thousands and millions of our fellow-creatures, of all colors and in all climates, are hard at work daily and hourly in all parts of this globe; from John Chinaman, who superintends his silkworm farm to supply the material for their dresses, to the bold and hardy whaler, battling with ice and snow in the distant polar regions to rob the lord of the ocean of his whalebone, to be converted into stays and crinolines. All are indirectly set to work by the practical influence of the fair sex. Neatness in dress is the aim and object of every lady, and what can look quieter and neater than a seal-skin coat? Yet how often does the wearer think of the history of the garment she wears? Does she consider that the animal which it once protected from the cold and the piercing frost lived in the far-distant region of Kamtschatka, or caught fish in the stormy waves of the North Pacific or Yellow Sea? Could that brilliant gold-colored fur but speak, it would tell queer stories of hardship, cold, and human misery. How that its family were gradually becoming extinct, and that *now* but one thousand skins per annum can be obtained, and all to protect the fair daughters of Eve. Again, but lately I had in my hand a skin of such excessive value that a cloak made of that and similar skins is within the reach of royal fortunes only. This was the skin of a fox, and the price of it was only $200. The fur was copious and most beautiful, of a rich and shining black, with the longer exterior hairs of a silvery white; to the touch it felt the very perfection of silk-like softness and warmth, and when breathed upon, the delicate hairs waved backwards and forward like the ripening corn in the summer breeze. This was the skin of the "Black Fox," which was born in Northern Asia or amid the snow-fields of Arctic America, so far off, indeed, that the skin had been two years on its travels, on human and mule back, on shipboard, and by railway, and now here it is worth literally more than its weight in gold, and rivalling a superbly beautiful comrade that once was sold for one hundred pounds. Strange, too, the history of the animal is a mystery. Black foxes cannot be bred. A pair of black foxes will have cubs that are not black like their papa and mamma. The black fox is rare, very rare in its native place. The agents of the fur companies do not give more for its skin than for that of an ordinary red fellow, worth about fifty cents. At first sight this looks like cheating; but it is a wise precaution, for were the rude Indian hunters to know its real value, they would neglect to bring in the skins of any other animals but the black fox, and would in a short time quite exterminate its race. The North American Indian squaws use the skins of the various kinds of foxes for their own decoration; but not only the skin, but part of the body also. A lady would be puzzled to pick out any part of a dead fox that would be of use to her. Not so her copper-colored sisters; they have no shops at hand where they can procure thread; their ingenuity is therefore much taxed to procure this article, and they pick out the fine sinews from the brush or tail of the foxes, and use them as thread to sew their beautiful beadwork on moccasins, etc.

In passing along the streets I frequently see piles of muffs made of black monkey skins, and ticketed for sale at a low price. It makes me positively miserable to look at these muffs; Each muff is the skin of some poor monkey who once led a life of freedom and happiness in the dense forests of Africa. But fashion gave the word, "Let monkey-skin muffs be fashionable;" the influence of the ladies' verdict extended itself to the primeval forests under the tropics. The black monkey's time was come; his race was hunted, shot with the

gun by the white man, or transfixed by the poisoned arrow of the black man. Thousands of black monkeys had to take their coats off and send them to England, to contain their own bodies no longer, but to act as a burrow for the concealment of fair hands which unwittingly and unknowingly had been the cause of the death of the animal whose skin they now bear in triumph before them. What is the result? The race of the unfortunate black monkeys has dwindled down almost to nothing, and unless fashion changes—*and, luckily for the brute creation, it does change sometimes*—the race of black monkeys will become as extinct as the bustard of Salisbury Plain and the dodo of the Mauritius.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN R. MORRISON.

The starlight comes shimmering down
From the depths of pure ether away,
And wakens sweet fancies of spirits that dwell
In the midst of its glory for aye,
And wing their bright way through the regions of bliss,
Where none but the sanctified may.

I catch the bright rays as they fall,
And con the sweet lessons they tell,
And teach my sad spirit their hallowed love
Till it melts 'neath the magical spell,
And fain would depart to the haven of rest
With the happy departed to dwell.

Then my spirit goes down o'er the years
To the halcyon days of my youth,
When my heart was yet fresh as the flowers of spring,
And joyed at each opening truth;
And limns the bright picture of pleasures once mine
And seasons of sorrow and ruth.

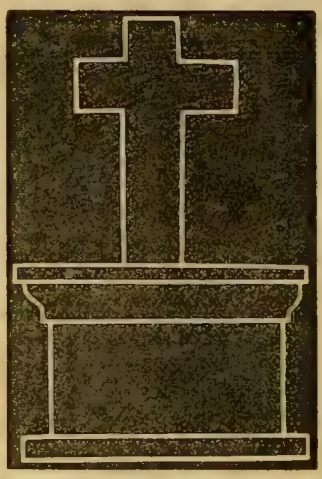
I wander again by the streams,
I stroll by the woodlands away,
And listen again to the songs of the birds
Half hid in the zephyr-rocked spray;
They fall on a spirit that echoes their joy,
As happy, as careless as they.

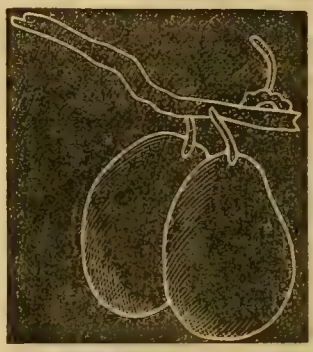
I greet my companions again,
I see the bright glance of the eye,
And hear the light voices that merrily tell
Of a wild and exuberant joy;
Like the dim, fleeting shadows that haunt me in dreams,
They pass in my fantasy by.

Ah, W——; I see thee once more
In the pride of thy vigor and grace,
Ere the grim king of terrors had chilled thy warm heart
And blanched the rich bloom on thy face;
And again o'er the hills and the valleys away
Our long-faded pleasures retrace.

Then a sigh for the days that are gone,
A sigh for delights that are o'er,
And a tear of regret for the friends of my youth—
The buried companions of yore.
And the blare of the world breaks again on my ear,
And drowns the sweet thoughts in its war.

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.





NOVELTIES FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Breakfast-cap of white muslin, with an apple-green ribbon run under the puffing.

Fig. 2.

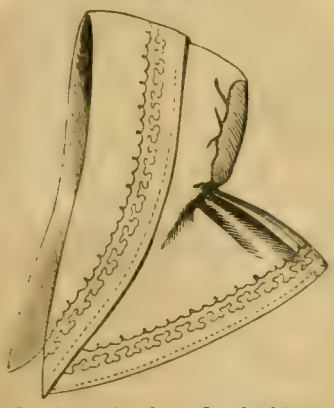


Fig. 2.—Opera hood, made of white merino, and braided with cherry silk braid.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3.—New style of undersleeve.

Fig. 4.

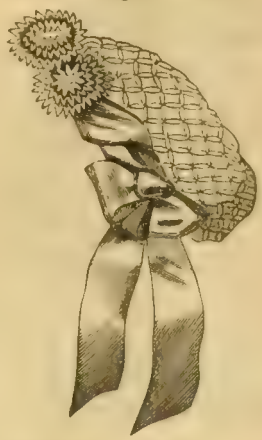


Fig. 4.—Headdress, formed of a gold net and scarlet and gold rosettes, with scarlet velvet bow and ends.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 5.—Fancy coat for a little boy, made of fine gray cloth, and braided with heavy black cord.

Fig. 6.—French collar and sleeves; one of the latest styles.

Fig. 7.—Slip for a baby.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Blue velvet net with coronet, showing the back and front. Materials required for one net are: One piece of *narrow* blue velvet, one bunch of gold beads, No. 9; blue velvet coronet and plait, gold cord and tassels. Although we have called this headdress a net, it is not netted, but consists merely of rows of velvet crossed to form squares, fastened together with four gold beads. Any lady may, with very little trouble, arrange one of these stylish headdresses, which, when pur-

Fig. 6.

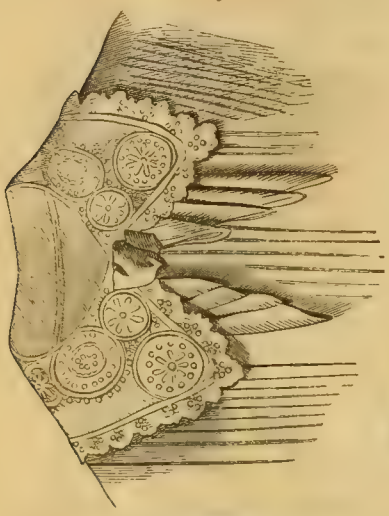
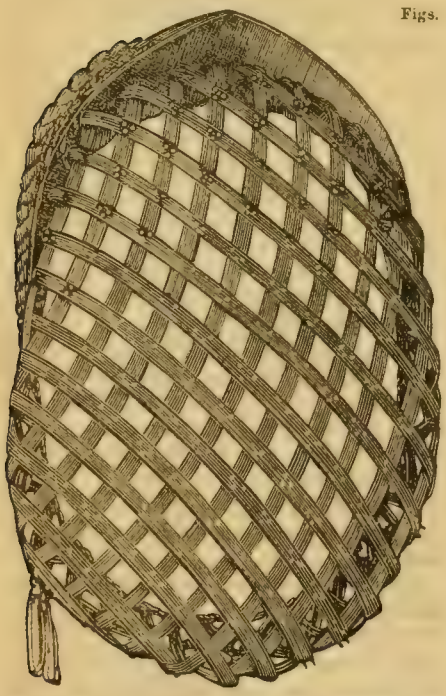
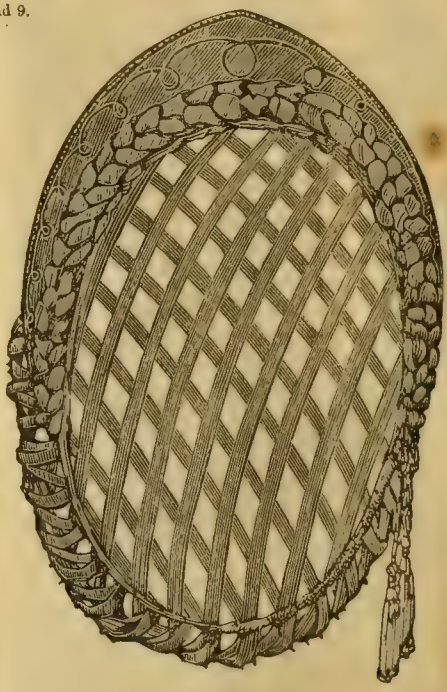


Fig. 7

Figs. 8 and 9.





chased ready made, are rather expensive. A piece of paper must, first of all, be cut the size the net is required to be, and the velvet laid over it in rows, *securing to the paper* every row of velvet at each end; these rows of velvet are again crossed with more velvet, which should be fastened to the paper in the same manner. The velvet should not be cut at the end of every row, but should be left in loops for the elastic. It will now be very easy to catch the velvet together where it crosses, at the same time putting on four gold beads. The net is mounted on a velvet coronet, ornamented with a scroll of gold cord, a plait of blue velvet, and cords and tassels; and to make it fit comfortably to the head, a piece of elastic should be run in behind from the extremity of the coronet on each side.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

The Louise Sleeve.—This is another variety of the flowing sleeve. It is plain at the top, but is gathered up in a novel manner at the

lower part of the front, and trimmed with a double quilling, surmounted by a flat bow. A single quilling, headed with a narrow gimp, forms the border.

The Leoline.—A full sleeve, with a pointed cap at the top and bottom, and sufficiently wide

at the band to wear an undersleeve, which should button at the wrist.

Miss's Apron.—This is pretty made in silk or in gingham for the country. It has a rounded skirt, with two little pockets, which is set in a belt, and a waist, which terminates in bretelles at the back. A narrow quilling of silk, or frill of gingham, makes a suitable trimming, two and one-half yards of gingham will make it for a miss of six or seven.

Gored Dress.—For a little girl from two to five years, in a minute black and white checked silk, and can be made of from four to six yards of silk. Quilling of the silk, pinked on the

edge, for the pocket and sleeves. Loops and bows of Solferino ribbon. Network of black velvet, over a pointed vest of Solferino silk.

Infant's Cap.—Infant's cap of lace. It has a lace shape or frame, which stands up very high around the front, and the cap inside is exceedingly full. The ribbon ruche which meets it is very rich. The crown and cape are composed of insertions and edging.

FUR COLLAR.

WORK the white piece. To put the fur on in common Afghan stitch, set up 50 stitches for the neck. For three rows, widen 1 stitch on beginning and end of every row.

4th row.—Work 8, widen 1 in the between chain; do so all this row; slip off the old way.

5th.—Widen 1 on the beginning; work 35 stitches, widen 1, work 2, widen 1, crochet the other 35, and widen 1 again; slip off the old way.

6th.—Work 8, widen 1, work 8, widen 1 the whole row. There will be 9 widenings in this row.

7th.—Work 12, widen 1, work 15, widen 1; repeat this 4 times; work 12, widen 1, work 15.

8th.—Widen 1 stitch on beginning and end of the row.

Work now in each row of the white piece 1 row of fur stitch in *chinée* worsted. The last and eighth row must make the edge of the collar.

Begin on the neck for the pink lining, set up 72 stitches, and work 3 rows Gobelin stitch, narrowing 1 on beginning and end of the 3 rows.

4th row.—Pick up all the stitches on the needle; slip them off in this way: 8 singly, 2 together, 6 singly, 2 together; repeat this 5 times.

5th.—All those stitches taken together, the last rows are to be picked up as one only, this row plain, and counts 58 stitches.

6th.—Narrow 1 on beginning and end.

7th.—Plain, like the 5th row.

8th.—Same as 6th.

9th.—Take all the stitches on the needle and slip them as follows: 10 singly, 2 together, 9 singly, 2 together twice repeated, 10 singly, 2 together.

10th.—Like the 5th.

In place of pattern row work in every straight stitch for the finishing of the collar. Sew the lining and outside together. Work a row of holes round the neck, and run through them a cord and tassel.

FUR CUFFS.

WITH *chinée* worsted set up 30 stitches, which is the width of the cuff, and work in this chain 8 rows of Afghan stitch with white worsted. The first 3 rows plain. Fourth row widen 5 stitches on every fifth stitch. The 4 last rows the same as the first. At last put in each straight stitch of the 8 rows 1 chain stitch. In each pattern row of white work stitch for stitch a pattern row of fur stitch in *chinée* worsted.

For the lining, set up 25 stitches, 3 rows in

plain Gobelin stitch. In the 4th row widen 5 stitches, 1 every 4th stitch; the 4 next rows plain. Then put the lining and outside to-

gether, and sew them. Work a row of holes round the wrist, and run a piece of elastic through them, or finish with cord and tassels.

CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

(*See engraving, page* 434.)

For the open carriage an ornamental wrapper is an elegance as well as a convenience. These should be light, and yet warm, and in a material that cannot be injured by crumpling; they should also be in a variety of well-contrasted colors, this adding very much to the advantageous effect of dress and style. The one we are now giving forms a very agreeable occupation while in progress, and a very handsome and useful article when completed. It is worked in single crochet, in different-colored stripes, in Berlin wool. When each stripe is sufficiently long, the stars are worked in with a wool needle, each of the four leaves requiring three stitches to form it. This part of the work is very slight, but it adds much to the appearance of the work. All the stitches of each star meet in the centre, but the middle stitch in each leaf is longer at the top. When the stripes are completed they are joined together by a double row of sewing, the stitches being taken all one way, and the contrary way returning, so that they cross each other; for this purpose black wool must be used. The arrangement of the colors is in some measure fixed by the laws of contrast; maize-color, violet, green, gray, and Magenta join well together, without being too violent in effect. The stars should be in alternate rows of black and white. A fringe, composed of the different colors, with black interspersed, completes this wrapper.

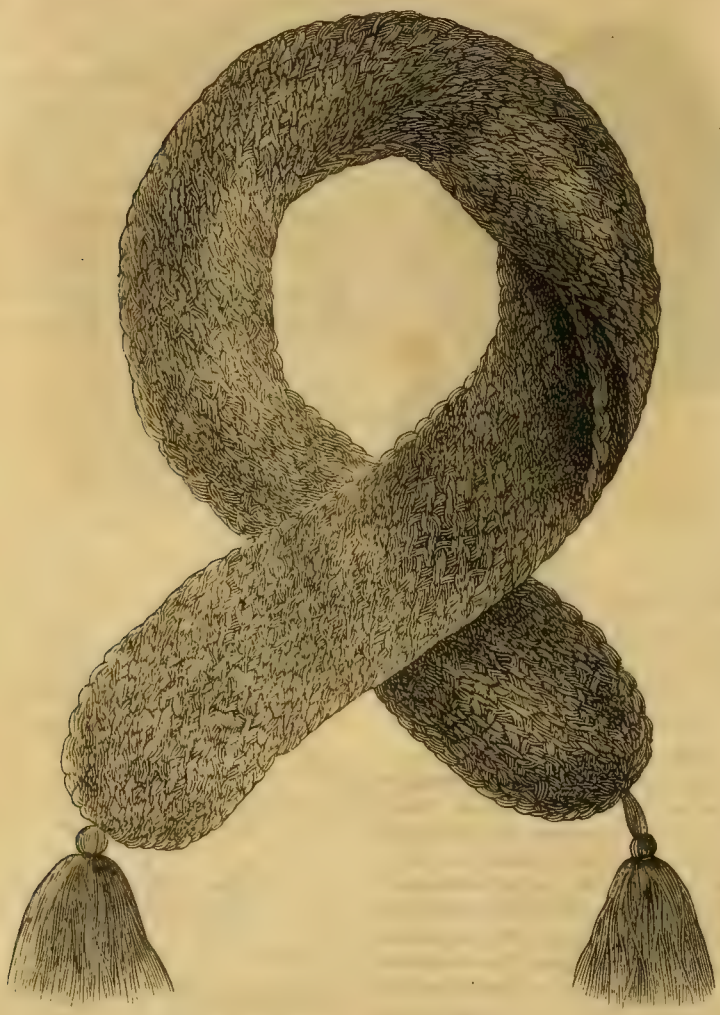
CAP SPRIGS.

The French ladies, who make it a rule to suit their dress to all occasions, have very much the habit of wearing, in the morning, simple caps of embroidered muslin, made beautiful by snowy whiteness and the perfection of ironing.

The embroidery of these caps is often nothing more than a few sprigs over the crown, the front being nearly covered with narrow goffered lace. Such of our subscribers as may be inclined to follow this example, will find that any of the sprigs we are now giving will have a pretty effect when worked, and are well suited for this purpose.

SILK EMBROIDERY.

KNITTED BOA.

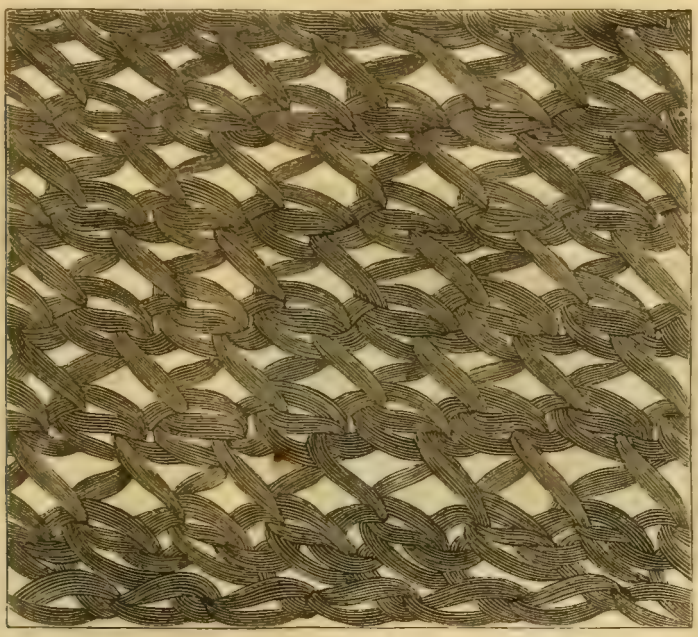


MATERIALS required for one boa are: quarter of a pound of colored Shetland wool; a pair of large wooden knitting-pins, one inch in circumference.

A boa like the one we are now illustrating is useful both for ladies and children, and, being knitted in the thin Shetland wool, is very light and soft, but at the same time exceedingly warm. It will be found a very nice addition to the travelling-bag, as it may be packed in such a small compass, or it may be easily carried in the pocket. We have given two illustrations of this knitted boa, or comforter—one showing the article made up, and the other the original size of the knitting. Any one with the smallest idea of knitting will easily understand from the description how to make one of these boas, as it consists of the simple brioche stitch. To obtain the necessary thickness, four balls of wool must be wound, and the four lengths of wool knitted together.

Cast on 42 stitches and knit a plain row.

2d row.—Make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together; repeat to the end of the row. The entire comforter is knitted in the same manner as the 2d row; and after the knitting is sufficiently long to go comfortably round the neck, leaving two nice-sized ends, a plain row must be knitted,



and the stitches cast off. The work should then be joined on the wrong side, turned, and the ends drawn round, these ends being ornamented with tassels. Our little boa will be found a very comfortable accompaniment to put on in coming from a party, or any place of public amusement.

NIGHT-DRESS.

NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET.

Fig. 4. *Single Gobelin Stitch.* The 1st pattern is worked in "rib" stitch. In the next row the needle is placed over the chain row into the spaces visible between the slanting stitches. This stitch, which is much used in working jackets, capes, etc., can be done in two ways, either slanting or straight, according to the purpose for which it is intended. To make it straight, at the end of the row work into the last stitch as well as the last space of the previous row. But if it is, on the contrary, to be slanting, the needle must always, at the commencement of the row, be placed in the first space, and at the end in the last space, so that the stitch made at the commencement is taken off at the end. In this way the number of stitches will remain the same for each pattern.

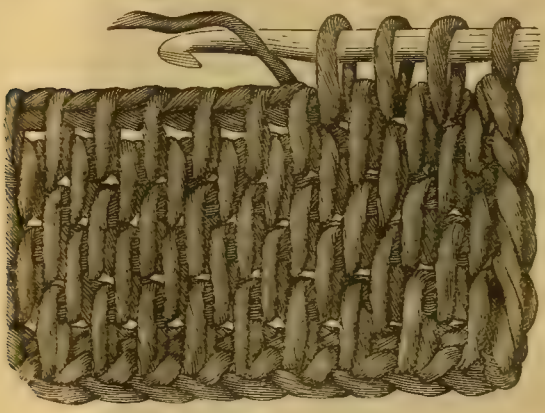


Fig. 4.—Single Gobelin Stitch.

Fig. 5.—Fur Stitch.

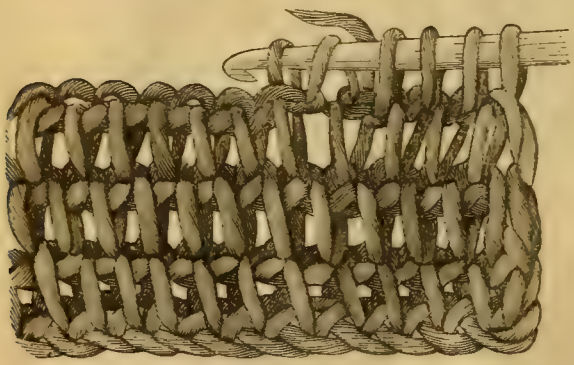


Fig. 6.—Piqué Stitch.

Fig. 5. *Fur Stitch.* This stitch, which, when finished, looks a perfect web of loops, may be considered as an imitation of fur. The foundation is generally made of white wool, the loops being worked with gray fleecy wool, which gives it an appearance of gray fur. The foundation is first worked the size required in common "rib" stitch, and into this the thick web of loops is crocheted, as seen in the engraving. To make the latter, the wool is fastened on to the first row of the foundation, and a loop drawn through each of the slanting stitches, these loops all remaining on the needle. In the next row, these stitches are taken off in the following manner: The wool is placed round the needle, and drawn through the 1st stitch; then make 3 chain, and with the 4th draw in the next loop. In this way the whole row is done, and the next pattern worked into the next row of the foundation, and so on until the whole is covered.

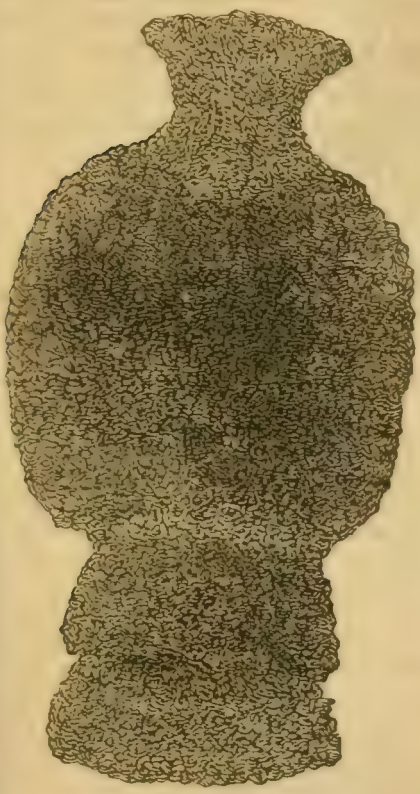
Fig. 6. *Piqué Stitch.* To do this stitch, after the first row is worked in "rib" stitch, the pattern is commenced by placing the needle through each of the back loops of the chain edge, as in wave stitch, but at the same time catching up the back part of the slanting stitches of the previous pattern. This stitch being rather difficult, we think our readers will find it necessary to study the engraving, which will explain it to them more effectually. In the

2d row the stitches are drawn back as with the other patterns.

KNITTED UNDERSLEEVES.

Materials.—A large pair of boxwood knitting-needles, one-quarter of a pound of white and six ounces of a pretty shade of violet single Berlin wool.

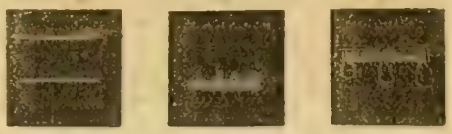
This warm and pretty article is composed of two kinds of wool, and is knitted to form two small and one large puff. It is nearly entirely made of plain knitting, and is therefore quickly done. It is best when knitted loosely, to give



it a very elastic appearance. It is worked in the following manner, and is commenced from the bottom by casting on 36 stitches in white wool, and knitting twelve rows. The violet wool is then joined on and 24 rows knitted with this color. After these are completed the commencement of the work should be taken up upon the needle to form the first puff. The white wool must then be joined on and 2 rows worked, the first knitting two stitches together to fasten in the puff. Two rows of violet and 1 of white, and 23 rows of violet are then worked. After the band is worked the second puff is commenced in the same manner as the first, with the white wool. This puff is also fastened like the other, and 2 rows of violet, 2 of white, and 1 of violet worked for the band. For the third puff, which is the largest, 40 rows must be worked with the violet wool, and in the first row 24 stitches must be made, so that at the end of the row there are 60 stitches on the needle. This increase is made by knitting 2 stitches into 1 stitch at intervals along the row. After the 40 rows are completed, join on the white wool and knit 1 row, taking 2 stitches together, and so decreasing the number till there are only 30 stitches left on the needle. The top of the sleeve is then knitted to form ribs, which is done by knitting 1 stitch plain and 1 stitch purl alternately to the end of the row. After knitting 24 rows in the same manner the sleeve will be the required size; it should then be cast off and sewn together on the wrong side, with some of the same colored wool. The colors may be altered to any the worker may like, such as pink, scarlet, blue, or green.

POINT LACE.

7. 8. 9.



7. Sorrento bars are simply two or more threads twisted tightly together, to look as one thread.

8. Dotted Venetian bars. A bar is made same as the Venetian bar, but after every fifth or sixth stitch leave one loose, and upon it work three or four buttonhole stitches, and repeat to the end of the bar.

9. Raleigh bars. Make a Venetian bar, and after every eighth or tenth stitch, instead of bringing the needle through the loop, slip it under the bar, and bring the needle up on the right hand side, leaving a loop of thread about one inch and a half long, which must be held down to keep it in its place; then twist the thread five or six times round the right hand thread of the loop, then draw it up, which will form a knot, slip the needle through it above the bar, and proceed as before.

CROCHET TIDY OR BERCEAUNETTE COVER.

Cotton No. 12 or No. 14 should be used for a tidy, and No. 18 for a bercheaunette cover.

This pattern is composed of rosettes, which are worked separately, and joined to one another in crocheting the last round. The design

is light and effective, and there is very little work in it, so that either a tidy or berceaunette cover would be very quickly made. Should the space be considered too large between the rosettes, a diamond-shaped piece of crochet may be inserted, or a few rows of chain looped across would answer the purpose. We may here mention that in crocheting the rosette *every row must be complete in itself*, to make the pattern, when finished, perfectly round. It is commenced in the following manner: make a chain of nine stitches, and join round.

1*st row*.—Work into the ring 9 loops of 5 chains each.

2*d*.—3 single stitches *to bring the cotton to the top of the loop of the preceding row*.* 7 chain, 1 single into the centre chain of loop, repeat 7 times from*.

3*d*.—The same as second, but working nine chain instead of seven to form a larger loop.

4*th*.—Single stitches to the top of the loop, 1 treble; 11 chain, 1 treble into the centre of loop; repeat to the end of the row.

5*th*.—1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; repeat.

6*th*.—2 treble into 1 stitch, 5 chain, miss 3; repeat.

7*th*.—Work 3 single stitches to bring the cotton to the centre of the 5 chain; 1 treble,* 5 chain, 1 single on the top of treble, 5 chain, 1 single in the same stitch, 5 chain, 1 single in the same stitch, 6 chain, 1 treble in the centre of 5 chain of preceding row; repeat from *.

In working this last row the rosettes should be joined by catching in the centre stitch of the centre loop, as will be easily seen on referring to the illustration.

The tidy requires neither fringe nor lace, as the rosettes in themselves form a pretty finish to the edge. The berceaunette cover should be lined with sky-blue or pink silk, with a silk tassel at the two bottom corners to match the color of the lining.

THE LOUNGER'S CUSHION.

Materials.—One ounce bright scarlet double zephyr wool, half an ounce white and half an ounce black do, long crochet hook.

This cushion is done in a new and simple crochet stitch, called the "Princess Frederick William." You require a wooden hook, about the thickness of a lead-pencil, with a knob at the end. I buy a cedar knitting-needle, and with a penknife convert the end into a hook, which is easily done. Being the same size throughout, which is necessary for this stitch, it answers very well. Make a chain the ordinary way. Work back on it, taking up each stitch and bringing the wool through, so that you have at last taken up *every* stitch. Having them all on the needle, in the next row work them off by bringing the thread through *one* stitch first, but afterwards through two, until you have but one on the needle, which is the first of next row, when you again take up all. But you do not take them from the top, but from the *sides* in this and future alternate rows, the stitch to be taken being an upright bar of wool.

Observe in changing color to do it so that the single stitch left at the end may be of the *new* color.

Make a chain of fifty stitches with the black wool; do a double row (one taking on all the stitches, and one taking them off) with black; then the same white; then four double rows

scarlet; one white and one black do, which makes a perfect stripe, of which four will suffice for the cushion.

Cord.—Four ch close into a round; and work round and round *from the inside* till half as much again as the length of the cushion is done. Fasten off.

For the Tassels.—Get some one to hold her hands so apart that in winding round them you have seventeen inches length. Wind round twelve strands of black, the same of white, and all the scarlet, except a yard, that you have left. Tie it at intervals of three to two inches all round, allowing for *two* ties a somewhat larger space. Cut with sharp scissors evenly between every two ties. Two balls will be somewhat larger than the others; lay these aside.

Make up a muslin bolster, just large enough for the crochet cover with *very* little stretching; fill it with fine wadding or with horsehair; sew up the cover with black wool, in the black stripe, and put it on. Draw up the ends and sew on the cord. Take the spare bit of scarlet wool, thread with a rug needle, and make a knot at the end. Slip on six balls, with a space of three-quarters of an inch between every two; make a knot at the other end to keep the last one on. Do every set of six thus.

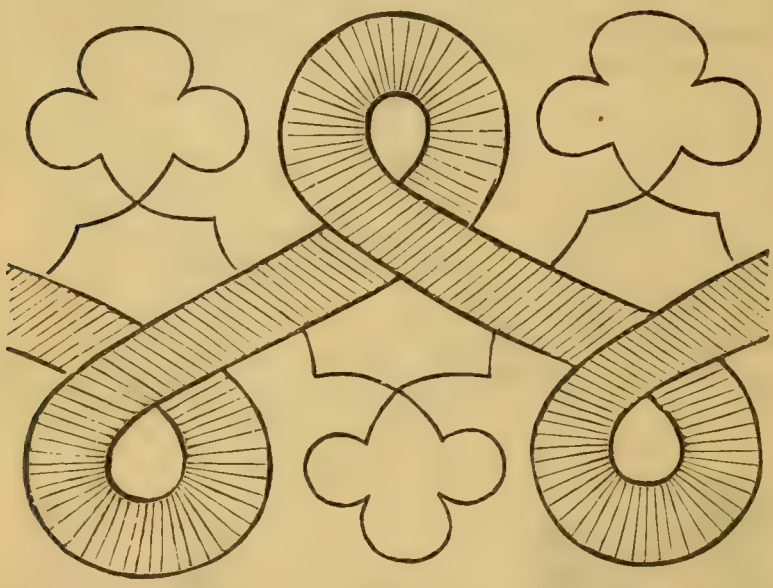
Fasten on the wool left at the end of the cushion below the cord, pass the needle through a large ball and under the centre of two of these strings of six; then up again through the ball, and fasten off. Do the same at the other end. Handsome tassels are thus made, with four drops of three balls each, headed by a larger one.

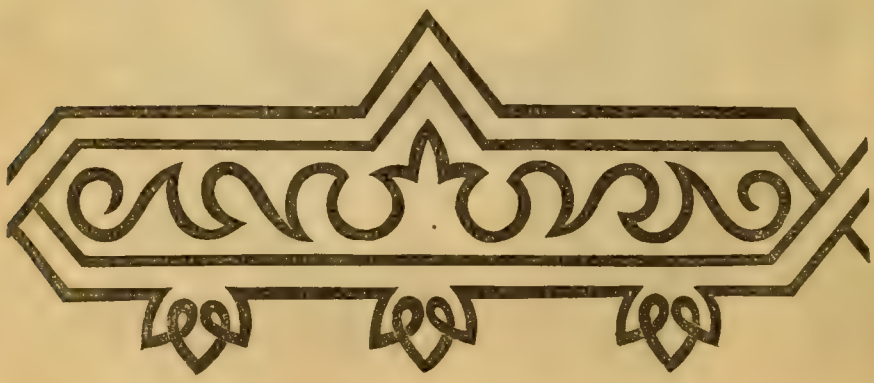
The worker will observe that this beautiful cushion is made absolutely at no expense except that of the wool, muslin, and wadding. It is a great comfort during a long journey in the cars, as well as thrown over the back of an easy-chair.

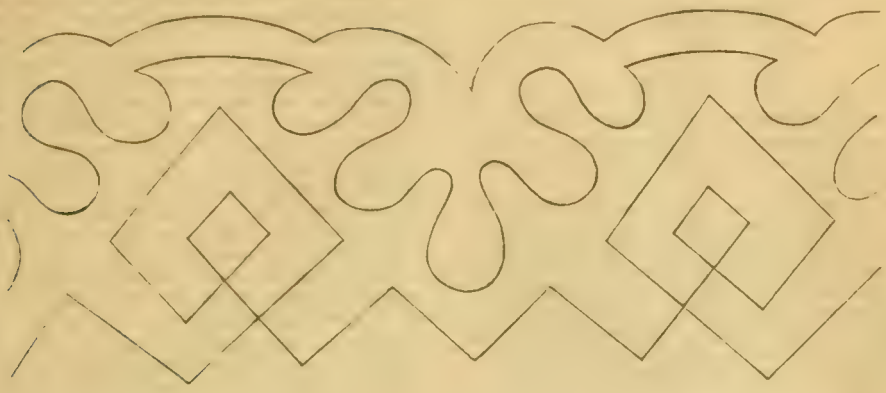
BRAIDING PATTERN.

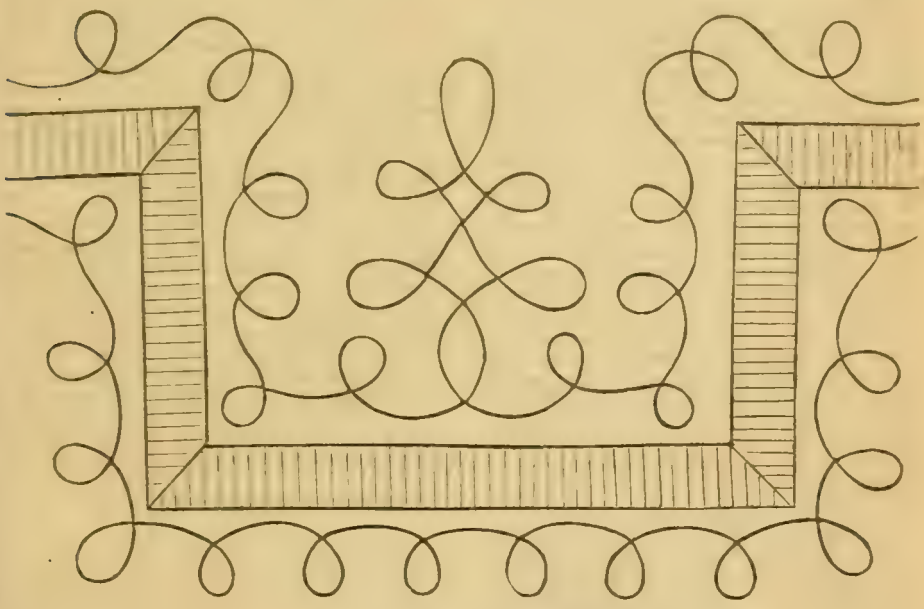
LOW-NECKED CHEMISE.

BRAIDING PATTERNS.









Receipts, &c.

PICKLES.

Indian or Mixed Pickles—Mango or Picalilli.—The flavoring ingredients of Indian pickles are a compound of curry powder, with a large proportion of mustard and garlic.

The following will be found something like the real mango pickle, especially if the garlic be used plentifully. To each gallon of the strongest vinegar put four ounces of curry powder, same of flower of mustard (some rub these together with half a pint of salad oil), three of ginger, bruised, and two of turmeric, half a pound (when skinned) of eschalots slightly baked in a Dutch oven, two ounces of garlic prepared in like manner, a quarter of a pound of salt, and two drachms of Cayenne pepper.

Put these ingredients into a stone jar, cover it with a bladder wetted with the pickle, and set it on a trivet by the side of the fire during three days, shaking it up three times a day; it will then be ready to receive gherkins, sliced cucumbers, sliced onions, button onions, cauliflowers, celery, broccoli, French beans, nasturtiums, capsicums, and small green melons. The latter must be slit in the middle sufficiently to admit a marrow-spoon, with which take out all the seeds; then parboil the melons in a brine that will bear an egg; dry them, and fill them with mustard seed, and two cloves of garlic, and bind the melon round with packthread.

Large cucumbers may be prepared in like manner.

Green peaches make the best imitation of the Indian mango.

The other articles are to be separately parboiled (excepting the capsicums) in a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg; taken out and drained, and spread out, and thoroughly dried in the sun, on a stove, or before a fire for a couple of days, and then put into the pickle.

Anything may be put into this pickle, except red cabbage and walnuts.

It will keep several years.

Obs.—To the Indian mango pickle is added a considerable quantity of mustard-seed oil, which would also be an excellent warm ingredient in our salad sauces.

Red Cabbage.—Get a fine purple cabbage, take off the outside leaves, quarter it, take out the stalk, shred the leaves into a colander, sprinkle them with salt, let them remain till the morrow, drain them dry, put them into a jar, and cover them with the pickle for beet roots.

Onions.—The small round silver button onions, about as big as a nutmeg, make a very nice pickle. Take off their top coats, have ready a stewpan, three parts filled with boiling water, into which put as many onions as will cover the top; as soon as they look clear, immediately take them up with a spoon full of holes, and lay them on a cloth three times folded, and cover them with another, till you have ready as many as you wish; when they are quite dry, put them into jars, and cover them with hot pickle, made by infusing an ounce of horseradish, same of allspice, and same of black pepper, and same of salt, in a quart of best white wine vinegar, in a stone jar on a trivet by the side of the fire for three days, keeping it well closed; when cold, bung them down tight, and cover them with a bladder wetted with the pickle, and leather.

Gherkins.—Get those of about four inches long and an inch in diameter, the crude, half-grown little gherkins usually pickled are good for nothing. Put them into (unglazed) stone pans, cover them with a brine of salt and water, made with a quarter of a pound of salt to a quart of water; cover them down, set them on the earth before the fire for two or three days, till they begin to turn yellow; then put away the water, and cover them with hot vinegar; set them again before the fire, keep them hot till they become green (this will take eight or ten days); then pour off the vinegar, having ready to cover them a pickle of fresh vinegar, etc.; cover them with a bung, bladder, and leather.

Obs.—The vinegar the gherkins were greened in will make excellent salad sauces, or for cold meat. It is, in fact, superlative cucumber vinegar.

Beet Roots.—Boil gently till they are full three parts done (this will take from an hour and a half to two and a half); then take them out, and when a little cooled, peel them, and cut them in slices about an inch thick. Have ready a pickle for it, made by adding to each a quart of vinegar, an ounce of ground black pepper, half an ounce of ginger pounded, same of salt, and of horseradish cut in thin slices; and you may warm it, if you like, with a few capsicums or a little Cayenne; put these ingredients into a jar, stop it close, and let them steep three days on a trivet by the side of the fire; then, when cold, pour the clear liquor on the beet roots, which you have previously arranged in a jar.

Cauliflowers or Broccoli.—Choose those that are hard, yet sufficiently ripe, cut away the leaves and stalks. Set on a stewpan half full of water, salted in proportion of a quarter of a pound of salt to a quart of water; throw in the cauliflower, and let it heat gradually; when it boils, take it up with a spoon full of holes, and spread them on a cloth to dry before the fire for twenty-four hours at least; when quite dry, put them, piece by piece, into jars or glass tie-overs, and cover them with the pickle we have directed for beet roots, or make a pickle by infusing three ounces of the curry powder for three days in a quart of vinegar by the side of the fire.

Nasturtiums are excellent prepared as above.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

To Boil a Neck of Mutton.—Put four or five pounds of the best end of a neck (that has been kept a few days) into as much cold soft water as will cover it, and about two inches over; let it simmer very slowly for two hours. It will look most delicate if you do not take off the skin till it has been boiled.

For sauce, that elegant and innocent relish, parsley and butter, or eschalot, or caper sauce, mock caper sauce, and onion sauce, turnips, or spinach, are the usual accompaniments to boiled mutton.

To Boil Lamb.—A leg of five pounds should simmer very gently for about two hours from the time it is put on in cold water.

To Boil Tongue.—A tongue is so hard, whether prepared by drying or pickling, that it requires much more cooking than a ham; nothing of its weight takes so long to dress it properly.

A tongue that has been salted and dried should be put to soak (if it is old and very hard, 24 hours before it is wanted) in plenty of water; a green one fresh from the pickle requires soaking only a few hours. Put your tongue into plenty of cold water, let it be an hour gra-

dually warming, and give it from three and a half to four hours very slow simmering, according to the size, etc.

Obs.—When you choose a tongue, endeavor to learn how long it has been dried or pickled, pick out the plumpest and that which has the smoothest skin, which denotes its being young and tender.

To Fry Steaks.—Cut the steaks rather thinner than for broiling. Put some butter into an iron frying-pan, and when it is hot, lay in the steaks, and keep turning them till they are done enough.

Obs.—Unless the fire be prepared on purpose, we like this way of cooking them. The gravy is preserved and the meat is more equally dressed and more evenly browned, which makes it more relishing and invites the eye to encourage the appetite.

Mutton Chops Delicately Stewed, and Good Mutton Broth.—Put the chops into a stewpan with cold water enough to cover them, and an onion; when it is coming to a boil, skim it, cover the pan close, and set it over a very slow fire till the chops are tender. If they have been kept a proper time, they will take about three-quarters of an hour's very gentle simmering. Send up turnips with them; they may be boiled with the chops; skim well, and then send all up in a deep dish, with the broth they were stewed in.

N. B. The broth will make an economist one, and the meat another, wholesome and comfortable meal.

To Dress Eggs and Spinach.—Pick and wash the spinach in several waters. Fill a large pan full of water, with a handful of salt in it; when it boils, put the spinach in, and let it boil for two or three minutes. Take it up with a fish slice, and lay it on the back of a hair sieve; squeeze the water out, and put it into a frying-pan with a quarter of a pound of butter; keep constantly turning it and chopping it up with a knife until it is quite dry; pepper it slightly; then press it between two plates, and cut it in the form of diamonds. Poach the eggs, lay them on the spinach, and serve them up hot.

To Dress a Cauliflower.—Scald a cauliflower; cut it in pieces and put it in a pie-dish; add a little milk, pepper and salt. Cover the whole with some dry, grated cheese, and bake it.

Vegetable Curry.—Take carrots, turnips, celery, onions, some cucumbers and lettuce, cut small and simmer for a considerable time in water. Have ready some good gravy properly seasoned, and add the vegetables to it. When sufficiently stewed, mix in a piece of butter with flour to give it a proper thickness, a tablespoonful of curry-powder, and the juice of a small lemon. Give it a boil, and when serving up add a dessertspoonful of mushroom catsup.

A Bird's Nest.—Make some clear jelly of an amber color, and fill a small round basin half full. Have some eggs blown, and pour blanc-mange into them. When the latter is quite cold, peel off the shell, and they will represent eggs. Put some moss round a glass dish, turn the jelly out in pieces within the moss, lay some lemon-peel in the middle, cut in thin strips to look like straws, and also some on the jelly, and place the eggs on the top. This is a very simple dish, but looks pretty and fanciful on a supper-table.

Tete Marbree.—Take half a pig's head (if fresh, so much the better), the ears, and two or three feet; boil all these in as little water as possible till you can slip out the bones. Take all out, and, having separated the bones, boil them in the liquor until it is reduced. Cut the meat, when cold, into squares, put it into the liquor, season to taste, and when boiling pour the whole into a mould. Leave it several hours to cool and set, and when turned out it will form a very pretty dish for luncheon or supper. The stronger the liquor the better.

A Side-Dish.—Boil some eggs hard, cut them in two, the yolks to be taken out and beat up with a little parsley, pepper, and salt. Replace this into the whites, and serve up with a nice white sauce.

French Soup.—Take a large lump of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, and brown them in the saucepan you mean to make the soup in. Cut up carrots, onions, celery, sorrel and potatoes together *very fine*, then put all in the saucepan, with pepper and salt. Pour *boiling* water over them, and let all stew over the fire from three to four hours; it cannot *simmer* too much. A little thyme, parsley, cress, and mint is a great improvemet.

Pancake Pudding.—Make a few thin, small pancakes, fry them a light brown, spread them with currant and apricot jam alternately, and roll them. Put them all round a mould; make some rather thick custard and pour into the middle, strewing it with the bits of pancake you have cut off in fitting them round the mould. Cover the whole with a small, thin pancake, and *steam* it for two hours.

To Pot Beef to Eat like Venison.—Put five pounds of beef into a deep dish, pour over it half a pint of red wine, and let the meat lie in it for two days, and then season it with mace, pepper, and salt. Take a jar with a close fitting cover, put the meat into it, with the wine in which it was steeped, adding a good-sized glass of it to the above quantity. Put the cover on, and let it bake for three hours in a quick oven; when you take it out, beat it in a mortar. Clarify half a pound of butter, and put it in as you see it requires it. Keep beating it until you see it is in a fine paste; then put it into pots, lay a paper over them, and set a weight at the top of each to press it down. The next day pour clarified butter over them, and keep them in a dry place.

Two Ways of Using Cold Boiled Fish.—1. Take two pounds of cold fish, cut it into very small pieces, scald one pint of milk in a saucepan, mix in enough flour to make a paste, and half a pound of butter; season with pepper and salt, and then whip in the yolks of four eggs, one by one; butter a dish, lay in first a layer of fish, then of the paste, and so on to fill the dish. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. 2. Cut up a fish in convenient pieces, and put in a jar a layer of fish and then spices (pepper, cloves, allspice, and mace to taste), until the jar is filled; then put in vinegar enough to cover thoroughly. Tie a paper tightly over the jar; then spread a paste of flour and water over the paper, set it in the oven for eight hours. If rightly done, the bones will be entirely absorbed. It is excellent.

An Economical Dish—and if well cooked, a pleasant one.—Take three sheep's tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper and salt; cut them in two lengthwise, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante*.

COOKERY FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Rice Blancmange.—Steep a tablespoonful of rice in half a pint of cold milk for seven or eight hours. If the milk dries up too much, more must be added, but it must be no more than sufficient to make the rice soft and moist. Boil half an hour. Any flavor, either of almonds, lemon-peel, cinnamon, or nutmeg, may be added. When the rice is entirely pulped, it must be put into a mould until cold, when it will turn out.

Isinglass Blancmange.—An ounce of isinglass dissolved in a pint of boiling milk, and flavored with bitter almonds, lemon-peel, etc., if boiled for some time together, will form an agreeable nutritious blancmange for a convalescent. When put into a mould, it should be stirred occasionally until it begins to stiffen.

Savory Meat Jelly.—Chop a knuckle of veal and a scrag of mutton, so that they may be placed one bone on another. Scrape and slice three carrots and two turnips, cut small one head of celery, butter the bottom of a stone jar or well-tinned saucepan. Lay in layers the meat and vegetables alternately, packing them closely together. Sprinkle over each a very little salt; cover the jar closely, and put it in a slow oven for half an hour; then open it and pour in as much hot water as will cover the ingredients; cover the jar again closely, quicken the oven, and let it remain in it for five hours. Strain the liquor away from the meat and vegetables; when cold, remove the fat from the surface and the sediment from the bottom: the jelly will then be ready for use. It will not keep long unless boiled up again about the second day.

Gloucester Jelly.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in half a pint of spring water; bruise and add to it half an ounce of nutmeg and half an ounce of cinnamon; let all simmer in a pipkin until the isinglass be perfectly dissolved; strain it off, and set in a cool place to jelly; cut it in pieces, add a bottle of port wine and the spice before boiled in it; sweeten it to taste, and let it simmer until the jelly be again dissolved, when it is ready for use. Half a wineglass may be taken at bedtime. Observe, the wine must not be simmered in a saucepan, but in an earthen vessel, put into a saucepan of cold water, and set over the fire to warm gradually.

Carrogeen, or Irish Moss Jelly.—Wash and pick an ounce of this moss; boil it in a pint and a half of water for twenty minutes; strain it and pour into a basin to jelly. For invalids, and for children when weaned, it is an excellent food mixed with warm milk.

Arrowroot Jelly.—Put into a saucepan and boil together half a pint of water and one glass of sherry, or a tablespoonful of brandy, a little grated nutmeg, and fine sugar. When boiling, mix with them by degrees a dessertspoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth in a tablespoonful of cold water; boil all together for three minutes, and then pour it into glasses or small cups. If the invalid is not allowed to take wine, the jelly may be flavored with lemon or orange juice, or with the juice of any fruit which may be in season.

Apple-Water.—Slices of apple, and a little lemon-peel and sugar put into hot water, make a pleasant drink.

TREATMENT OF HOUSE PLANTS.

Water, heat, air, and light are the four essential stimulants to plants; they should, therefore, with regard to the latter requisite, be placed as near the windows as possible; the windows should have a south exposure, and should be as seldom as possible shaded with blinds. The heat of ordinary dwelling-houses is quite enough for such plants as we would recommend for general culture in rooms; only in very cold weather the plants should be removed a little further from the windows. The blinds and shutters are usually a protection during the night. If the air is too close, opening the doors and windows produces a change; but on opening the windows of a warm room in cold weather, care should be taken not to chill the plants by leaving them in the cold current. Spring and autumn are the times of the year at which window-plants require the greatest attention. When plants get slightly injured by frost, cold water should be sprinkled on them before the sun reaches them, and this sprinkling ought to be continued as long as any appearance of frost remains on the foliage. Water is often very injudiciously applied to plants in rooms, and the evil arises from falling into the opposite extremes of too much or too little; they should be frequently syringed. In winter this should be done in mild weather only. Plants which have large and leathery leaves, such as *oranges, pittosporums, camellias, and myrtles*, may be washed with a sponge; or, if very foul, with soap, carefully removed by pure water. Loose dust may be removed by a pair of bellows. House plants are also greatly benefited by being placed out of doors in the summer months, especially during gentle showers. Room-plants mostly are the *protégés* of ladies, who administer water with their own hands; and so long as this is the case the plants may thrive; but no room-plant ever existed, perhaps, which was not at some period of its life left to the tender mercies of the housemaid, with the frequent usual consequences of a deluge of water, cold from the pump, after the roots had become heated and parched by days of total abstinence. Plants so treated cannot flourish. The water should be allowed to stand in the kitchen for some hours before it is applied to the plants, so that it may be as warm or warmer than the soil to which it is to be added. It may be given in dry, hot weather every second day, and in such abundance as to pass slightly through the earth into the saucers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Make Cream of Roses.—Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one pint of rose-water, and two drachms of Malta rose, or nerolet essence. Put the oil, spermaceti, and wax into a well-glazed pipkin over a clear fire, and when melted, pour in the rose-water by degrees, and keep beating till the compound becomes like pomatum. Now add the essence, and then put the cream into small pots or jars, which must be well covered up with pieces of bladder and soft skin leather.

To Preserve Articles of Food and Drink from Decay.—At the St. Petersburg Exhibition a method for the preservation of fruit for lengthened periods attracted considerable attention, and we think that a description of it may not be uninteresting, and may, perhaps, prove useful to some of our readers. A box is provided, and on the bottom of it is laid a bed of lime which has been "slacked" with *creasote-water* (made by adding four or five drops of creasote to a quart of water). Then over the lime is placed a layer of the fruit—plums, peaches, or pears—which it is wished to preserve, and over them another layer of the prepared lime. This is repeated until the box is full, observing, however, to place in the

corners some packets of powdered charcoal. The box, being then secured, may be safely transmitted to any distance, and it is said that its contents will keep perfectly for a whole year.

At home, too, the important object of preserving from decay articles of food and drink has received attention. Every one who has experienced the facility with which beer, for example, spoils in warm weather, can appreciate the service rendered by Mr. Medlock in pointing out an agent which will enable us to keep it with much less fear of this accident. A solution of *bisulphite of lime* has, according to Mr. Medlock, the property of not only arresting the acetous fermentation, but of preventing the growth of those fungi which are popularly known as "mould;" while, if the addition be made within proper limits, no objectionable property is thereby communicated to the beverage. In the case of bottled liquids the same antiseptic solution is used to rinse the bottles.

Rain Spots may be removed from cloth by carefully sponging the article all over with cold water, and hanging to dry in a cool place.

To Polish Glass.—Cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk warm, into the decanters, upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlash; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish.

Difference between Arteries and Veins.—The knowledge of the distinction between arteries and veins is of the utmost practical importance, particularly to people residing in districts remote from surgical aid, where those who receive serious wounds may actually bleed to death for want of such easily-acquired information. The arteries are composed of no less than four very firm, strong, elastic membranes or coats; and this, as well as their being generally deeply seated in the flesh, to guard them from injury, renders them less liable to be hurt by accident; but when cut or wounded, the firmness of these coats prevents their closing, and hence arises the fatal tendency of wounds of large blood-vessels, which will remain open till they are tied, or till death ensues. Another distinctive character is, that the pulse of the heart is felt in the arteries only. The veins lie near the surface; and bleeding from them may readily be stopped, in common cases, by closing the orifice, and bandaging in the manner usually adopted by operators after having opened a vein in the arm or foot. When a person, or animal, is seriously wounded, and a surgeon cannot be immediately procured, ignorant bystanders will often content themselves by laying on a little lint, or cobweb, or some other trifling application, wholly inadequate to the case; they ought to know that when such remedies fail, and more especially when the blood flows from the wound by pulsatory leaps, it should be arrested by mechanical compression, until professional aid be obtained. This can easily be done by the most ignorant person present, by winding a string or a bandage tightly above the wound. The more skilful, or better informed, may take up the severed artery, and twist, or tie it up.

Odor for a Sick Room.—Dried lavender stalks put upon brown paper and ignited give a most refreshing odor in a sick room.

Or.—Light a piece of brown paper, and, after blowing it out, carry it carefully round the room keeping clear of the bed-curtains.

To Make Cold Cream Pomatum for the Complexion.—Take an ounce of oil of sweet almonds, and half a drachm each of white wax and spermaceti, with a little balm. Melt these ingredients in a glazed pipkin over hot ashes, and pour the solution into a marble mortar; stir it with the pestle until it becomes smooth and cold, then add gradually an ounce of rose or orange-flower water; stir all the mixture till incorporated to resemble cream. This pomatum renders the skin at once supple and smooth. To prevent marks from the smallpox, add a little powder of saffron. The gallipot in which it is kept should have a piece of bladder tied over it.

To Make Crumpets.—Set two pounds of flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm; then mix it with warm milk and water till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs well beaten, and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter, and beat them all well together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin, tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying-pan; then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow.

To Obtain Flowers from Bulbous Roots in Three Weeks.—Put quick-lime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness, and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

To Remove Mildew.—Dip the article in soft-soap, and spread it in the sun, wetting occasionally. If the first application does not have the desired effect, repeat the process. This is superior to everything I have ever tried, and has this advantage—that it is in every person's house, or ought to be.

Carrot Pomade.—Put two pounds of fresh lard in a vessel with a pint of water, let it come to a simmer; then add seven or eight grated carrots, let it stand on the back of the range and simmer for five or six hours, turn it out, and let it stand all night; then in the morning melt and strain it into the jars. Perfume it with what you fancy.

Cheap Mode of Framing Small Pictures.—First procure a glass of the required size, then a card of bristol-board (white) the same size of glass, to which glue or paste the picture after neatly cutting out. Next paste a sheet of strong paper, about an inch larger than the glass, on the back of the card, folding the edges neatly over on the glass, thereby holding glass and picture together. Procure black glazed paper and bind the edge, and trim with a strip of gilded paper inside the black edge. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame for portraits, etc. To hang it, attach loops or rings on the back of the frame.

To Remove Coffee Stains.—Mix the yolk of an egg with a little milk-warm water, and use it as soap on the stain. For stains which have been on the material some time add a few drops of spirits of wine to the egg and water.

Editors' Table.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

Sir Edward Bulwer, who began his literary career as a brilliant novelist, of rather easy morality, has, in his ripened age, advanced into sound views and unexceptional philosophy. His latest literary experiment—he is fond of new ways in which to communicate old truths—is a series of Essays* which will add to his fame a new leaf. These "Caxtonia" are written in the finished style he has acquired, replete with knowledge of human nature, and with axioms that will aid the life and culture of the man of letters.

In Part VI. (published in *Blackwood* for July) he has alluded to the friendships subsisting between intellectual men and women. What he says is true, and well worthy of attention, because it illustrates an important use for the cultivated feminine mind, that of being the *help* of those masculine minds to which her own can communicate its pure and pious light, thus perfecting the Genius of humanity without rivalry between the sexes. We will give his views as he has set them forth:—

"It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Molière's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and a loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, 'certainly beloved by me,' says the Horace of essayists, 'with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being.' Female friendship, indeed, is to man, *præsidium et dulce decus*—bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world."

The mental qualities of men and women are different in their homogeneity, and from the intercourse of their different minds comes the completed view, the finished train of thought, the perfected reasoning that wins the victories of intellect. How many eminent men of the highest powers of mind have derived incalculable benefit from the friendship of intelligent women! We have no question that the florescence of Dr. Johnson's genius was fostered and brought out by the rare kindness and sympathy of Mrs. Thrale. She took this uncouth man of books from the society of the mean and ignorant, and cheered him by the warm enthusiasms of her own joyous spirit, surrounded him with the comforts of an intellectual woman's home, where he met a circle of intelligent persons who appreciated his great powers.

The gifted, but sad-hearted Cowper was saved from raving madness by the intelligent women to whom he owed every enjoyment of his existence: of this circle of friends Lady Hesketh was the sun. To *her* we are indebted for the "Task," which, after all, is the work that will keep Cowper's name and fame as a star in English literature.

Sir Walter Scott's early friendship for the Countess of Schloss Hairfeld gave a color to all his tales, whether in prose or poetry. In Ellen Douglass, Matilda, Die Vernon, Rebecca, Flora Mac-Ivor, we see the impression of that never forgotten friend, the woman "quick to resolve and stubborn to endure" in whatever she thought right; firm, lofty, full of life and sense as well as sensibility.

We may go back from these instances to the distant ages and find there the same proofs of the good effects of these real and pure friendships. Like religion this idea seems to be met with in every nation which has attained the elements of civilization, and therefore it must be considered as salutary and right. The "Egeria" of Rome is familiar to every student of history. This divinity of Numa, to whom he ascribed his inspiration, was, no doubt, the good, sensible, intelligent, and pious woman who sympathized in his earnest purposes of exalting his countrymen and *helped* him to do it. The great statesman, poet, and philosopher of the middle ages, Dante, attributes his virtues and their active results to the inspiration of the pure Beatrice. In the voluptuous days of the French monarchy, that brilliant satirist, Rochefoucauld, after enjoying all the frivolities of the court, and sacrificing his duties to the syren of pleasure, obtained the happiness of his mature years from the good sense, the virtues, the piety, and the tender sympathy of Madame de La Fayette, who reclaimed the worldling, led the infidel to the cross, and made the sarcastic wit a good man and a benevolent Christian.

Such noble deeds, or those similar in good results, may be achieved by women who have not Madame de La Fayette's genius or literary tastes. It suffices for the work of *helping* the talents of literary men, that the woman, who has the confidence of one of these gifted minds, should possess good sense, good temper, a firm belief in the truth of God's Word, and a heart warm with its sympathies for "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report."

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

This question is often asked us. We have given lists of books, and suggested methods of improvement from reading, which have, as we are assured, been very beneficial to our inquiring friends. But in Sir Edward's new work, "Caxtonia," to which we have referred, there are some ideas set forth that may be very suggest-

* Caxtonia: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners. Published in *Blackwood*. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

ive to those who devote too much time to light literature and are in the habit of wanting a new book every day.

The great novelist does not gain his intellectual stores from "light literature," nor does he throw by a book after one perusal. Listen to his counsels:—

"In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and redecorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas.

"It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement, to take every year some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conned, studied, brooded over; to go into the country with it, travel with it, be devotedly faithful to it, be without any other book for the time; compel yourself thus to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?"

The Novelist is right. To gain wisdom from books we must hold intercourse with a mind that transcends our own mind on some points, at least, of the subject we are studying. There is only *one Book* that transcends all human genius and human knowledge, *one* Book from which all minds may, at all times, and under all circumstances, draw instruction. If you wish to be truly wise study the BIBLE, with the zeal and in the way recommended by the Novelist, and you will be fitted to write, if you have genius and opportunity; if not, there is a better part for woman; she can shine in works of active goodness and leave noble and beautiful examples of duties lovingly performed; these are the living pages of the world's best glory, pages that will be read in heaven, and, translated by angels to harmonize with the songs of immortality, will there have a record as enduring as the love of the redeemed.

THE KINSHIP OF THE FACULTIES.

Here are a few more of the useful thoughts from the same source—"Caxtonia":—

"Mrs Somerville has written a charming and popular book on 'The Connection of the Sciences;' but it is not only the sciences which have a family kinship; all the faculties and all the acquisitions of the human intellect are relations to each other: The true chief of a clan never disowns remote affinities; the wider his clanship the greater his power: so it is with a true genius; the more numerous its clansmen, the higher its dignity of chief. If there be some one speciality in art, literature, science, active life, in which we can best succeed, that speciality is improved and enriched by all the contributions obtainable from other departments of study. Read the treatises on Oratory, and you stand aghast at the wondrous amount of information which the critical authorities assure you is necessary for the accomplishment of a perfect orator. But you may say that, according to the proverb, the orator is made; the poet is born. Read, then, the works of any really first-rate poet, and you will acknowledge that there was never a more delusive lie than that which the proverb instils into the credulous ears of poetasters. It is the astonishing accumulation of ideas, certainly not inborn, but acquired alone through experience and study, which makes the most prominent characteristic of a first-rate poet."

THE WRITER.

"Frequently we meet with a writer who achieves one remarkable book, and whatever other books he writes are comparative failures—echoes of the same thought, repetitions of the same creations. The reason of that lust of invention is obvious: the author has embodied certain ideas long meditated; and if his book be really great, all the best of those ideas are poured into it. In the interval between that book and the next, he has not paused to ponder new studies and gather from them new ideas, and the succeeding books comprise but the leavings of the old ideas.

"A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always renourishing his genius. Both in mind and body, where nourishment ceases vitality fails.

"To sail around the world, you must put in at many harbors, if not for rest, at least for supplies.

"To any young author of promise, in the commencement of his career, my advice is this. Till you have succeeded in working out your conception, persevere in that one conception; work it out. When you have succeeded—exhausting the best ideas that went to its completion—take care not to repeat the same experiment. Adventure some experiment wholly new; but before you so adventure, be sure that you have taken in wholly new ideas.

"The wider your range of thought, the greater your chance and choice of original combinations."

A FEW WORDS FROM A SENSIBLE WOMAN

THE late Mrs. Richard Trench* left materials for a book of great worth and interest which we hope will soon be republished in this country. We give a pearl or two.

(*From the Journal.*)

"I should write much better if I had ever been criticized. The heaths and many other flowers require wind (not merely air, but blasts of wind) as well as sunshine; and it would have been both a stimulus and an improvement, if I had ever heard the voice of truth. But, alas, that was impossible! and my little attempts *can* have no merit but that of showing to those who love me, what I might have done had I not been deprived of the advantages of classical learning; had I not been flattered in my youth, as one to whom mental acquirements were unnecessary; had I not been the fond mother of nine children, and the troublesome wife of one whom I do not much like to have out of my sight—four very unfavorable circumstances to the cultivation of any art or science whatever."

(*From a Letter to her Husband.*)

"I think to be excellent as a husband a man must be excellent in many other points; and if women were more convinced of this than they are in general, there would be fewer marriages, and perhaps more happiness; or else, in hope of pleasing us, men would improve themselves. The greatest fault our sex can be accused of is being too easily pleased by yours; who seem to take an unfair advantage of it in being as much *over*, as we often are *under*, nice; since the smallest fault of temper, manners, or even person, is thought a sufficient apology for your breaking loose; while *poor we* ——: but this is too copious a subject, and my poor baby is crying. I hope Bonaparte (Napoleon) may have a sick child, I think the cry of an infant, whose pain one cannot know or assuage, would make him feel his want of power, though nothing else had done it."

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

For the sweet sake of early love
  I trace these lines to thee,
Whose careless smile and lightest tone
  Were once so dear to me.

I know the sweet dreams of those hours
  Time never will restore:
The love thou freely gavest once,
  It will be mine no more.

I know that I with ready will
  Resigned that olden claim;
That long my heart has ceased to thrill
  At mention of thy name.

Yet far within its deepest shrine
  Our childhood's memory lies,
When loving thoughts of each looked out
  From young untroubled eyes.

So, at thy feet, dear friend of mine,
  This little lay I cast;
Not more a token sent to thee,
  Than offering to the past.

---

* Selections from the Journals, Letters, and other Papers of the late Mrs. Richard Trench. Edited by her Son the Dean of Westminster. London, 1862.

My thoughts are distant far to-day,
Beneath a bluer sky—
Where round a vine-encircled home
The wind goes singing by—

And murmureth in thy listening ear
Its voice of melody,
The memories of other years
That it hath brought to me!

Oh! many a story doth it tell
Of hopes like summer flowers;
Of roamings free by hill and stream,
And childhood's happy hours.

Ah! though our life paths still are green,
Are starred with sweet flowers, yet,
With memories of the past, there comes
A shadow of regret.

Not for the joys that with those days
Like summer birds have flown;
But for fond voices that have ceased
To answer to our own.

But though within my weaker heart
Sad murmurs may arise,
Thou should'st look bravely on the world,
With hopeful, earnest eyes.

I pray that thou may'st never cease
To battle for the right;
That on thy manhood's promise fair
May never fall a blight.

Across the mountains dark and lone,
Across the surging sea,
My spirit, with its childhood's trust,
Doth reach its hand to thee;

Whose memory, through all coming time,
All change of good or ill,
For the sweet sake of vanished hours
Will linger with me still.

H. E. B.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.*—We should endeavor so to live that when dead there may be something left to tell that we lived. How much of sorrow and degradation arise from idleness, from a want of energy, perseverance, or strength of purpose! Why not arouse the latent power to life that is trembling within, thirsting for an object upon which to put forth its captive strength?

The great ocean, so vast in extent, is made up of little drops of water. So a single word adds to the multitude that make up *language*, by which individuals communicate with each other, the connecting link between nations, and the means by which the inhabitants of earth hold sweet converse with their Maker.

We must not despise small beginnings, for they may lead on to great ends.

How many illustrations we have in the years gone by that speak to us from the buried past, and bid us *live for something!* How much lies before us to do! How wide the field of action! Who can live and not lend an influence to those about them?

The warm sunshine, the life-giving atmosphere, the mellow light and sweet tranquillity of twilight's hour, the hum of insects, the song of birds, the perfume of flowers, and the sound of rushing or calmly-flowing waters, each in itself may appear very insignificant in comparison with the numberless blessings thrown so profusely around us by the lavish hand of the Creator. Yet what were our earth without the sunshine?

Small acts of kindness, and attention to the wants of another, will cast sweet drops in life's mingled cup. Oh, may we *live for something*, strewing sweet flowers around us as we pass onward and upward.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

* We give only a portion of the article; all the thoughts were good and well-expressed, but these selections are the pith of the matter. Brevity, when the subject is treated in didactic style, has more effect than long-drawn lessons. The writer thinks: ideas, unless these lead to "something" in realities, will not be of much use; but it is *something* to think *rightly*, as this young lady does. EDS. LADY'S BOOK.

THANKSGIVING DAY—THE LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth forever. PSALMS.

THE annual Festival of Thanksgiving is near at hand. Will it not be remembered and observed? The mercy of the Lord is not slack; He has given us rich harvests and filled the garners of our land. Health has been in all our borders—would that we could add *peace* has *reigned and good-will been extended!* But we must all acknowledge that the goodness of God has not failed.

Last year this National Feast Day was celebrated in twenty-four States and three Territories; all these, excepting the States of Massachusetts and Maine, held the Festival on the same day—the *last Thursday in November*. We suggested last year that, as all nations are members of one brotherhood, under the fostering care of one Beneficent Father of Humanity, it would be of much effect in promoting the kindly feelings which should be cultivated among Christian people if the universal observance of one General Festival of Thanksgiving for the bounties of Divine Providence could be established *on the same day of the year* throughout all Christendom.

All sects and creeds who take the Bible as their rule of faith and morals could unite in such a Festival. The Jews, who find the direct command for a Feast at the ingathering of harvest, would gladly join in this Thanksgiving, and in every country in Europe it would become, as we trust it will soon be in our beloved country, an universal Holiday on the LAST THURSDAY OF NOVEMBER.

This year the DAY falls on the 27th of this month; we earnestly hope every State in our Union will unite on that day in a fervent Thanksgiving to God for his blessing and bounties.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "A Child's Question," "Song"—"The Broken Lyre"—"Memory"—"Only Once and Never Once"—"Homes and Husbands"—"The Gay Widow"—"Poor Widows."

We have no room for the following: "Reminiscences"—"My First Love"—"The Leaf"—"The Rainbow"—"Oh, Murmur not at Cruel Fate"—"Lena the Lost"—"The Cricket" (too late in the season)—"Worship"—"Blondel de Nesle and King Richard"—"Dunrayne"—"School-Girl Wishes"—"The Mistake"—"Blue Eyes"—"Love"—"The Lover's Lament," and a "Tribute to the Memory of a Dear Child." We are obliged to decline these long elegies, both for lack of room and because we think those journals—weekly or daily papers—which

circulate in the place where the deceased lived and died are the most suitable vehicles of such memorials for surviving friends.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

IMPORTANCE OF PROMPT TREATMENT IN CROUP.—Hive syrup and the warm bath, as prescribed in the December number of our Book, 1861, will, we believe, cure any case of croup in its early stages. But we must insist on the importance of prompt treatment in this disease. If a child has suspicious symptoms, wait not for the croupy cough and other symptoms, but resort immediately to the warm bath, and if this does not afford relief, then give the syrup. This treatment is safe, and it is better to use it even in a common cold (for which, by the way, it is very good) than to run the risk of an attack of croup.

The above precautions are more especially necessary when it is known that a child is subject to spells of croup. There is yet another thing to which we would call special attention, and that is the deceitful remissions or improvements. *Remember this:* Whenever a child has an attack of croup at night, if there remains the least lingering vestige of the disease next day, it is almost sure to return with renewed violence the following night. Therefore, under these circumstances, keep the patient in the house, and give a little hive syrup at intervals through the day, according to the symptoms. The warm bath should also be used if necessary, and the patient should, by all means, have a bath at bedtime, with a tolerably large dose of the syrup after the bath.

COLD WATER AND SOME OTHER REMEDIES IN CROUP.—Cold water, and even ice water, to the throat, is strongly recommended by the Hydropaths, and some of our best regular medical authorities sanction the practice. So successful has been the treatment before prescribed that we have never had occasion to resort to cold water in croup; but we should feel no hesitation in doing so, for we cannot imagine anything better calculated to subdue the inflammation than cold water constantly applied immediately over the seat of the disease. The mode of application is by wet cloths, changing these every few minutes until the inflammation is subdued. If the fever and inflammation run high, the cloths should be thin and exposed to the air, so that evaporation may go on freely. If the excitement is not very great, the wet cloths may be covered with a dry one, so as to exclude the air partially. The cold application may be made in conjunction with the general warm bathing. There is no danger or inconsistency in the practice.

In bad cases of croup the air should be kept moist by having the steam from a tea-kettle diffused through the room. And much relief will sometimes be afforded by breathing immediately, from a suitable vessel, the vapor of water or vinegar and water. With Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, alum is a favorite emetic. It is not so prostrating as some other emetics, and is safer than many other drugs.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

CHILDREN'S EATING.—Some parents compel their children to eat against their will, as when they come to the breakfast-table without an appetite, or have lost it in prospect of a visit, or ride, or of going abroad, or for the sake of "eating their plates clean," in discouragement of wasteful habits. Certainly a child ought to have the privilege of a pig, that of eating only when it is hungry. Unless we are thirsty, we cannot drink the purest spring water without a feeling of aversion; and as for eating when there is no appetite, it is revolting, as any one may prove to himself by attempting to take a second meal in twenty minutes after having eaten a regular dinner.

The complicated machinery of man, like that of the steam-engine which is in incessant motion, is wearing away every second of his existence. The engine wears out eventually, and a new one has to be constructed; but the machinery of the human body was made by an omnipotent Architect; made to last for ages, made to make its own repairs, to supply its own wastes, so that while it is wearing itself out, it is at the same time regenerating and renewing itself. When the human system is not interfered with, its supply is always equal to its waste, regulated by an unerring instinct—that instinct is called "appetite"—which is greater or less, according to the previous waste; that waste is always in proportion to the exercise which has been taken, as the wear of any machinery is in proportion to its running.

Every man knows for himself that if he walks ten miles, he becomes hungry; if fifteen, he is more so. But what makes hunger, and what regulates it to more or less? The wastes of the system set in motion certain processes by which a fluid is prepared, called the gastric juice, and it is so arranged by Divinity that a certain amount of waste occasions a certain amount of gastric juice; their proportion is exact and uniform, for nature makes no mistakes, does nothing in vain; she makes no more gastric juice than will digest food enough to make up for the waste and want of the body. The appetite, the hunger, is excited by the presence of the gastric juice about the stomach; but if there is no gastric juice, there can be no hunger, no appetite, and to compel a child to swallow food into the stomach when there is no gastric juice there to receive it, is an absurdity and a cruelty, because, there being no gastric juice there to receive and take care of it, it is rejected by vomiting, or remains there for hours like a "load," or "weight," or "ball," or "heaviness," or else to ferment, causing "oppression," "wind," "acidity," or general discomfort, sometimes for half a night! Similar results take place in old and young, when more food has been taken than there is gastric juice to manage properly; hence the more than folly of "forcing" food, of eating to "make it even," or taking a single swallow beyond the actual calling of the appetite, expressed in the familiar term "over-eating," of which too many are conscious almost every day of their existence.

LIFE AND DEATH.—One-half the human family dies under seventeen years of age. Nine-tenths of all who are born ought to complete their "three-score years and ten," because nine-tenths of all diseases are avoidable by the steady practice of temperance and such out-door activities as are encouragingly remunerative. There is a still more specific method of lengthening life in healthfulness and vigor, and one which is practicable by the masses. Colds or constipation immediately precede or attend almost every case of ordinary disease. The latter can be antagonized by abstinence, cleanliness, and warmth for thirty-six hours; and a cold need not be taken once a year if three things are attended to. Avoid chilliness, damp clothing, and cooling off too soon after exercise.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE MYSTERY. *A Story of Domestic Life.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," etc. etc. Printed from the author's manuscript, in advance of the publication of the work in Europe. The "Mystery" approaches in excellence more nearly what we might expect from the author of "East Lynne," and bids fair to rival that work in popularity. The characters are vividly drawn, and the interest of the plot is intense. Some portions of the book remind us of Charlotte Bronte's best works. When Mrs. Wood, with her rare faculty for the construction of plots, shall have learned to inspire her productions with something that we can only style soul, that is, a greater depth of thought and sentiment, there will be but few in the ranks of story writers to excel her. Price 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

MARRYING FOR MONEY. *A Tale of Real Life.* By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels, author of "My Sister Minnie," "Fernley Manor," etc. etc. A sufficiently well-told story, exhibiting, perhaps, something more than average ability in its construction. We might, probably, have formed a higher opinion of it, had we found it possible to reconcile our sense of the fitness of things with the denouement, which seems to us somewhat improbable and forced, especially in "a tale of real life." Price 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Thomas Carlyle. In Four Volumes. Vol. III. In this third volume of his history of the "Great Frederick," Carlyle carries us from the period of his hero's ascension to the throne of Prussia, in 1740, to the peace of Berlin, in 1744. Six hundred pages seem a vast deal of space to devote to the events of four years in the life of one man, and, in fact, half that number would have sufficed for any writer less gossipping and garrulous than Carlyle. However, there is much to enlighten and amuse, much to excite thought and reflection, in all this rugged but energetic outpouring of facts, opinions, and paradox. Price $1 25 per volume.

FIRST BOOK IN CHEMISTRY. *For the Use of Schools and Families.* By Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. Author of "Human Physiology," "Child's Book of Nature," etc. This rudimentary treatise, or, more properly speaking, class-book, embraces full, clear, and precise explanations of all such questions connected with chemical science as may be supposed to present themselves to the minds of intelligent pupils, from ten to twelve years of age. Written in a pleasing style, copiously illustrated, and rich in experiment, it offers to the young student of chemistry a means of instruction which he should not be slow to avail himself of. Price $1 00.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD; *Showing who robbed, who helped him, and who passed him by.* By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," etc. etc. etc. With illustrations. Nothing that we could say in commendation of this, the latest of Thackeray's productions, would probably do more to attract readers to it than will the simple announcement of its publication in substantial book form. The story has been gradually developing itself for the past two years in the pages of a contemporary magazine, and, during that time, the reading public have become pretty thoroughly acquainted with Philip and the company he kept. More interesting in narrative and plot than some of its immediate predecessors from the same pen, the story of Philip exhibits in an eminent degree all of its author's wonderful powers of observation, and keen appreciation of the faults, follies, and foibles of society. Price $2 00.

—

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

MARGUERITE; *or, Two Loves.* By Madame Emile de Girardin. Translated from the French by J. Leander Starr. The French original of this tale was first published, we believe, some twelve or fifteen years ago, and ranks as one of the best of its author's fictitious works. It is eminently a love-story, and certainly displays much ability in the way of metaphysical sentimentality, if we may use the expression; but few American readers, we imagine, will either admire or sympathize with the heroine, whose foolish conduct utterly destroys all interest one is at first disposed to take in a book that might otherwise have proved a pleasing one. Of Mr. Starr's translation we regret our inability to speak favorably. Misconceptions of the meaning of the original, Gallicisms, and grammatical blunders that would disgrace the dullest school-boy, are inexcusably frequent. Price 25 cents.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By G. P. Quackenboss, A. M., author of "First Lessons in Composition," "Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric," etc. etc. It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of such of our readers as are engaged in the cause of education to this new English grammar. Clearness, precision, freedom from abstruse speculation, and practical directness, are qualities that have ever been looked for, but hitherto never found in our school grammars. We believe that the volume under notice possesses them in a very noticeable degree. Indeed, the great merit of the system of grammar it teaches is, that it is a practical system—one by which the pupils are to be interested, while being instructed in what is commonly esteemed as the hardest and dryest of subjects.

MARTIN VAN BUREN: *Lawyer, Statesman, and Man.* By William Allen Butler. To use the language of the unpretending pamphlet whose title we have just written, "No great man, whose greatness grew out of the native soil from which all that is hopeful or sustaining in the cause of freedom must draw its vital strength, should go to his grave without something more than the funeral obsequies which shroud his exit.". To fulfil the obligation thus intimated, appears to have been the purpose of the author of this biographical sketch, which concisely embodies, in terse and striking language, the more prominent incidents in the career of the late ex-president Van Buren.

THE TAX-PAYERS MANUAL: containing the Acts of Congress imposing Direct and Excise Taxes; with

complete Marginal References, and an Analytical Index, showing all the Items of Taxation, the Mode of Proceeding, and the Duties of Officers, with an Explanatory Preface. The special and public importance of this Manual are sufficiently indicated by its title. Price 10 cents.

THE PARISH WILL CASE, IN THE COURT OF APPEALS. *The Statement of Facts, and the Opinion of the Court.* This is a legal and exact narrative of one of the most important and interesting trials on record. It contains many singular developments, which we expect some day to see embodied in the pages of fiction.

—

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

OUT OF HIS HEAD. *A Romance.* Edited by T. B. Aldrich. This is represented as the narrative of one of those peculiar geniuses, who are sometimes secluded from the world, in order to remove them from the great mass of lunatics of which the world is composed. Naturally enough, the story is somewhat fragmentary in character, and, at times, almost too obscurely suggestive. It is decidedly French in style, from which we infer that Mr. Aldrich is of the opinion that madmen and Frenchmen employ the same forms of expression. The book is enlivened by many touches of rare satiric humor, but, at the same time, contains many passages of the deepest pathos and the tenderest poetic sentiment. In addition to "Out of his Head," the volume embraces five other sketches, among which we notice the exquisite little story of "Pere Antoine's Date Palm." Price 50 cents.

LES MISERABLES. *Saint Denis: A Novel.* By Victor Hugo. This is the fourth part of Hugo's great work. The interest of the story grows deeper and deeper, while its pictures of Parisian life and society are fresh, novel, and startling. As a specimen of character drawing, we do not think anything could be finer than the moral portraiture of Louis Phillippe, in the third chapter of the first book. Price 50 cents.

—

From the author, C. H. CLEAVELAND, M. D., Cincinnati:—

CAUSES AND CURE OF DISEASES OF THE FEET: *with Practical Suggestions as to their Clothing.* By C. H. Cleaveland, M. D. This is a most valuable and timely publication, to which we would direct the especial attention of those who have in charge the health and comfort of our armies in the field. It would be well, also, for mothers to read and act upon its suggestions for the clothing of the feet of children. It is for all, however, a rich storehouse of practical information, with regard to the diseases and proper management of the feet.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR NOVEMBER.—We present in this number the plate of "Heavenly Consolation," as fine a plate as we have ever published. Every portion of the picture is illustrative of the title.

Our Fashion-plate contains six figures; cloaks of course predominate. In addition to the cloaks in the fashion-plates, several others will be found in the first pages of the Book. It will be observed that in some instances we give front and back views of the cloaks. Patterns of eight cloaks are given in this number.

Crochet articles for winter wear. We commenced last month with these illustrations; we continue them this month, and more will be published in December. We are thus in time to give our subscribers an opportunity to get the articles in readiness before the cold weather commences.

Our plate of *Lingérie.* We need hardly suggest that any color may be used for trimming in place of the blue we have given. That color simply gives an idea of where the trimming is to be placed, and how the article will look when made up.

"Too Hot." We claim for this engraving the excellence of the design and execution.

—

LITERARY NEWS.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have made arrangements with Marion Harland, the well-known author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," for a series of stories. Every number for 1863 will contain a story from her pen. This is a compliment to the Book, as she writes for no other magazine. The stories will be copyrighted, so that they may not be found anywhere but in the pages of the Lady's Book.

—

WE ask attention to our advertisement for 1863, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-three years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

—

WHAT Godey can do, according to the report of the *Pana Public:*—

"With the Lady's Book any lady can fit herself to discharge all the duties of domestic life, as well as acquaint herself with the more elegant and showy accomplishments. Does she play upon the piano? Godey contains choice music, instrumental and vocal. Is she fond of reading? Godey will supply this want. Would she know the latest fashion? Refer to Godey. Would she learn how to cook? Godey will instruct her. Is any of her family sick? Godey contains something adapted to the case. Would she amuse and instruct her children? Godey is an unfailing resource. Thus the Lady's Book adapted itself to all circumstances and conditions in life."

—

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN.—Mrs. Roehrig (an American lady) offers to parents who from sickness or other cause are obliged to intrust their children to the care of others, a pleasant and comfortable home for their children where they will receive the tender care and solicitude of a mother.

It will be her pleasure also to instruct them in those branches suited to their years, and bring them up under wholesome Christian influences.

Children from four to nine years of age will be received at her residence on Walnut St. between Thirty-Ninth and Fortieth Sts., West Philadelphia. Location delightful.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

FROM the *True Press*, Hillsboro, Ill:—

Godey's Lady's Book has reached us, as cheerful and attractive as ever.

In peace or war, in hall or bower,
Its course is still the same;
And on the wings of fame doth soar
Its author's gallant name.

There is no book like Godey's, nothing to fill its place in our families. The only wonder is that everybody don't take it.

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless under peculiar circumstances.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY PREMIUMS.—We believe that the Lady's Book is the only magazine offered as a premium by the various societies in the different States.

"JOHN," said Mr. B. the other day to his son—"John, you are lazy; what on earth do you expect to do for a living?"

"Why, father, I've been a thinking as how I would be a revolutionary pensioner."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

THE watering-places have given up the singers, and the boards of the Academy are waiting to welcome them back; but at this writing no plans for the fall and winter campaign have been decided upon. Maretzek, Grau, and Ullman are deliberating matters, and there are rumors of several new importations of artists, who are not afraid to come, even in these war times. Brave women! Glorious fellows! It is even said that before Christmas we are to have the Mario and the Grisi! Who will not cry bravo now?

New Sheet Music for the Piano.—Messrs. Firth, Pond, & Co., New York, publish the following new songs, etc., any of which we will purchase and mail as usual for our friends on receipt of price: Is it a Wonder; or, Caddy Cadunk, sung with great applause by Wood's Minstrels, 25 cents. Absence, fine song by Harry Sanderson, 25. The Beating of my own Heart, Macfarren, 25. Blessed be the Lord God, Benedictus in D, 35. It is a Good Thing to Give Thanks, 35. Praise the Lord, Benedic Anima in D, with solo for soprano, 50. These are three splendid four part songs for the choir or social circle, by the favorite composer, J. R. Thomas. Also by Mr. Thomas, Last Words of Washington, with beautiful portrait, 40; and, The Soldier's Return, a beautiful ballad, 35.

The same publishers issue: Rêve d'Esperance (a Dream of Hope), exquisite nocturn by Mayer, 30. Carollings at Morn, delightful caprice by the author of the celebrated Maiden's Prayer, 35. Homeward March, one of Brinley Richards' fine compositions, 40. U. S. Navy Quadrille, by Robert Stoepel, with handsome and appropriate title, 50. Ten Minutes with Mozart, a beautiful transcription of some length by Richard Hoffman, 75. Concert Galop, by Wm. Mason, Op 11. This is a brilliant and showy piece, requiring skilful execution; like the preceding by Hoffman, it forms an admirable and pleasing study for the advanced pupil. Price $1.

Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish the following songs, etc.: The Echo Song, by Jules Benedict, 25. Lithuanian Song, Fair was the Sunlight, by Chopin, 25. Rest, Where Shall we Rest? 25. Skedaddle, humorous song, with characteristic title, Danskin, 25. We are Coming, Father Abram: or, 300,000 More, song for the times, 25. Home of My Youth, fine song from Howard Glover's opera, Ray Blas, 25. He Still was There, romance, 25; and I Love, I Love, duet for tenor and soprano, 35; both from the charming Opera Buffo, The Doctor of Alcantara.

Also, Gen. Sigel's Grand March, 25. Marching Along Quickstep, introducing the famous army air, 25. Il Balen, from Trovatore; and, Within a Mile of Edinboro, two of Baumback's fine transcriptions, each 35. A new transcription of Home, Sweet Home, by Charles Voss, 40. Shadow Air, a beautiful and difficult transcription from Le Pardon de Ploermel, Brinley Richards, 40. Grand Valse Brillante, by Leyback, 50. Marching Along, varied by Baumback, 50. These two last especially are brilliant and effective compositions, and must become very popular. The Volunteer's Quickstep is a very pretty, spirited, and not difficult new piece, by F. Karl, just published. Fairy Polka Redowa, by Vaas; and, The Lafner Waltz, by Otto, are also easy and pretty. Each 25 cents.

Next month we shall publish a fine list of new guitar music.

The Musical Editor of the Book will purchase and mail any music named in the monthly columns, on receipt of price. Address, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

LETTER from a lady upon the borrowing question:—

OHIO.

DEAR SIR: I see many of your subscribers complain of the Lady's Book being borrowed and returned injured. I am selfish enough to think that no one has a right to ask me for the loan of my Book. If I feel disposed to lend it to any one, I can make the offer myself. Now, sir, I can give your subscribers a receipt that originated with myself, and so far has relieved me from such annoyance:—

First, to try and get such troublesome persons to join my club. If that fails, the second trial is to try and get them in the notion of getting up a club themselves. If this fails, which does not often happen, for they usually take the hint, I tell them as I did a troublesome neighbor once when she said: "It's too much trouble to get a club; I'll just run in every month and borry yours." "That is the reason why I wish you to get the Book for yourself, so that you will not ask me, for I do not wish to loan my Book." I rather suspect she told all the rest of the "dear five hundred," for no one has asked for my Book since. Two parties are now getting up clubs, so that you see my rule works well. I certainly must respect my own rights and those of my family. There are many things in the Lady's Book that will be just as useful to my children years hence as they are now to me.

CLUB of $15.

I would thank you for the rich feast that I have each month received during the past year. I cannot find words to express my approbation of the only Lady's Book published. I am living in anticipating the pleasure I shall have when my Book comes, and the coming always realizes more than the anticipated pleasure.

MISS H., *Maine.*

Club of $10.

We cannot afford to deprive ourselves of this chaste source of enjoyment, but would rather contract expenditures in some other direction. Your Book not only finds an enthusiastic welcome from its lady readers, but is also impatiently looked for and eagerly read by gentlemen. In fact it is a source of enjoyment to all, and its monthly visits bring us happiness and pleasure. So you see we must have this glorious Book at every sacrifice.

M., *Ohio.*

Club of $11 67.

It is useless for me to attempt to eulogize the merits of the Lady's Book or the high praise which is continually bestowed upon it by its readers. Suffice it to say its advent is heralded by all with the utmost pleasure.

MISS L., *Mass.*

Club of $25.

When times are hard and war is about throughout the land, homes seem lonely and cheerless; then of all times we hail with delight the coming of an expected friend, who will at once amuse, instruct, and entertain, a combination of qualities rarely met with. And I think I can bestow no greater praise on the Lady's Book than this: We have selected it as that friend.

MRS. W., *Iowa.*

WE have received a photograph of "Little Nellie," of the *Penfield Extra*, only twelve years of age, and probably the youngest publisher in the world, photographed by Professor Marsh, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the most scientific artists in the Union.

It is a fine, open, honest face. We thank her little ladyship also for her beautiful letter, a truly God-fearing and hopeful letter. We heartily wish her success.

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

THE Microscope simplified and adapted to popular as well as scientific use. A new optical wonder! Patented Feb 18, 1862. This is the only instrument of high power which requires no focal adjustment, and therefore can be readily used by every one, even by children. Costing only Two Dollars, it is within the reach of all in the community, and should be on the table of every family.

This beautiful and ornamental instrument renders the blood, pus, and milk globules, and cancer cells, as well as the animalculæ of stagnant water, distinctly visible; shows the tubular structure of hair; the circulation of the blood in the web of a frog's foot; and opens up the minutiæ of creation to the view of the astonished beholder, "where the unassisted sight no beauty sees." It furnishes an endless source of home amusement and instruction to every one, especially to the young.

As a *Gift* or Present to a friend or child, it is unsurpassed, being elegant, instructive, amusing, and cheap.

There is no other Lens made like this. It magnifies about 100 diameters or 10,000 times, and, owing to its simplicity, it is invaluable for physicians, scientific men, students and schools; and for every one who is a lover of the beautiful things of nature; for it opens up an unseen kingdom to the view of the inquiring mind. It is amusing, instructive, and useful.

This Microscope will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the recept of Two Dollars and Twenty-five cents; or, for Three Dollars the Microscope and six mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. A box containing one dozen different mounted objects will be sent by mail, postage paid on the receipt of One Dollar and a half. Address HENRY CRAIG, Homœopathic College, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We particularly call attention to the announcement of "Arthur's Home Magazine for 1863," to be found in this number. As we have often before said, it is, without controversy, the best two dollar magazine published in the country; and this is the strongly outspoken testimony everywhere given by the press. We know of no periodical that so well deserves the praise bestowed. The editors never tire in their efforts to give, each month, a rich and varied literary repast to their readers. Their work is kept fully up to the standard of their promise, is never dull, yet always full of instruction. We have often said, and repeat it again, that it should make a part of the reading of every household. We know of no better educator of the people, young and old. Of the editors we need not speak; their names are household words all over the country. In their hands no periodical can fail to reach the highest point of excellence. We furnish the Lady's Book and Home Magazine for $3 50 a year. It can also be obtained from periodical dealers throughout the country at 15 cents a number. Take our advice, and add it to your stock of reading.

A YOUNG lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said:—

"You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

CLUB RATES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, $4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $3 50. All three of these magazines, one year, $6. No cheaper club than this can be offered.

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for *three* monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

Frederic the Great one day called his physician to him and said—

"Come, sir, tell me frankly how many men you have killed in your life?"

"Sire," replied the physician, "some three hundred thousand less than your majesty—and with less glory."

Kingston, *N. Y.*

Dear Godey: I cannot help expressing to you the pleasure I take in reading your Book. The stories in them are so very pleasing that it is only by the exercise of the greatest patience that I can wait from one number until I receive the next. Indeed I do not wonder that your Book has so wide a circulation, for it is a delightful companion both for young and old.

Yours, truly, Anna.

What we Consider almost Impertinent.—To send a MS. to an editor stating that it is "the first attempt at writing," and asking pay. Requesting its return, if not accepted, and sending no stamps to pay return postage.

Artificial teeth have been found in ancient tombs and catacombs, proving the antiquity of the invention. In the British Museum may be seen surgical instruments for operating on the teeth, discovered at Pompeii, showing that this branch of surgery was practised in past ages. Mineral teeth are generally considered as the best substitutes. In all countries the number and conformation of human teeth are precisely the same.

Take Your own Paper.—Let us still try to impress this upon our subscribers. Take your own paper before subscribing to any other; it is a duty you owe, and one you ought not to neglect. If you want the Lady's Book also, take that in a club with your own paper. You will save one dollar by the operation.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

ALGERINE BRACELET.

Materials.—Gold Bourdon eight yards, gold thread and extremely fine ditto, cerise, or blue embroidery chenille, and eight gold buttons.

The bracelet is in two parts; the piece which goes round the wrist, and the butterfly-like ornament in the centre. Draw on white paper a braiding pattern according to the design: tack down the bourdon on it, taking

the stitches *across* and never *through* it. To make the paper more substantial, it may be lined with a piece of *toil ciré*. Thread a long needle with the fine gold thread, and proceed to edge the bourdon with the coarse gold thread on one side, and the fine on the other. The thread is put on *plain*, but the chenille is formed into little loops, nearly close together. They are attached to the bourdon by a sort of *darning* backwards and forwards. Pass your needle over the bourdon, and under the gold thread; let it go *round* the gold thread, *under* the bourdon, and through a little loop of chenille. Then again over the bourdon, and under the gold thread. It need not be done very closely; but when one part of the bourdon crosses another, take a few stitches across both to secure them. Sometimes the chenille and gold thread must change places, as the former is always to form the *outer* edge of the bracelet. The ornament for the centre must be worked in just the same way, and then attached to the bracelet. Two buttons are placed there, and two to fasten the wrist.

Marriage a Hundred Years ago.—The following extract from the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1750 may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"Married, in June, 1750, Mr. Wm. Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tosson (near Rothbury), in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shoton, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which was concluded with eight half anklers of brandy, made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 558 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity."

Comparative Length.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, 18½, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburg, 19; shortest, 7. At St. Petersburg, 19; shortest, 5. At Finland, 21½; shortest, 2½. In Norway the day lasts from May 21st to July 22d, without any interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half!

POWERS, the sculpter, writing to a friend on what people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but he adds, with characteristic candor, "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions which I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent articles August 14th.

Mrs. S. A. S.—Sent pattern 14th.

Mrs. J. M. C.—Sent patterns for chemise or vest Russe 14th.

Miss M. P.—Sent full braiding patterns for waistband, with long ends 14th.

Miss R. G.—Yes, we can furnish a three-pointed waistband cut in one piece, with embroidery patterns stamped on it.

Mrs. L. C. G.—Sent pattern for braided bib 15th.

Mrs. F. M.—Sent infant's complete wardrobe 15th.

Miss H. L. H.—Sent articles 15th.

Mrs. G. H. C.—Sent articles 15th.

H. R. C.—Sent pattern 18th.

A. M.—Sent ring 18th.

S. J.—Sent articles 18th.

Mrs. P. A. D.—Sent six new sleeve patterns 18th.

Miss A. D.—Sent braiding patterns for infant's shoe 18th.

Mrs. P. V.—The newest style of hood is *à la Marie Stuart*, and can be sent for $1.

Miss C. S.—Sent infant's crochet jacket, 25th.

Mrs. J. A.—We can furnish every kind of braiding pattern.

Mrs. R. R. A.—Sent patterns 25th.

Miss E. L. B.—Sent box by U. S. express 25th.

Mrs. R. McM.—Madame Demorest's new sewing-machines run beautifully with an ordinary needle, and we like them exceedingly.

Mrs. L. P. V.—Sent braided suit for your little boy 25th.

Mrs. M. C. U.—Sent braided Garibaldi for your little girl 26th.

M. C. M.—Sent pattern 26th.

Mrs. R. M.—Sent pattern 27th.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent articles 27th.

Mrs. P. S.—Sent two crochet hoods for your little girls 27th.

Mrs. T. R. S.—Sent infant's braided cloak 27th.

Mrs. G. S. J.—Sent cloak pattern 30th.

T. P. T.—Sent ring 30th.

Mrs. M. H. S.—Sent ring 30th.

Mrs. J. A. H.—Sent articles 30th.

A. B. M.—Sent ring 30th.

Miss M. D. F.—Sent pattern September 3d.

Miss H. V. R.—It is not necessary to wear gloves. That was once the rule, but it was found to be so ridiculous that it has been abandoned.

Mrs. T. U.—Sent child's hat 3d.

Mrs. T. R.—Sent pattern of Figaro jacket 3d.

Mrs. L. D.—The whole matter was curious, but it will teach you a little caution in future. In explanation of the above, we mention the following: Mrs. L. D. wrote us a letter. She waited some time for an answer, which, as we never had received the letter, she did not get. She afterwards found it in the pocket of a dress she had laid aside. She wrote again, and misdirected the letter, and we afterwards received it through the dead letter office. Her brother, in the mean time, wrote to us; but as his was a different name from hers, we could not remember the circumstance, and, singular enough, he did not mention his sister's name, merely mentioning, "My sister having written you." He did not give his post-office address in the letter, and we could make nothing of the post mark. However, we received a letter from the lady in answer to hers received through the dead letter office, and the matter was at length set right.

Miss E. R.—White feathers, of course, but we object to young brides thus proclaiming, "See, I am just married."

Miss M. M. W.—Crinoline is just as much in vogue as ever.

Miss P. A. H.—As you are in New York, call on Brodie under the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mrs. S. B.—Use our curl clasps.

A. R. G.—The best season of the year for that trip: but be sure and take Trenton Falls on your return.

A Subscriber at Germantown.—Please state when the receipts were published. It would take us a week to find them.

Miss S. H.—The third finger of the left hand. The choice of the ring is a mere matter of taste, and ought to be left to the giver. But whatever jewels or gems be selected, it should be a hoop ring, which may afterwards be worn as a guard above the wedding-ring.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXII.

The Kaligenous Metals.

SUBSTANCES REQUIRED.

SPECIMEN OF POTASSIUM; specimen of sodium; various salts of potash and soda; litmus and turmeric paper; tartaric acid (solution); Bichloride of platinum (solution); hydro-fluo-silicic acid (solution); hydro-sulphuric acid (solution); hydro-sulphate of ammonia; ferrocyanide of potassium (solution).

531. The kaligenous metals are potassium, sodium, and lithium, of which we shall omit the last. To these may be added *ammonium*, the metallic basis of ammonia. "But how is this?" our pupils may say. "Did we not state (451) ammonia to be a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen?" Precisely so. There is a very curious point here involved, which we cannot discuss. Suffice it to say, that chemists now believe in the existence of one metal at least which is not a simple body, but a compound of nitrogen with hydrogen. This metal is termed ammonium, and it bears a near relation to ammonia. We cannot obtain this metal, but we can obtain its amalgam—that is to say, its combination with mercury (146). At least, if the result in question be not an amalgam of *some metal* with mercury, we do not know what it is. However, as the experiment of pro-

ducing this amalgam is very interesting, we will describe how it is to be conducted by and by.

532. *Potassium.*—In treating of the terrigenous metals, we were obliged to accept on testimony the fact of their existence, and to be content with an examination of their compounds. As regards the present class we shall be more fortunate. Thanks to the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy, potassium and sodium have both been separately obtained, and can now be purchased at no great cost.

533. Commencing with potassium, observe that it is sold in the condition of little globular masses, and always retained in contact with naphtha—a liquid which contains no oxygen; otherwise it would burst into flame. Remember well that the liquid thus employed is true naphtha—*Persian* naphtha; not the liquid termed naphtha which is burned in lamps, and which is merely purified turpentine; nor any of the many other liquids loosely denominated naphtha. If potassium be dropped into either of these, a dangerous explosion will result. Take out a globule of potassium, by transfixing it with a needle or the point of a penknife. Quickly cut a slice off the globule, and observe the pure metallic appearance which the cut surfaces disclose. Quickly, however, the surfaces become tarnished with a white coating—*potash*, inasmuch as the potassium, by uniting with atmospheric oxygen, generates that substance.

534. Throw a globule of potassium into a basin of water. The potassium immediately takes fire, or, more properly speaking, both potassium and water take fire. The water will be now found to contain potash. It is, in other words, an aqueous solution of potash or *liquor potassæ*, although we need scarcely indicate this is not the method of forming liquor potassæ in commerce.

535. Into this or any other solution of mere potash in water—(that is to say, not a salt of potash, or combination of the substance with an acid; carbonic acid, however, being an exception to the rule, also a few other weak acids)—immerse a slip of litmus paper, reddened by an acid. The original blue color is restored. Immerse, in like manner, a slip of turmeric paper, and remark the brown tint immediately imparted. These changes are a proof of alkalinity. We must have present either an alkali or an alkaline earth. If an alkali, it is either ammonia, potash, soda, or lithia. But ammonia is a volatile alkali; therefore, if the blue litmus paper or the brown turmeric paper be affected by ammonia, the original colors of these papers, *i. e.*, red and yellow, will be restored on holding them before a fire. The colors are not restored; therefore we have either lithia, potash, or soda. Lithia we put out of question; hence we have potash or soda, either uncombined or else combined with a weak acid, probably the carbonic. If uncombined, it will not whiten lime-water; if a carbonate, whitening occurs (488, 2); also effervescence, on the addition of a stronger acid (419).

536. Into three portions of this, or any other potash solution, or a solution of any salt of which potassium is the only metallic constituent, pour respectively (*a*) hydrosulphuric acid solution, (*b*) hydrosulphate of ammonia, (*c*) ferrocyanide of potassium solution, and the results will be all negative; neither change of tint nor precipitation will ensue. Hence the solution does not contain a calcigenous metal (118, 306-7, 487).

537. To another portion add some carbonate of potash, or carbonate of soda, or carbonate of ammonia solution; still negative results—no precipitation, no discoloration. Hence the solution does not contain a terrigenous metal (488).

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress and mantle of rich purple reps, trimmed with chinchilla fur. Purple velvet bonnet, bordered with chinchilla; full blonde cap inside, with tufts of green velvet. Chinchilla muff.

Fig. 2.—Heavy green silk dress, trimmed with half crescents of the same, edged with guipure lace. Guipure cape, pointed both back and front. Muslin undersleeves, with a full lace quilling at the wrist, and trimmed with cherry velvet. Headdress of cherry velvet ribbon, in the wreath form, with bow and long ends behind.

Fig. 3.—Child's dress of a dark shade of *cuir* poplin, braided with scarlet and black silk braid. Black felt hat, with white plume.

Fig. 4.—Black velvet sack, richly embroidered and trimmed with crochet passementerie. Ivory comb in the hair. Buff undressed kid gloves.

Fig. 5.—Misses dress of mauve cross-barred poplin, trimmed *en tunique* with quillings of mauve satin ribbon. The corsage is trimmed in the Zouave style. Sash of the same, trimmed with quilled ribbon, fastened behind.

Fig. 6.—Rich azurline blue silk, with black velvet figures. Medallion cloak of velvet and satin, embroidered and trimmed with bugle trimming and quilled ribbon. Blue velvet bonnet covered with point lace. Blonde tabs inside, with a white rose and loops of

narrow velvet on the left side only. Undressed kid gloves.

PLATE OF LINGERIE.

(*See blue plate in front.*)

Fig. 1.—Fichu *Impératrice*, made of blue silk, with embroidered muslin inserted, and the pattern defined by narrow black velvet ribbon. The fichu is trimmed with point lace, and is a very stylish affair.

Fig. 2.—Fancy muslin collar, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 3.—Linen collar and pointed chemisette, trimmed with fluted ruffling.

Fig. 4.—The Victoria bertha, made of puffed muslin and pieces of blue ribbon braided with black, and edged with black lace. The bertha and ends are trimmed with wide blonde lace.

Fig. 5.—Breakfast cap of white muslin, embroidered and trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 6.—Fancy breakfast cap, made of black lace over white muslin, and trimmed with ribbon bows.

THE ANKLET.

SOMETHING NEW, AND AT THE SAME TIME USEFUL.

These anklets are to protect the stockings and ankles from the wet and cold, which is very desirable, and especially it protects from the wet skirts in bad weather. It is in fact a high boot, but can be worn with any pair of bootees which one possesses.

They are very ornamental and pleasing as an article of dress; they can easily be cleaned, as they are made of patent leather. By fastenings of steel clasps with elastics, they are easily fitted.

Every one must see at a glance how useful they must be in wet weather. They will prevent a lady from taking cold, and from the excessive unpleasantness of the wet skirts coming in contact with the stockings. John W. Burt, 27 Park Row, New York, is the manufacturer.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Our foreign correspondents tell us that bonnets have changed decidedly in shape. The majority of them being lower on top, more rounding, and smaller than the bonnets of the past season. Nevertheless, among the variety of bonnets at Miss McConnel's, of Clinton Place, New York, were some few just received from the best Paris houses, which were decidedly higher, and more shallow, and straighter at the sides than those of the summer. We think, however, that our ladies are tired of these *monstrous productions*, capable of taking in sunflowers, dahlias, etc., and that a happy medium will be adopted.

Among the prettiest bonnets at this establishment suitable for a young lady was one of quilted white silk, bound and trimmed with bias azurline blue plush. A full blonde cap was inside, with blue loops on top. This bonnet was of medium size, and very pretty. Others for young ladies were of silk and velvet, cased and trimmed with ruches and *chicoré* rosettes on top.

Another very genteel bonnet, also of medium size, was of brown silk, cased, and trimmed with different shades of brown velvet, shading to *vesuve*, and *vesuve* flowers inside.

Among the French hats of the elevated style was a black velvet, trimmed with black thread lace and white blonde. These laces were fastened inside just over the forehead, turning over on the outside of the bonnet for about one finger, then folding over with a little fulness to the edge of the bonnet where was placed a bunch of scarlet poppies and buds. The inside consisted of blonde tabs, white and black lace, velvet loops, and poppies.

Another quite peculiar bonnet was of black silk, covered with puffings of black lisse. Over the front of the bonnet were laid very short ostrich feathers, tipped with white. One fell over the front, giving it a Marie Stuart appearance. The inside was rich scarlet pomegranates and white lace. The strings were of black ribbon with a white edge.

The children's hats were of the Matelot or Canotier style. One was of black felt, with a band of ribbon tied at the back with bow and long ends, and in front three short black feathers standing on end, and drooping over in the Prince of Wales style. Others were trimmed with bird wings placed upright in front.

There were some exquisite white felt hats, with white feathers arranged in the same style, falling over bouquets of rosebuds. Some few hats had the feathers placed round the crown, but most of them were of the upright style, with the ends drooping over.

Among the bonnets seen at other establishments was one of blue silk, of the shade called *Impératrice*, softened by being entirely covered with rich point lace, not put on full, but simply laid over. Two small blue feathers were tastefully arranged under the brim, and a shaded blue cassowary feather was placed at one side, fastened with a white aigrette.

Another very stylish bonnet was of white uncut velvet; a single feather was placed on the front. This plume had several branches, of graduated colors, from pure white to a dark yellow brown. The front was trimmed with a row of blonde, and the inside ornamented with a bouquet of white moss rosebuds on one side. The strings were white and the curtain covered by two rows of white blonde.

Whalebone feathers of all colors will be much worn, and among the new fall flowers we find chrysanthemums of every shade, rich brown, red, purple, and *vesuve*. Roses of the new shades, with velvet leaves, and branches of the trumpet flower, asters, etc.

Zouaves and all kinds of fancy jackets are worn. Garibaldis are still worn by children, and we particularly recommend them, as they are a great protection to the neck and arms, besides being very pretty.

Chemises, or vestes Russes, will be much worn by young ladies—made of cashmere or merino richly braided.

We cannot protest too strongly against the tyranny which compels one to assume an unsuitable or unbecoming dress simply because it is the fashion. We have often before spoken in this department of the necessity of judgment in adopting any caprice of fashion. We do not undertake to report exclusively for one section of the country, but from the multitude of directions which we give expect persons to select what will be most suitable.

Waistbands are more fashionable and costly than ever. Some are made in one piece, with three points back and front, richly braided or embroidered. Others are made to lace up the back and front, the points trimmed with tassels and bordered with tiny gilt or steel buttons, placed just along the cording, and about one inch apart. For mourning they are made of dead silk, and trimmed with *crêpe* and jet beads. Some of these waistbands or corsages are pointed only in front, and are merely a band at the back, where they fasten with a bow and long ends.

We have seen some very rich ones made of velvet and silk, embroidered with silk, jet, steel or gold, with long, flowing ends, one-quarter of a yard wide, with a network in diamond form inserted in the ends, which are heavily fringed.

Another one of black silk, which had bretelles to match, had a binding of white silk, one inch in width, with a black trimming lace sewed on the wrong side, and turned over on the white binding. The ends were fringed with black and white, and the effect was beautiful. Most of the guipure or crochet waistbands have bretelles to match, and are exceedingly rich.

The new dress trimmings consist principally of very beautiful and elaborate crochet or guipure passementerie mixed with gilt, jet, and steel. Velvet ribbons are of all widths, with bright-colored edges, having the effect of cord, in white, blue, green, orange, Magenta, etc. etc. The pendaloques to match are of these colors with a black edging. Dress buttons are of the greatest variety this season; they are of steel, gilt, and jet, or velvet with applications of jet, gilt, or steel of the most costly and exquisite workmanship.

Braiding, which is now all the rage for dresses, jackets, cloaks, bonnets, etc., has been adopted for underclothing. We read in a Paris monthly of some beautiful petticoats, being ornamented with tucks separated by braiding the width of an inserting done in blue, scarlet, and black braid; others with little ruffles headed by braiding. Chemises, drawers, and nightcaps are also ornamented in the same style. Another style for chemises, and drawers is to stitch narrow bands on the material in Grecian, in diamonds, or waves, and embroider sprigs or vines in with those little bands.

Another novelty in *lingérie* is the Jupon Coquillé; it is made of cambric muslin, and has three flounces edged with narrow Valenciennes. These flounces are three or four inches broad, and are very far apart, and set on in scallops. Between each are tucks edged with a narrow frill.

For tucking we would call attention to Madame Demorest's new sewing-machine, which actually runs with an ordinary needle, and is so small that it could be carried in the pocket. The advantage of this machine is that the work will wash better. The ordinary stitched tucks draw when washed, and are extremely difficult to do up.

We saw at Stewart's collars and cuffs of brown holland, about one inch wide, bordered with numerous rows of stitching in black, which covered half the collar. Others of thin material were laid in tucks running the width of the collar, with a stitched band confining them at the edge. Others of thin material were chain-stitched in colors, and were trimmed with box-plaited ruffles. Some of the collars have muslin bows, with ends embroidered in colors.

Shoes and boots of a golden bronze or black, ornamented with bronze, are becoming fashionable. Toilet slippers are this season more fanciful than ever, being made of red, green, and violet morocco, with heels to match, and ornamented on the toe with velvet bows full three inches long, and wide, in the centre of which are huge buckles of steel, gilt, jet, or variegated.

We see, also, black kid slippers, richly embroidered with jet, and trimmed with black velvet bows with jet buckles. Some of them have red heels. Other slippers have large, square flaps resting on the instep, and made of silks and satins richly quilted. With these shoes white stockings spotted with the same color as the morocco are worn.

For evening dress, though boots are in the ascendant, black satin slippers are the most suitable and becoming, as they reduce the apparent size of the foot. With dress slippers stockings with colored silk clocks should be worn.

The new style for dressing the hair is a short rolled bandeau, which is generally waved. Upon this there is arranged a second bandeau turned back *à la Impératrice*, and the two are separated by small side combs, which are now all the rage. Plaits and puffs are also arranged with these combs, which are made in endless variety, and give an air of piquant *coquetterie* to the head. When worn in the daytime, these small combs are made of light tortoise shell, either with a row of small pearls, also in shell, very closely ranged together, or cut out in clubs, points, or hearts. For the evening they are made of dead gold, either quite plain or studded with pearl, coral, steel, gilt, or even precious stones, according to the toilet with which they are worn. Sometimes the Greek design is worked in black enamel upon the dead gold. The comb at the back should correspond exactly with the side combs. Ivory combs are still worn, also shell with ivory ball tops. Among the prettiest shell are some with ball tops studded with tiny gilt stars.

Gants de Suède, or undressed kid gloves with embroidered backs, are now very fashionable. They are to be had of all colors and styles, and are less expensive than the finished kid gloves.

FASHION.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER 1862

PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Fig. 1.—Child's street coat of gray cloth, braided with black.
Figs. 2 and 3.—Vest Espagnol. (Front and back view.) Made of velvet or cloth, braided.

OUT ON THE WEARY OCEAN.

ARIA FROM THE AUTHOR'S OPERETTA, CLEOVA D'ARLIN;

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

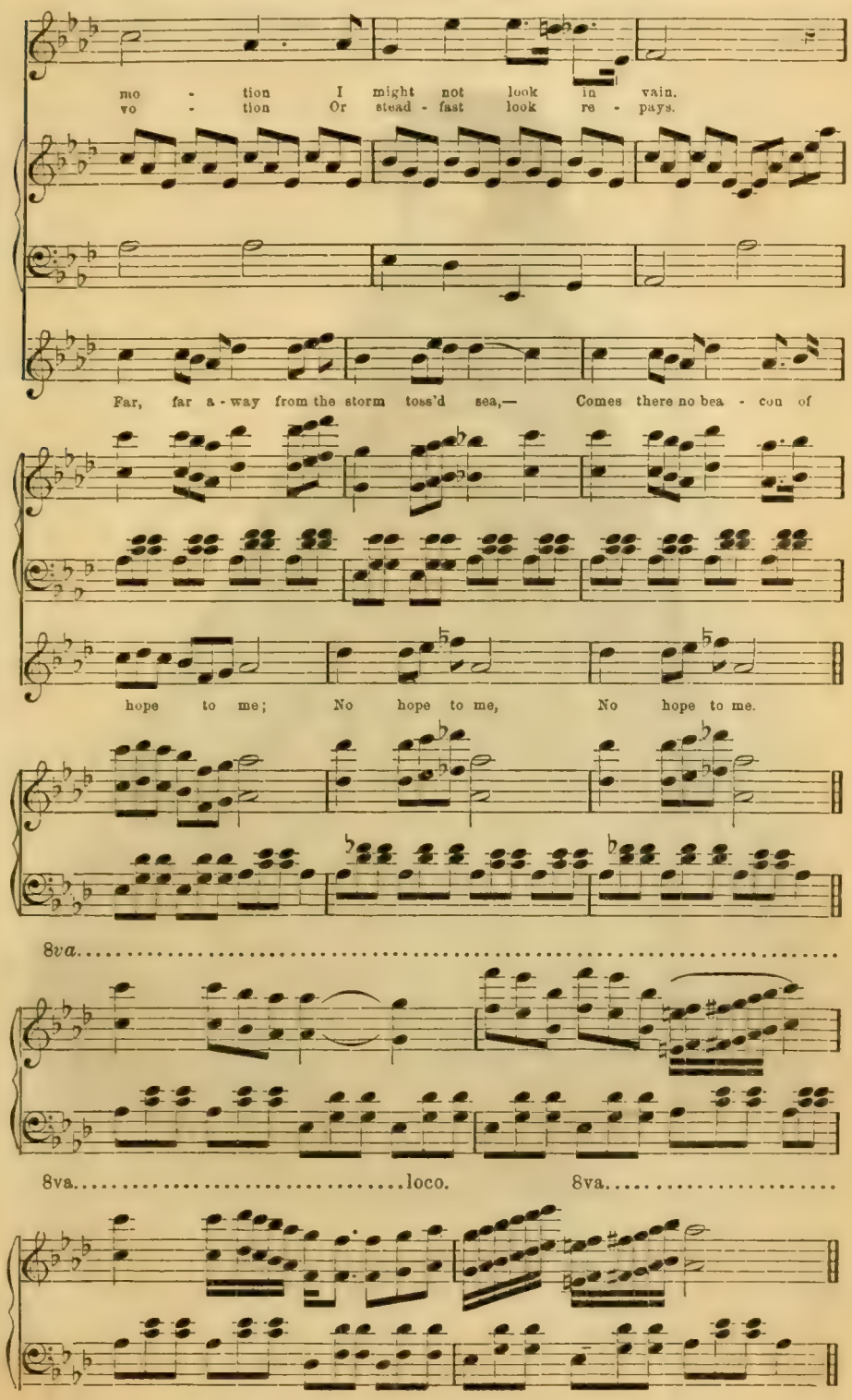
Op. 109.

Moderato.

Leonore.

Out o'er the wea - ry o - cean My
Still mid the wea - ry mo - tion Of

bur - den'd gaze I strain, If through the wild com-
sea on sea I gaze, No sign my long de-


mo - tion I might not look in vain.
vo - tion Or stead - fast look re - pays.
Far, far a - way from the storm toss'd sea,— Comes there no bea - con of
hope to me; No hope to me, No hope to me.
8va
8va
loco.
8va

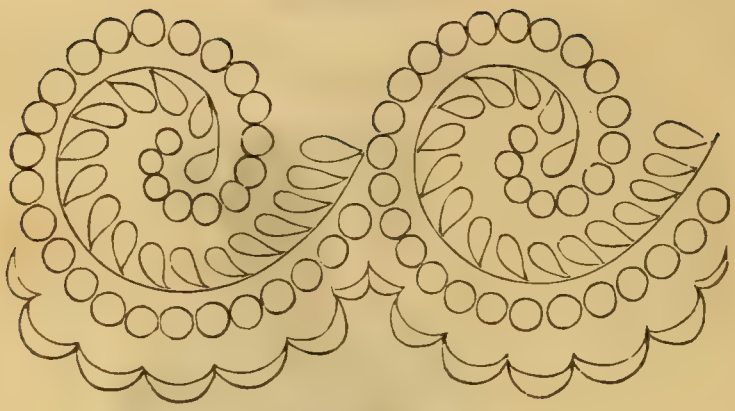
THE MORESCO.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This novel style bids fair to become an immense favorite; it is truly a *cloak*, one that screens from the cutting airs of mid-winter most effectually. It will be observed that the garment buttons upon the one side at the breast, whilst the arm there passes through an arm-hole; the other arm is generally worn *under* the mass of the drapery, as with the Spanish *manteaux*. The passementeries vary upon these garments. The one above illustrates an embroidery in black braid.

THE MELAZZO.

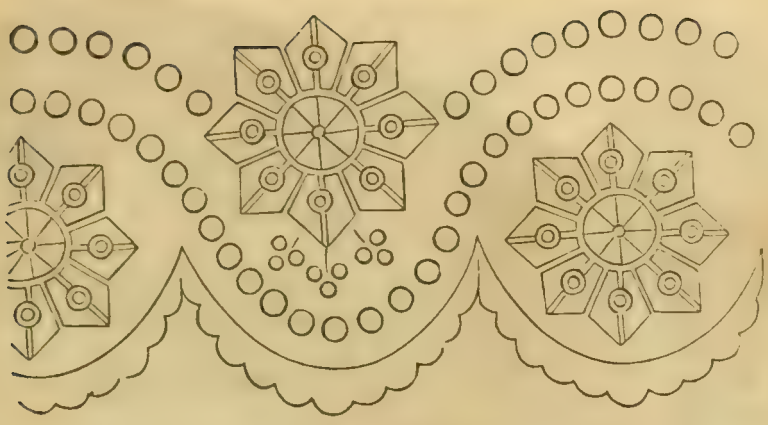
This mantle is of gray cloth, bound and trimmed with black.



THE CAMBRAY.

(Front view.)

Made of black velvet, embroidered and edged with a quilled ribbon.



THE CAMBRAY.

(Back view.)

THE IMPERIAL.

(*Front and Back view.*)

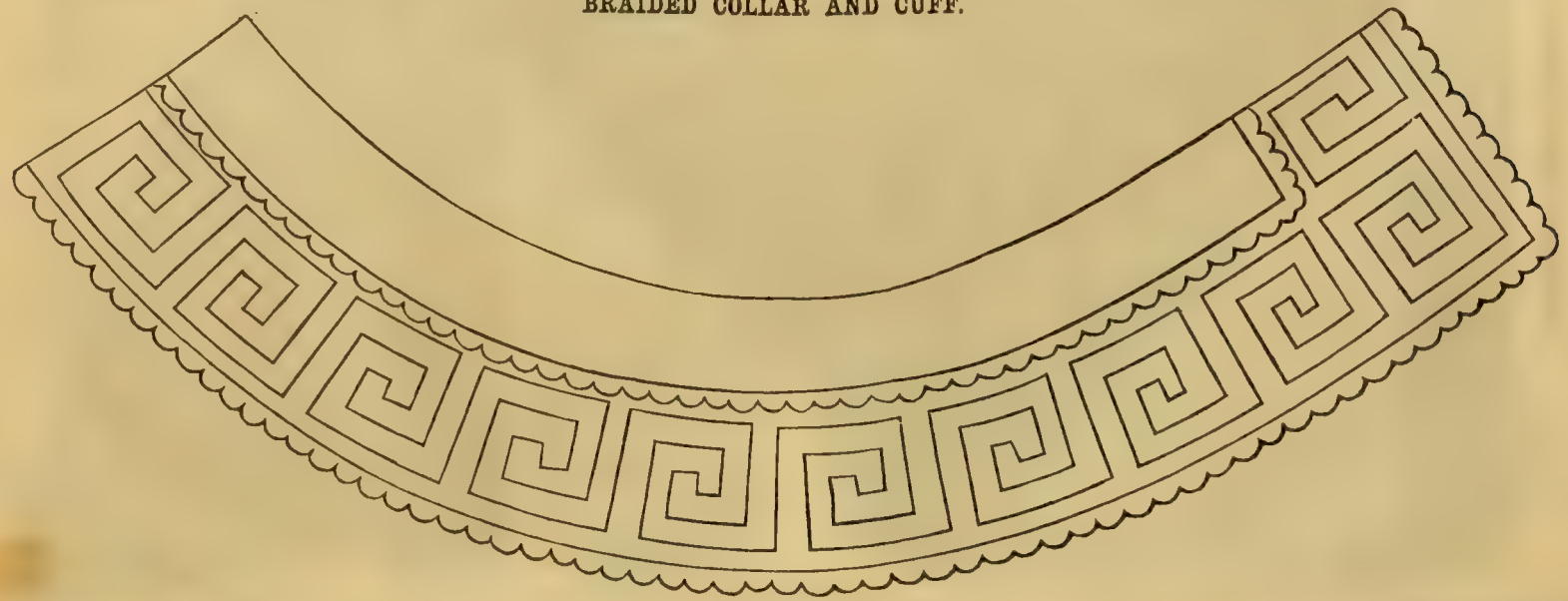
Made of black cloth, and trimmed with a black velvet with a white edge.

KNITTED UNDER-SHAWL.

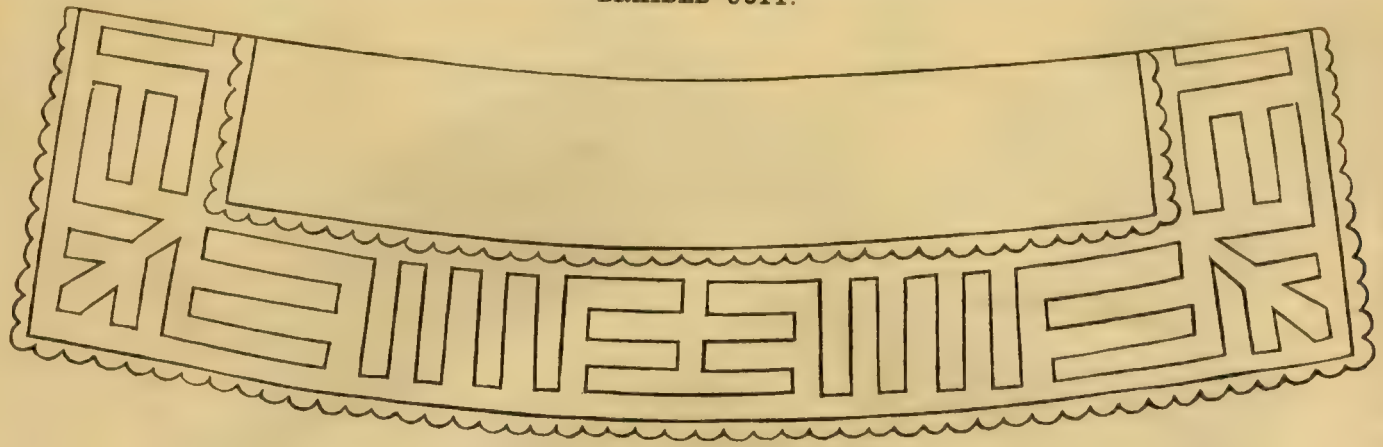
Materials.—Three-quarters of a pound of 4-thread fleecy wool, of a pretty shade of claret; one yard of ribbon the same color, and a pair of large size boxwood knitting-pins.

This useful and simple little article is intended for a wrap, to be worn under a cloak or shawl, and will be found much more convenient than those which have sleeves. It is entirely made of plain knitting; and, from there being scarcely any counting, it is very quickly done. The edge should be finished by a double row of fringe made of wool, and an end of ribbon fastened at each corner. It should be worn crossed over the chest, and tied behind. The shawl is commenced with one stitch, and an increase made at the beginning of every row by putting the wool forward over the needle. This must be continued until the half square is the required size. The bottom edge should then be ornamented by a fringe, which is made of the fleecy wool, cut in lengths, and looped in at intervals; each loop of fringe requiring four lengths of wool. If the double row of fringe is objectionable, the top row may be omitted; or the fringe may be replaced by a simple crochet edge.

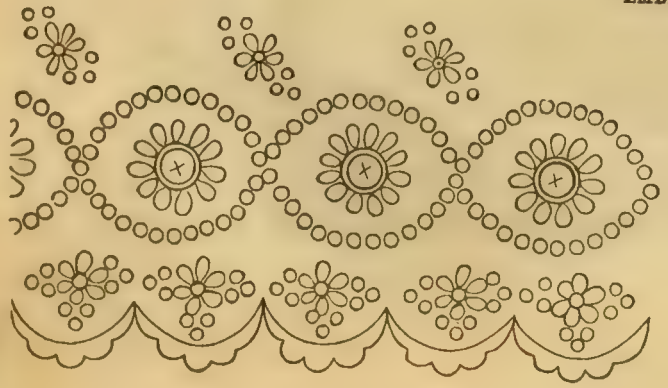
BRAIDED COLLAR AND CUFF.



BRAIDED CUFF.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



KNITTED OPERA OR TRAVELLING HOOD,

TRIMMED WITH SWANSDOWN.

Materials required for one hood are: one and a half ounces of white single Berlin wool; one and a half ounces of bright cerise ditto; two yards of sarsnet ribbon for the bow and strings; some strips of swansdown; a pair of bone knitting-pins.

To those of our readers who are about making long journeys our hood will be found very useful. It is quickly and easily made, and has a pretty effect when finished. Besides the purpose we have just named, our hood is also available for evening wear, to put on in coming from a theatre or a party. It is not altogether inelegant in its appearance, as are so many of the head-gears of this description, as it is bordered with bands of swansdown, the delicate downy look of the latter material contrasting nicely with the brilliant cerise.

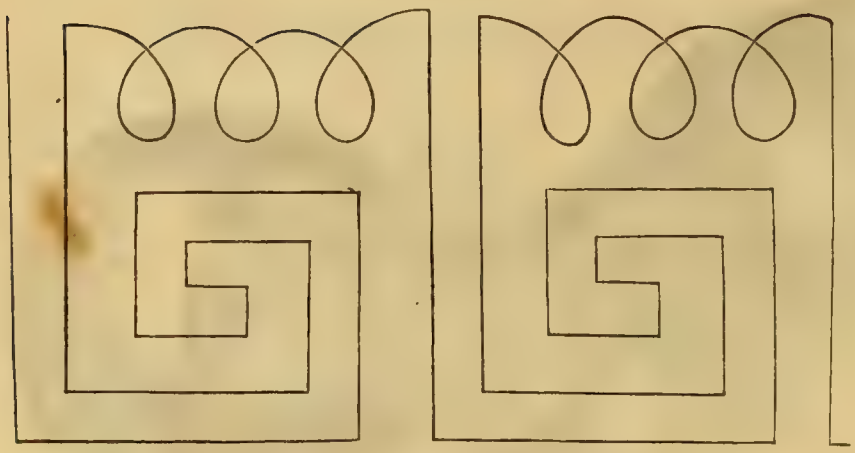
(For directions for knitting, see Work Department.)

NEW STYLE OF COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(Front and Back view.)

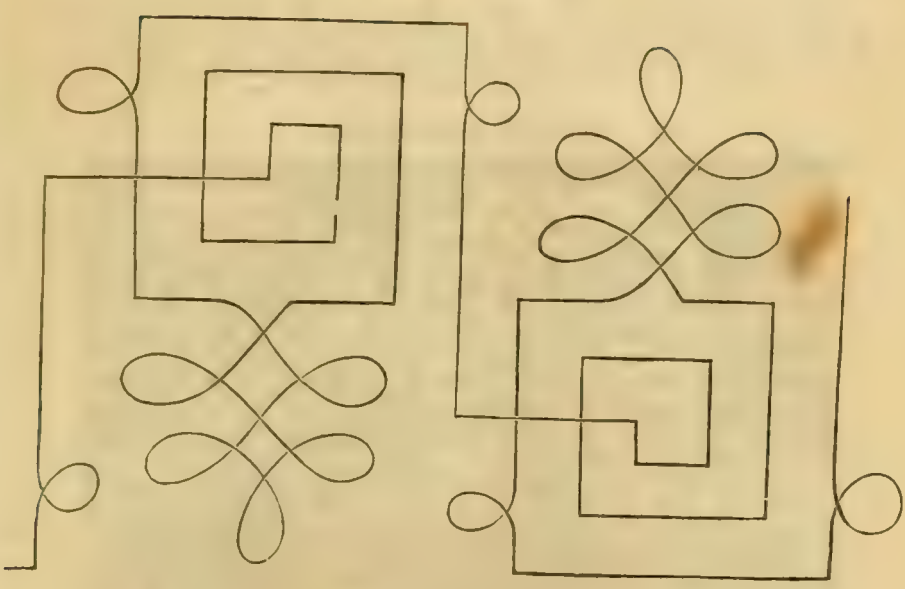
(See description, Fashion department.)

BRAIDING PATTERN.

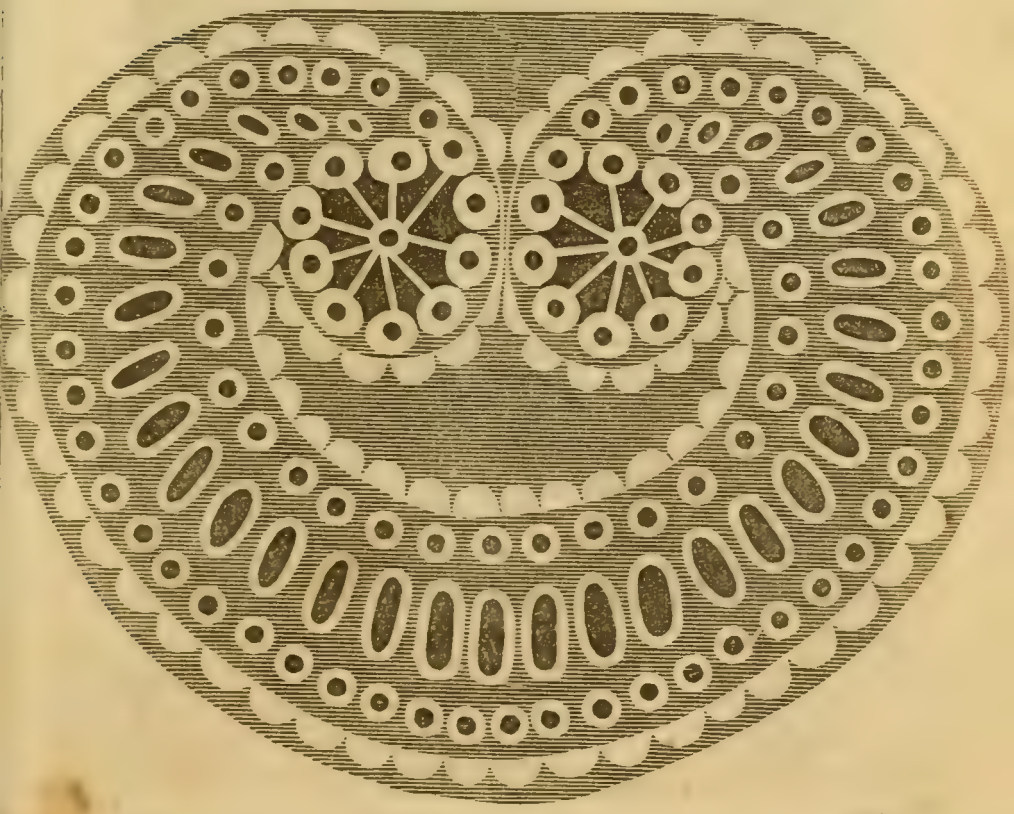


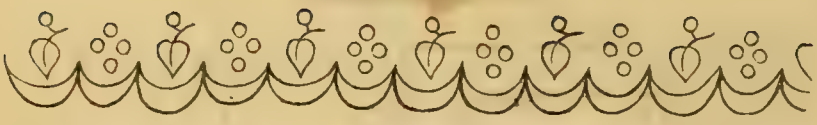
FLOUNCING FOR A SKIRT.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY.





INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.

A deep insertion can always be applied to different purposes, according to the requirements of the worker. The one we have now given is capable of being made much wider by simply repeating the inner pattern; in this way it can be arranged as a very handsome front for a baby's robe, the scalloped edges forming the robings down each side. It is also very pretty for the bottom of a child's frock, either deeper, or as it appears in the illustration, worked above a hem, or the scallop as the boundary, whichever way is preferred. It is likewise handsome as an underskirt. The pattern is arranged for the cut-out embroidery, which for all these purposes produces the most showy effect, and is the most durable.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1862.

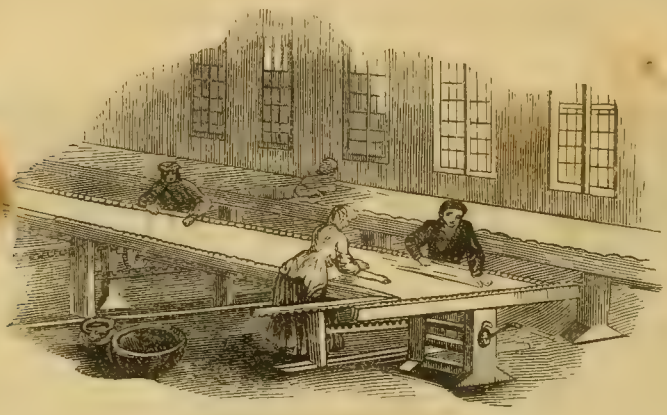
LACE-MAKING.

LACE-WORKERS.

THIS very pleasing branch of industry exhibits instructive features in respect to the application of machinery to what was before mere hand-labor. We must glance at the subject in its two aspects of *pillow-lace* and *bobbinnet*.

Pillow-Lace.—Real lace, such as that which often obtains so high a price, is mostly made of flax thread, and is produced in the following way: The lace-worker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched upon a piece of parchment, which is then laid down upon the cushion; and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a number of small bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes or net, and a coarser kind, called gymp, for working the device. The work is begun at the upper part of the cushion by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving as handles as well as for a store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed centres around which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement are merely to hold the threads; but as fast as each little mesh is made in the progress of the working, other pins are inserted, to prevent the thread from untwisting, and the device on the parchment shows where these insertions are to occur.

The kinds of lace which have obtained different names have certain peculiarities in the character of the mesh. *Brussels point* has a network



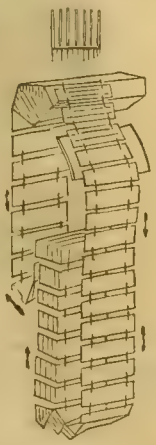
LACE-DRESSING ROOM.

made by the pillow and bobbins, and a pattern of sprigs worked with the needle. *Brussels ground* has a six-sided mesh, formed by twisting four flaxen threads to a perpendicular line of mesh. *Brussels wire-ground* is of silk; the meshes are partly straight and partly arched, and the pattern is wrought separately by the needle. *Mechlin lace* has a six-sided mesh, formed of three flax threads twisted and plaited to a perpendicular line, the pattern being worked in the net. *Valenciennes lace* has a six-sided mesh, formed of two threads, partly twisted and plaited, the pattern being worked in the net. *Lisle lace* has a diamond-shaped mesh, formed of two threads plaited to a perpendicular line. *Alençon lace* has a six-sided mesh of two threads. *Alençon point* is formed of two threads to a perpendicular line, with octagonal and square meshes alternately. *Honiton lace* is distinguished by the beauty of the devices worked by the needle. *Buckingham lace* is mostly of a commoner description, and somewhat resembles that of Alençon.

Pillow lace, such as we have just described, is supposed to have been first made in Saxony in the sixteenth century, the earlier Italian lace having been wrought by the needle. From Saxony it extended to Flanders and France. In Brussels alone there were 10,000 females employed at lace making at the close of the last century. The art was introduced into England soon after its invention in Saxony; and it is curious that Honiton has produced the best kinds from that time to this. Throughout the midland counties, especially Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton, almost every town and village exhibits this manufacture; but hand-made lace has suffered severely from the invention next to be noticed.

Bobbinnet.—About 1770 a stocking-weaver at Nottingham, named Hammond, made the first attempt to imitate lace by a slight adaptation of his stocking frame, and many other persons gradually introduced improvements in the art; but it was Mr. Heathcoat, who, early in the present century, gave the chief impulse to the trade by the invention of his bobbin-frame,

TWISTED AS BOBBINNET.



JACQUARD.

which gave the name of *bobbinnet* to machine-made lace. The manufacture sprang up into wonderful activity in and around Nottingham; and though it has suffered many fluctuations since, it still constitutes a very notable department of Nottingham industry. The cotton used in making bobbinnet is mostly spun in Lancashire. The machines are very costly, and are seldom or never owned by the actual worker. They are among the most complicated apparatus employed in manufactures; and when adapted for steam-power, and provided with

the Jacquard apparatus for the production of figured net, the machines are sometimes worth £1,000 a-piece. One set of threads, which we may call the warp, is stretched in parallel lines up and down the machines; another set, equivalent to the weft, is wound round small bobbins; and the meshes of the network are produced by these bobbins twisting in, and around and among the vertical threads. After being woven or made, the net is gassed or singed to remove the little hairy filaments; then embroidered or "run" by females, if the better kind of net; then mended, if any of the meshes have given way; then bleached; then dyed, if it be black net; then dressed or stiffened with gum or starch; and, finally, rolled and pressed.

Besides the specimens from Belgium, lace formed an important item in the number of things sent over from France to the Great Exhibition. The greatest in amount, however, and most remarkable for beauty, was contributed from Nancy. Besides several pieces of minor importance, one especially attracted great attention. It was a counterpane, three yards long and two and a half broad. In the middle was embroidered a bouquet of roses and poppies, and a garland all round of the same flowers, of a large size, all embroidered *au lancé*, with cotton of size No. 120, the appearance created being that of a white satin texture. The leaves were embroidered on what was termed a sanded ground. The tracery cost three months of labor.

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

(*See Plate.*)

"O Louey, Louey, how could you fall in love with a Dutchman?"

Louey Hill turned her sweet, blushing face to her laughing cousin to say earnestly: "He is a German, Mollie, and of very good family, though not noble. Father is very willing to have me marry him, so his letters must have been good."

"Yes: if ever a father idolized a child, Uncle Will is that father. Well, now, Louey, take pity on my curiosity, and tell me all about it."

"May I come in?" said another voice at the door.

"Yes, come in, and hear Louey's confessions," said Mrs. Lawton. And another lady, the sister of the bright, merry Mollie, came into the room. The ladies were the only occupants of the house at that hour, if we except the servants, and having congregated, let me describe them: Mrs. Lawton, the hostess, was a brunette of the brilliant, witty kind, and her sister, who was only a year or two younger, Miss Meta Hill, was like her in face, form, and disposition. Louise Hill, the visitor and cousin, was a blonde, fair, gentle, and petite, who, having just passed her seventeenth birthday, was announcing herself as engaged to be married to Rolph Gottslein, professor of languages in the H—— University.

"What is there to tell?" asked Louise, with a little conscious laugh. "We met, we love! There 's the whole story in four words."

"Not a bit of it. Answer your elders, Miss Hill," said Mrs. Lawton. "First, who is he?"

"He is the only son of Rolph Gottslein, of Wirtemburg, who was a professor of languages, as his son is, only in a different place. He, my Rolph, was left motherless when he was only five years old, and his sister Berta only three, and they were educated together by their father for fourteen years. Then he died, and having been both liberal and hospitable, he left his children without any property, but with a most finished and remarkable education. Music, languages, and sciences were the atmospheres of their life; but they were young, and had lived a life almost recluse. Berta was taken into the family of her aunt, and Rolph came to America. He brought good letters from his father's old friends, and soon made a class of scholars in New York. For ten years he lived there, and then came to C——, with the appointment of professor in the college over which father presides. He has been with us for a year."

"And the sister?"

"Berta married, and went to Berlin. For some years they corresponded, then her husband removed to a more remote part of Germany, and the letters were not so frequent. At last they ceased, until within a few months, when Rolph has received a letter, telling him of Berta's widowhood and intention of coming to America with her little girl. Since then he

has heard nothing. She may be waiting to send him word exactly when to expect her, or she may have started, and be on her way."

"What is her name?"

"I never heard him call her anything but Berta, and I never inquired her husband's name. There, girls, you have all the story. Now, it is my turn to question. What in the world, Mollie, sent you out of town at this season?"

"Oh, we are going to have a Christmas in the English style. Harry can come down by the cars, you know, every day, so he allowed me to come here last week to get ready. I have sent out my invitations for the twenty-fourth, to give everybody a day for rest, and the guests will stay till after New Year, when we all return to town together. Write to-day, Louey, and ask Rolph to join us. It is holiday time."

"Oh yes, he will be delighted to come. Where is Will, Meta?"

"Oh, he comes up and down with Harry," said Mrs. Lawton. "You must have a double wedding, girls. When, Louey?"

"Next spring. Shall you have a house full, Mollie?"

"For the week there will be twenty or thirty, and on Christmas Eve we give a ball. How it snows! I meant to go to Dayton to-day for some trifles that were forgotten in town. But we must postpone it until to-morrow. The tea-bell, girls, and there is Harry at the gate."

"And Will," said Meta. "You have no eyes for him, Mollie."

"Never mind; yours see for two."

Christmas was near enough to make any delay about procuring the "trifles" inconvenient, so the next morning the ladies wrapped themselves in hoods and cloaks, and started for a drive to Dayton, over the newly-fallen snow. The air was keen, but light hearts and heavy wrappers bade it defiance, and the carriage rang with merry voices and laughter as they drove slowly through the deep drifts. They were nearly a mile from the house, in a part of the country but little built up, when Meta held up her hand for silence. A low, wailing cry, made fainter by distance, came on the sudden hush. A cry of despairing pain that thrilled those warm young hearts.

"What is it?"

"Suppose it should be a child lost in the snow!"

"Stop, John!" cried Mrs. Lawton. "Come, girls, we will get out and see."

A child lost in the snow! Ay! a little child, crouching down near a deserted house, her arms round the neck of a dog, her face hidden in her poor dress, her wailing cry growing weaker with each repetition. They found her very soon, for the dark stuff dress was distinct as she lay on the cold white snow-bank. Louey's cloak was off in a moment, and Mrs. Lawton raised the shivering form from its cold bed.

"My child! my poor child! how came you here?"

The little one looked up gratefully at the kind, tender voice, but only shook her head, sadly.

"She must be a foreigner, Mollie," said Meta. "Try French."

The question in French was succeeded by one in Italian, but only the sad negative was answered.

"My stock of German is very scanty," said Louey, "but it will do no harm to try."

One word only fell on the little girl's ear, and the dark eye kindled, the pale face flushed with keen pleasure. "Yes, yes, lady," she said, eagerly, in German. "Maria is German."

"How came you here?"

"Maria walked from New York."

"Walked! Why, it is twenty miles."

"Yes; Maria started yesterday."

"Take her to the carriage, Louey, and we can talk on the way home. I must postpone Dayton till afternoon, and make this poor child comfortable. Come, little one."

But Maria clung to Louise, not heeding the request in a strange language.

Louise was but little skilled in German; yet by dint of attention she made out the child's story. Her name was Maria Berkmann, and she had come from Germany in the summer, with her mother, who died on the ship before they reached New York. One of the other emigrants had taken Maria because she could sing, and made her go out with a hand organ to sing in the streets. The little girl showed the welts on her neck and arms where a cruel hand had strapped her for any deficiency in the supply of pennies, and told how she had run away to walk back to Germany; but the snow-storm covered the road, and she was tired and cold, and thought she would sit down in the snow, and perhaps God would take her to heaven, to her dear, lost mother.

Mollie's generous heart suggested every comfort, and Louey's imperfect German conveyed some consolation to the poor little wanderer. After a hearty meal, she was put into a warm bed, and soon forgot her troubles for a time in a sound sleep.

After some deliberation, the ladies decided to keep her until Rolph came, to see if he could find some clue to her relatives or friends, and return her to them. Everything about the child denoted her claim to a place in a good circle. Her beauty was delicate, her hands and feet small and perfect, her accent pure, and her manners gentle and graceful. No mark of coarseness or low breeding showed any fitness for the trade she had pursued after arriving in New York, and her quiet look at the handsome house and furniture, and ease at the well-spread table proved that such a home was not entirely new to her.

"Rolph will be here to-morrow, so let her stay with you, Louey, till he comes."

Louey's heart was already open to the child who came from Rolph's home, and she readily consented to share her room with the poor little stranger for the time before Rolph arrived.

The next day, however, brought not the expected guest, but a letter saying that he could not join them until evening. It was nine o'clock before the train reached Dayton, and Mrs. Lawton drove over to meet the new comer. Maria was lying in bed trying to mind Louise and go to sleep, when the carriage drove up and she heard the glad welcome given to Rolph. The tears coursed silently down her cheeks, till, as the sadness grew too oppressive, she stole quietly to the window, and sat pondering over her loneliness and troubles. The moon shone down through the clear glass, making the shadows dark and the light wierd and ghastly, and the child brought memory to people the scene till her poor heart seemed breaking. Her home, her mother, the sea voyage with its trying incidents and desolation, all rose vividly before her, and in sad connection came the uncertain future. For two long hours she sat mourning, till suddenly a sound fell on her ear that brought the flush to her pale cheeks, dried her tears, and started her, trembling, to her feet. With a rapidly beating heart, she groped for her clothes, and with shaking hands arranged her dress.

Leaving her, let us look in on the family in the parlor. Rolph, as the greatest stranger, comes first. He is a handsome man, with sad, earnest eyes, that light only when they rest on Louise. His fine face speaks of intellect and cultivation, and his manners are courteous yet quiet. In a very little time the whole party were charmed with their guest. All restraint was thrown aside, for they were yet a family party, as the guests for Christmas did not come till the next day. After some conversation, the gentleman opened the piano, and several songs and pieces of music filled up an hour pleasantly.

"Now, Rolph, it is your turn," said Louise.

"Do you play?" said Mollie.

"Indeed he does, but I love best to hear him sing. Sing my favorite, Rolph," said Louise.

"Her favorite," said Rolph, "is a song my father wrote for my sister and myself. He was passionately fond of music, and no mean composer, and when any event affected him deeply, he would often give his heart voice in music. After my mother died, he went one evening to the room where my sister and myself lay sleeping, and there he sang, as if by inspiration, this 'Prayer for the Motherless.' It was sacred to him, and he never gave the music to any one. We were allowed to sing it only when alone or with him, and it never passed my lips after he died until I sang it for Louise."

The symphony was plaintive; but when Rolph let his voice join the music every one of the listeners were spell-bound. Not only the air, but the deep, rich melody of the fine voice, and touching expression he gave to each word made the song a prayer indeed. He sang one verse, and then the door behind him opened slowly, and with a hushed step, an eager yet still face, Maria came in. Softly, her eyes fixed on Rolph, she crept to his side, and then suddenly, as if by an irresistible impulse, she poured forth a wailing volume of song. Rich, clear, true, yet heart-breaking in its emotion, her voice sang, unheeding that Rolph had ceased, and with white lips and quivering frame was watching her. The last note died away, and then with a cry of agony the child fell at Rolph's feet.

"Take me home! Oh, take me home!" she sobbed.

"Child, child, where did you learn that song?" he cried, taking her up in his strong arms.

"It is mamma's song. All her own song, she told me once. Grandpa wrote it when her mother died. Oh, shall I never see my mother! Can I never go home!"

All the pent-up agony of months was shaking her frame now, as she lay sobbing in the arms that shook so with agitation they could scarcely support even her light figure.

"Tell me your name. Where is your mother?" said Rolph.

"Mother died on the ship. My name is Maria Berkmann."

"Berta's child! My child!"

It was long before Maria could realize that

such happiness lay in store for her. Her uncle and the sweet lady who had found her in the snow promising her home, love, and care; it was too bewildering for belief.

There was a "Merry Christmas" at Mrs. Lawton's; but with some hearts prayers at once sorrowful and glad, sad yet grateful, went up on that holiday, for the loved lost and the lost found.

BAPTIZING IN THE JORDAN.

Fredrika Bremer, in her "Travels in the Holy Land," thus describes the ceremony of bathing or baptizing of the pilgrim in the River Jordan: "We rode into a small wood, and halted upon a verdant height or little hill, where we alighted. Below this little hill flowed the Jordan, with its margin thickly overgrown with umbrageous foliage. We were soon on its banks. Its light-gray waters flowed rapidly along from north to south, so rapidly, indeed, that it seemed as if it would be at the peril of life to swim across, although the river was by no means broad. Nor did any one seem inclined to make the attempt. The water, however, was calmer, and overshadowed by beautiful large trees at the bend of the river where we and a number of other pilgrims had taken our stand; and this, in fact, was the place where the peculiar scene of the bathing or baptism of the pilgrims was going forward. Beneath a shady tree, upon some elevated ground, near the bank of the river, men and women removed their outer attire, and then went down in merely linen garments to the water's edge, where, beside an old dry tree-trunk which leaned over the water, stood an athletic figure, with a black, shaggy head, and a chest covered with hair—more like a Hercules than a John the Baptist—naked to the waist, and standing to his middle in the water. This man received in his sinewy arms the pilgrims as they stepped down to the river, into which, by the help of an assistant, he gave them a hasty plunge, at the same time, as it seemed to me, a little violently, he pressed down with his hand their heads under the water. This was repeated three times to each person. But the broad-shouldered, black-haired Herculean Baptist had such a good-tempered, jovial expression that we could see very plainly that he was accustomed to the business, and that they who came to him had nothing to fear. The baptized then mounted up the hill again, and resumed their garments in the shade of the large tree; women helping one another in so doing, and the men performing the same good office for men. Beautiful young women, gray-haired old women, youths and old men, children of all ages, were thus plunged into the river. The children cried unmercifully, but it was to no purpose; down to the river they must go, and over head three times in succession, and not till then were they restored to their mothers. There was here no fervency, as when John the Baptist baptized in the river Jordan, to repentance and preparation for the kingdom of heaven, both by word and expression, as powerful as the rocks of the desert. It was not in his case a frivolous sport. People here seem to go into the bath as to some pleasant church festival. The water also was so agreeable, so fresh and soft at the same time, that I experienced a physical longing to have a dip likewise. But the great assemblage of people terrified me. I merely bathed my forehead and eyes with the water of this river, rich in memories, and thanked God who had permitted me, a little pilgrim on earth, to behold the Mississippi in the far West—that river, rich for the future—and who had now led me hither to the banks of the Jordan! For, though the river Jordan be small in comparison with all the great rivers of the world, and small its significance in the history of the present times, yet a memory is connected with the Jordan such as with no other river on the face of the earth."

PARTING MEMORY.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

The last of the roses were blooming,
  The last of the lily-bells swung,
And the wild flowers were dead in the meadow,
  That smiled when the summer was young,
When we parted, but oh, not in anger,
  Each said it was best to be so,
Since the Fates had decreed that together
  Our fortunes were never to flow.

The moon of the harvest was shining
  Adown from her shadowy height,
And we heard in the dark boughs above us
  The solemn-voiced bird of the night,
While the low winds that rustled the rose-vines
  That lovingly clung round the door,
Seemed to breathe a farewell to the summer,
  The hopes that should blossom no more.

Oh many a cruel December
  Hath scattered the roses since then,
And many a time hath the spring-wind
  Woke up the young sleepers again.
But there seemeth to me ne'er a summer
  So sweet as the ones that are fled,
And no roses that bloom in my pathway,
  So dear as the ones that are dead.

THE LITTLE MATCH-MAKER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

(Concluded from page 448.)

IV.

Lucy was alone in the breakfast-room when Dr. Ashleigh entered it the next morning. She was standing by the window watching the shipping on the bay, and to her unaccustomed eye each white-winged barque was not only "a thing of beauty," but possessed a living, human interest. But she turned quickly as she recognized his familiar step. She was a little shy and distant at first, but not long, for his morning greeting had all the old warmth and affection in it.

"I am very glad to see you here, sister Lucy."

"Are you? You are not cross with me this morning, Lewis?"

"No, indeed. What a question!"

"But you were last night."

"You are mistaken; I was not in the least vexed, though it took me till midnight to restore order to my room."

"Did it? I am sorry; I will keep away from your room. I didn't think. You know I always used any of your things at home."

He smiled as he remembered it. "Why have you made your aunt believe that we are strangers?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, for fun." The roguish dimples began to chase each other over her face.

"I do not see the fun," he answered. "It will be necessary for us to exhibit the reserve of strangers now, or you will get a merited lecture from your aunt for deceiving her."

A light laugh was her reply. She looked the personification of mischief as she stood in the light, balancing herself on the tips of her slippers and rolling her curls in all imaginable shapes around her restless fingers. "Don't tell her, Lewis. I don't care a fig for her anger. She gave me a fine introductory seasoning yesterday; but I have a reason for blinding her in regard to you. A reason," said Lucy, "that you would never think of if you should guess till you are ninety years old."

"Indeed!" The doctor understood her reason quite as well as the little schemer did herself. "But you, Lucy, will be sure to betray yourself; you are never reserved, even with strangers, my pet."

"But I will be now, until—well, until we have had time to get acquainted."

"And you will not mind if I look very grave and dignified."

"No, indeed," said Lucy, laughing and clapping her hands. But the sudden alteration in his manner, as his quick ear detected a footstep in the hall, alarmed her at once; and her look of consternation, though well calculated to deceive her aunt, made her previous assertion a little doubtful.

Very little was said during breakfast. The Doctor seemed abstracted, and made no efforts to sustain any conversation. Mrs. Seaton, and Annie, too, were delighted. It was clear that Lucy's beauty had made no impression whatever; and when, after breakfast, he desired Lucy to get ready for the ride to Groton, he might have been her great grandfather for all the interest he manifested in her.

"Did you notice, mamma," asked Annie, when the Doctor's carriage turned the corner of the street and was hid from view—"did you notice how like a mere child he treated her? 'Don't keep me waiting, Miss Lucy,' he called at the foot of the stairs, just as if she were a child of five years."

"You were in her room, Annie. What did she say?"

"She said: 'What a bear he is, Annie! I shall dress when I please. A pretty way to ask a young lady to ride!' Then when she was quite ready, mamma, she sat down before the glass, saying that it was not worth while to dress so prettily if she could not have the privilege of seeing her own beauty. He called her two or three times after that before she chose to go down."

"And when she came down at last, she sprang into the carriage without any assistance, and began to flourish the whip till the horse reared and became almost unmanageable. The Doctor looked very much annoyed, and took the whip away without any ceremony. But it is well for you, darling, that she is so rude, for she is exceedingly pretty. I should like to hear his lecture to her. I hope he won't spare her."

The good lady looked as if she should enjoy greatly the privilege of giving the lecture herself, but prudential reasons forbade running any risk. Meanwhile the Doctor and Lucy

were fast becoming acquainted. The exhilaration of the early ride over the dewy hills was to Lucy a new delight, and so intoxicated her that the Doctor smilingly told her that she needed curbing more than the horse did. She persisted in standing up in the carriage to get a wider view, and was perpetually turning round in order to take in the whole beauty of the varied scene. The Doctor laughed and remonstrated by turns; but it was not till they were half way on their return home that she settled down quietly and began to talk seriously.

"Drive slower, Lewis. I have a world of things to say to you. I want to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Aunty says that papa wrote to you to ask you to help take care of me. As if I needed care!" said Lucy, reaching over the dasher and trying to pull some black hairs from the horse's tail to make into a bracelet. "What else did he write?"

"Sit back on the cushion, Lucy. There, now, be quiet, or I shall not answer you."

"What did he write, Lewis?"

He hesitated. "You know your father's wishes, Lucy, in regard to us both."

"Pshaw! So he wrote about that. He don't seem to understand at all, Lewis, how impossible it is for us to gratify him. Why, it would kill poor Frank, and—and me, too."

"And me, too," said the Doctor, laughing.

"To be sure," said Lucy, earnestly. "I think papa is very inconsiderate."

"He thinks that you and Frank both will tire of your engagement. He separates you now to prevent future trouble."

They rode on in silence for some time, Lucy's face wearing an unnaturally serious look. "Do you think me fickle or inconstant, Lewis?" she asked, at length.

"Not at all."

"And Frank? You know him better than I can. He was with you in France a long time."

"Frank is not a boy, though your father seems to think he is. He is twenty-six, with his taste matured, his principles fixed, his mind well stored, and his whole heart filled with the image of a little dark-eyed witch, who, I fear, will teaze his wits out if she becomes his wife."

"No; I shall be steady then. I shall be a housekeeper, you know."

"With a snug place by the fireside for your bachelor brother, I hope."

"Ah, Lewis, that reminds me of another thing. Are you going to marry Cousin Annie?"

"No, my dear."

"Aunty expects you will."

"She has no reason for such an expectation."

"I think, Lewis, that Annie likes Ned Green. He is a carpenter, and has a mother and two sisters to support."

"Yes; I know him. He is a fine fellow."

"I am going to match-making. If he really loves Annie, why shouldn't they be happy together?"

"Love in a cottage, pussy, would scarcely be approved by your aunt."

"Aunty has almost made Annie think she is in love with you. What a weak, passive, good girl she is! Let me think; I have another question to ask. Do you know Ada Hamilton?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Your face is changed in a moment, Lewis! and you started when I named her. You are not fair. I confide all my affairs to you, and you repay my confidence with secrecy. You call me your sister, and I am only a plaything. I won't be a mere pet for any man." Lucy's cherry lips pouted charmingly.

"Upon my word, Lucy, I am telling you the truth. I have no knowledge of such a person."

She saw that he spoke frankly, but she was not half satisfied.

"Do you ever go to St. John's Church, Lewis?"

"How abruptly you change your theme! No, I have never been there."

"You ought. You are an Episcopalian, and neglect your own church. It isn't right, Lewis."

"Many things are not right, little preacher."

"If you *should* go there, Lewis, please to observe if the organ is played by a lady. Annie says that it is; and aunty thinks—"

"Ah, that reminds me," interrupted the Doctor, as he drove up the avenue to Mrs. Seaton's door, "that you have two hours before dinner to devote to the piano."

"But, Lewis—"

"Frank has exquisite taste in music. Try and gratify him by your improvement."

"Are you going out again?"

"Yes; I have a long list of patients to see this morning."

"Then don't get out. I do so like to help myself," said Lucy, alighting with an airy bound, as she spoke, upon the piazza. She watched as he drove away again, and then turned to reply to the inquiries of her aunt.

"Have you enjoyed the ride? What did Dr. Ashleigh say to you?"

"He said," replied Lucy, throwing her hat

across the room in an assumed pet—"he said that I must pianoate two hours."

"Must do *what?*"

"Must practice music. I sha'n't do it. I am warm and tired, and I 'm going out in the garden as soon as I get a lunch. Come, aunty, show me where you keep the goodies, and I will help myself."

Mrs. Seaton followed her niece to the kitchen, with a renewed desire to tame her spirits; but she said nothing, contenting herself with a resolution to make an extra charge in Lucy's board bill for "goodies."

V.

SEVERAL weeks rolled by without much change in any one, except the Doctor. He had grown pale and thin, and had unaccountable fits of melancholy. Lucy took her daily rides with him, and often surprised him into a hearty laugh by some merry speech or mischievous prank, but he soon relapsed into sadness again. Lucy pouted and scolded, but it was of no use; she could not make him out.

In the mean time, she was becoming very intimate and confidential with her Cousin Annie. She had assured herself of the fact of Annie's attachment to Ned Green, and day after day employed her busy wits in scheming how to bring them together. She inspired Annie with a portion of her own wilfulness and self-reliance, and by many a long conversation proved to the timid girl that it would be positively wicked to throw away such an especial gift of Providence as the young carpenter's love, just to please her mother's absurd whims. When, at last, her cousin had been fully converted to her views, Lucy found an unexpected obstacle in the way of her match-making. Ned Green suddenly became as cool and offish as Mrs. Seaton herself, and at church or in the lecture-room seemed to be quite unaware of Annie's presence. "I never saw such perverse people," said Lucy to herself, as she wended her solitary way one afternoon to the milliner's to purchase new ribbons for her riding-hat. "They seem determined all around to be miserable. If I wanted to be unhappy, I would set about it in earnest, and let folks know what it was all about."

Lucy stayed a long time in the shop. Whether she was difficult to suit, or was seized with a sudden desire to learn a trade, did not appear; but her face was radiant with a new delight when she came out and started for home. When she came in sight of the house, she saw Dr. Ashleigh standing by the gate, apparently absorbed in thought. She saw her aunt, also, standing in the window, watching them both. Stealing up softly behind the doctor, she lifted his hat lightly with her parasol, and tossed it into the adjoining field.

"I do hope he will give her a good scolding," said Mrs. Seaton, rubbing her hands energetically.

"Perhaps he is going to, mamma"—Annie came to the window. "See, he has made her bring his hat, and has offered his arm for a walk. They are going down to the shore. I should think his grave looks would frighten her, but she seems to be amused by them."

"He is very much interested in her, Annie. Any one can see that. And I must say I never saw anything equal to *her* assurance."

The Doctor and Lucy, heedless, or rather unconscious of all these comments, had reached the beach, and were slowly sauntering back and forth on the hard white sand.

"What a madcap you are, Lucy!"

"How else could I contrive to see you to-night? And I have a thousand things to say."

"Possible?"

"There, stop laughing, please. Guess, Lewis, where I have been!"

"Diving in the sea, or ballooning through the air."

"Nonsense! I 've been to see Ada Hamilton."

"And who is Ada Hamilton?" He started slightly and colored.

"You ought to tell *me* that, I think. Have you not seen her yet?"

He hesitated. "I will be frank with you, Lucy," he said, at last. "I have seen her, and recognized in her a dear friend that I had lost sight of for four years."

"Where did you know her, Lewis?"

"In France. Her mother was ill, and I had the pleasure of attending her. I became well acquainted with the family, and we were to renew our acquaintance on our return to America; but sad reverses in fortune befell them. The father and mother both died at Marseilles, and Ada, to avoid meeting the charity or scorn of friends on her return, dropped the family name of Clay, and has since been known by her mother's maiden name of Hamilton."

"Ah, Lewis, I remember your sadness when after all your search you could discover no trace of them. I know how to pity you, Lewis," she added, "because—because—"

"Well, dear, because what?"

"Because I can imagine how Frank would feel if I were lost to him."

"Yes. But he is your affianced husband, my pet. I will not deny that I once hoped to stand in that relation to Miss Clay. We were not actually engaged, or very likely she would have given me some clue to her retreat, but I offered and she accepted particular attentions, and we both understood that words were not needed to express our preference. I can ununderstand the delicacy that prevented her doing so after the change in her circumstances, though it mortifies me exceedingly, Lucy, that I should be supposed capable of mercenary feelings. And that she should think so above all others."

"Well," said Lucy, suddenly brightening up and speaking very rapidly, "hasn't Providence just taken the matter in hand and brought you together?"

"Ah, Lucy, I saw from her manner at once that it was useless to hope. I met her first on the steps of the church. She was a little excited by my warm greeting, but she was cold and formal enough directly. I spoke of renewing our old acquaintance; of you, Lucy, and of the pleasure she might find in your friendship, but I only distressed her. It grieved me very much, because if we cannot resume the old relation, I am sure she is lonely and unhappy, and needs friends."

"I 'll tell you, Lewis, where the trouble is," said Lucy, beginning to walk so briskly that her companion could scarcely keep by her side. "She has heard the silly rumor, that I am sure aunty originated, that you are engaged to be married. Sit down in this boat and I 'll tell you about my call at Miss Green's, and you will think she has reason to be cool and distant. I should be, in her place, a perfect icicle."

"The visit, Lucy."

"Be patient: I shall begin at the beginning. And first about Annie. You needn't look surprised. It was on her account partly that I went there. Isn't Ned Green the milliner's cousin? How stupid you look, Lewis."

"Well, go on, I am attentive, at any rate."

"You see, Lewis, Annie is quite unhappy because of Ned's indifference. She feels as you do, only perhaps less deeply. Well, today, when I was cutting off those soiled ribbons, a sudden inspiration came to me. I thought if the poor carpenter had heard that Annie was to marry you, he wasn't to blame for his sour looks. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Go on."

"You should have been there to have heard me lead Miss Green away round Robin Hood's barn to converse upon the subject. You would have been charmed. Miss Hamilton sat working silently but evidently hearing every word. Sometimes the color that flashed across her cheek made her just the loveliest creature that I ever saw. And when I assured Miss Green of Annie's constancy to her cousin, I watched Miss Hamilton closely. She did not look up but she trembled all over. Miss Green happened to be called out, but I was so charmed by her assistant that I stayed nearly two hours. I told her all about myself except what regards Frank. I couldn't talk to her of him yet. And she told me of her struggles to maintain herself and her brother, and of the lonely heartsickness that she has endured since her parents died. We were really enjoying ourselves when Miss Green returned and, so far as Miss Hamilton was concerned, spoiled it all."

"How so?"

"Why, I had just been talking to her of you, of your goodness, and of our long acquaintance and love for each other, when Miss Green came. She resumed at once the old conversation about Annie. 'I might have known the truth,' said she, 'if I had not been blind. I have seen you riding by with him nearly every day without a suspicion that you were the Miss Seaton that rumor gave to him.' Miss Hamilton started, and leaning forward, looked into my face as if she would read my soul, and then suddenly left the room. I don't know what she read then, for I felt my blood rush to my face, and I suppose I looked very much as I should have done if the gossip had been true."

"But you told Miss Green, Lucy."

"No. A bevy of lady customers came hurrying in as if they were on an express, and I had to leave without correcting the mistake. But you may be sure, Lewis, that this explains her changed manner to you. I don't blame her at all. If Frank were in your place and I in hers, *wouldn't* he believe that icebergs were in fashion?"

"I think he would," said the Doctor, a cheerful light breaking over his countenance. "And if he didn't find you the best little comforter in the world, and thaw out the iceberg with kisses, he would not be worthy of you."

"An excellent receipt. Save, if for your own use. Now you will please to understand that the next duty of Miss Lucy Seaton is to open the eyes of somebody. Do you understand?"

"I understand that match-making is a feminine talent."

"Ungrateful! Now I think of it, I must say that it is not likely that so lovely a girl has been all this time without admirers. Very probably an engagement of her own prevented her from reciprocating your cordiality."

The Doctor's lip paled a little at this suggestion.

"You are a true woman, Lucy, first consoling, then teazing."

"There is aunty watching us. I am going to tell her of my engagement to Frank; I am tired of her surveillance. I wish you were engaged, so I could tell her of that. And Annie too, so I could tell her of that. Excellent aunty! I feel like telling her all I know and a great deal more. Praise my confiding temper, Lewis, while it lasts. I will make another errand to the milliner's on Monday if I have to upset the inkbottle into my bandbox. Don't look so alarmed, I shall not compromise you. I hope I can tell my own affairs if I like. Are you going in, Lewis?"

"Not yet."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

He watched her as she ran gaily up the slope to the house and saw her climb over the fence instead of opening the gate. He smiled when he thought of his trust in such a wild impulsive little thing. Perhaps no one else, not even Frank Adams, understood so well the tact and shrewdness of her seemingly childlike character. Dr. Ashleigh kept on walking till it was quite dark, sometimes letting hope gild the future, but oftener dwelling despondently upon the altered looks and estranged manner of sweet Ada Clay.

VI.

The next day was ushered in by a violent thunder tempest which lasted several hours, and then subsided into an old-fashioned drizzling easterly storm which promised to be in no hurry to leave. It was Sunday; but going to church was out of the question, so Lucy spent nearly all day in writing up the journal that she had promised to Frank, and in penning letters for his private perusal besides. She knew that her sister shared with him the pleasure of reading the diary, and there were various items in Frank's letters that required particular answers.

On Monday and Tuesday the storm continued. All Lucy's resources for driving away ennui were brought into play, and Mrs. Seaton, who had a dislike to storms of any kind, found very little time to watch the clouds. And when just before sunset on Tuesday evening the clouds began to break, and the returning sunshine betokened fair weather once more, the good lady felt as if she had never appreciated the blessing of a clear sky before. "I've been on my feet all the week," she said to the Doctor, "watching that girl, and trying to keep things from entire ruin. I don't believe she has been quiet a moment since the storm began."

"She has a great deal of life," remarked the Doctor, composedly. "She feels the loss of her usual out-door exercise."

Mrs. Seaton looked as if she should like to exercise her if she dared, but she said nothing. Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, and breakfast was just over when a little boy came in with invitations for the young ladies and the Doctor to attend a picnic to be held in a neighboring grove in the afternoon. Annie had often been invited to similar gatherings, but as all the youth of the village joined in them, the aristocratic prejudices of her mother had prevented her attendance. She looked up beseechingly to Lucy, as her mother declined the invitation for them. Lucy understood her, and saw, too, in the sudden lighting up of Annie's face, a secret hope of meeting the young carpenter. "You needn't decline my invitation, aunty," said she, "for I am going."

"Lucy!" Mrs. Seaton glanced anxiously at the Doctor, who was listening with unusual interest. "Do you know, child, that it is a promiscuous gathering of all grades of society?"

"Delightful! No forms or ceremony then. I wouldn't miss going for a fortune."

"You are a stranger, and will have no one to introduce you."

"What of that? I have a tongue, and can present myself, I hope."

"I think, Lucy," said the Doctor, "that you ought not to go alone. If Mrs. Seaton will not permit Annie to accompany you, I will try to wait on you myself."

Mrs. Seaton looked much disturbed. "If I only knew," she thought, "that Miss Hamilton would not be there, I wouldn't care. But a meeting between them must not be risked yet. I think, Doctor," she said, aloud, "that I will let Annie go if Lucy insists on attending. I cannot think of troubling you unnecessarily."

"I will tell the boy," said Lucy, running out of the room and down the walk to the gate where he was waiting the result of the con-

ference in the house. He was a bright intelligent lad of fourteen years. "We are going; that is, Annie and I are. Is Ada Hamilton invited?"

"Yes, but she declined the invitation. She never goes out, I believe."

"Well, I want to send an errand to her. Will you go there again and tell her that Lucy Seaton has some particular business with her, and wants to see her at the picnic? Can you remember?"

"Yes." The boy was watching Lucy's black curls that were being blown by the wind in all directions.

"Tell her," said Lucy, "that I shall have to come down there to-night if I don't see her this afternoon. And tell her," added Lucy, after trying to think of some irresistible inducement to tempt her friend out, "that I am not very well, and ought not to walk so far after the picnic. And if you 'll go there before you go anywhere else, and tell her every word I 've said, I 'll give you this pretty knife."

The boy's eyes sparkled, and well they might, for it was a tiny silver-handled fruit knife that Lucy slipped into his hand. She saw the Doctor in his room up stairs as she returned to the house, but though he came to the open window she did not stop to speak to him, for her aunt was standing at the window beneath.

"Aunty," said Lucy, raising her voice much higher than was necessary, "this charming custom of picnicing in the woods makes me think of the chorus of an old song that hasn't a bit of connection with it. Listen; isn't it pretty?

'Oh my true love will be there!
In the grove beside the mountain,
She 'll be sitting by the fountain,
With white roses in her hair.'"

"Do you want to ride, Lucy?" called the Doctor from his window.

"No, I must save my energies for the afternoon."

"Bring home full accounts of yourself."

"'She 'll be sitting by the fountain!'"

hummed Lucy. "Do you know that song, Doctor?"

"I never heard it before."

"And are so perverse a bachelor that you fail to understand it now, I fear."

"You are mistaken. But don't talk to me now, for I am putting up medicines."

Lucy was sure that she was understood, and readily went in to assist Annie in her usual morning's work so as to give her leisure to rest before the picnic. She was quite certain that the Doctor would be there, and her little brain was for once rather bewildered by its pleasant schemes for the good of others. As for the Doctor, he found that if he would be present at the party, a hard day's work was to precede the pleasure, and was to be crowded into the forenoon. His horse was pawing the ground at the stable door, and in a few moments he was on his way, riding slowly down the long village street by the milliner's shop, but giving a free rein to his horse when the bonnets and ribbons in the large window were out of sight. Alas, for his plans! Several new patients required his attention, and various unforeseen delays hindered him, and it was nearly sunset when, having fasted all day, and rode in the hot sun till his brain seemed on fire, he found himself riding along the street that commanded a view of the tables spread in the grove, and the company assembled there. It was so near that he obeyed the impulse to dismount and join them. Various amusements were in progress. He did not see Lucy, but he saw Annie, who was far too absorbed to notice him, listening to the low words of a young man whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as the handsome young carpenter, Ned Green. He thought he had never seen Annie look so well or so animated. "Ah," he thought, "if Mamma Seaton could but see her now! Do you know where Miss Lucy is?" he asked her.

Annie started as if she had been caught in the commission of some dreadful sin, but the Doctor's smile reassured her at once. She was evidently too happy to be long disturbed. "Lucy! why, let me think. She was here a short time ago."

"I think," said Ned Green, who seemed to be in quite as blissful a state as his companion —"I think I saw her go to the spring with Miss Hamilton to bring some fresh water. It is down this narrow path, sir, just the other side of that great brown rock."

A pretty tableau presented itself to the Doctor's gaze as he turned the corner of the aforesaid rock, and found himself in a secluded little dell, quite out of sight from the grove. On the stump of a fallen tree sat Miss Hamilton, dressed in white, without ornaments of any kind, except a white tea-rose among her bands of beautiful hair. The words of Lucy's song occurred to him at once. At her feet, on a flat bit of rock, was Lucy, half covered with garlands of wild flowers, and her fingers busily engaged in weaving others, while her face was raised to the fine eyes of her friend. Dr. Ashleigh saw at once that sorrow had not dimmed

the peculiar beauty of those expressive eyes. He was not near enough to distinguish words, but he knew that Lucy was talking.

"Why, if there isn't Lewis!" she exclaimed, starting up and scattering her flowers as she descried him. "Here have I been watching for you all day, and now, just as I was glad your were away, you fall from the clouds."

"I am sorry that I intrude." He colored slightly as Miss Hamilton coolly returned his bow. "I will go away directly, and leave you to your *tête-à-tête*."

"No, indeed," said Lucy, starting up again, and drawing him to her seat, while she seated herself by Miss Hamilton. "I am not going to lose you now. I was only going to show Miss Hamilton something when you appeared so inopportunely. It is Frank's portrait." She unclasped a bracelet from her arm, and, opening a locket, placed it in Miss Hamilton's hands. "You have seen it, Lewis. Is it not very accurate?" Lucy felt that her friend was trembling, and leaned forward so as to screen her from view.

"The picture flatters him, I think," he replied.

"Now, don't be so disagreeable. You know that he is as much handsomer than this as living, breathing manliness can make him. Do you know, Miss Hamilton," said Lucy, in a careless tone, "that my wise papa chose to think that Frank and I were both of the unsteady, jack-o'lantern order of people, and has sent me away from him to try us. He wants us to be grave, misanthropic, old centenarians, like Lewis here, who has been a confirmed old bachelor for—oh, for ages."

"Why, Lucy, what a confidential tirade!"

"It's true, Lewis; you know it is; and as ridiculous as it is true. I have been thinking, Miss Hamilton," pursued Lucy, thinking her friends required one more shock to put them right—"I have been thinking that Frank and I must go to France to learn gravity."

"I fear," she replied, in a low, agitated voice, "that the French are not the best teachers of that grace, my dear."

"Are they not? I think you are mistaken. Look at this gentleman, this knight of chivalry at our feet. Before he went to France he was as gay as I am. Weren't you Lewis?"

He did not answer, but turned his flushed face in the direction of the merry music that came from the grove.

"You can't imagine how it changed him. He is the same kind brother to sister Lucy as before"—she leaned forward to look in his face—but he is so grave and thoughtful, so good, so terrifically good!" she added, laughing, as she met his eyes. "See, my flowers are all drooping. Will you wait here while I get some more? They are just beyond that beech-tree on the other side of the spring." Not waiting a reply, for one glance at each face assured her that the barrier between them was removed, she darted down the path, and was out of sight in a moment.

Dr. Ashleigh raised his eyes eagerly to study the face of his companion. Her dark eyes were full of tears, but she made no effort to evade his scrutiny. Restored confidence and love found expression in joyous smiles, in the cordial clasping of hands, in an unspoken but perfectly understood trust in each other.

"It is all true, Ada," he said, at last. "Since I lost you, I have been a grave and often despondent man. My life has been cheerless and barren. The light shines again, thank God, but I want to hear from your own lips, Ada, that in future you will be mine, my wife, the star of my home, never to be parted from me again till death."

His low, fervent tones thrilled her whole being. She felt—oh how thankfully to God!—that her long night of sorrow was ended at last. But she tried in vain to frame an answer in words; the unlooked-for joy had come too suddenly to be easily spoken of. So he soothed her with silent caresses and told her of his own heart history till she was calm again, and the coveted reply was obtained. How long they had been sitting there neither knew, when a sudden and long-continued burst of merriment from the grove arrested their attention.

"What can they be doing, Lewis?"

"Let us go and see. It is too damp, love, for you to remain here longer. I cannot risk in any way my recovered treasure. Hark! I am sure that Lucy is at the bottom of that uproar."

They found the grove itself nearly deserted, but the young people were crowded together by the roadside, laughing and cheering enthusiastically. They soon understood the cause of the unusual mirth, for a few steps brought them in sight of Lucy, mounted on the Doctor's horse, which she had trimmed all over till the poor beast was hardly discernible, and riding backwards and forwards at full gallop up and down the street. Her long curls floated on the wind, her eyes and cheeks were sparkling and glowing with excitement, and she had evidently wholly abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her unwonted position. It was in vain that

Annie called and remonstrated, or that the Doctor shouted his fears in regard to the high-spirited horse, which, in spite of all her coaxing, he had never permitted her to mount. She rode until she was thoroughly exhausted. The Doctor tried hard to frown as he lifted her from the saddle at last. "I couldn't help it," said Lucy, laughing with the tears in her eyes. "Everybody looked so happy I was obliged to do something."

VII.

"THIS is my last letter to you, Frank," wrote Lucy, "for you will be here on Monday, if you are to be the groomsman, and I shall go home with you. Dear aunty is in *such* a state, though her wrath is effervescing and she is getting reasonable. It is three weeks since that darling picnic. I have not mounted Hector since, because you disapproved. I can't tell you how I enjoyed telling aunty about Lewis and Ada. She did not speak one word, but she had a great deal of expression in her face; but when I rattled on about the house that Lewis has bought of Dr. Goodnow, and of the refitting and refurnishing of the rooms, of the library, with its real Wilton carpet, and of the beautiful pictures and statuary that Lewis brought from Europe, you ought to have seen her. I almost pitied her. At noon the Doctor came in too late to dine with us. Aunty did not interfere, as she usually does, so I sat down with him and waited on him, though she remained in the room.

"'What delayed you so long, Lewis?' I asked, just to break the silence.

"'Oh, I went into Payson's mill to see the improvement in machinery that young Green has invented.'

"'Ned Green?'

"'Yes.'

"Aunty laid down her work to listen.

"'He is a fine fellow, Lucy; a real gentleman. If you were not already engaged, I should recommend him to you. Payson is to marry one of his sisters; the one with dark hair. The other is engaged to Lawyer Clinton, of Groton. She is very delicate, and hardly able to take charge of a household. But as the lawyer insists on having her mother reside with them, she will not be likely to be overtasked. This invention of young Green's has made his fortune already, Payson told me.'

"That very evening, Frank, while Annie and I were out walking, Ned Green called, and asked Aunty's permission to marry Annie. He did not wish to deprive her of her daughter, he said; he should be only too happy if she would allow him to assist Annie in making her old age comfortable. Of course she consented, and now the house is echoing with the praises of her intended son-in-law. 'He is so truly noble,' says aunty. Still, she eyes me with suspicion; she seems to harbor the impression that I have somehow injured Annie's prospects. She can't overlook my deception in regard to my acquaintance with Lewis. It wasn't right, Frank; I never tried to deceive before; but it was such fun!

"Duty calls me back to Philadelphia, or rather it will as soon as I have been Ada's bridesmaid. Lewis says he will guarantee papa's forgiveness if you come out here to his wedding. Dear papa! how I long to see him again! I shall expect you Monday evening. In the mean time I remain, as ever,

"Myself, LUCY SEATON."

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

BY REV. M. L. HOFFORD, A. M.

THE autumn winds!
I hear their sigh,
As the fitful gust
Is hurried by;
And my heart is filled
With a nameless gloom,
As they summon the beautiful
To the tomb.

The autumn winds!
They speak to me
Of the faded rose
And the leafless tree,
Of the voice of birds
Untimely flown,
Of light and love
From existence gone.

They speak to me
Of the mournful past,
Of a smile that seemed
Too bright to last;
Of a soul too pure
On earth to stay,
That passed with the autumn
Winds away.

And yet I love
Their plaintive sigh,
Although they speak
Of the things that die;
For they woo to a land
Beyond the tomb,
To a realm of bright
Immortal bloom.

A STORY ABOUT A GOOSE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a clear frosty Christmas Eve. Need I mention the date, when I say that Father Christmas came upon us with a deep gloom over his usually cheerful old features; that he wore a mourning wreath instead of his holly and mistletoe; and that the nation was borne down by a grief so deep and so universal, that it was rather a time of national sorrow than of our great festival? The wound is yet too deep to necessitate reminding my readers of the troubled times through which we have just passed.

Still it *was* Christmas, and a merry one, too, with many, though the bright eye that sparkled with joy at the greeting of dear long-absent friends, sparkled also with tear-drops for the loss of the good departed one. It was a strange admixture of festivity and sorrow.

So much for the date of my story: now, for the scene. I shall have little trouble in making this familiar to my readers. They are all doubtless acquainted with the little Gothic edifice called "Woodbine Villa," in the pleasant suburb of ———, adjoining the thriving town of ———. Of course, they also know that it is a snug, comfortable, elegant little crib; and, knowing all this, there is not the least pretence in the world for the elaborate description of the place which I had originally intended giving.

But, being an old acquaintance of Mr. Sharpthorne's, I probably knew more about the inmates of Woodbine Villa than most persons. I am a privileged party there, and have played my cards so well that I am the family confidant. I go there sometimes to be amused, and they all rush to amuse me. If I am in trouble, little Lucy lays aside her work, and soothes me with words of kindness, that always fall sweetly from her pretty lips. If I am ill-tempered, which is often the case, she tells me comic little stories of her madcap tricks since last we parted; and, however uncouth I may be, she is sure to gain her end, and I laugh heartily at her drollery. Then she sings me her pretty songs, and after my ill-humor is thoroughly evaporated, she confides to me her own troubles and crosses in her love affairs. Even old Sharpthorne himself relents when I appear upon his threshold, gives me as hearty a welcome as he is capable of giving, and tells me lively anecdotes of his queer clients—for Sharpthorne is a lawyer.

Lucy is in love with Ernest, and he with her. Sharpthorne does not seem to see it in the same light, and shakes his head ominously. They are an excellent pair, are Lucy and Ernest, and I long to see them settle down comfortably; but Sharpthorne knows the world, and has better prospects in view for both of them. Ernest is his nephew, and a young member of the profession.

All the requisite preparations had been made for Christmas, and Lucy had superintended them. I was invited to spend all my spare time with them, and had arrived on this eventful Christmas Eve.

"It is strange you have not heard from your Aunt Straightlace, Lucy," said Sharpthorne; and as he spoke there was a knock at the door, and the servant announced a hamper.

We made an attack upon the package, and very soon a fine goose was dragged forth before the admiring gaze of the family circle.

Sharpthorne was deeply engaged in the perusal of a law magazine. I observed a comical expression as he turned his 'cute features towards us—he expressed an opinion that an unpleasant odor pervaded the atmosphere of the apartment, and he called upon us for an explanation.

Sharpthorne was right. There was no mistake about it. As soon as the hamper was opened, a most offensive odor made us recoil from the object we had been so ready to drag from its place of concealment.

Sharpthorne was brave, and he advanced towards the hamper, but he too was forced to retreat with his handkerchief applied to that handsome Grecian nose of his, which was the most prominent feature of his knowing face.

As to the best course to pursue, we were none of us quite certain. We were unanimous in the opinion that the goose was too *high* for our eating; but how to dispose of it?

"I have it!" said Sharpthorne, suddenly. "There 's my friend Gravesbrook—he says I owe him a goose, and he shall have one!" So the goose was sent to Gravesbrook.

Gravesbrook was one of Sharpthorne's most dreaded rivals in the profession. A cunning man, and a shrewd; always alive to his own interest, with little respect for that of others.

Scarcely had the goose been dispatched when a little three cornered note, addressed to Lucy, was brought to light from the debris of the package. It was strange we had not searched for it before. The note ran thus:—

Dear Lucy: I have sent you as a Christmas present "a goose with golden eggs." You will find secreted in it a cheque on my bankers for £300, which little sum you and Ernest may find useful when you commence housekeeping.

Your affectionate aunt,

Euphemia Straightlace.

We were thunderstruck. If we had been puzzled in trying to find a way to dispose of the treasure, we were doubly perplexed in endeavoring to ascertain a means of getting it back.

"That I should have sent it to Gravesbrook of all other men!" said Sharpthorne, in the agony of despair; "he would be the last to give up the money."

"Then what a goose *you* were to send it!" said I, trying to be merry; but Sharpthorne heeded me not, doubtless thinking the matter too serious to be laughed at.

"I have it!" said Sharpthorne, suddenly starting from a reverie, and throwing out his arms with a melo-dramatic air; "I have it!" and without waiting to explain *what* he had, he seized his hat and was gone; while the sound of his sharp voice was still ringing in our ears.

I and Lucy sat down by the cosy fireside, and talked about this little comedy and its probable denouement. Then Lucy told me how much she loved her incomparable Ernest: and how terribly she feared that her hard-hearted sire would never relent; and how she more than half thought he would force her to accept the addresses of that old fogey, Fleecem, "the horrid old thing," who had no pretension whatever to the honor, except his long and well-filled purse. In this way an hour glided by pleasantly.

There was a hurried step in the passage, the door flew suddenly open, and Sharpthorne entered—hot, excited, and in tatters, but still with a triumphant smile upon his usually calm face; and with—yes, we all saw it at a glance—with the lost goose under his arm!

We dissected it. It was a very disagreeable operation, now that I come to reflect upon it; especially so, as it was unsuccessful; still we set about the task cheerfully, and accomplished it with the most minute care. But the cheque was not to be found.

"He is a deep old file, that Gravesbrook," said Sharpthorne, as we sat at the supper-table the same evening; "but I will be a match for him yet." And thus consoling himself, Sharpthorne relapsed into silence.

It was a beautiful Christmas Day, and we were up early. I and Lucy had a pleasant walk before breakfast.

We returned, and found a letter had arrived for Lucy. When we saw the handwriting, we were most anxious to know its contents; and, supposing the readers to be equally interested, I will not keep them long in suspense.

The letter was to this effect:—

Dear Lucy: When I sent you my Christmas offering of a goose, a fortnight since, I told you I had placed in it a cheque for £300. I intended doing so, but on reflection thought it would not be safe, and have delayed sending it until now, that you might receive it on Christmas Day.

Your affectionate aunt,
Euphemia Straightlace.

So then we were all *sold* on the evening before, and our excitement had been about nothing.

Sharpthorne was in a lively temper all day, and gave us a vivid description of his visit to Gravesbrook after he had left us so precipitately, in search of the goose.

His first act was to procure a fresh goose—the fattest, the plumpest, and the tenderest that was to be obtained. This he took to Gravesbrook, apologized for his blunder in sending the other, and proposed an exchange. To this proposal Gravesbrook shook his head suspiciously.

"I tell you," said the first man of law, "the goose is mine. Why do you refuse to give it up?"

"Because," said his confrère, "you are so anxious to get possession of it. There is *more in the goose* than you would have me think!"

Each watched the other keenly. Both made a rush at the goose, and a terrible struggle ensued—which ended, as the reader will have guessed, in Sharpthorne's getting the best of it.

Little more remains to be told. It is rumored that the wealthy Fleecem has made some unlucky speculations of late. This may or may not be true; at any rate, I have observed that Sharpthorne does not appear so anxious that Lucy should favor his suit, and I have some authority for saying that Ernest's star of good luck is in the ascendant.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

The good distrust themselves—the perverse their neighbors.

AFTER THREE YEARS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"WELL, Mary, why don't you tell him you won't stand this treatment?" The voice was remonstrative, almost vehement. It was quite evident that the speaker was considerably stirred.

"There is no use, George. I have left nothing undone to alter this state of things; but I cannot move Robert Grover; he seems to delight in making my life miserable." The voice was not passionate, but weary and plaintive.

"He 's a scamp!" This laconic statement was intensified by a strong blow which sent a shiver through the small oval table by which the speaker sat.

Mary, the wife of Robert Grover, did not seem startled at the opprobrium which inhered in the epithet bestowed upon her husband, and yet she did not look like a woman who was in anywise used to the hearing or the speaking of harsh words, as she sat rocking back and forth in her low chair, a few feet from her brother, with her head resting against the back. It was a daintily poised and prettily shaped head, with bright, abundant hair, and the face was a pretty one, too, with soft outlines, and sweet lips, and eyes pleasant to look within. I think a searching analysis might have penetrated to some wrong or want in the face which had its meaning in something beyond. In certain phases of feeling like the present there was a disquiet and disappointment about it which had its root in the character, and did indicate a soul in harmony with true and Christian ideals of life.

"Only to think, George, of my asking my husband for a new silk dress this morning, and I haven't had one since last April, and what do you think he said?"

"I can't imagine, Mary; but I shouldn't be surprised at anything, after what I 've heard."

"Well, he went off into a towering passion, and declared that he never saw a woman yet who had a particle of reason, or common sense, and that it was absurd to talk to a man about silk dresses who was likely to fail before night, and he insisted that it would serve the whole race right if we had to come down to linsey-woolsey, and spin and weave it ourselves, as our grandmothers did before us."

George Humphreys leaned back in his chair, and laughed outright, a laugh which was made up of indignation and amusement. Perhaps the latter triumphed at this moment. "That 's just like a man," he said. "Get one of them provoked, and he 's sure to go on after this fashion."

"It was anything to me but a matter to laugh at," subjoined Mrs. Grover, in tones which plainly showed that her brother's merriment at this juncture had hurt her.

"Oh, now, don't mind that, sis. It 's outrageous that you should be insulted in this fashion, and you sha'n't be any more."

"No, I don't intend to," answered Mary Grover, firmly and quietly. "I 've made up my mind these things have reached too terrible a pass for me to bear them any longer."

"Well, Mary, what *are* you going to do now?" asked the young man, with solicitude, for there was an ambiguous threat in his sister's voice.

"I am going to leave my husband, George Humphreys; I am going out into the world to toil with my hands for my daily bread, rather than submit any longer to his tyrannies and insults." Her tones were raised to a higher key now, as though they would admit of neither argument nor contradiction, and the flush on the cheeks confirmed the words.

"Why, Mary, has it come to *this?*" asked George Humphreys, shocked beyond further speech for the moment.

"Yes, it *has*, George. You would not have your own and only sister stay here to drag out a life which is worse than death." And a great sob swelled the dainty throat over the snowy lace ruffling.

"No, I wouldn't, Mary, darling"—his fraternal sympathies quickening again. "Only I didn't know but something farther might be done before you take such a step. It 's never best to be rash, you know."

"I know it, George; but I have reflected on this subject for a long time, and I take the step deliberately. "I wish you 'd never have seen that villain!" said George Humphreys, getting up and pacing to and fro the small, prettily-furnished sitting-room where he and his sister were holding a conversation on which hung all the happiness or the misery of her future.

"I wish that I never had seen him"—and

here the sob in the young wife's throat burst in a gust of tears. "Oh, George, do you remember the dear old boy and girl days, when you and I were so happy together in the old home at Walpole, and how I used to sing 'The Watcher,' and 'The Old Sexton,' papa's favorite, every night after supper in the parlor, and how papa would pull me on his knee, afterward, and finger my curls, and you and I would have a chase round the old hall? Those were happy days, George!"

"Very happy days." And the young man's voice struggled a little, before it conquered the words.

"And do you remember farther back still—the autumn days when you climbed the great pear trees, and the yellow fruit came tumbling down on the grass, as I stood watching you with wonder and envy while you called to me away up in the great boughs?"

"I remember it all, Mary"—and this time the voice of George Humphreys struggled harder than before, and he paused and stroked the bright hair of his sister. "Don't cry, darling"—for the tears came in great jets, staining her cheeks.

"And the times that you led me to school through the mulberry fields, and through the hickory grove, where we used to throw nuts at the shy squirrels. O George, I wish that I had never left the old home! I wish I was the little girl that papa and you used to pet."

It was not strange that the heart of George Humphreys was melted within him, for it was a heart young, and brave, and manly; it was not strange that, as he listened to the sobbed-out words of his only sister, he did not consider that a youth of such fondness and indulgence as that she pictured would not be likely to discipline her ardent, impulsive nature for the inevitable trials of life, or nourish the best possibilities of her character. He forgot, as he looked on the fair, tearful face of his sister, that she had been petulant and exacting, and with all her loving impulses, that she was irritable and unreasonable if ever so lightly crossed. George Humphreys only thought, with burning indignation, of the man who had taken to wife his beautiful sister, and broken her heart with unkindness and harshness, and his whole soul stirred with fierce anger toward the husband, and pity for the wife, as he lifted Mary from the chair, and seated her on the lounge, and, slipping his arm around her, said: "There, don't shed another tear, darling; you shall not live with this villain any longer. Come back to me; I'll take tender care of you, as I did in the days before you were married. We'll go back and live in the old homestead, and no human being shall dare to find fault with you so long as you've got a brother to shelter and defend you."

And Mary Grover put her soft arms around her brother's neck, and thanked him through her sobs. And it was settled then and there betwixt the brother and sister that Mary should accompany George when he left the city, as business compelled him to do the next night. Mrs. Grover did not expect her husband home until the late evening train, and she and her brother would be several hours on the journey before he returned to his home and learned all he had lost. And a flush of triumph went over the young wife at the thought, for she knew that her husband would be utterly dismayed when he came to understand the decisive step to which his cruelty had driven her.

"I hate scenes!" exclaimed George Humphreys, as he rose to go, for the night was growing fast, and he had promised to meet a friend at the St. Nicholas. "So it is lucky we shall avoid one, as the fellow happens to be absent. But I haven't done with Robert Grover yet, and one day he shall answer to me for his brutality to my sister."

Mary caught her brother's arm with a cry of terror. The thought of a meeting between the two men, knowing as she did the fiery spirit of both when exasperated, filled her with dread, and she fancied herself haunted by life with a fear that her brother or her husband might fall by the hand of the other.

"George," said the white lips of Mary Grover, "promise me solemnly that you will never seek an interview with my husband so long as you live. Promise me this, or I can never leave his home for yours."

"Why, Mary, it is my duty—"

She checked him, shivering and shuddering. "No, George, I foresee what the consequences would be only too well. Promise for my sake and my peace, George."

"Well, then, I promise, for I want you to be at rest, Mary. But it's hard to shut up my mouth in this way." This time it was shut up with fond kisses, and so George Humphreys went his way.

It is useless to linger on the causes which had developed such unhappiness in the life of Robert and Mary Grover. Both were greatly in the wrong, and each had somewhat to plead in extenuation of his and her faults. Each had had a spoiled childhood, an indulged youth;

each was exacting, and unconsciously and habitually selfish; and on the other side each was generous, warm-hearted, with most attractive and lovable qualities of character. Marriage had been a keen disappointment to both, for Robert and Mary Grover had been the most ardent of lovers, and the young husband and wife were appalled at the first disclosure of human frailties in the other.

A little self-sacrifice, a yielding to each other's wishes and tastes in the small details of everyday life, and the exercise of good common sense, might have remedied all these things. But, alas! persistent self-sacrifice in little things was something to which neither the young merchant or his wife were accustomed; and their *judgment was blinded because their hearts were wrong!* It is the old story. Things went from bad to worse. Each grew soured and indifferent; a habit of incessant fault-finding, of petty recrimination and retort developed itself, and the married life which had commenced three years before under such sweet auspices of youth, and hope, and love, was become to both sorrow and bitterness, and neither could see that the remedy for the great wrong lay in his or her soul.

The road between New York and Philadelphia had been partially blocked up by the recent heavy fall of snow, and the ride was a slow and tedious one for all the travellers on the train that day.

Robert Grover soon exhausted the morning paper, which seemed a particularly sterile one, and then he looked out of the window awhile, as the cars toiled painfully along; but he only saw the dead woollens of winter drawn level over the face of the earth. And as he sat there, with nothing especial to fix his attention, the words which he had spoken to Mary, his wife, that morning, came back to his memory. They *did* sound rather harsh and severe now, and he winced a little under them.

"The truth is," thought the young merchant, settling his graceful limbs on the seat, for the cars were not crowded that morning, "I s'pose I did go a little too far; but *she* must come at me in just the wrong time, when I was bothered to death by that letter, telling me there was no help for it; I must start right off to-day for Philadelphia, or I'd lose every dollar that house was owing me, for it would be down before the week was out. I wonder if there ever was a woman, from Eve downward, who had the least idea of the bother and worry of a man's business, or who wouldn't attack him at the very moment when he was head over heels in trouble, and of course then he 's sure to say the very worst thing he can!"

And then the face of his wife came back to him as he had parted from it, with its white, still look, and the strange, settled expression of the lips, as though she had made some deadly resolve within herself; and he remembered how her gaze had followed him, steady and defiant, as he left the room. He had the last word, too, which was not often the case. Robert Grover moved uneasily; the still, pale face troubled him more than any flush of rage —the silence more than any angry recrimination would have done.

"I suppose," he mused, "Mary 'll sit at home to-day, and brood over what I 've said, and think I 'm the greatest brute in existence! Ah, well! I wonder if marriage proves the failure in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that ours has! It 's evident enough that Mary and I weren't intended for each other! And yet who would have believed, three years ago, that it would have come to this!"

And the young man sighed heavily. And then his thoughts drifted off to the time beyond those three years, and he saw Mary Humphreys in all the sweetness and grace which had won him to love her. What a pretty, charming, loving creature she was! half child, half woman! How beautiful she was then! how he used to worship her! And the old radiant days of their betrothal marched in shining array before his memory, and smiled on him, and then they softly vanished away to make room for one day fairer, standing alone, crowned and glorious, the brightest day of his life. He saw Mary as she was that day, looking to him like an angel in the silver cloud of her white laces, with the damask roses widening on her soft cheeks, and the shy trembling of her lips!

What a happy bridegroom he was! How radiant before them seemed to open their future! And with the sweet face of his newly-made wife standing before him, the young merchant closed his eyes and dropped into a light slumber, and the face followed him. But now it was farther off, and a great, reproachful sadness seemed to drift up into the dark eyes and over the smiling lips. It was turned towards him, but there seemed an invisible, intangible barrier betwixt them. Mary seemed slowly receding from his gaze, with the reproachful sorrow in her face. He stretched out his arms, and called her in agony to return; but she shook her head mournfully, and the sweet, sorrowful face grew fainter and fainter, and in

his alarm and anxiety the traveller stirred uneasily, and awoke.

The white, dazzling level lay before him, and the car wheels were painfully toiling their long way to Philadelphia. But the vision in his dream haunted the soul of Robert Grover, and in his stirred and softened mood he saw many things in a new light. He did not now reproach Mary for her share of the sorrow and bitterness of their wedded life; he took great blame to himself. He saw how in many things he had erred, how he had not been tender, pitiful, gentle to her youth and inexperience, as he should have been. He saw that many times he had been harsh, authoritative, peremptory with her, when explanation and forbearance might have accomplished all that he desired. He remembered the home from which he had taken her, the loving atmosphere which had surrounded her, the doting fondness which never saw fault or blame in her; and as his roused conscience brought before the man scene after scene in which he had been unkind, or overbearing, or too little thoughtful of his wife's happiness, too little indulgent of her wishes, the heart of Robert Grover smote him, and then it yearned toward his wife as it had not yearned for years, and he solemnly resolved, with the help of God, that his future should not be like his past, that he would do what he could, by gentleness and forbearance, to win back something of the old, lost tenderness, and make their married life somewhat of all their betrothal had promised. He would even acknowledge the wrong which he had done, though it cost him something of a struggle to resolve on this, and would try and see if he could not prevail upon Mary to join him in his purpose.

"I'll find her one of the prettiest dresses in Philadelphia, let it cost what it may!" murmured Robert Grover to himself. And the wind which beat at the window did not make that sudden dampness in his eyes!

"Well, everything 's done now!" exclaimed Mrs. Grover to herself, as she entered her parlor, and sat down in a crimson velvet chair, and looked up the long vista of the luxurious room. And as she sat there a strange feeling of soberness and dread came over her. She had been in a state of inward excitability, though she had controlled herself well, during the last several hours.

She had packed her trunks so quietly that neither the cook nor the chambermaid suspected her intended departure, and she had written with a hand which did not falter, her last letter to her husband, explaining, but without any passionate reproaches, the causes of her departure from his roof, and her conviction, founded on the unhappy experience of the past three years, that a separation was the only course which would insure the peace of either, and that she was promoting his happiness as much as her own in leaving him.

And now there was nothing more for Mrs. Grover to do, except to await the arrival of her brother. She had now no excitement, no outward activity to sustain her; she would only sit still, and look straight in the face all the meaning and significance of the step she was about to take. Her gaze wandered, with a little touch of regret, about her parlor, as she remembered that in another hour she would be its mistress no longer.

Everything there had a familiar look, and she had taken pride and pleasure in the selection of every piece of furniture. Then she began to wonder what her husband's feelings would be on entering the house and finding her absent, and with what sort of emotions he would read the letter on the dressing-table which would explain all. Would anger or regret predominate in his heart? She was very certain that the possibility of her taking such a step as the one she was resolved on had never occurred to him, although each had sometimes threatened to leave the other in moments of passion. And Mrs. Grover wondered what course her husband would take in the matter. Would he seek to win her back? If he should come to her, and acknowledge all the great wrong he had done to her, and promise that the future should atone for the past, and she should find, after all, that he really *did* love her, perhaps, she could not tell, she might be prevailed on to return to him. But it was not likely that Robert Grover, with all his pride, would do anything of that kind. Probably he would come home to his lonely dinner with just as good an appetite as ever, and she did not believe that the absence of a face which had sat so long at the head of his table would seriously impair his relish for his coffee and his roast beef. In a little while, too, he would doubtless forget her; and after obtaining a divorce for desertion, he would find some other woman, whose charms and graces—But here Mary Grover sprang suddenly to her feet and put out her hands as though she would avert some blow. She could not understand that sharp pain which pierced her heart; but her thoughts instinctively turned away from the path which they were pursuing.

Mrs. Grover had deceived herself with those specious sophistries of the heart which always blind our moral vision. She really believed that she was doing right in thus leaving her husband, and she had no doubt but that he was entirely responsible for all the sorrow and disappointment of their married life, and that to a husband who had been all that her heart craved she would have been the most loving and devoted of wives, going for his sake to prison or to death. Still, as she walked up and down her room, for she did not resume her seat again, her memory crept over the last three years, and for the first time she could recall an occasional instance of passion or petulance on her part of which her conscience would not quite acquit her. She had to admit before that tribunal that she had not always been as forbearing or as thoughtful as was possible; but then Robert had such a stinging, aggravating way of talking that nobody but a saint or an angel could stand it. And yet who *could* have believed the married life to which she looked forward three years ago with such hope and faith would have ended like this! How fair and sweet on the vines of the future blossomed the days of her life, beautiful with youth, fragrant with tenderness! Alas! alas! for the withered flowers, for the blasted fruits! Alas! alas! for all the hope and joy of Mary Grover's life!

"Oh, if Robert Grover had only been a different man, a better husband, it need never have come to this!" She put her hands up to her eyes, for the tears that blinded them were wrung from her heart, and she could not see, walking up and down her parlor. She dashed the drops aside and sat down, for she was trembling in every limb. She had heard the front door open; her brother had come earlier or the hours had gone faster than she expected. He enters the sitting-room, returns in a moment, crosses the hall; the door opens, and Robert Grover stands in the parlor!

Mrs. Grover grew very white, a little half-smothered exclamation broke from her lips.

"Are you so surprised to see me, Mary?" asked the young man, as he approached his wife. "What makes you look so pale?"

"I don't know, Robert," stammered the agitated woman.

The merchant sat down by the side of his wife, and looked at her fair face with a new tenderness in his eyes. "The truth is, Mary, I got troubled about you, and took the morning train for that very reason."

"What does it mean?" asked Mary Grover, lifting her hand to her forehead, and making this inquiry more of herself than of her husband, for the woman was half bewildered.

He could not suspect half the ground that this question covered; but, interpreting it according to his own knowledge, he supposed that Mary was astonished at the unusual tenderness in his manner; and, slipping his arm about her waist, he said: "It means, Mary, that I've been thinking many wise and tender thoughts of you since I've been away, and"—there was a little pause and a little struggle, for it cost the spirit of Robert Grover something to say it, but he did—"I've felt that I was harsh and unjust the morning before I left. I was bothered with my business, and didn't know what I was saying. But, Mary, I've made a solemn resolution that I will try to be to you somewhat of all that I promised more than three years ago. I mean to be gentle, more tender, forbearing for your sake; and for mine will you not try, my little wife, to be better to me, more forgetful of my faults, less irritating to my temper, and won't *this* tempt you a little?" He took up a small roll on one side of him, tore open a corner of it, and tossed it into Mary's lap. The torn wrapper discovered an exquisite brocade, the dark green groundwork scattered with crimson buds.

Mary Grover glanced at it; then she covered her face with her hands, and a great storm of sobs shook her soul to its centre. Robert Grover was greatly moved; he knew those tears were not tears of passion or pride, but that they flowed sweet and fresh from a fountain which had long been sealed in the heart of his wife.

He drew her to his heart, he soothed her with broken words and tender caresses, and when the sobs grew loud at last, he told of all that had been in his heart and thoughts since he left her. At last Mary lifted her lips softly to his cheek, and he knew that the kiss which she left there was the seal of a new and better covenant betwixt her and her husband. Just then the front door opened sharply, rapid feet hurried through the hall, and a loud voice summoned Mary.

"Why, that's your brother George. I didn't know that he was in town!" exclaimed Robert Grover.

Before Mary could answer, her brother had opened the parlor door. No wonder that he stood still, his face revealing nothing of his thoughts, except their utter amazement, as he stood still, looking on the two who sat there.

Robert Grover rose and gave his hand to his

brother-in-law warmly. "George, old fellow, I'm glad to see you. Walk in."

George responded with his hand, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, for his eyes were fastened on his sister. "I haven't but ten minutes to stay, for I must take the next train north. Mary, I want to see you a moment."

"Oh, I'll leave, George. I want to get on a dressing-gown," added Robert Grover, good-naturedly, for he was too much engrossed with his own feelings to detect any peculiarity in his brother-in-law's manner, and merely supposed that he had some private matter of his own to communicate to his sister.

"Now, Mary, I should like to know what all this means!" exclaimed George Humphreys, turning upon his sister as soon as the door closed. "Are you going off as you agreed with me?"

"No, George; I've seen things in a different light."

"A pretty affair this is. I never knew the woman yet who held to the same opinion twenty-four hours."

Now, George Humphreys was greatly mistaken here; but men have a singular habit of attributing to the whole of our sex the faults which belong to the particular ones with whom they occupy intimate relations.

And then Mary Grover told her astonished, half skeptical brother of much which had transpired in her interview with her husband, and, taking part of the blame to herself, affirmed her determination to be a better woman and wife in the future.

"It looks odd enough all round," was the young man's comment on her conclusion. "In short, it's beyond my depth; but if you're satisfied, I s'pose I ought to be. Anyhow, it's time for me to be off, and it seems that I must go without your company."

"Dear George"—and Mary put her soft arms about her brother's neck, and kissed him. "You will say good-by to Robert first."

The kiss was warmly returned, and the request complied with. The two young men parted cordially, although George Humphreys *did* mutter to himself as he brushed down the steps: "I wonder if that's always the way with married folks, quarrel and make up after this fashion! When Ellen—bless her heart!—belongs to me, we'll have a different life, I'll warrant."

Mary Grover hurried up stairs, with a fear at her heart that her husband might have discovered the letter on the table. But she found it lying there still unopened, and with a little cry of joy she grasped it, and the next moment it flashed a red torch upon her eyes and dropped its glowing flakes among the red coals in the grate.

That night Mary Grover resolved that she would not be outdone in generous confession and acknowledgment by her husband; and so, sitting down on an ottoman at his feet, and leaning her cheek in the old, caressing way on his knee, she told him of the purpose to leave him which had taken possession of her, and whose consummation was only prevented by his return. She did not stop here; she acknowledged, with tears of shame and sorrow, her own share in all the wrong of the past, and her resolve to be in future the loyal and the loving wife which her marriage vows implied.

And Robert Grover drew his young wife to his heart, and the fond kiss on her lips was the seal of his forgiveness. And kneeling down for the first time together, they prayed for help and strength to enter on their new life with hearts taught by the past, and that each might learn the habit and the joy of self-sacrifice for the sake of the other, and they rose up together better man and woman. And a new life grew afterward, not without many struggles and prayers, not without much weakness, and temptation, and failure, as all human growth and good must; but the true purpose was never lost sight of, the wrong was always acknowledged and repented of, and the blossoms, strung like thick pearls on the vines, promise sweet and fragrant clusters for the coming years of the life of Mary and Robert Grover.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION.—We do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times we have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, we must confess, we have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absorbed.

THE ANDALUSIAN'S LOVE.

BY G. W. L. BICKLEY.

My gentle love, though girlhood's peach-like bloom,
Perchance, is passing from thy cheek away;
And though the radiance that erst did illume
That eye be tempered with a milder ray,
And though no more youth's airy visions play
Around the heart and flutter through the brain,
Still thou art worthy of the poet's lay:
Still shall my spirit breathe the lover's strain,
And, if approved by thee, not breathed perhaps in vain.

E'en as the painter's or the sculptor's eye
Dwells on some matchless vision, which combines
All that they deem of beauty, ere they try,
By inspiration's art, to catch the lines
To deck earth's highest and her holiest shrines:
So did I oft my boyhood's heart beguile
With one fair image—and the glowing mines
Of art would have been freely given, the while,
To bid that being live to glad me with her smile.

But when in maiden loveliness you came,
Giving reality to all the fair
And graceful charms that, blest with woman's name,
Had seemed too rich for earthly forms to wear,
Yet stood beside me in the twilight here:
Then came the agony to artists known,
The dread that visions so surpassing rare,
May fade away and ne'er become their own,
And leave their hearts to mourn all desolate and lone.

Thou art the guiding star whose living beam
Flashed o'er youth's troubled thoughts and vague desires;
Something of thee 'twas blent with every dream
That fed ambition's fierce but smothered fires:
The gentle fancies poesy inspires—
The hopes and fears of manhood's early dawn,
That lend their witchery to youthful lyres,
Tune of thy guileless fascinations born,
And threw their spells around the fount whence they were drawn.

If in my youthful breast one thought arose,
That had a trace of heaven, it caught its hue
From the instinctive virtue that o'erflows
Each word and act of thine—and if I threw
Aside those base desires that sometimes drew
My spirits down to earth's unhallowed bowers,
'Twas when I met, or heard, or thought of you,
Or read beside you in those evening hours,
Beneath the boughs that branched wide o'er your island flowers.

Thou canst remember; canst thou e'er forget,
While life remains, that pleasant summer night
When from the thousand stars, in azure set,
Streamed forth a flood of soft, subduing light?
And o'er our heads in heaven's topmost height,
The moon sailed proudly like a very queen,
Claiming all earthly worship as her right,
And hallowing by her power the peaceful scene
Spread out beneath her smile so tranquil and serene.

Then as you wandered, trembling, by my side,
Gushed forth the treasured tenderness of years;
And your young ear drank in the impetuous tide
Of early passion—boyhood's hopes and fears,
Affirmed with all the energy of tears:
And then love wove around our hearts a chain,
Which every passing moment more endears,
Mingling our souls as streams that seek the plain,
Through wastes and flowers to pass but ne'er to part again.

Years have gone by since then, and I have seen
Thy budding virtues blossom and expand;
Still, side by side, amidst life's cares we 've been,
And o'er its verdant spots roved hand in hand;
And I have marked that easy self command,
That every thought and movement still pervades:
The generous nature and the liberal hand—
The glance that gladdens me, but ne'er upbraids,
And the confiding soul whose faith faints not nor fades.

Like to the young bard's harp, whose magic tones
Delight yet startle, when he strikes the strings,
And stirs the soul with rapture all its own,
As an unpractised hand he o'er it flings,
Thy heart was once to me. But now its springs
Of deepest feeling I have known so long,
Its treasured stores of rich and holy things,
Its sweetest chords round which soft accents throng,
That life becomes to me one all-inspiring song.

Nor think, my love, that time can ever steal
Its sweetness from me. Years may wander by,
And in their course the fiery blood congeal
And dim the lustre of that hazel eye,
But even then, with proud idolatry,
On that pale cheek and wasted form I 'll gaze
And wander backward to those scenes where I
Bent o'er them first in youth's primeval days,
While memory all her hoarded thought displays.

The lovely beach on which we often roved,
And watched the moonbeams dancing on the sea—
The ancient trees, whose grateful shade we loved,
The grassy mound where I have sat by thee,
The simple strains you warbled wild and free,
The tales I loved to read and you to hear,
With every glance of thine so linked shall be,
That every passing day and circling year
Shall to my faithful heart my early love endear.

I 'll paint you as you bloomed in that sweet hour
When friendly faces beam'd on every side,
And drooping like a pensive, lovely flower,
'Fore God and man I claimed you as my bride;
Or as you now, with all a mother's pride,
Fold to your beating breast our darling child;
And thus, though years beneath our steps may glide,
In fancy still by mem'ry's power beguiled,
I 'll whisper, thus she looked, and thus in youth she smiled!

True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while false taste is forever sighing after the new and rare, and reminds us, in her works, of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

In the morning ask thyself what thou hast to do, and in the evening ask thyself what thou hast done.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

I 'D fit clear of the widow, only to get out of the frying-pan into the fire; for I 'll put it to anybody who 's ever been in that fix if it isn't wuss to be dead in love with somebody that don't care a fig for you, than to have somebody dead in love with you that you don't care a fig for.

It was Saturday night that I came so near putting myself out as well as the gas; the next forenoon I went to church with my landlady, and in the afternoon Mister Jones advised me to take a walk up and down Fifth Avenue and see the city chaps doing it up brown a-showing themselves off before them plate-glass windows, with the girls behind the curtains admirin 'em. It was a good idea, and I consented. "I 'll be your cicerone," said he. "Sissy who?" I asked, not makin' out what he said. "Your chaperon, Mr. Beanpole," he replied. "What chap along?" I asked, again, a little puzzled. "I 'll go with you and show you the street and the people." "Obliged to you," says I; "come along, my friend; you 'd better calculate I 'll see what 's to be seen without any help, after we get there, but I 'll be tickled with your company." So we started out, and after walking a pretty smart ways we come into the Avenue.

Jemi-ma! did you ever see a string of ganders walking along beside a mill-pond and turnin' their heads to see their own beautiful necks in the water? Wall, they just reminded me of that, only these geese was a looking to see if they was looked at. I begun to whistle; I 'd whistled a hull verse of Yankee Doodle before I remembered it was Sunday, when I shut off sudden; but as my feelings overpowered me I was obliged to give vent to 'em, or burst, so I changed the tune to Old Hundred, and kept up a soft kind of whistle that acted as a safety-valve to my excited emotions.

"'Low, my lute, breathe low,'" remarked Mister Jones. "Now if you could find a good piece of pine and go to whittlin', you 'd be all right; you 'd astonish the natives almost as much as they astonish you. Whistlin' and whittlin' are favorite amusements in the country, are they not, Mr. Beanpole?"

"Wall, yes," said I; "air 's plenty and timber 's cheap; and then there 's somethin' excitin' about swappin' jack-knives. You see we hav'n't any billiard-saloons to do our genteel gamblin' in, nor no nice place to walk up and down like a flock of peacocks a-spreading our fine feathers for the wimmen-folks to admire, so we do *rayther* depend on them two for greasing the wheels of time."

He hemmed as if there was somethin' in his throat; he 'd been out ruther late the night before, for which I oughter be thankful, as it was the means of saving me to Kitty and further usefulness in the spear of my ambition as storekeeper. Just then a couple of young fellows, got up in the highest style of the art, passed by, arm in arm; they bowed and smiled very deep—they were my acquaintances at the St. Nicholas who took me to the Opera.

"Do you know them?" asked Mr. Jones, rather surprised.

"Partikler friends of mine," says I, carelessly.

He said somethin' else, but what it was I 've no more idea, nor never had, than the man in the moon; I had stopped stun still and was starin' into a window. One of the hired girls had just opened the inside shutter, and a young lady had stepped up and looked out a minit; it was only a minit, for I expect my stoppin' made her back out again; but that minit was sufficient to change the current of Bijah Beanpole's feelings as slick as if they 'd been dammed by a tree fallin' into 'em—kersouse! I 'd always had the name of being too susceptible, which was one of the things Kitty threw in my face whenever she and I quarrelled; though goodness knows I was in right down sober earnest when I made love to her; and if anybody had said I 'd ever been led away by any other woman's pretty face I 'd a fit him till he took it back. But then I hadn't seen the lovely apparition which beamed upon me between them expensive lace-curtains like a—like a chanticleer through the gauzy stuff they put over it in summer to protect it from flies.

I was struck all of a heap. Kitty couldn't any more hold a candle to her than a hollyhock could to a rose. I don't know whether it was her looks, or her clothes, or her motions, or the whole "*two tongs sample*," as Mister Jones called it in French, which did up the job so completely—it matters not—it was done! I had seen her, and there I stood as if I 'd stepped on shumaker's wax and stuck.

"What 's the matter?" says Mister Jones. "Did you see her?" says I. "See who?" "In that window—that—that being!" "I saw a very pretty young lady," says he, "and the best of it is, I know her." "Do you?" I cried, catchin' hold of his hand and wringin' it till he nigh about hollered; "I 'd give pretty much all I 'm worth to be introduced to her." "Oh, that 's a different matter, Mr. Beanpole; I don't know her myself very well, and I wouldn't presume to introduce strangers. When her father was a dentist down on our street he used to fix my teeth for me; but since he 's gone into the wholesale gold leaf and plate, etc., business, and moved on to the Avenue, I hav'n't kept up the acquaintance very strict. However, she hasn't quite cut her old friends; I 've a card in my pocket this moment inviting me to a regular crush there next Tuesday evening."

"It would be the makin' of me to home, to go to a real Fifth Avenue party, and see how they do things up. I should be a lion all the rest of my life," said I, despondingly.

"A lyin' all the rest of your life! I shouldn't wonder! you 've a nack of telling big stories," laughed Mister Jones, pushin' me along, for folks was beginning to stare at us.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Nuthin," said he.

"I 'm glad of it," said I.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Beanpole," he began, after we 'd passed on a little ways; "I 'd really like to gratify your curiosity if it lay in my power to do so. I 'll call on the lady this evening, tell her all about you—that you are the tallest Beanpole in your vicinity, good family, the real limas, you know, and all that; perhaps she 'll give me permission to bring you along to the party."

"You 'll lay me under an obligation as big as a load of hay," replied I, so eager, that he laughed again, and said he shouldn't care to do that, as I might be smothered by the size and weight of my gratitude.

So we went on up the street, lookin' at the long rows of brown-stun buildings, where the people that get rich quick in New York city begin their experience in high life. Jones told me the names and former business of a good many of 'em; but I was so taken up with the thought of the beautiful being I had seen, and wondering if I should actually get an invitation to her party, that I hadn't eyes or ears that amounted to much. We continued on till we come to a beautiful green hill, with flowers all around it, and over the sides, and shut in by a stun wall. I knew Nature never manufactured that hill, as her doin's are commonly of the irregular kind, and this was squared off like a floor. I stopped to look at it, when Mister Jones told me it wasn't a hill, it was a big tub full of water. After a while I found out he meant it was the Croton Reservoir. I wanted to go up and take a peek inside, but they don't allow visitors on Sunday. All to once he asked me if I 'd been to Central Park; I hadn't been, and I wanted to go; so he said we was so far up town, and had just about time to make the trip 'fore dark, he 'd go along; so we struck down a street till we come to a car, which was just as jammed as the people could stand without being squeezed to death. I thought of my best suit, and was dreadful uneasy about my hat; but, as Jones said, "I must see the most wonderful and magnificent combination of Nature and Art on this continent," I mus'n't mind my hat. When we got there he asked me if I 'd have a carriage. "What 'll the shot be?" I inquired. "A dollar for the rounds." "Whew!" said I, "that 's rather steep jest for a little ride. I don't mind walking, if you don't. I need exercise." "Wall," said he, "I think we took *some* exercise going from Bleeker to Croton Reservoir. Jump in, Mr. Beanpole; seein' I 've took you out, I 'll do the polite." We got into a real handsome carriage, with two horses, and a driver stuck up in a high seat, and started around the Park. I felt as proud as a hen with her first chickens, to be riding 'round in that style with my new suit on, and an easy, nice chap like Mister Jones for company. It was an epigram in my life. But as to they 're great Park they talk so much about, I was disappointed. We shouldn't think no great punkins of it out around Beanville. We 've got lots bigger trees, and more of 'em, and a mill pond that beats their lake all holler; and as for their Hamburg swans, I didn't see as they looked much different from Beanville geese. "If it was a little later in the season things would look better—the grass isn't fairly up yet," said Mister Jones. I told him I could see plenty of grass to home, it wouldn't be any treat to me; and he said "he presumed not; but something downright green was a great treat to city folks, whether it was grass, pease, or"— "Beans," I put in, "or Beanpoles, which is connected with 'em. Just so, sir."

There was one thing about the Park I admired, which was the bridges; every place where there was the least excuse, if it wasn't any more than a holler spot, they had an ele-

gant bridge; though even in this they had to flat out in places; I saw several small ones designed for foot passengers, made out of rough saplings and sticks with the bark on—real cheap affairs like that hum-made concern over the brook onto our own farm. "I think them bridges decidedly cheap; we 've got as good to home," said I. "Wall, yes, they are rather rustic," says he, "but they 'll do for variety."

I was more took up with the people than the Park. There was hundreds of folks walking about, and a good many driving. I was told that I shouldn't see so many fashionable carriages as if it had been week-day; but I 'd see some of the fast horses and men. And I did. I never see such driving and such teems—waggons that seemed made of spider-webs for wheels, and horses that made a fellar's blood tingle to look at. It took the starch out of me about my two thousand dollars capital considerable, when Jones would say so coolly, "There goes an eight thousand dollar turn-out! Look at that bay horse, Beanpole, his owner gave fifty-five hundred for him, and was glad to get him for that." If pa could see the way they threw away money in this city he 'd think the day of judgment wasn't very far off. And if ma could see the women! silk dresses on every afternoon, and fixins to match; a-spending their time running round to the stores and overhaulin' drygoods, she 'd be dreadfully troubled in her mind. I wasn't troubled with them kind of reflections at that time, howsomever; I was as much took up with everything I saw as a young man of twenty-one would be likely to be; in fact, I was jest about that minit altogether the biggest fool that could have been found, if the police had searched the city.

When we got back in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue, Mr. Jones got out of the cars and left me to go home alone, as he was going to call upon Miss Goldplate to see what could be done for my case. I found my way to my boarding-house and walked my room till he come back; I didn't anymore think of Kitty then, as if it wasn't sparking-time Sunday evening, and I hadn't written her that letter the night before. Pretty soon Mister Jones came in and up to my room.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Beanpole, upon an invitation to accompany me next Tuesday evening. Miss Goldplate says she 'll be delighted to see you; she 's sure you must be very amusing and instructive, and as I assured her you belonged to the cream of the best country milk, she isn't afraid to let you in, for the first and only occasion, to the magic circle of the F. A's."

I needn't dwell on my feelings the next two days; I eat so little my kind-hearted landlady wanted to know if I was homesick. "It 's quite another kind of sick," answered Jones, while I blushed and dropped my fork, "it 's love-sick. He 's smitten with one of our belles on the Avenue. I 'm going to take him to her house to-night, when, if the flame should prove mutual, our friend's prospects will be more brilliant even than when the widow offered him her hand and fortune."

Everybody tittered, and I knocked over a glass of water, trying to look unconcerned. S'posing the "flame should prove mutual," whose business was it? Girls had fell in love with wuss lookin' and actin' fellers than me; my morals were good, my eyes were blue, I 'd a sweet voice for singin', my family was respectable, I 'd a handsome nose, and white teeth.

Wall, I came down to tea all ready to start for the party, as it was six o'clock when we had supper, and I s'posed seven would be about the right thing. I noticed Jones hadn't dressed yet. After supper he said he was going down town to the hair-dresser's, and to attend to some matters, but he 'd be back by nine o'clock, when he 'd come up to my room and see if I was all right. So there I sot till I was tired and sleepy enough to go to bed, and getting as fidgety as corn in a hot hopper, with thinking for three hours about being introduced to that lovely being. Jones came in at last, looking very neat and quiet; he made me get up and turn round and round, while he put on a full head of gas to criticize me by.

"Those boots will be in your way, I 'm afraid," said he. "You must look out for the trains of the ladies; it puts the darlings out of temper to put your feet through their beautiful robes. White Marseilles vest! Shocking! I ought to have told you to get a lilac silk waistcoat, and gloves to match. Where 's your gloves? White silk! that 'll never do. We 'll stop at a shop I know on our way, and get a pair of laylock kids."

"Better get white, and then they'll do for my wedding too."

"Now, how about your handkerchief? Let 's 'tend to that, Beanpole." I pulled it out of my coat-tail behind, and showed it to him; I thought for a short time that he was going to faint. But he didn't. After he came to a little he said: "Leave your bandanner to home, my friend. I 'll lend you a handkerchief." He

went into his own room, and brought me a linen lawn thing about as large as a lady's. Then he began to sniff, and ask me what smelt so confounded strong. I told him I didn't smell nothing bad; I'd been eating winter-green essence to sweeten my breath.

We got in a 'bus, and rode most to the place, then we got out and walked to the house. My heart beat sort of unstiddy when I saw the women getting out of their carriages, and such fine gentlemen helping 'em out, and so much gaslight; but as I've said, I'm not naturally backwards, so I picked up all my courage, and got my pleasantest smile on my face while Jones was ringing the bell. The door swung open as soon as he touched the bell-knob, and a very good-looking gentleman, all dressed up, with white gloves on, stood there bowing. I s'posed of course 'twas the head of the family, so I shook him by the hand very friendly, thinking 'twas curious he should be embarrassed instid of me. "First door to the left, up stairs," was all he said, and we passed along up to a dressing-room, where a hull lot of fellers were admiring themselves in the glasses, putting on their gloves, teching up their whiskers, etc."

"Was that her father?" I whispered to my friend, anxious to be making out the family I was so interested in.

"Not exactly," said he, his face red with laughing with his handkerchief in his mouth. "You'll get along first-rate, only don't shake hands with the waiter next time. Are you ready to go down?"

"So far as I know," said I, getting very warm and nervous.

What happened during the next three minutes I can't say. I never came to myself till Miss Goldplate's smile fell on me like sunshine on a milk-pan set out to scald, and I found myself trying to bow like Jones.

"I'm pretty well, I thank you. How are you?" I said, without the least idea of what she'd been saying; and as for her father, who was standing beside of her, he pretended not to see my hand when I held it out, and was very stiff indeed. I made up my mind he'd eat a pound of starch that afternoon. I stepped on six ladies' dresses and two fat gentlemen's toes while Jones was getting me to a safe place. The rooms were chuck full, and the women took up so much space the only way a man had any chance at all was to wriggle and twist about as oily and slippery as an eel. I guess Jones was gettin' tired of his joke of takin' his elephant to see the lions, for he'd no sooner got me a standin'-up place in a corner than he made off and left me, and I saw him playing smash amongst some mighty pretty girls. I didn't care. I was standing where I could see the crowd first-rate, and keep a constant view of the lovely being who had made me false to Kitty. Her hair was as soft and smooth as black satin, her skin looked as if the sun or wind had never teched it (Kitty always freckled a *leetle* in the spring of the year), her neck and arms were like a baby's, and her little hands looked as if playing the piano was too hard work for 'em. She wore a pink silk frock, with another one over, made of some kind of thin stuff. She received all them stylish people so quiet and easy as if it didn't fluster her the least bit in the world, bowing as graceful as a lily on a windy day, and speaking as soft as a bird in a rose-bush. You wouldn't wonder 'Bijah Beanpole was mortally wounded in the heart, if you'd a-been acquainted with her. By and by, when the company had got done streaming in, she came across and spoke to me a hull lot of pleasant things, till I felt quite to home. Of course I got deader and deader in love every word she said. Pretty soon I heard music that made my toes tingle, and she asked me if I didn't want to go in the dancin'-saloon. She took my arm—that little hand actually rested on my coat sleeve!—and we went into another big room that run across the foot of the hall, where the gayest part of the crowd was, and there she introduced me to a black-eyed, sassy little minx, as pretty and pert as she could be. Of course I wanted to ask her to dance, but I didn't know a step of the danged figure they was dancing, nor a note of the music.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Beanpole, don't you dance?" she said, when the first set was over and still I didn't ask her.

"I reckon I *do*, miss, when I know what's up. It's my favorite amusement. But I don't know your new city fandangoes."

"What could you dance?" she asked, with a sparkling smile. "Maybe we could get up a country dance"—and the little flirt went off to the fiddlers, and asked 'em something, and come back laughing, and said next time we'd have a chance.

Sure enough! They played "Moneymusk," she and I took our places to the head, a few other couples, smiling and whispering, took theirs, and we begun. If there's anything I can do and do well, besides singin' in choir, it's to dance "Moneymusk;" and I meant to show them city chaps we country fellers could do something. I put in my tallest licks, 'specially

in balancing to my pardner and down the middle. We had the hull party to look at us before we got through. My pardner did first-rate, though not quite so spirited as Kitty would have been; and I don't believe Jones or any of his tribe ever made a gracefuller bow than I did when the music stopped and I led her to a seat. When Jones saw how much credit I 'd done myself, he came round again, and took me down stairs to supper.

"You astonished the F. A.'s," said he, in a whisper.

"I calkilated to," said I, with considerable pride.

Wall, the supper was some, the chayna and the silver most put my eyes out, and the eatables—wall, I thought the St. Nicholas couldn't be bet, but this was better. I guess some of the dishes was fried hummin'-birds and stewed roses. There was plenty of solid fare too; and as I had got hungry doing up "Moneymusk," I tore my attention away from the waiters, and the table, and the handsome women long enough to dispose of a plateful of some kind of chicken fixin', and a dozen pickled oysters, and a few biscuits, which I could do without being embarrassed, for I was crowded into a tight place where nobody noticed me, where I had a good chance to help myself. Mister Jones kept clus by. Pretty soon he asked me if I wouldn't have somethin' to drink. I told him I 'd take a cup of coffee, but I was a teetotaler, and never touched any kind of intoxicating beverage. "Pshaw!" says he, "don't you drink cider?" Now, I *did* take cider sometimes to home; pa thinks it 's healthy, and always allows its use; and as I was dreadful thirsty, I said I *would* thank him for a little of that liquid to wash down them oysters and ham. He brought me himself a large tumbler full of cider. It was extra nice, and I drunk it all. "Take another," says he; "it won't hurt you a particle to drink a pitcherful of that mild cider. Don't be bashful; there 's plenty of it." Wall, I took another; I was warm, and dreadful dry. I guess I drank nigh onto a quart before we went out of the dinin'-room. I 'd often done it to home, and didn't think anything in partic'lar about it. I hadn't much more 'n got back in the parlor before the gaslights in the chanticleer begun to dance ruther funny, and the people all seemed to be gitting ruther dizzy and confused. I felt like settin' down, being a little dizzy myself. Miss Goldplate was standin' a little ways from the sofa where I was, and I got a-looking at her, and wondering what made her act so. All of a sudden she 'd go way up to the ceiling; then she 'd dodge this way, and then t'other, in the most curious manner. All at oncest she began to bow to me and then to fall over. I sprang up and caught her in my arms; but something in the floor tripped me, and we both came down together. She was on her feet in half a second; but I couldn't git up for some time; somebody had to help me.

"I don't wonder you fell, Miss Goldplate," I said; "it 's the danged floor, I 'm sure. It threw me, too. It 's pitchin' about like a ship in a storm. What 's the matter with it?"

"The matter is with you; you 're a little out of your head. Here, Brown, help this gentleman up stairs." Mr. Goldplate, trying to look as haughty as a king, but bobbing around like anything, took hold of my arm and helped me out of the room.

I believe me and Jones had a stupid ride home; but I don't remember the partic'lars. I waked up late the next mornin', with the headache severely. I was very much troubled in my mind. Pretty soon my friend knocked and came in.

"What 's wrong?" said I, setting up in bed, and rubbing my head.

"Wall," said he, "I s'pose the fact is that cider you drank was champagne, and not being used to it, it upsot you."

When it crawled through my hair all that I must have done to make myself ridiculous, and that I was ruined forever in the estimation of that beautiful bein', I give a groan of despair. But the next minit I was mad as a hop-toad; my sorrow turned to wrath; I jumped out of bed, and if Mr. Jones didn't get a thrashin' that prevented his ever playin' any more tricks on greenhorns, I 'll lose my guess. I was about twice his size, and wa'n't troubled jest then with tight clothes, and I give him what he deserved. He hollered for help so 's all the women folks gathered about the door. I licked him till he begged my pardon and said we was even, and then I quit.

I wasn't sorry to receive notice that very day to appear in court and testify against the chap with the diamond ring. His lawyer tried to pester me into making a fool of myself; but I got the laugh on him, and had the satisfaction of knowing that his client would probably receive his reward for a long series of such kind services as he 'd been doing me and others free gratis for nothin'!

If ever there was a homesick chap glad to pack his trunk and bid the little village of New York good-by, it was me. My goods was all

on their way, and I 'd nothin' to do but go home and receive 'em. I got back safe, just about teatime one evenin', and pa and ma cried for joy. They 'd seen about my losing my money in the papers, but hadn't seen about my getting it back, nor received my letter telling them about it. Pa was tryin' to borrow money to go to York to see what had happened to me. There was a load off their minds when they heard the truth. They said the whole neighborhood was excited about it, and had been to see them about it.

As soon as it was dark I set out to surprise Kitty. Ma said she 'd been very much cast down; so to comfort her still more I took along the presents I 'd bought her; and a good lot of them there was—a breastpin, a gold pencil, two dresses, enough ribbon to trim a bonnet, a pound of candy, and several trifles. I wore my York hat and suit of clothes, jest to show 'em to her. My heart came up in my mouth when I saw the well-known candle shinin' out of the sittin'-room winder. I 'd forgot all about Miss Goldplate; my mind was sot on stealin' unbeknown into Kitty's presence. I 'd dreamed it all over; how I 'd stop her scream of surprise by smotherin' those poutin' lips with kisses. I went softly up the walk, onto the steps, and opened the door, and went in. There sot Miss Kitty Caraway on the settee, and by her side sot Reuben Loomis, with his arm about her waist! When she saw 'twas me she jumped, and looked kind of scart.

"You needn't look so mad," said Reub, coolly. "Kitty 's thought better of it, and concluded to take me."

"O 'Bijah," stammered Kitty. "I heard you lost all your money, and I knew of course you couldn't keep store or afford to get married. So I—I—"

"Yes, ma'am," said I, "exactly; it 's all right;" and I turned round, with my bundle of presents under my arm, and marched back to mother's.

I took pains she should hear of what was in that bundle. I expect she cried her eyes out when she found I could "afford to keep store," but I never give her a chance to change her mind again. I 've got my sign up, and my store a-going now; business promises fair, and when I git time to pay a little 'tention to the girls, I reckon I sha'n't have no trouble in findin' one that 's willing to take a parduership with 'Bijah Beanpole.

MIND unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

ONLY ONCE AND NEVER ONCE.

BY J. P.

"ONLY once," the tempter said,
With smiling lip;
Tempted thus the young man took
The fatal sip.
And time passed on, hist, gently tread,
Death guards this night the drunkard's bed.

"Only once," the tempter said,
With winning voice;
Seizing the box the young man threw
The rattling dice.
And time passed on; what can earth have
More sad than his—a gambler's grave?

"Never once," the young man said,
And rising up,
Wavering not, he pushed aside
The sparkling cup.
And time passed on; no nobler fame
Has earth than his—an honored name.

"Never once," the youth exclaimed,
And turned away;
Others filled his place and joined
The exciting play.
And time passed on; how lived that boy?
A father's pride, a mother's joy.

SONNETS.

BY KRUNA.

"A little child shall lead them."

I.

THE latest touch—the chisel's farewell stroke,
And then, half filled with doubt, half flushed with joy,
Danneker stood. What is there to annoy?
"The finished Christ!" "'Tis perfect," quickly broke
From lips of connoisseurs, whose praises woke
No answering response—weak to destroy
Perplexing thoughts that hastened to employ
The keen-eyed sculptor—not a word he spoke—
Scanning in silence, o'er the doubt he smiled,
Still questioning why *his* soul was not content.
One day into his study came a child—
The artist to his prattle kindly lent
A willing ear, and his own care beguiled
As before many a statue both were bent.

II.

"What thinkest thou of *this?*" Danneker said,
As to the Christ the little boy he led;
"Oh, it is noble! Is it not a king?
'Tis *very* grand!" The words had touched a spring
Within the sculptor's breast—once more he caught
His chisel, and for months his soul was bent
To the strange task—nor hopelessly he wrought.
Again he brought the boy—sweet gladness blent
With childish reverence, as he bowed the knee—
"*The Saviour kind! Oh yes, 'tis He, 'tis He!*"
Danneker's soul was full—his work was done.
Let us look up, guileless as that pure child,
And by the answering look of love be won
To bow like him before the Undefiled.

COLOR—IN DRESS, FURNITURE, AND GARDENING.

VERY dark skins and very dark hair need contrasting colors. Look at Catlin's pictures of the North American Indians, and you find the red women using many white and blue ornaments, whether of paint or shell, berry or feather; and, no doubt, the result is to produce a redder tinge of copper. And, having no alternative, she has submitted to a natural law. You cannot, by any accessories of color, tone down or neutralize the red skin; and she, therefore, judiciously selects colors that add vivacity to it, by making it incline towards orange.

Were I Miss Quashee's *modiste*, or dressmaker in ordinary to some East Indian olive-skinned Begum, I should restrict her to four colors—yellow, orange, red, and white—whether for the entire dress or the ornaments only. The white should be of muslin or silk, with a dull surface; not of satin, which reflects too much white light. The dark diamond should be shrouded in a mist, as it were, of color. The yellow would be the best, if her complexion was a jet black, or had an olive tinge; the orange, if there was a bluish bloom about it; and yellow, when the black seems inclining towards the violet. We do not often see these tones in this country, but I am informed—on the authority of a lady who lived many years at Sierra Leone, and on the Gold Coast—that there is as great a variety of complexion among the black women of Africa as among the white women of Great Britain. At first sight they all appeared to her as if colored with "Day and Martin's best;" but as she saw more of them, even in her own household, she began to distinguish between black and black, so that out of a dozen black girls there would rarely be two quite alike in complexion.

The general rules of color that apply to dress (for such only can I pretend to give) apply also to the furnishing of a house. The paper, the curtains, the carpet, the sofa, and the table-cover, etc., should not "fight," but either harmonize or contrast; and I must confess I am puzzled as to which is the best rule to follow. Perhaps in boudoir and bedroom, and generally in small rooms, harmony should be the rule; in drawing and dining-room, and generally in large rooms, contrast. There must be no contrast, of course, in a library or picture-gallery. Bright colors best become a northern aspect; paler colors all the rooms which receive much sunlight. A warm tone should pervade a winter room, where the hearth is always glowing.

Our furniture-woods, usually of dark colors, as mahogany, rosewood, etc., are best set off by green, whether of wool, silk, or leather. If dark brown wood, like ebony or Irish oak, be employed, then brilliant colors, as scarlet, form the contrast. It may also be used sparingly with dark stuffs, with intense browns, and even with red, blue, green, violet, and green gray, but the effect is frequently dull, from the want of sufficient light. The pale or yellow woods that are coming more and more into fashion, particularly for pianos, are often contrasted with blue or violet stuffs; but a light stuff of a similar color is preferable. Every eye is capable of judging the beautiful harmony between crimson and mahogany, but the analogy is made still more striking if a narrow beading of yellow, or even of yellow nails, marks the line where the wood and the stuff meet. But let our choice be what it may, our care must be not to contrast mahogany with brilliant colors that take away its red, for then the wood will become as dull as oak or walnut.

The same rules apply to picture-frames. Oil pictures require gilt frames, unless the picture has much yellow in it, when the contrast "kills" the painting. Ebony, or oak, or black walnut, must never be used if there is much brown in the picture. Gilt frames are too bright for the ordinary run of water-colors, unless a strip of white, more or less wide, intervenes between the painting and the frame. Water-colors sometimes look well in close gilt frames, provided they be little more than a plain fillet, and the prevailing tone of the drawing be dark, with much brown. Lithographs and engravings require the same treatment as water-colors. The simple rule, then, is, that the frame should "bring up" the picture, and not "kill" it by its higher brilliancy. A wall, of paint or paper, in olive gray, or pearl gray, is the best possible, as its mass in some degree neutralizes the gilt frame, and so tends to set off the pictures. In very large pictures a gilt frame is almost a necessity; it is only in the case of the smaller cabinet pictures that the gold is too bright. The best way of showing a picture is one that is impracticable in ordinary rooms and galleries. It should be surrounded by neutral hangings.

be lighted by its own peculiar light—not by that in which the spectator stands—and be seen through an opening, as in a diorama. Then the work of the painter's brush becomes almost as animated as Nature itself.

Curtains, wall-papers, and carpets would require a chapter by themselves, but their prevailing color depends primarily upon the purpose and aspect of the room. No one would think of furnishing alike a bedroom, drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, library, and boudoir. In the dining-room, which is seldom seen except by artificial light, dark, rich, warm colors for curtains and wall may be employed—not too warm, for high reds have the effect of making the room feel hot and oppressive. We want colors that shall reflect the light of day, and not absorb it; besides which, red (and we may add, violet) is damaging to the complexion. Putting aside their liability to soil, the best hangings (including, of course, both wall paper and window curtains) are of yellow, light green, and light blue. Yellow does not agree well with gilding, and, therefore, gilt frames must be tabooed; but it goes well with the mahogany furniture, and is very lively. But the yellow must not verge upon orange, for it then becomes too intense, and is apt to fatigue the eye. Light green, which is so much in vogue, suits both pale and rosy skins, and combines with our mahogany furniture and gilt frames. Light blue is certainly trying to fair complexions on a bright day, but it combines well with gilding and mahogany, as also with the light woods used in ornamental furniture. In this last respect it is superior to green.

But simple colors are rarely used, and, therefore, in our selection of hangings, we should prefer those which have designs of a light tone (any kind of gray) upon a white ground, or white upon gray—the pattern surface being equal in extent to that of the ground. Small patterns never do in a large room, either in hangings or carpets. We don't want violent tones or contrasts in our hangings. Having them constantly before us, they fatigue the eye, and destroy its capability for color. If we must have brilliant and varied colors, the patterns should be large, partaking of the nature of pictures, and be visible distinctly in all their parts. We cannot hang pictures upon them—that would be as false heraldry as gold upon gold.

Borders follow the general rules, and if the hangings are of simple colors, these should be of the complementary colors, if we seek contrast. Thus, if the prevailing tone of the curtains and paper be yellow, then violet and blue are suitable, if not too intense. Chintzes require an analogous border.

As the furniture is more expensive than the hangings, these should be selected with reference to the former, and not *vice versâ;* and hence we get a rule for our borders, which should generally be of the same hue as that of the sofa or chair covering. Suppose the furniture to be of some light wood, then the wall should be blue; but blue hangings need a border whose prevailing tone is yellow; yellow, then, should be the color of the chair-covers, but not of so high a tone as to dull the wood. Should the tone be higher, we must lower it, if we want to set off the wood, by bordering the stuff with a beading of the same color as the wall.

In bedrooms we should aim at what will repose the eye; therefore the ground color of the window and bed-curtains, when they are not white, and of the chairs, should be alike, their borders or fringes harmonizing with the color or the wall. Bedroom wall-paper should be of the simplest pattern and always of some subdued or neutral tint. All strong contrasts, all violent colors are enemies to repose. White, pale blue, yellow, or green—or light grays (pearl or French gray) or else chintzes—should prevail; and the effect is best when, both for the summer as well as for the winter hangings, and chair-covers, etc., but one material is used.

The choice of a carpet depends upon many things—the size of a room, its uses, etc. A large pattern, with plenty of color, for a large room; the reverse for a small room; light colors, with small pattern, for a bedroom; dull color for a library. A pattern upon a single color is generally the safest. A mixture of green and black sets off most furniture. If this is too dull, relieve or vary it with red, scarlet, or orange, always remembering that large surfaces of these colors take off from the brightness of the mahogany. I have seen a deep blue carpet, with yellow stars, produce a grand effect in rooms where there is much gilding upon the furniture and panelling; but the same pattern, transferred to a room with plain mahogany furniture, made the wood appear dull and ugly.

The arrangement of flower-beds in a garden is comparatively a simple matter, because we can always introduce masses or lines of green of different tones to neutralize any strong contrast, or "bring up" any too close analogy. In the front of most of our suburban private houses there is usually a single round or square bed. One row or circle of blue, a second of yellow

(as the calceolaria), and a third of red dwarf geraniums, is the best and prettiest of arrangements, which may be varied by the use of dwarf variegated geraniums, etc., where the white leaf is an advantageous foil to the blue and the red. In the centre there should be some thick, leafy evergreen. Flowers which are pretty when seen alone are not always so when seen in juxtaposition. In boxes for windows or balconies, or in a conservatory where the masses of bloom are large, colors mutually complementary form an harmonious contrast, as orange or yellow with blue, and yellow with violet. It is unnecessary to point out the beautiful harmony, agreeable both to sight and scent, of the purple stock and mignonette, so common in window boxes.

White flowers accord better with any kind of red than with yellow and with violet; deep blue and deep red assort well, as do likewise orange and violet. Pink should never go near crimson or scarlet, red with orange, or violet with blue, because they are too near in scale. It is a common mistake that the green of the leaves harmonizes any discordance in the colors of the blossoms. Such is not, however, the case, unless the green is enough to insulate the rival colors completely. The arrangement of shrubs—in fact, the principles of landscape gardening—are too important to be discussed at the close of a paper like this.

Much of the discord we observe in dress and household decorations is owing to an innate defect in the organs of sight, known as color-blindness. Persons who suffer under this defect are either insensible to the different shades of the same color, or, in extreme cases, will actually match *black* with *scarlet*. This disease is analogous to the defective ear in music. Some people can never sing in tune, or tell when the voice and the instrument are in harmony or not.

One hint, in conclusion, may be useful to ladies when they go shopping. After they have been looking at silks or other fabrics which run upon one color, the eye gets fatigued, and cannot appreciate the various shades set before it. The best way to restore the "tone" of the eye is to allow it to rest for some time on green or gray, when it will be so much refreshed that the colors, which a few minutes before appeared dull, now brighten up, and are seen in their proper tint.

MY "REST."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"THANK God, I can at least find *Rest* here, if not *Forgetfulness!*"

Bridging the chasm of the past eighteen months with the span of Memory, I recall the soft May twilight when these words dropped—wearily, so wearily!—from my lips; and, sitting here, in the full sunshine of a perfected happiness, I will record the life that followed their utterance.

Mentally ill, and with but feeble physical energy, I had not found the soft gray gloom of the May twilight half so gloomy as my own thoughts as I was set down by the coach that had brought me over from the nearest railway station to Pinefields. Sick of the toiling brain-life I had left behind me—eager to escape that life and all its associations—I had come, like a bruised and weary dove, from the bustling city to the green country for its blessed balm and quiet.

The two tall, dark poplars, standing sentinel before the farm-house door—the great horse-chestnut tossing up its cone-like buff blossoms—the purple lilacs, with their narcotic odor—the delicate aroma of a cluster of white daffies blooming close by the door-step—and the hill in the rear of the farm buildings, crowned with dark firs and pines, that stood like cowled monks keeping solemn guard—all appealed to my æsthetic nature, as I took in a brief glimpse in that moment of alighting; and when kind, motherly Mrs. Marsh met me at the door, with a smile of welcome on her genial face, I seemed at once to feel at home, though I had never stood in Pinefields before.

"Step right into the west room, while I call the hired man to help the driver with your trunks, Miss Foster!" was her first greeting after she had given me a cordial shake of her warm hand; and, giving me a little push toward an open door on the right of the low-walled, broad entry, my kind boarding-mistress disappeared for a moment. In that moment sinking weariedly on the soft, chintz-covered sofa, though the room was dim with the twilight shadows, I took in its furnishing—old-fashioned, heavy, mahogany chairs and tables; a bright striped carpet; one or two ample

cushioned rocking-chairs; and a great pitcher crowded with lilac blooms on the high, wide mantel, standing between a pair of bright and massive silver candlesticks, and steeping the atmosphere with a heavy odor which I hailed as an omen of soothing peace.

"Thank God, I can at least find *Rest* here, if not *Forgetfulness!*" I said, involuntarily.

"Bless me, Miss Foster, I forgot Nephew Ellis was in here, and didn't introduce you—but there, I guess I was mistaken, after all!" and Mrs. Marsh looked into the dim corners of the room she entered hastily—"He must have gone out!" and she seemed a little relieved to find herself not guilty of a breach of politeness—and, certainly, not half so much so as myself, to know that my ejaculation had not been overheard. "But you must be tired enough with your long ride, and would like to go up to your room and get the dust off. Husband thought you wouldn't be here, maybe, till the next train; but I thought you 'd come in this, and so we kept supper waiting."

Reappearing in a moment from an apartment across the hall with a light, she led the way up the broad staircase with its sharp turns, into a large, pleasant chamber where my trunks had already been deposited. "I hope you will feel at home here, Miss Foster. I guess you 'll find everything handy"—and she added another fresh towel to the half dozen on the towel-rack. "Now, don't hurry; but after you 've got brushed up a bit come right down and have a good cup of tea. You don't look over strong, dear, and I 'm afraid you 'll find teaching too confining for you," she added, sympathizingly.

"Oh, a cup of your nice tea and a night's rest will restore me, Mrs. Marsh," I said, quite promptly; and then, as she left me, I began taking off my hat and shawl, and turned to brush my hair before the little mirror, noting first, however, with a woman's quick eye, the furnishing of my chamber. It was the room over that I had first entered which was allotted me; a large, airy, square chamber, with a breadth quite grateful to one who had been used to the pent-up quarters of a city boarding-house. In one corner stood a large, white-curtained bed; at one window, under the shadows of the horse-chestnut tree, stood invitingly an ample arm-chair, dressed in white; white linen covers were spread on the high bureau and a light-stand at the bedside, and on the snowy-draped table under the glass was a large, frilled, comfortable-looking toilet-cushion, covered with dimity and curiously filled with pins disposed in the form of flowers and leaves. The carpet was of home manufacture, but new and bright; and everything looked so cool, spotless, and inviting, that it conjured still more distinctly my preconceived idea that I had indeed found a haven of rest.

As I finished brushing my hair at the little yellow-framed mirror, decorated with gilt balls, I heard a slight tap at my door, and then a sweet child-voice said: "Lady, aunty says please come down to tea."

I turned quickly, to gaze on the dearest, manliest little fellow of some four or five years, standing just within my door, and eying me with frank yet roguish glances through his golden curls. He was a handsome, well-developed boy, with fearless blue eyes, full, round forehead, pouting scarlet lips, and an erect way of carrying his curly head that betokened independence and a dash of will. His frock was of simple material, yet cut after the style of city children's clothes.

"*Children* in the house—*that* is pleasant!" I mentally said, for my heart always leaped up to the sound of a child's voice, though I was a lonely orphan, and no young brother or sister had ever been given me to twine their tendrils of love about my being. "Yes, my dear; I am ready!" I replied, following him from the chamber. The little fellow gallantly convoyed me down the staircase, looking back when he had made about half the descent to add: "Papa says if I am real good I am to attend your school, Miss Foster. I can read some now, for I brought on my books from Boston, and Katrine hears me every day."

"But my little scholar forgets that I am ignorant of his name yet, though he knows mine," I said, smiling at his earnestness as he looked back from the broad stair to impart this information.

"Oh, excuse me," he answered, quickly, with the gravity of a little gentleman. "My name is Claire Ellis Marston, and we live here at Aunt Harriet's in the summer time—Nurse Katrine and I; while papa comes to see us once in awhile, to stay Sundays. He 's here now; and we have splendid rides when he comes, better than any horse-car rides in Boston, for we live there with papa when it is winter."

By this time my little guide had reached the foot of the staircase, going before me with a measured jump from step to step, and Mrs. Marsh stood in the hall ready to conduct me to the middle room, where was spread the tea-table. A broad-shouldered, hale farmer, who was introduced to me as "husband," shook me warmly by the hand; then I was presented to a tall, grave-

looking gentleman of perhaps thirty-eight, the boy's papa, Mr. Marston, who I soon discovered was the "Nephew Ellis" Mrs. Marsh had referred to that evening in the west room; and shortly I found myself seated on the right of Mr. Marsh, the "Selectman" and "Committeeman" of Pinefields.

It was a pleasant meal in the quiet Pinefields farmhouse that May evening. Saturday night had come, bringing its blessed rest from work-a-day toil; and, as we rose from the table and adjourned to the west room, Mrs. Marsh led the way, leaving her housewifely cares to a stout-armed woman, who appeared to clear away the evening meal. Presently Nurse Katrine, a pleasant-faced German woman, appeared to take away Master Claire to bed; and, with a warm kiss for his papa and Aunt Harriet, and a shy one for the stranger lady, he pattered up the broad staircase.

After the child had gone, and conversation was renewed, I involuntarily found myself making my estimate of Mr. Marston from his *personale*, which was of a different type from what I had expected to find at Pinefields. In stature he was beyond the medium height, with well-knit, muscular form, and a breadth of shoulders which seemed fitted to open a wide path for their owner through the world. At first I had thought him grave; but I found that his face grew animated in conversation, and his dark blue eyes brightened with keenness and fire. But the chief charm about him was the open, frank, childlike expression that sat upon his face, and impressed you at once with the rare genuineness and kindliness of his character. It was not a handsome face, as the test of manly beauty goes, yet somehow it fascinated me. I gauged his character, sitting there, furtively scanning his features and listening to his voice, which was deep and mellow, and mentally said: "Here is a man whose friendship would be worth having. *Once* your friend, he would stand firm as a rock, and no open buffetings or insidious currents of worldly influences would change him. Such a friend could he be as I, Emily Foster, never had, but in whose strong depths I could find repose."

"I wish you could stay with us a little longer, nephew," said Mrs. Marsh, winding up their conversation. "Your visits are always so short when you come to see us."

"Thanks, aunty; but what is wanting in *quality* is made up in *quantity*, you know, for I come often to Pinefields in the summer," he replied, in his frank, hearty voice.

"But if it were not for Claire, I don't know as we should have a glimpse of you oftener than once a year," laughed Mr. Marsh. "Your visits here would be about as often as mother's and mine up to the city"—glancing toward his wife, to whom he gave the maternal title.

"Oh no, that is not a just conclusion," replied Mr. Marston. "'Tis true that my boy's being here brings me down quite often; but I do prize the calm rest of the country after my wearying business days, and if I could have your sanctuary of a home within any sort of riding distance from town, I should be likely to inflict my presence upon you all the year round. I hope that, with myself, Miss Foster, fresh from the city, is a lover of this cool, green country," he added appealing to me.

"I love anything that brings me peace and rest." The answer was involuntary, for it came from my heart. And I glanced up presently to find his bright eyes regarding me with a keen, searching, and, I fancied, a sympathizing gaze.

"Peace and rest; we shall never find that, Miss Foster, neither you nor I, till we drink

"'Of the Lethe that flows
Through the land where they do not forget;
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.'

"This world holds no nepenthe which can drown suffering, Miss Foster." He said this with a sad, introverted look of his dark blue eyes, and I fancied an expression of bitterness curled about his lips, from which escaped a sigh.

Later, alone in my chamber, I fell to wondering upon this remark of Mr. Marston's. "*He* must have suffered, too!" I mentally decided.

Sabbath passed, a quiet, pleasant, country Sabbath, where we worshipped God in a plain, square, wooden meeting-house, in a plain and primitive manner; and where the minister's sermon appealed more to the heart than did his rhetorical flourishes to the cultivated taste.

"I always attend church here at Pinefields," said Mr. Marston, as we sat that evening in the quiet west room, "though I must confess to delinquency in the city. True I have a seat there in an aristocratic church, where a salaried D. D. spins his thread of clerical argument so softly that the congregation may sleep comfortably in their cushioned pews, where the prayers rise no higher than the galleries, and where the organ is deep and rich in tone, and the singers are each a Malibran and a Brignoli. But I pay my pew-rent quarterly, and am only "good," as my boy here says, when I am in this little country-place, under Aunt Harriet's wing. *She* brought me up to be a

church-going boy, and you perceive, Miss Foster, that I do not wholly forget her old-time teachings. But, to change the subject, may I ask if you think you will like teaching in the country better than in the city, Miss Foster?"

"Teaching in the city would be new to me; I have never pursued it there, Mr. Marston," I replied.

"Ah, beg pardon; I had supposed you fresh from our city schools, you looked so worn, Miss Foster; and I was going to suggest that you would find more liberty and fresh air here, at Pinefields." This was said half inquiringly; but I made no reply, for I had determined that my past life should be a sealed book whose leaves I would not open.

"You will allow me to wish you a pleasant summer here. I can speak from experience, when I say that you are with the best of mothers under Aunt Harriet's care, and she will take the place of your own."

"I never knew a mother's love, Mr. Marston!" I could not help the words that sprung to my lips; nor could I fail to appreciate the kind glance Mrs. Marsh bent upon me, as if seconding her nephew's assertion. I think my voice must have trembled, for Mr. Marston said, quickly:—

"Excuse me if, unwittingly, I pained you. But let us talk of your school," he added, cheerfully, to divert my thoughts. "My boy here promises himself vast pleasure in his first essay at pupilage; while, I'm thinking, the *trouble* will be yours. Eh, Claire, you will be a good boy this summer, and let me have excellent reports of you from Aunt Harriet and Miss Foster?"

"Of course, papa," replied the child promptly and with an assured expression. "Aunty says I'm *always* her good boy; and the teacher said to-day, when I was walking home from church with her, that I might call her 'Miss Emily,' and I shall, for I love her dearly a'reddy, as much as Freddy Stanwood does his mother, and he says she's the best one in the world. Papa, what's the reason *I* don't have a mother to love, like all the other boys?" he asked, suddenly, sliding up on his father's knee.

I was looking directly at Mr. Marston, whose face was in the full lamp glow, at Claire's abrupt question. The man grew crimson, then pale as death; a spasm seemed to convulse his lips; he put the child from him, rose, and went hastily from the room and out into the open air.

"What made papa go off so sudden, Aunt Harriet?" asked the boy; but just then Nurse Katrina made her appearance, betokening his bed-hour, and he was hurried away with the question unanswered.

Nothing further was said for a long time; till, later, Mr. Marsh having gone out, his good wife, who had been sitting in a deep reverie, looked up, and said with a sigh:—

"Children's fingers may open tender wounds sometimes, Miss Foster."

"Claire's mother must have been very dear to his father. It is hard to submit to the inexorable decrees of Death," I said in reply.

Mrs. Marsh looked at me in a sad sort of way. "*Death* is often the kindest friend, for he keeps our loved ones safely gathered. A *living* sorrow is worse than a dead one;" and she said this with a painful sigh.

I bent forward and gazed into her eyes with a surprised look.

"My dear, I don't know what made me say this to you; but you saw how terribly the least word affects Ellis, and there is no need to wonder at it. He has seen *such* trouble; but we never speak of it, and the world thinks his wife is dead. Ah, my child, when we are under the rod we cry sorely at the chastening; but the Lord has a good purpose of His own when he afflicts us, and I suppose it 'll all be made clear to us some day, by and by."

She said nothing more, but rose and left the room; and for some minutes I sat alone in thought. Presently I heard Mr. Marston's step in the entry; and when he came in, he was calm, but pale. Looking around, and finding that we were alone, he came near me, and said in a low clear voice: "Miss Foster, I read something in your face, thin and pale as it is, that tells me that, though a woman, you may learn a man how to suffer and be strong. But I would only say this to you to-night: I am leaving my boy—who is dear to me as the apple of my eye—here, where he will daily come in contact with you. May I ask you to, now and then, give him a little friendly care—no, not *care*, as the word goes, for Nurse Katrina will attend to his physical needs, and Aunt Harriet will indulge him till she would make us believe he hasn't a fault in him—it is not 'care' like *this* I mean, but such an outpouring of kindness as your own woman's heart would prompt. Am I asking too much, Miss Foster?"

"Claire has my love already, Mr. Marston," was my reply.

"Thanks. And you will excuse a father's partiality, Miss Foster?"

"Certainly," I smiled, rising. "Now, good-night, Mr. Marston."

"Good-night, my little friend!"

"My little friend!" The words rung in my ears long after I laid my head on my pillow that night, and I remembered that his hand had touched mine as he made the compact.

Nor were all my thoughts, that night, of my own past troubles. "There may be griefs greater than mine," I said. "'A living sorrow is worse than a dead one.' *His* lives; but mine is dead—aye, dead and buried in a deep grave in my own heart. Shall I find here—what I prayed for last night—Rest and Forgetfulness?"

I did not know, then, that we have taken the first step towards forgetting our own woes when we become interested in another's.

The golden autumn came, and the closing days of my school at Pinefields drew near. I had not passed an unhappy summer. Nature, "who never did betray the heart that loved her," and whose soothing touch is like a mother's, had held me tenderly to her gentle bosom. She had blessed me with her June skies and blossoms, her dreamy south winds, her summer stars, her gliding waters, her forest melodies; and, laying her caressing fingers upon my weary pulses, had whispered lovingly: "My child, here find rest!" Then came the delicious September days, and kingly October in his robes of scarlet and gold, when I drank the rich wine of the year in such royal draughts as had never been put to my lips in the toiling, stifling city whose memory now began to float backward—farther and farther away—like a dim dream.

One Saturday evening we all sat together in the pleasant west room of the farmhouse. Ellis Marston, who had paid us several visits during the past summer, was of the group.

"And now, I s'pose, papa, you 'll be taking me back to Boston to live?" said little Claire, climbing upon his father's knee, after he had exhausted the wonders of a new picture-book he had brought him.

"Has my boy fallen in love with Pinefields so deeply that I shall leave him here all winter?" asked Mr. Marston, smilingly.

"Oh, I guess I *should* like to live here all winter!" shouted the little fellow, delightedly. "Freddy Stamwood says there 'll be snow drifts over his head, by and by—and he 's taller 'n I am; and the boys are going to have lots of fun, building snow forts and coasting down hill! And you know you could send me a pair of real high rubber boots, and a pair of skates, too, for the mill pond is going to freeze real thick and glary, and I 'm big enough to learn to skate, I guess!" and he slid down to the floor, and straightened up with a comical assumption of size.

"And so you don't want to go back to Boston, my boy?" asked Mr. Marston. "I thought you liked good Mrs. Winston's boarding-house, and the folks there. You used to say so."

"Oh, Boston is good enough, I s'pose," said the little fellow, "but Freddy Stamwood says you can't have such *fun* there as you can here. They won't let you slide down hill, or on the Common, as much as you want to. *Can't* I stay here, Aunt Harriet?" turning to enlist that good woman in his favor.

"I am on the boy's side, nephew," said Mrs. Marsh. "Why not leave him with us for the winter?"

"A capital inducement for me to eat Thanksgiving turkey and Christmas plum pudding at Pinefields, dear Aunt Harriet," said Mr. Marston, with a smile. "I think I may be induced to yield, knowing that Claire is in so much better hands than when in my city boarding-home. But you will miss your kind teacher, Claire—for I believe Miss Foster's school is nearly finished?" he added, turning to me.

"But we sha'n't let Miss Emily leave us, provided we can get her to stay and keep our winter term," said Mr. Marsh. "All the district agree that there never was such a school kept in the old Pinefields school-house before; and we can't spare her yet awhile."

I could not help a genuine laugh at the "Committeeman's" unqualified praise; but the proposal to remain for the winter had been made before, and I had accepted it, for I had learned to prize my peaceful haven.

"And so I am not going to see your face in the good old City of Notions this winter, Miss Foster? I had fancied that you would be turning your steps thitherward, now that your labors here were ended; and I should be permitted to meet you some time in a friendly way. I shall begin to fancy you, remaining so contentedly here at Pinefields, as a prototype of the schoolmistress of whom Longfellow has written, who

> "'Dwells beside Kanawha's tide,
> In valleys green and cool,
> And all her hope and all her pride
> Are in the village school,'"

and Mr. Marston closely watched my countenance as he said this.

"I might have had other ambitions once; but, believe me, my desires are quite limited now to the sphere of Pinefields' schoolmis-

tress!" I answered, lightly and evasively. For I had never, in the friendly intimacy which had grown up between us during his visits, spoken of a past which had been so painful to me that I would fain have had it forgotten.

"Papa, say! am I to stay all winter at Pinefields?" broke in Claire, pulling at his father's sleeve.

"Yes, my son." And I fancied that the assent was more readily given than it would have been a few minutes earlier.

"And you 're going to bring me a pair of rubber boots—real *high* ones, you know—and some skates—and a fur collar?—*say*, papa!"

"Yes, of course; you 're to be duly equipped for the winter campaign, you young Siberian!" laughed Ellis Marston.

"Oh, good! goody! I 'll tell Katrina! And won't Freddy Stamwood be glad?" And away darted the little fellow, eager to communicate the news to honest Katrina, whose round German face we knew glowed with pleasure from the unequivocal "Dat is goot!" which came to us from the room across the entry.

"Well, then, aunty, 'count me in' when you mix turkey stuffing and chicken fixings; and bake me the biggest kind of a pie, into which, like Johnny Horner, I can

"'Put in my thumb
And pull out a plum,'

when I drop down to Thanksgiving," said Ellis Marston, as the arrangement was settled.

Calmly and swiftly glided away my first New England winter in the country. Nothing came to disturb the quiet of my life, which was bringing me days filled with usefulness, hence happiness. I doubt not but little Claire Marston's predictions of a pleasant winter were verified for me as much as for him.

Pinefields was beautiful in its white mantle as it had been in its vernal one. "The miracle of the snowfall" was often wrought over its low meadows, broad fields, and darkly-wooded sentinel hills where the giant firs and pines only drew their sombre hoods closer over their heads and braved the wintry blasts together; and the jubilant shout of the coasters, the ring of the skater's heel, and the chime of merry sleigh bells all brought inspiration to my spirit.

My school was pleasanter than it had been during the summer, for older scholars had come in; and many a warm friendship was commenced between the teacher and some rosy-lipped girl or bright-eyed, high-browed boy, who imparted to his new friend his earnest desire to "go to college yet," to which these winters of country schooling were but a preparatory stimulus. Genius cons her earliest lessons often while following the plough or over the desk of some rural schoolhouse; and I was fond of weaving dreams of the future, in which some eager pupil should electrify the audience or startle the forum. And on the lower forms of Pinefields school-house sat my class of little ones—my "infantry," as I dubbed them; and, punctual as the most punctual, came in Master Claire Marston, to take his seat in the neighborhood of Freddy Stamwood, in all the conscious dignity of a fur collar and knee-high rubber boots.

Nor was life monotonous at the old farmhouse. Thanksgiving was the first mile-stone at which we paused to participate in the social cheer of the winter's journey—a festival which Claire's father shared with us; there were pleasant tea-drinkings at my pupils' homes; a course of Lyceum lectures were attended; the evening papers, bringing the news of glorious Union triumphs, shared a portion of my time; and many a book and periodical found their way, in the packages that came to his boy, from Ellis Marston for the schoolmistress. And so February waned, and March opened with deep blocking drifts that seemed to hurl us back into winter again; and the spring month found me freed from the labors of the teacher, Pinefields' winter school term being ended.

"Guess I might as well speak for ye another year, and all the rest o' your time, till ye go to keepin' school where you 'll only have *one* scholar, Miss Emily," said Mr. Marsh, slyly, as I resigned the schoolhouse key to him the night after I closed my labors.

"Very well," said I, returning his smile; "I 'm enough of a Yankee to make my share of the bargain. I like Pinefields as well as it likes me; and there isn't the slightest danger of any such objection to the arrangement as that you hinted at. Schoolmistresses are not a class who usually limit their professional capacities to units." And, with this answer, I went up to my own chamber. Yet there was a tithe of bitterness and irony in the words—

"And *all* her hope, and *all* her pride,
Are in the village school"—

which I caught myself quoting as I had once heard it quoted *apropos* to my situation.

Was I impatient or ungrateful, or what new mood had come upon me? I had persuaded myself that I was happy here at Pinefields: that I had found the boon I craved—rest; and yet my lip was curled in bitterness as I exclaimed: "And *this* is to be my lot—to drudge

away life a village school-teacher; to feed children's brains, but to starve my own heart; to be defrauded of that which *should* have been mine, and which can only fill a true woman's heart—warm, tender love!" But, with this last word, the bitterness dissolved in tears; I was wildly, passionately weeping.

Friday came round, and I said to my kind friends at breakfast: "I need a change, and shall leave you for a week or two. The railroads are quite free from the snow blockade, I presume, by this time, and the trains will get through to Boston at their usual speed."

"Going up to Boston, Miss Emily?" said Mrs. Marsh, quickly. "Well, I told husband you needed a change after such close confinement in the school-room. But you won't be going till next week, will you? Nephew Ellis will be down to-morrow night, I've been calculating, and he'd be pleased to have your company back, and look after your trunk."

"I think I had better go to-day. Perhaps Mr. Marston may not come to Pinefields to-morrow," I answered, for a spirit of contradiction and unrest had seized me.

"Well, I will harness up and take you over to the depot, if you say so, Miss Emily. You'll take the noon train, I s'pose, and so will get there before dark, as it's only a three hour ride," said Mr. Marsh.

I thanked him, hastened from the table to complete my preparations, and the midday sun, shining dazzlingly on the snowy fields past which I was whirled, found me on my way to the city I had left nine months before. I needed a change, Mrs. Marsh had said truly; but I must have outgrown or overcome the painful anguish of that feeling which had sent me forth from that city where I had so suffered that I never wished to enter it again, for I was now seeking it once more!

I was driven through the narrow, tortuous, "cow-path" streets, where the deep, loose snow trode softly as sifted meal, to a quiet boarding-house in A—— St. It was familiar to me, for I had been its inmate for five years; and when Ann, the servant, opened the door for me, it was with a real smile of pleasure on her broad face. Mrs. Gordon, the boarding-mistress, met me cordially, and allotted me a pleasant, sunny room, facing the street, remarking that she was glad to see me back again, and hoped I was going to stay with her. "Only a week or so," was my answer. "I have so fallen in love with my new life of teaching that I return to it again after a little vacation."

"I suppose it *pays* better than writing those long stories that used to make you so pale and thin," she said, practically. "You've got some color in your cheeks, and I shall agree with Ann, who said, when she came to tell of your arrival: 'Ah, and ye can't be afther guessing who's come back, looking so fresh and purty; it's Miss Foster.' The country *does* agree with you. Well, make yourself at home while you are with us; and I'll have Ann bring you up a cup of tea, for it's full two hours to supper-time."

Four days passed by, which I had improved in doing my spring shopping and in spending hours in the picture stores; and on Wednesday I was quietly seated in the parlor of Mrs. Gordon's boarding-house, when the bell rang in the hall and I heard a voice inquiring of Ann for "Miss Foster." I knew it in an instant, and sprang to meet Ellis Marston.

"So the country had exhausted its pleasures, and you were inclined to dissipate a little? Aunt Harriet reported your *escapade*, scorning a *compagnon du voyage*, for I came back from Pinefields in last evening's late train, Miss Emily," he said, meeting me with a pleasant smile and a cordial hand-grasp. "A perverse girl, to send me away seventy-five miles by rail this cold weather to get your address, when you were scarce three streets from me."

"You went to Pinefields last Saturday, then, Mr. Marston?" I asked.

"Yes, and found the old farmhouse unlike itself without you, and Claire exclaiming that there was no more 'fun' to be extracted from skates, and rubber boots had ceased to be appreciated, and his snow fort had undergone such a furious bombarding from Freddy Stamwood and his army of 'Yankees' that Claire and three other small boys had been forced to sign a treaty of capitulation. Poor Claire! he seemed really disheartened, and I was obliged to bring him, with Katrina, under a flag of truce, up here with me, lest he should 'secede' from proper parental politics."

"Claire accompanied you?" I asked.

"Yes, and is very impatient to see 'Miss Emily,' from whom he has been separated an age to him. But, concluding that his father was the greater stranger, and therefore privileged for the first call, I came round early, to offer myself as escort whenever my little friend would like a companion in her wanderings. Let me see! We have lectures and the drama, the opera will be here soon, which you must stay and hear, and Church's 'North' is at the Atheneum. You must see *that*. I think I've heard you say you visited the 'Heart of the

Andes' when it was here ' The two paintings, so antipodean in subject, will bear contrasting, I assure you, Miss Emily. When shall we go? Are you engaged to-morrow morning?"

"Thank you. I shall be at leisure, and happy to avail myself of your kindness," I answered.

"And how long shall you be in town? All your vacation, I hope, for Uncle Marsh tells me you are to take up the teacher's baton again," he asked.

"Which, interpreted, means the ferule, a weapon that school-mistresses are usually supposed to wield extensively!" I retorted. "But I assure you mine is a milder sway, Mr. Marston. It is uncertain how long I remain. I only came for a little change. But there is nothing to call me home till my school commences again. Home," I repeated—"you see I am making large claims on Pinefields."

"Home—keep it till you have one where you are cherished more tenderly," said Mr. Marston, hastily, and with a brother's kindness in his tones. Then suddenly his face grew grave, and, rising, he looked at his watch, saying: "I have an engagement this morning, but will call round early to-morrow for you." And he left me in a changed and sadder mood, I fancied, than when he had entered.

But next morning he appeared with happy, smiling countenance and his old air of brotherly frankness. Little Claire accompanied him, and greeted me delightedly. "There wasn't any fun at all at Pinefields after school left off and the boys took my fort," he said, "and so papa brought me to Boston with him; and now we're going to see some great icebergs, where the Esquimaux, and the walruses, and the seals live, and the water was so cold that Doctor Kane's ships got all frozen in, and had to stay all winter, and he used to ride on the ice in a sled with little dogs for horses. I think *that* would be better fun than *skating*, don't you, Miss Emily?"

"Well, how does it suit you, my little friend?" asked Ellis Marston, as I lowered the opera glass through which I had been studying the magnificent creation of the painter's Genius in the Exhibition Room.

"It is a miracle of art! it is wonderful! I had thought it would be a *cold* picture; but here is a warmth of coloring of which one could not have the faintest conception. Those brilliant lights of blue, and gold, and purple; and the violet shadows in the sea beneath; and the mist curling up about the head of that giant central berg—why, that has an almost summer warmth in it! And I had thought to go away chilled by the visual contact with glittering glaciers sailing away in lonely grandeur upon desolate Arctic seas. This will be hung away in my mental gallery a vision of beauty to be held as an eternal inheritance."

"I knew it would surprise you, and fully appreciate your enthusiasm. My own first impressions were similar. But step this way a little, Miss Emily; I want you to notice the effect of the light striking through that arch under the natural bridge formed in the nearest berg."

"Oh, papa, wouldn't that be a cunning place for the seals to hide away in—that hole under the bridge?" exclaimed little Claire in delight, whose keen, child-eyes had been studying the painting.

"An excellent place, my son. Here, *this* is a good light, Miss Emily," said his father.

I stepped to the position selected, and, in taking it, was brought into juxtaposition with a gentleman who had just entered the hall, and whose eyes were bent upon my face instead of the painting. His gaze riveted my own. I knew I grew pale as death, for I was looking into eyes I had not seen for a twelvemonth, but into which, when I met them last, I had flung an eternity of scorn. But it came upon me now so sudden, so unguardedly, that I could not help the deathly feeling that came at my heart for an instant, though in the next I had battled it down by a giant effort and trodden it into dust.

In that brief moment his eyes had wandered from my own to Mr. Marston, whom he scanned with a surprised air; then his gaze returned to my own, and conflicting emotions of surprise, deference, and a warmer feeling, played over his handsome face. He advanced a step, offered his hand with suave cordiality, and a bland smile.

But *my* turn had now come. A mighty will, and the outraged pride of a woman's nature, gave me strength to hold every muscle of my countenance in abeyance; I only returned his greeting with a look of cool surprise and the most distant bow; raised my lorgnette and turned my gaze upon the picture; though I saw nothing, save a confused blending of brilliant colors and glittering ice.

"Shall we leave soon?" I heard Mr. Marston ask, touching my arm.

"Now, if you please," I answered.

I turned away. I could not tell if I had stood there seconds or many minutes, seem-

ingly intent upon the painting, since the contact of those eyes; but when we passed out the door, in adjusting my cloak I became dimly conscious that *he* had followed us from the gallery, and was at some little distance behind us as we passed down Beacon Street.

"Will you take a turn on the Common to get the air?" asked Mr. Marston, kindly.

"No; if you please, I will return directly home." I wanted to be alone, with time to think.

For some time we walked on in silence—only broken by little Claire's prattle; then Mr. Marston said, abruptly, with bitter accent, "Why did I never know that *you, too,* had met *Raleigh?*"

"One does not care to talk of the *traitor* they once called 'friend'!" I replied, adding—"But *you* know him also?"

"Aye, for a double traitor! The hand of the law has no clutch for the man 'who smiles, and smiles, and is a villain,' else, Emily, he would not now breathe to walk these streets. But I cannot talk of this"—and I saw how violently he was agitated. "Yet that you, too, should have come in contact with him!"—and he turned and looked at me with a long, earnest gaze.

"You are my friend, and have a friend's right. Some time you shall know all," I said, as we paused at the door of my boarding-house. And in another minute, having bidden him and little Claire good-morning, I was alone in my own room.

The next day I spent the forenoon out; and when I returned to dinner, Ann handed me a little sealed note.

"A jintleman called," she said, "and then this letther was sent for yez."

I tore it open.

"Dear Emily," so it ran—"for you *are* dear to me spite of the past—your conduct yesterday was most cruel. I can explain all; you were too proud and hasty. I have called this morning, but you were out; and I send this note. See me this evening, at eight, and render me again Ever yours, Horace."

I was upon the point of flinging this note into the grate, when Ann again knocked at my door. "Sure, Miss Foster, but the jintleman that was here with the purty boy is askin' for yez in the parlor!" I followed her down, and met Mr. Marston standing in the parlor, looking grave and pale.

"My little friend, surprises are common with me to-day. A letter just received by the foreign mail takes me to Europe by the next steamer that sails from New York to-morrow. I must leave Boston to-night by the Fall River line. Can I bring my boy here, and trouble you with him for a day or two till Katrina can take him back to Pinefields, or send them on to-night?"

I put Raleigh's note into his hand.

"He would call 'this evening.' And you will see him, Emily, my sister?" He asked this, looking at me with earnest, kindly eyes.

"I will not see him, my friend and brother. Can we reach Pinefields to-night?" I asked, receiving back the note to cast it into the glowing parlor grate.

"The train leaves at five. It is now two," looking at his watch. "You will be safe at home at half-past eight. But your visit; you have not a quarter finished that."

"Can you send Claire and Katrina round in time? We will go in the five o'clock train."

He gazed at me a moment, took my hand in a strong clasp, and said: "Emily, I am glad of this decision. I will see you on board the train before leaving myself, for I shall have a half-hour to spare." And he hastened away.

And three hours later, with his parting words "Good-by, and God grant that we shall meet again!" I saw him press a kiss upon his boy's lips; and then Claire, Nurse Katrina, and myself, were whirled away in the chilly March afternoon from the bustling, toiling city.

Nine o'clock saw us safe at the Pinefields' farm-house, seated before a rousing fire and a smoking cup of tea—Claire recounting the story how "Papa got a letter that took him off in ever so big a hurry, only he put us all on the cars first; but he thought it was grand fun riding in the cars at night, with the little lamps all lighted, and everybody looking so queer and sleepy—and he was glad he 'd got back to Aunt Harriet's, and he guessed Freddy Stamwood would be real pleased to see him." And then the little fellow was carried off to bed to sleep soundly.

"Nephew Ellis gone off to Europe so sudden! Of course he didn't say who sent the letter that called him—but I can't help thinking 'twas from *her*," said Mrs. Marsh, as we sat together by the fire. "And I 'm sure 'twas proper kind in you to give up your visit, a purpose to be company for the child and girl home, Emily."

"Oh, I 'd grown about tired of staying away from Pinefields," was my light reply, which seemed to please and to satisfy the good woman.

"Gone, to meet *her!* Gone to open anew his old sorrow, whatever it is," I mentally murmured when alone. "And, while he is hastening to a foreign land, I am left to fight over the old battles of life and struggle anew for peace. But God grant that we *may* 'meet again'!"

Three months went by, and one sunset in the heat of June a letter was brought to Mrs. Harriet Marsh. It was postmarked at New York. "Nephew's writing!" she exclaimed, ere she broke the seal. She ran it over, then read it aloud to her husband and myself, who were sitting in the pleasant west room, watching the golden sunset through the rifts of the apple-orchards stretching away beyond the field that opened from the windows.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: I drop a line in advance of my arrival at Pinefields, for I returned to New York by the last steamer, and shall be with you in a day or two. Jacqueline sleeps in *Père la Chaise:* it was a comfort to her that I did not refuse to see her at the last, and assure her that she was forgiven. She died very penitent and humble. You may speak of this among you now. Affectionately,

ELLIS MARSTON.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.
New York, June 15th, 1862.

Later, sitting alone with Mrs. Marsh, she told me the story in a few words. "Seven years ago, Nephew Ellis brought home from France a handsome young wife—beautiful as a picture, but with such vain, flighty ways, that I knew he never would live happy with her. It was a sad mistake—his marrying her, and in foreign parts, too—when he 'd been brought up here in our ways, as our own child, for his parents died when he was no older than his Claire, and left husband his guardian; a sad mistake! but I suppose her bewitching French ways snared him, and he 'd been bred a scholar and could talk her tongue as fast as herself. Well, he took her to New York, and settled there; and set up in the Law, and husband always said he was born for a first-rate lawyer. Jackeline—I never could speak her foreign name—began to lead off in company, and spent her nights in balls and parties; and this made Ellis miserable, for he 's naturally of a domestic turn. When little Claire was born it didn't make much difference; she turned him over to her foreign nurses, and went the more. And then—but it 's sad to speak of a woman's frailty, and that woman a *wife*—then gentlemen courted, and worshipped, and flattered her till they turned her head. Poor Ellis! he was unsuspecting; and the man he thought his friend introduced a villain into his home, and *that* finished it. Jackeline forgot her womanhood, her husband, and her child. Ellis was almost crazy at first; but, for his boy's sake, he struggled under it. He was proud, too; and so cunningly had she managed her flight, none of her gay city friends suspected it. He left New York, came to Boston, and when he next met any of his old mates, when they spoke of his wife he made answer that 'she was dead.' For she *was dead* to *him!* He brought his little boy to me. Claire is all father, and has nothing of his foreign mother in him but his *name*. Whether Nephew Ellis ever heard of her, from that day till he got the letter that took him to Paris, I do not know. I never spoke of it to him. You remember how Claire's words moved him once. Well, poor thing! She must have suffered! 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' But I am glad she died repentant. Nephew is now free. He has suffered more than he ever told any living being; for it was what he could not *speak* of. I hope he may have some happy days yet!"

When I revolved this sad life tragedy in my mind, one sentence of it contained a revelation. "The man he thought his friend introduced a villain into his home." That man must have been *Raleigh!*

Little Claire's chamber adjoined my own; and I softly crept in a moment, and bent over the little crib where he slept. His rosy dimpled cheek rested softly on his hand; moist, curly rings of hair clustered around his frank, open forehead. I wondered if, in his innocent dreams, the purified spirit of the mother, dying repentant on the breast of the man she had so wronged—asking to be forgiven ere they laid her away in distant *Père la Chaise*—might not now be permitted to hover above her neglected child!

God may have permitted it, for *He* forgiveth more than *man*.

Months later, when the regal October was again unfurling his banners of fire upon the hilltops and over the forests, and the soft golden haze filled all the air—sitting in the dear old west room of the Pinefields farm-house, with the yellow rays of the harvest moon sifting through the boughs of the horsechestnut before the window, I listened to words that thrilled my woman's heart to their sway.

"But you know nothing of *my* past, Ellis," I said, when he had finished; "nothing of one

experience of my life of whose existence you had that brief glimpse in Boston."

"Enough, Emily, that I have fullest confidence in you; and you shall tell me nothing that may evoke a single painful memory. Enough, that I know you to be the embodiment of my ideal of true womanhood, and that, in your love, I hope to find what my lonely heart needs so sadly—*Rest!* God knows that I fought against my own love till I had the right to lay it before you honorably."

The tears sprang to my eyes.

"Ellis, let me speak of my past; not to talk much of it, however, for I realize now that *my* sorrows have been as nothing beside *your own*. A broken engagement may not be compared with the sting of a domestic wound. I was betrothed to Horace Raleigh—I, an ambitious young girl, who earned her bread in the Athens of America by her brain toil, and he, an indolent, educated man, the better side of whose nature was enlisted in me when he placed the betrothal ring on my finger. For three years I wore that ring, though I was not free, all that time, from what the world calls 'lovers' quarrels,' though I knew them to be doubts and fears. I loved him deeply at first, but he wounded me, and a love like mine could not come out of these continued conflicts unscarred. *I* was poor; *he*, wealthy; and when he might have lifted me out of my weary work-life he did not—partly through indolence, I think, and because he thought he was sure of me at any time—and so I struggled on. For three years it lasted; then, when he had presumed too far on my love, in neglecting my society for that of gay and fashionable women or gayer men, coming only to me when he was weary of the glare of their hot-house life, to 'refresh himself,' as he said, 'in my quiet, staid nature'—then I grew bitter and hard, and gave him back his betrothal ring. He was wounded; but he did not yield the slightest concession or acknowledgment that he had wronged me. He thought I would regret the step I had taken, and take the first one toward a reconciliation, as I had often weakly done before. But 'the last feather' had been laid on my shoulders; I gauged his nature by my own, and found him infinitely below me. Love was dead.

"The place grew painful to me. My brain-toils grew more irksome than language can portray—the veriest drudgery. The publishers called for 'love stories.' Sentiment was exhausted in my being; and, if I wrote now, I should only give sarcastic, bitter, hence, unhealthy creations. 'This was not right,' you may say, 'I should have extracted sweetness from the bitter of my troubles;' but there are some periods in our lives—in *every* life, I think—when the world looks dark and desolate, and Hope and Trust seem myths to us.

"I saw an advertisement for a teacher in the country. 'It would be the life I wanted,' I said, 'busy, well-filled, but with no strain on my brain or imagination. I could teach school mechanically.' I came to Pinefields. You know the rest. The contact of fresh, warm child-hearts has softened and humanized me again. Your society has been to me dear as the dearest friend's. When I thought of you, I tried to persuade myself that the feeling I bore you was like that I should have borne a brother had God ever blessed me with one. When I met Horace Raleigh that day, I honestly think he experienced as bitter regret as a nature like his can feel when he finds that what he valued too lightly has been wrested forever from his grasp. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.' But that is all past now, thank God! It was a weary journey through the lonely valley of disappointment and sorrow—but *now*, I have found my rest!"

And it has come to me—as perfect a rest as earth may give us mortals whose strivings are for the Infinite—in my husband's love. God keep for us both a share of His better Rest by-and-by in heaven.

Young Girls.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is, at least, full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dewdrop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the thoughts of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser playfellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal-barges. Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

ELSIE FORD'S THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY MARY FORMAN.

CHRISTMAS Eve! The soft snow was falling lightly round the house; the church bells, their sharp clang mellowed and softened by distance, were ringing forth the Christmas chimes; the curtains were drawn in closely, and Elsie Ford sat by the fire, dreaming. The open grate, filled with ruddy coals, cast a bright yet pleasant light over the large parlor, deepening the shadows in the far-off corners, yet bringing into full relief the little figure nestling down in the deep chair, musing happily on her own new joy. She looked very fair, fragile, and childlike, for eighteen years had passed over her petted life with light fingers, bringing out new beauties, yet sparing her all care, all sorrow. The fair, open brow, shaded by short brown ringlets, was smooth and white as polished ivory, and the soft brown eyes, looking so earnestly forward in musing, were frank, well opened, and trusting as a child's. The petite figure in its crimson dress, the little white, soft hand, the regular features, and smiling, rosebud mouth, had each and all their peculiar winsome grace. She seemed born for petting, to be encircled ever by loving hearts that could stand between her and every rude shock, as she lay thinking of the morrow, of its coming happiness, and then suffering her thoughts to roam back over the past annual festivals. She celebrated two epochs in her Christmas rejoicing, for eighteen years ago that very night she had first opened her big brown eyes on this world, first mingled her wailing cry with her mother's last sigh. The love she had never known she never missed, for her father's jealous love watched every attendant of her childish days, every instructor of her later years, and, sheltered by that love, she had grown up concentrating all her filial affection upon the only parent she had ever known. Every luxury, every refinement that wealth could command had been hers from infancy, and she looked, as she was, the petite child of fortune. And this night another deeper happiness brightened her eyes and gave the sweet, earnest smile to her lip. She loved, and she was assured that her love was returned with a fervor and truth equal to that given by her own pure heart.

Alfred Conway, the man who sought this sunbeam to brighten his own home, was a clerk in Mr. Ford's counting-house, and one whose fair, open integrity, strong intellect, and bright, genial powers of fascination, had long ago won the love and respect of his employer. Hiram Ford had been poor himself, before the freak of an eccentric distant relative had willed to him his present wealth, and he was himself too generous, too large hearted to let his young friend's worldly disadvantages make any barrier in his reception at the hospitable house of his employer. It was not difficult to guess where Elsie got her merry, rippling laugh, her dancing eyes, and smiling lips, when one looked into her father's face. He was a tall man, with every limb moulded on a large scale, yet giving an impression of activity as well as strength. In the curling brown hair there are heavy flakes of silver, but his high white forehead is unscarred by Time's wrinkles, and the well-cut features, clear, fresh complexion, and large, frank eyes show no signs of age. The crowning attraction is the mouth, ever varying with change of emotion, flexible, expressive, and beautiful, those full, red lips convey every change of feeling before they utter one sound. Upon coming into his inheritance he had enlarged his business, and taken for a confidential clerk the father of Alfred Conway, who, dying, left his widow, son, and daughter utterly destitute. With his warm, impulsive generosity, Hiram Ford paid for the education of the orphans, and obtained for the widow employment in sewing at good prices. As soon as Alfred was old enough he took him into his counting-house, at a salary sufficient to enable his mother and sister to live without work. This man, then, with his large heart, his deep, fatherly love, and warm impulses, was not one to listen coldly to a love tale poured forth with all the fresh enthusiasm of youth; and while Elsie sat dreaming by the firelight, secure of the affection that had made her whole life joyous, her father listened in his library to the boy he had loved so long, as he told his story and asked him to give the life of his only child to another's keeping. They were a fine contrast, as they sat earnestly conversing, these two noble men, the one so strong and genial in his mellow middle age, the other buoyant and joyous in his first fresh youth. The large yet well moulded features, tall, erect figure, and

keen black eye of the younger man bore the same impress of a life of love of all men that so eminently characterized the face of the older one. Truly Elsie was happy in her protectors.

"You must not think to take her away, Alfred," said Mr. Ford, as the other ceased speaking. "She is my only one. Nay," he added, kindly, "your face need not cloud so. I do not mean to refuse you the place you plead for. She is yours, with her father's full and free consent. Where she has given her love, I will not refuse her hand."

"How can I thank you!" said Alfred, earnestly, his eyes full of tears.

"By loving and cherishing her, and by granting the only request I shall make—to make your home here. The house is large enough for all, and I cannot part from Elsie."

There was a long silence; then, with a low voice and a face that proved the effort the words cost him, Alfred said: "I shall not claim your promise now, for I want your permission to leave the counting-house for eighteen months, to go to the Cape of Good Hope."

No words of mine can picture the amazement in the old gentleman's face.

"Go to the Cape of Good Hope!" he echoed.

"But for the hope of your permission I should never have dared to tell you of"—and his color rose—"my love for Elsie. Some two months ago, my cousin, who sails a trading vessel, came home from a voyage to Africa, and told me of a cargo that, costing but little here, would realize a sum there that would raise me above want, and make my mother and sister likewise independent—a sum that would warrant my asking Elsie's hand, secure of her still having a home not too much at variance with the one she leaves. I meant to leave my hope of her love a thing of doubt till I returned, but I could not. I shrunk from the thought of leaving her for so long a time without one assurance of the sweet truth I learned to-day."

"But, Alfred, this is a Quixotic scheme. Besides, you will live here. I will raise your salary. Anything but having you leave us."

"I know, I feel all your kindness," said the young man, deeply touched; "but I cannot hear your generous proposal. I feel deeply all the debt of gratitude I already owe you, but I must still plead for the right to feel that I can claim Elsie, not as a poor man, but with the independence I can earn in this venture. If I fail, I shall start anew, sure"—and his smile was radiant in confidence—"that she will be constant."

"But, Alfred, what is this scheme, and how will you meet the first expenses?"

"Your own liberality has placed my salary far above the wants of our little household, and I have saved a sum sufficient for all the necessary outlay. For the scheme, let me explain it."

Listening with the earnest attention of one deeply interested, the man of business saw at once the feasibility of the plan and the fair opening it offered to his young friend. It was an opportunity but seldom offered to a speculator, and had the double advantage of presenting to the buyers across the ocean a fair opening for their energy and enterprise. Altogether the philanthropic and mercantile spirit was fully roused.

"It were a thousand pities to lose such a chance," he said, enthusiastically. "Go, Alfred, and I will keep Elsie for you till you return. Don't tell her now. To-morrow is Christmas, and her birthday, and your mother and sister must dine with us. It will be some weeks before you can sail, so let to-morrow be a day of pleasure to her unalloyed by the prospect of a long separation. You"—and he looked up wistfully—"think you must go?"

"It is best," said Alfred, gently.

"Yes," sighed he; "but I don't like partings. There, go find your lady-bird and let me think."

The young man came from his seat and took the hand that had so long fostered him, in both his own. For a moment a sadness that in after years seemed to him almost prophetic, crept into his heart, and he stood silent, looking into the kind face raised to meet his gaze. Then softly, subdued by some feeling unexplained, he bent down on one knee beside the chair, and bowed his head over the strong hand he grasped. With a touch, light as a woman's, the other hand fell upon his thick clustering curls, and the cheerful hearty voice of his benefactor was husky, as he said—

"God bless you, Alfred, my son!"

And Elsie, meantime, dreamed away the fleeting moments by the fireside. She knew well the love her father bore towards Alfred, and with the fond affection of a woman she felt that the pleading of her lover would be resistless. Did not she feel how vain it was to think of loving any other, and where she loved, she knew her father's whole interest would be roused. Her loving, gentle father! Over the whole retrospect of her life, she could recall no harsh word, no ungentle act; he had stood in the place of both parents, and no mother could

claim a more perfect confidence, a stronger, truer affection than Elsie gave her father.

"Asleep?"

The question, in the cheerful voice she loved so well, roused her from her reverie. She looked up to see the tall figure of Alfred Conway towering above the back of her chair, the large eyes looking down upon her nestling figure.

"Asleep? No! Shall we have the gas lit, or sit here by the firelight?"

"Sit here, by all means," and her lover drew up a footstool and established himself in the orthodox position at the feet of his mistress. "Gas light was never meant for wooing, Elsie."

The firelight played then on a group that could have braved the brightest gas jet, so full of grace and poetry was the posture. Alfred had thrown himself carelessly down, his large, yet graceful form resting partly on the large rug, partly on the footstool, while his head and shoulders were leaning on the arm of Elsie's chair. His thick chestnut curls were thrown back from the broad forehead, and his face, radiant with his new happiness, was raised smiling and happy to meet her look, while she, just bending forward, rested her clasped hands on his shoulder, and let her bright curls brush his, as she lay her cheek down on the arm of the large chair. The low melody of his voice, as he told her of her father's kindness, was in keeping with the pretty picture, and as his arm stole round her little figure to emphasize the vow he whispered, to cherish, love, and protect her his life long, she let him fold her in his clasp, sure that her resting-place was there in all joy or sorrow. Standing, an hour later, with clasped hands, the two bent before the kind father, who came to rouse them from their loving converse only to sanction and bless it. So, with every want of her heart filled to overflowing, happy in her home, father, and lover, wrapped in a blissful dream, passed the first of the three eras that Elsie called her Christmas Eves.

One year later, and again the firelight plays upon the parlor where Elsie had promised her love and won her father's blessing; but the large chair stands empty by the wall, the room holds no life, only the still furniture that seems to mock the glowing, ruddy flame by its mute formality. To find Elsie you must mount up a story higher, to a large bedroom, whose cold white draperies chill you, even before you enter. The bed lies vacant, and the chairs are ranged round the walls with an inhospitable stiffness. The toilet table is draped with a white cloth, and the long, snowy curtains flutter in the piercing wind that enters the open window. Close beside that window, in the long, narrow casket that is man's last earthly tenement, lies the master of the house, with folded hands resting over the stilled heart that beat warmly to every generous emotion. The noble features look as if carved from marble, in their pure white outline, and the calm smile tells truly of a peaceful ending to a well-spent life. Kind watchers have been with the orphan; but as the weary hours of the night moved on, they slept, and she alone of all the house waked and watched. Clearly and distinctly the midnight hours pealed from the clock on the chamber mantel, and as the last stroke echoed through the awful stillness, a little white-robed figure glided softly in. In the softened, subdued light she looked like some unearthly visitant; her white night-dress fell in long folds to her little bare feet, and the hair, brushed carelessly from her face, floated in uncurled masses down over her shoulders. With a step that fell without a sound on the thick, soft carpet, she crossed the room till she stood beside the coffin. The moon, striking through a crevice of the closed shutters, threw a ray of light across her father's face, and lit up the smile till it seemed beaming as of old to greet her coming. It was too still, too solemn for any violent burst of grief, and the weary, aching longing for the loved face rested as the young girl stood gazing with eager eyes upon it. The cold winter wind swept over her, chilling her to the heart, but she did not heed it. There was an iron at her heart that defied any outward chill. Not till she pressed her lips to the cold ones that for the first time let her kiss pass unreturned did the wailing cry break from her poor sore heart. Then low, but oh, how bitter in its intensity! the cry poured forth. "Father! O father, speak to me!" Every fond word of endearment, every caress that she was wont to lavish, she wasted on that cold, unanswering face till the tide of feeling broke all barriers, and her piercing cries brought Mrs. Conway from the next room, to find Elsie raving in delirium. Long weeks of illness followed, and when health came slowly back to the delicate, sorely-tried frame, the love that sorrow had deepened and strengthened for the mother and sister of her betrothed were Elsie's chief comfort in her bereavement.

Knowing how lonely the orphan would be if she refused, Mrs. Conway accepted Elsie's proposal to make her house the home of herself and daughter until Alfred's return. This was the one hope that kept the orphan from utter

despair. She had turned for comfort to the Source from which her father had drawn motives for every act of his life; but while she bowed in humble resignation to the Power that had claimed her father's life, she could not keep away the actual daily void his absence made. No room but his place seemed waiting for him; no hour when his voice, his counsel was not missed; no day when the first thought of her bursting heart was other than, "He is not here!"

Spring opened, and the sad, pale face grew brighter as the days drew the time of Alfred's return nearer. At last the vessel was reported, and he might be hourly expected. It was early in July, and Mrs. Conway was in the parlor, putting those finishing touches a good housewife loves to add to a servant's arranging, when her nephew, the captain of the vessel in which Alfred had sailed, was announced. Trembling with a dreadful terror, she went to meet him. His sad face and slow advance confirmed her worst fears.

"Alfred, my son! Is he dead?"

"I—I fear so," was the mournful answer. "He was taken very ill with ship-fever, and by the surgeon's advice we left him at Port Elizabeth. He said the only chance for his recovery was to be put ashore, but I fear he was left only to die. I have never seen a worse case."

"And you left him?"

"I was forced to do so, but he was in kind hands. An American family residing at Port Elizabeth took him to their own home, and every means will be used for his recovery."

"My son! my son!" the agonizing cry reached Elsie in her own room, and she flew down stairs. Far differently the news affected her.

"He is not dead! He will return I know, I feel he will, dear mother," and her sweet face glowed with the fervor of her hope as she spoke. The faith was contagious, and the anxious watching for news became painful only as it failed them. No word, no tidings reached them, and the weary months sped past in painful monotony. Still the hope, the trust never left Elsie. Something in her faithful heart whispered courage and hope, and she drew the messenger closely to her, and believed that her lover was alive and hastening to her.

As the vessel which bore him, still feeble but gaining health, to England—sped over the seas, for his impatience could not wait for another American bound vessel, she seemed to feel his spirit approaching hers, so strong grew the certainty that he was to return.

A third time in our story Christmas eve drew its twilight shadows round the parlor, and the ruddy glow from the grate played over the room. Mrs. Conway and her daughter were in their own room, but a restless little figure, in a deep mourning dress, paced up and down the long parlors. Pale and shadowy the face, that had been so bright two years before, looked now in the dark corners, till passing before the grate, the ruddy light threw a false glow over its outlines. The little white hands clasped tightly together work with emotion, as the poor child looks back on the last year, the sad epoch that marked a day before all rejoicing. No tears were on her cheek; but the white lips, the mournful eye, and working fingers speak the deep emotion, while up and down the quick feet bear her, till from weariness they grow heavy and she trails them slowly over the monotonous walk. Then, as the evening wears on, she sinks into the large chair to rest her head down and think, think, till the brain seems reeling with its painful memories and doubts, and so she fell asleep. Dreaming, she went back to two years before when the lost loved voice bade her still love, still hope for happiness, and again she seemed to hear and see the accents that had always cheered her, the smile that had been brightest for her alone. And the dream brought back another face, another voice, whispering, as of old, her name with every tone of tenderness, till she heard as if from afar, the mother's voice:—

"Softly, Alfred, do not rouse her suddenly," and she opened her eyes to meet a flood of light, to find her head pillowed on her lover's shoulder, his face bending over hers, his warm, loving kisses pressing her lips.

WAITING.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Amid the shadows blossoms wait,
The dewy gift of eve,
Fair brows uplifted tremblingly,
The blessing to receive.

Sweet is the hush of eventide,
More softly than the light,
O'er all things pure and beautiful
Rest now the wings of night.

So like the silence of the soul,
When every thought is still;
Like angels with white folded wings
That wait to know God's will.

To those who wait in faith, O God!
Through all the silent hours,
Thy peace steals sweetly as the dew,
To every waiting flower.

NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.

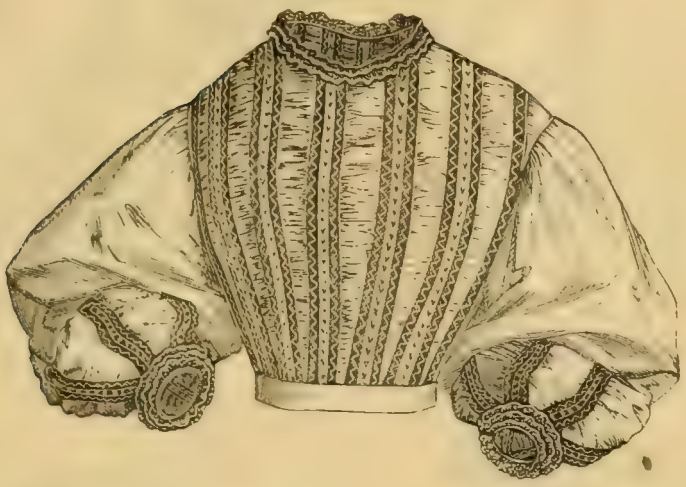


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

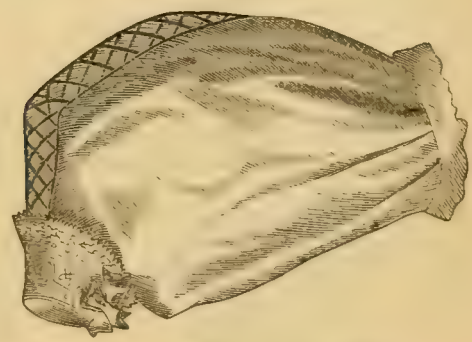


Fig. 4.

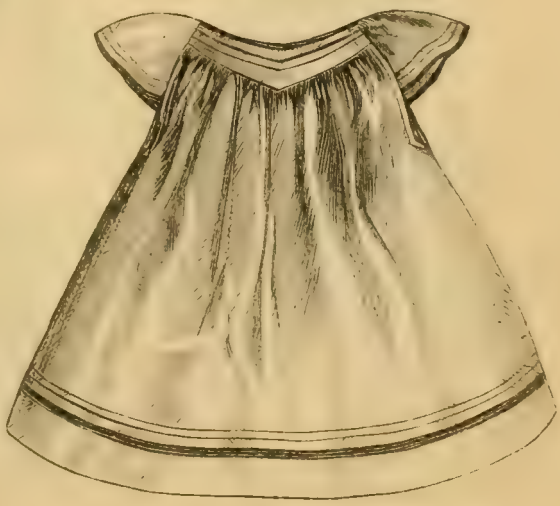


Fig. 5.

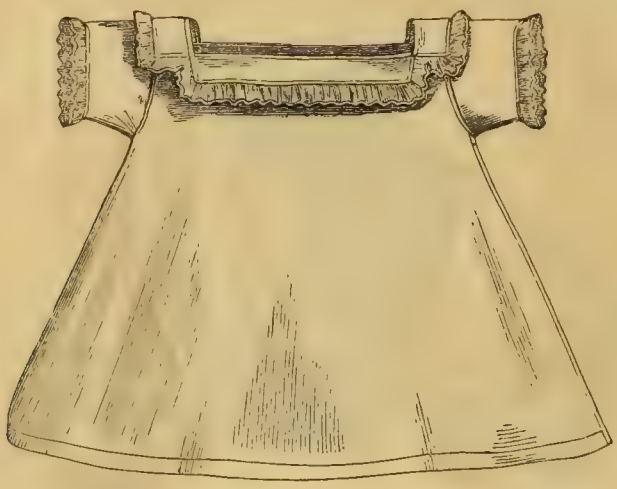


Fig. 1.—White puffed spencer.

Fig. 2.—Breakfast-cap, made of figured muslin, and trimmed with black lace, and green and white ribbons.

Fig. 3.—Fancy undersleeve, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 4.—Apron for a child from two to four years.

Fig. 5.—Chemise for a child from one to three years old, trimmed with magic ruffling.

Fig. 6.

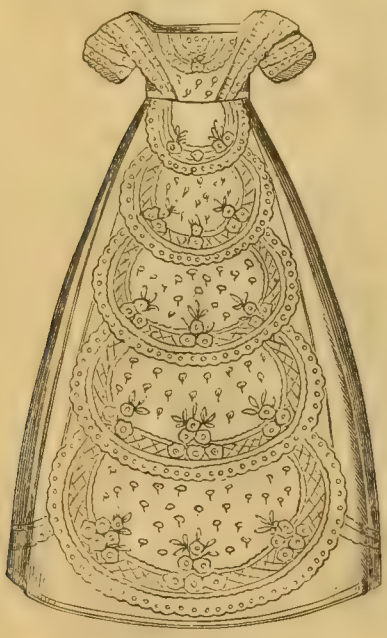


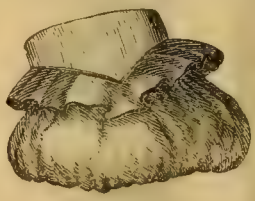
Fig. 6.—Christening robe.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 7.—Buff cashmere coat, braided with black.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Short Sleeve.—A single puff, overlaid by a short pointed cap, trimmed round with a narrow



volant. Very pretty in muslin, berage, or grenadine, for a young lady.

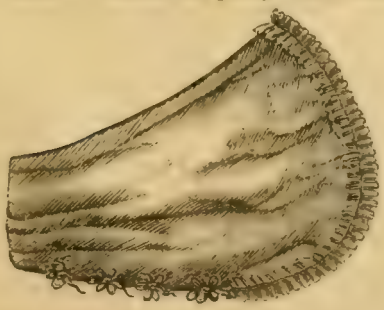
English Jacket.—The pattern consists of three pieces: front, back, pocket lid, and sleeve. The jacket may either be ornamented by *arabesques*,

or braided round in any design, such as the Grecian border, etc., and will be very much worn this season.

High plain body, with a puffing set on, to imitate a berthe. The sleeve is a full bishop, with three gores, four inches in length, taken out at

the band, and the fulness laid over in a box-plait, and finished in a point to agree with the puff at the hand, and on the waist.

"*Emma*" *Sleeve.*—A pretty semi-flowing



sleeve, for muslin, or any thin material. The fulness is laid in box-plaits at the top, and it is rounded off at the bottom, so as to leave it pretty open on the back. Garniture of ruching and bows.

"*Dana*" *Sleeve.*—A very handsome sleeve

in silk, or in the silk and wool mixtures which are so much worn. The fulness is divided into puffs at the top by narrow straps of braid or gimp. Round the bottom are double *volants*, pinked on the edge, and laid in festoons, with a heading of gimp. Flat bows, without ends, of silk or ribbon, in the same or a contrasting color.

Magnolia.—A pretty variety of the Zouave family—the back corresponds with the front. The sleeve is plain, with a puff set on the bottom, and finished at the upper edge with points,

finished with braid and buttons. This jacket may be made of pique, or double Marseilles, as well as silk. White tucked under shirt, with broad centre-plait and tiny ruffles each side.

WAISTBAND AND BRETELLES

IN MIGNARDISE AND POINT LACE STITCHES.

THIS is intended to be worn over a white or light-colored muslin dress.

Trace the pattern on a piece of stiff paper, tack the braid on, and where it crosses sew it firmly together, but not through the paper. Fill in the spaces with Point d'Angleterre and Venetian bars, as shown in the engraving. The ends should be heavily fringed with black silk.

Full braiding patterns for this bretelle can be furnished.

TIGER-SKIN SLIPPERS.

(See plate in front.)

Materials for a pair of slippers: Half a yard Penelope canvas, No. 40; 6 skeins black single Berlin wool; 4 skeins each of seven shades of a pretty red-brown; 6 skeins bright scarlet for the edging; 1 skein, a paler shade, for the tongue and eyes; 1 small skein white floss silk for the eyes; 2 ditto the same color as the lightest shade of wool for the body.

THE novelty which we this month present to our subscribers is a slipper of an elegant and most beautiful description. The design is perfectly fresh, and is intended to represent the skin rugs now so generally used in libraries and morning-rooms.

The stitch with which the above is worked is a long stitch, and must in a great measure be left to the taste and option of the worker, care always being taken to well cover the surface of the canvas.

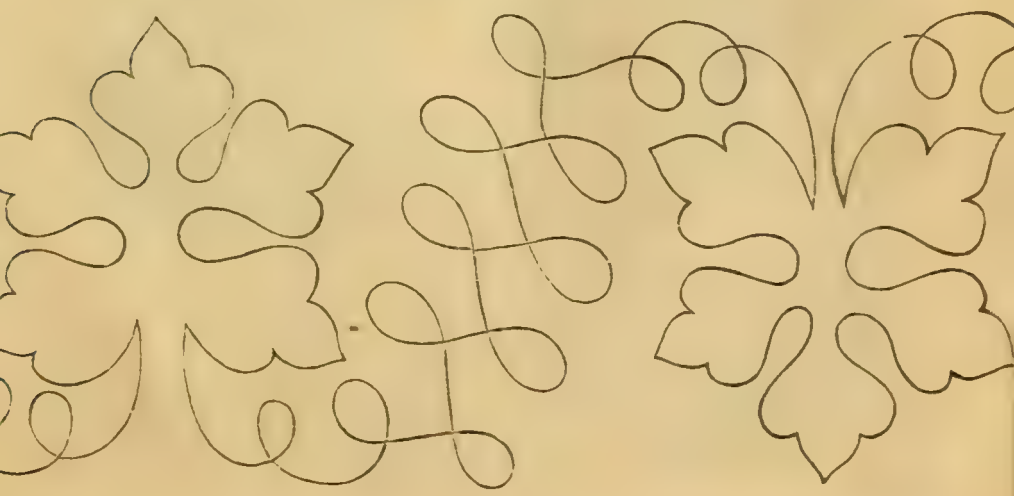
The hind claws are worked in a slanting direction, to cover thirteen threads of the canvas, and the stitches of the extreme end of the claw must be small, and running the reverse way to the others. The tail, which forms part of the toe of the slipper, must be closely worked, with rather long stitches, care being taken to give it a good round shape. This part will then have the appearance of being raised above the body. The principal feature of the slipper is the face.

The black marks on the forehead are in very long stitches of different lengths. The four outer sections contain seven stitches, the two middle ones nine stitches. The nose is formed with very short stitches, with the second shade of wool. The pupil of the eye is composed of six stitches of black wool, worked in a circle, covering two threads of the canvas, and is half surrounded with eight stitches of white floss silk, forming the white of the eye; and in the under corner are arranged three stitches of the palest shade of scarlet to represent the inside of the eye. The mouth is outlined with black wool. The tongue is worked in five stitches of the light scarlet, across the canvas. The under lip is formed with short stitches, in the 4th, 5th, and 6th shades of brown, covering a space of ten threads in width and four in depth. The whiskers consist of three long stitches on each side, covering about six threads of canvas, in a slanting direction. The foreclaws are worked from each side of the face, in medium-sized stitches, extending over 18 threads of canvas. The border, which forms an elegant finish to the pattern, is worked in bright scarlet, in points, each point containing five stitches, and covering four threads of canvas.

The model from which we give this description has a raised appearance as if wadded. This is accomplished by bringing the needle right under "in the centre" of the preceding stitch, the stitch being of the same description as the one in which the old Gobelins tapestry was worked, and which is now becoming very fashionable.

The color of the grounding for this slipper may of course be left to the taste of the worker; but we would suggest a bright sky-blue or a pale shade of green, as being the most suitable contrast to the brown skin of the tiger. In any case the grounding should not be of a dark color, as the effect of the work would be entirely spoiled; the tiger's skin, being somewhat rich and heavy, requires a light shade to throw it up nicely.

BRAIDING PATTERNS.



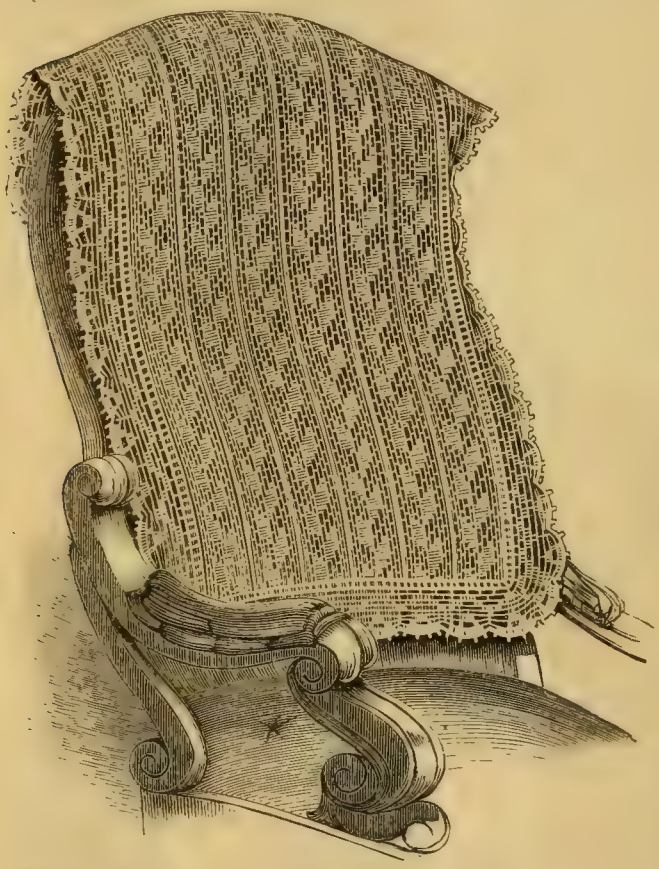
CROCHET TIDY.

(IN WHITE AND COLORED COTTON.)

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 18, white and pink; 6 rows of each; with crochet hook, No. 18.

MAKE a chain of any length required with the white cotton.

1*st row—All white.* * 1 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat to the end.



2*d—All white.* 1 dc on dc, 2 ch, miss 2, * 1 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat to the end.

3*d—White and pink.* 2 dc with pink, * 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, white; 11 dc, pink; * repeat to the end.

4*th.*—5 dc, pink; * 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, white; 11 dc, pink (the first coming on the 4th of last row); * repeat to the end.

5*th.*—8 dc, pink; * 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, white; 11 dc, pink (the first coming on the 4th of last row); * repeat to the end.

6*th.*—1 dc, 1 ch, white; * 1 dc, 4 ch, white; 11 dc pink (the first coming on the last of the pink dc of last row), 4 ch, white; * repeat to the end.

7*th.*—1 dc, 4 ch, white; * 11 dc, pink; 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, white; * repeat to the end.

8*th.*—1 dc, white; * 11 dc, pink; 4 ch, 1 dc, 4 ch, white; * repeat to the end.

9*th—All white.* 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, * 1 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat to the end.

10*th—All white.* 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, * 1 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat to the end.

11*th.*—All dc, with white cotton.

Repeat these 11 rows as often as may be desired for the width of the tidy, ending with the tenth row; then do a line of dc completely round, working two stitches in one at the corners.

FOR THE BORDER.—With the white cotton do a round of open square crochet, missing only one, or none, at the corners, to make them full, so that the outer edge may be quite flat.

1*st pattern row.*—* 1 dc, pink; 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc, 3 ch, white; * repeat all round.

2*d.*—* 5 dc, pink (coming over the one dc, and 2 white chain at each side of it); 3 ch, 1 dc on the centre of 3 dc, 3 ch, white; * repeat.

3*d.*—Begin on the 2d of the last 3 ch, * 3 dc, pink; 3 ch, white; * repeat all round.

4*th.*—* 7 ch, white (coming over the five dc of 2d row, and one chain on each side); 5 dc, pink; * repeat all round.

5*th.*—* 1 dc, pink, on the centre of 7 ch, 5 ch, white, 1 dc, pink (on the centre of 5 dc); 5 ch, white; * repeat all round.

6*th.*—* 4 dc, pink (coming over 1 dc and one chain on each side, over the seven chain); 9 ch, white; * repeat all round.

7*th.*—* 1 dc, pink, on the last of 9 ch, 1 more dc, pink; 4 dc white on 2 dc, 2 dc pink, 7 ch, white; * repeat all round.

8*th—All pink.* 1 sc on the 1 dc of 5th row, taking the stitch across the 9 ch and 7 ch of the last two rows, 2 ch, 12 dc (which come over the dc of last row, and one chain at each end), 2 ch; repeat all round.

9th—All white. * sc on sc, 3 more sc, 4 ch, sc again on the last stitch, 3 more sc, 4 ch, sc again on the last stitch, 5 more sc, 4 ch, sc again on the last stitch, 3 more sc, 4 ch, sc again on the last stitch, 2 more sc, *, repeat all round.

In working open crochet with two colors the second thread is passed backwards and forwards, in making a chain with one. This is done by the hook, and not by any movement of the fingers. The new color is always introduced by finishing the stitch with it, if a dc stitch, or by working the last chain, if they are chain stitches. Thus, in the 7th row, the second pink dc is finished with white, the fourth white with pink, the second pink again with white, and the last of the seven chain is also pink.

GENTLEMEN'S NECK WARMER.

This new muffler is knit round; it is to be pulled over the head, and a square piece hangs

down over the chest. For a small head 99 stitches will be sufficient; but a large head will require from 108 to 120 stitches. Knit with four steel needles 3 stitches right, and 3 reversed; continue to do so until you have it sufficiently long for the neck. When it is long enough, knit 1 row right, 1 row wrong; repeat this once; bind off 40 stitches, and knit the rest back and forth until it is about eight inches long; bind off, and crochet a scalloped edge all round the square piece and round the back of the neck.

BRAIDED SPECTACLE CASE.

NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET.

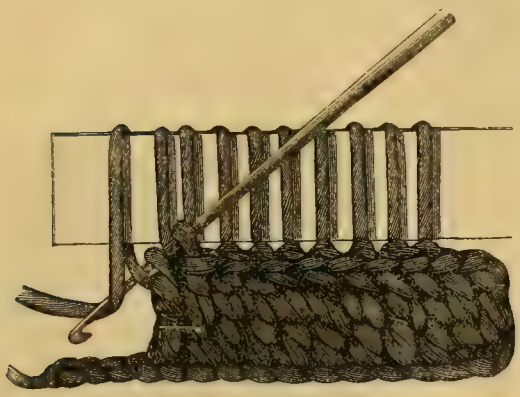


Fig. 7.—Shaggy stitch.

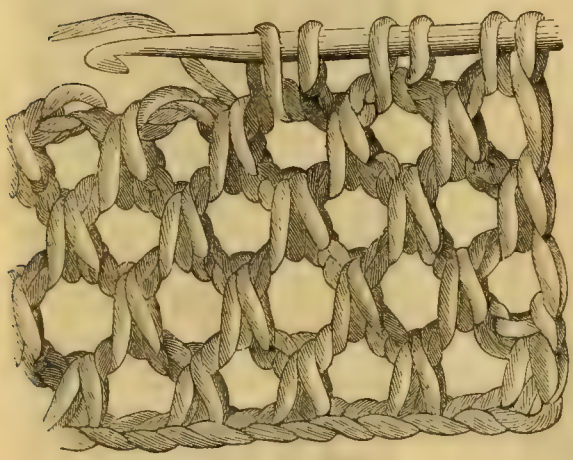


Fig. 8.—Net Stitch.

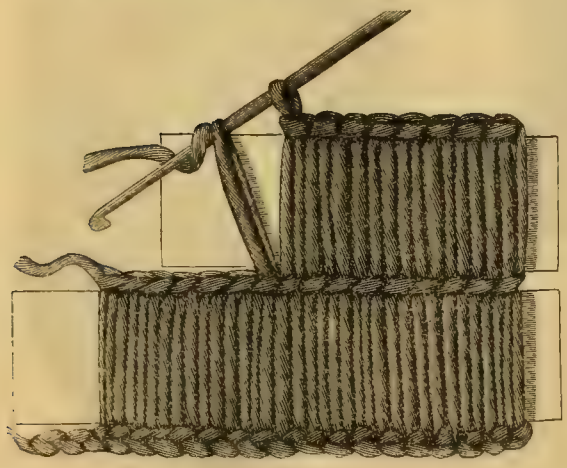


Fig. 9 —Mesh Stitch.

Fig. 7. *Shaggy Stitch.* The wrong side of this stitch is the right when finished. Fig. 6 shows plainly that this stitch consists of double treble, namely, such as require the wool to be placed twice round the needle. Before closing the two last loops of these stitches the loops are made in the following manner: The mesh is laid on the top of the nearly finished stitch, the wool wound round it from back to front, and drawn through the loop laid over the mesh through the two remaining loops of the long stitch. The entire row is worked in exactly the same manner, the mesh being then drawn out, the wool cut off, and the next row begun at the same end as the first, all succeeding rows being worked in the same direction, placing the needle right through the stitches.

Fig. 8. *Net Stitch.* For this stitch we must give a full explanation, as it differs entirely from "rib" stitch. 1*st Pattern.* 1*st row.* After the foundation is worked, place the needle through 2 succeeding stitches, missing the next one. 2*d.* The 2 loops are drawn together into 1 loop, and the space above the missed stitch is filled in with 3 chain to the next two loops. 2*d Pattern.* In this, and in all following patterns, the two loops must be placed alternately. 1*st row.* Make a loop through the middle stitch of the 3 chain, and 1 into the space formed by them, as seen in the engraving. 2*d.* The same as the second row in the first pattern.

Fig. 9. *Mesh Stitch.* To make this stitch two meshes are required. After the usual foundation of chain stitch, draw the last loop out so that it is as broad as the mesh, and place the mesh in the middle of the loop. Then work double crochet stitches into every loop, always putting the wool round the mesh and making the stitch come at the top. In this way the row is worked, the wool broken off, and commenced again at the beginning of the row. The second row is worked in the same manner, *before taking out the*

1*st mesh*, which must be withdrawn on working the third row, when it will be found that the loops are fastened on both sides with a closed row of crochet.

KNITTED OPERA OR TRAVELLING HOOD, TRIMMED WITH SWANSDOWN.

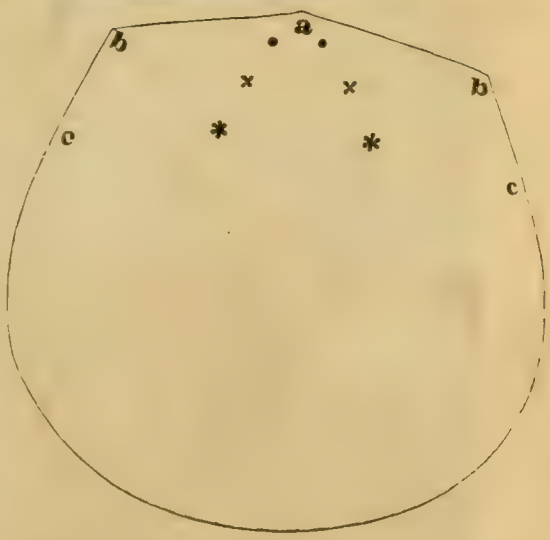
(*See engraving, page* 540.)

THE foundation of the hood consists of a simple square, knitted in alternate stripes of cerise and white, the knitting commencing with four stitches. Four rows of white and four rows of cerise should be knitted alternately, and two stitches knitted into the last one of every row, so increasing the length of the rows until there are 110 stitches on the needle. The work should then be decreased by knitting two together at the end of each row until but four stitches remain on the needle, continuing the alternate cerise and white throughout the square. The stitches should be cast off, and the square trimmed round with swansdown in the same manner as seen in our illustration. The knitting should be pleated in behind, and ornamented with a bow of ribbon, and the strings sewn on in front. The corner of the square forming the curtain keeps the neck beautifully warm, as it answers the purpose of a cape. The quantity of swansdown required to trim this hood of course depends on the size the square happens to be knitted, but we should think about two yards will be found sufficient.

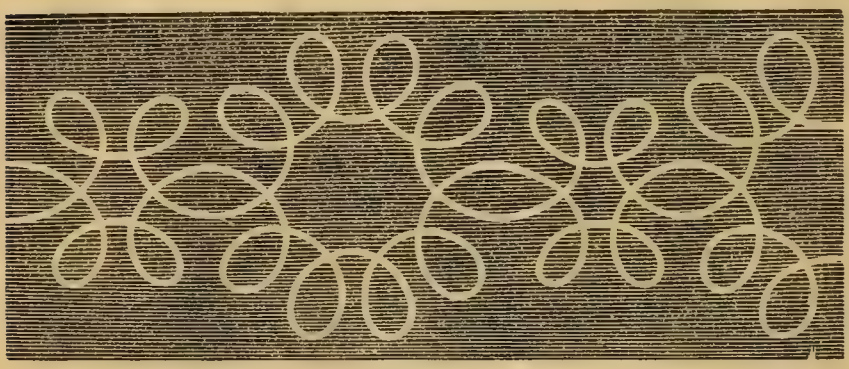
MOUSE PENWIPER.

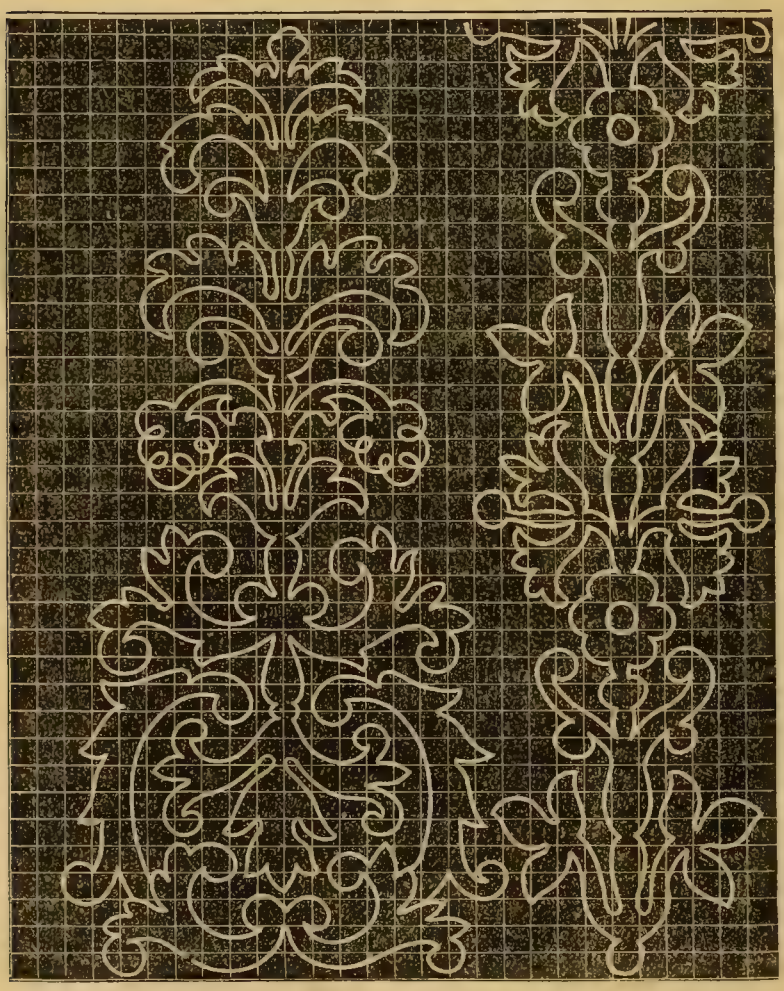
TAKE gray Canton flannel, the wrong side of which will represent the mouse's skin. Cut diagram No. 1, then cut two pieces size and shape of No. 2. These last

will be for the ears of the mouse, and are to be cut without allowing for seams. In piece No. 1, you must allow for a seam at the side marked *a* in the middle and *b* at each end. Fold the piece allowed for the seam, put the points *b* and *b* together, and sew from *a* to *b*, then from *b* to *c*. Then sew it together all round, making a small plait at every half inch, leaving a small space to fill it. Then fill the body with wadding, shaping it like a mouse, and making the underpart a little flat so as to fasten the mouse to the penwiper. The ears must be folded a little, as in the dotted line in No. 2; fasten them at the places marked by a star in diagram No. 1, and by drawing the thread through the head from star to star, the hollow of the head is formed. Put a black bead for eyes on the places marked by a cross. Run some stiff thread through the snout, and crochet a cord for the tail, and fasten the mouse on the penwiper, which is made of black and scarlet cloth.



BRAIDING PATTERNS.





Receipts, &c.

PLUM PUDDING AND OTHER RECEIPTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

We give a number of receipts for puddings, pies, cakes, etc., that will be of great use to our lady friends during the Christmas holidays.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLUM PUDDINGS.

In the making of plum puddings, the following results of the examination and comparison of eighteen receipts may be usefully studied and applied:—

Average of Eighteen Receipts for Plum Pudding.

Fine flour, half a pound; bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound; suet, three quarters of a pound; eggs (yolk and white), four; mixed dried fruit, one pound and a half; mixed liquid, a third of a pint.

Average Deductions respecting the Composition.

A classification of the receipts gives the following independent dogmas, namely, that when a plum pudding contains—

Less flour, it must have more egg, bread-crumb, and fruit.

Less egg, it must have more flour and less liquid.

Less bread-crumb, it must have more flour and liquid and less suet.

Less suet, it must have less bread-crumb and fruit.

Less fruit, it must have less egg and suet, with more flour.

Less liquid, it must have less egg and more bread-crumb.

With respect to the *mixing* of the ingredients, different modes are employed. The eggs are always beat up previously in a separate state; and the milk, spice, flour, and crumbs are generally added by degrees, and beat up successively, adding the suet and fruit next, and the brandy last. In some cases, however, this process is reversed, and the eggs are added last; but, in general, the eggs and milk, the flour, suet, and fruit, and the spices, go together. The pudding-bag is always well dredged with flour, and often tied rather loose, that the pudding may swell; and, after boiling it, about five minutes are suffered to elapse, in order that the moisture may evaporate from the outside of the cloth, and allow it to leave the pudding in a perfect state. Some are boiled in a cloth only, some in a mould only, with a cloth over the mouth and others in both a cloth and basin. They all should have pounded white sugar sprinkled freely over them, on being served on the dish for table.

Much puzzling difference is apparent in the time directed for the *boiling* of the puddings of each receipt. This appears to depend on the nature of the composition and the proportion of binding material. We have instituted a comparison of all the receipts by reducing the weight of ingredients to the average standard, and have obtained the following independent deductions:—

1. Plum puddings require the *same* boiling, if the crumb be left out, and more flour, egg, and fruit supply its place.

2. They require *more* boiling, when containing a greater proportion of flour and egg, but less crumb and suet, or when boiled in a mould.

3. They require *less* boiling, when having less flour, but more crumb and fruit.

4. The average time of boiling for ingredients weighing four pounds is about four hours.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants, and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

Another way.—Seven ounces raisins, seeded and a little chopped; seven ounces currants, well washed and picked; one and a half ounce citron; three ounces beef suet, chopped very fine; three-quarters of a nutmeg, grated; one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; five eggs well beaten up; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; five tablespoonfuls of wheat flour; half a lemon-peel, grated; one glass of brandy and one glass of Madeira; a little milk to mix, sufficient to make rather a thick batter. The whole must be well mixed. The above mixture to be put into a well buttered basin. Tie a pudding cloth over, and pin the four corners over the top. Put into boiling water, and to be kept boiling without ceasing for five hours. We have tried this receipt, and know it to be excellent.

MAIGRE PLUM PUDDING

Simmer one pint of milk with two large blades of mace,
And the rind of one lemon, for twelve minutes; then
Strain it into a basin, to stand till 'tis cold.
In the meantime, procure a large pan that will hold
Seven eggs; beat them up with at least eight or ten
Tablespoonfuls of sugar (the moist kind will do),
A whole nutmeg grated, the fourth of a pound
Of the best wheaten flour; then beat all of these
Up together, with care, adding milk by degrees;
And as soon as you've stirred them sufficiently round,
Get six ounces of real prime butter, and break
It up into small pieces, with just the same weight
Of small bread-crumbs, eight ounces of currants, washed clean,
Five ounces of raisins, Malaga, I mean,
Chopped and stoned. Mix all these in a pan or deep plate.
Lastly, butter a mould, and when this you have done,
Fill it up with the condiments mentioned, of course;
Tie a cloth of some kind pretty tight o'er the top,
Put it into the saucepan, and there let it stop
For three hours; then serve with the following sauce:—

SAUCE FOR MAIGRE PLUM PUDDING.

Get five ounces of butter, and melt it with care,
In the usual way, and, as soon as complete,
Put in one glass of brandy, and one ounce of white
Sugar, pounded; and when you have mixed it all right,
It is ready for use. Well, then sit down and eat.

Little Plum Cakes to keep long.—Dry one pound of flour, and mix with six ounces of finely-pounded sugar; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add to three eggs well beaten, half a pound of currants washed and nicely dried, and the flour and sugar; beat all for some time, then dredge flour on tin plates, and drop the batter on them the size of a walnut. If properly mixed, it will be a stiff paste. Bake in a brisk oven.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Stone carefully one pound of the best raisins, wash and pick one pound of currants, chop very small one pound of fresh beef suet, blanch and chop

small or pound two ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter ones; mix the whole well together, with one pound of sifted flour, and the same weight of crumb of bread soaked in milk, then squeezed dry and stirred with a spoon until reduced to a mash, before it is mixed with the flour. Cut in small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange, and lemon-peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice; quarter of a pound of moist sugar should be put into a basin, with eight eggs, and well beaten together with a three-pronged fork; stir this with the pudding, and make it of a proper consistence with milk. Remember that it must not be made too thin, or the fruit will sink to the bottom, but be made to the consistence of good thick batter. Two wineglassfuls of brandy should be poured over the fruit and spice, mixed together in a basin, and allowed to stand three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring them occasionally. It must be tied in a cloth, and will take five hours of constant boiling. When done, turn it out on a dish, sift loaf-sugar over the top, and serve it with wine-sauce in a boat, and some poured round the pudding.

The pudding will be of considerable size, but half the quantity of materials, used in the same proportion, will be equally good.

Boiled Plum Pudding.—The crumbs of a small loaf, half a pound each of sugar, currants, raisins, and beef-suet shred, two ounces of candied peel, three drops of essence of lemon, three eggs, a little nutmeg, a tablespoonful of flour. Butter the mould, and boil them five hours. Serve with brandy-sauce.

A rich Christmas Pudding.—One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef-suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, a cup of sweetmeats, and a wineglass of brandy. Mix well, and boil in a mould eight hours.

A good Christmas Pudding.—One pound of flour, two pounds of suet, one pound of currants, one pound of plums, eight eggs, two ounces of candied peel, almonds and mixed spice according to taste. Boil gently for seven hours.

Mincemeat.—Six pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins stoned, three pounds of apples chopped fine, four pounds of suet, two pounds of sugar, two pounds of beef, the peel and juice of two lemons, a pint of sweet wine, a quarter of a pint of brandy, half an ounce of mixed spice. Press the whole into a deep pan when well mixed.

Another way.—Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of moist sugar, two ounces of citron, one ounce of orange-peel, one small nutmeg, one pottle of apples chopped fine, the rind of two lemons and juice of one, half a pint of brandy; mix well together. This should be made a little time before wanted for use.

Mince Pies.—Take a pound of beef, free from skin and strings, and chop it very fine; then two pounds of suet, which likewise pick and chop; then add three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and perfectly dry, one pound and a half of apples, the peel and juice of a lemon, half a pint of sweet wine, half a nutmeg, and a few cloves and mace, with pimento in fine powder; have citron, orange, and lemon-peel ready, and put some in each of the pies when made.

Soft Crullers.—Sift three-quarters of a pound of flour, and powder half a pound of loaf-sugar; heat a pint of water in a round-bottomed saucepan, and when quite warm, mix the flour with it gradually; set half a pound of fresh butter over the fire in a small vessel; and when it begins to melt, stir it gradually into the flour and water; then add by degrees the powdered sugar and half a grated nutmeg. Take the saucepan off the fire, and beat the contents with a wooden spaddle or spatula, till they are thoroughly mixed; then beat six eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Beat the whole very hard, till it becomes a thick batter. Flour a pasteboard very well, and lay out the batter upon it in rings (the best way is to pass it through a screw funnel). Have ready, on the fire, a pot of boiling lard of the very best quality; put in the crullers, removing them from the board by carefully taking them up, one at a time, on a broad-bladed knife. Boil but few at a time. They must be of a fine brown. Lift them out on a perforated skimmer, draining the lard from them back into the pot; lay them on a large dish, and sift powdered white sugar over them.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

To two pounds of flour well sifted unite
Of loaf-sugar ounces sixteen:
Two pounds of fresh butter, with eighteen fine eggs,
And four pounds of currants washed clean;
Eight ounces of almonds well blanched and cut small,
The same weight of citron sliced;
Of orange and lemon-peel candied one pound,
And a gill of pale brandy uniced;
A large nutmeg grated; exact half an ounce
Of allspice, but only a quarter
Of mace, coriander, and ginger well ground,
Or pounded to dust in a mortar.
An important addition is cinnamon, which
Is better increased than diminished;
The fourth of an ounce is sufficient. Now this
May be baked four good hours till finished.

Fruit Cake.—Take one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, and beat them together with the yolks of eight eggs; beat the whites separately; mix with these one and a half pound of flour, one teacupful of cream, one wineglassful of brandy and one of wine, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one salt-spoonful of salt, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, stoned, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of citron; mix with the flour two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

Washington Cake.—Beat together one and a half pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter; add four eggs well beaten, half a pint of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water. Stir in gradually one and three-quarter pound of flour, one wineglassful of wine or brandy, and one nutmeg, grated. Beat all well together.

This will make two round cakes. It should be baked in a quick oven, and will take from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the thickness of the cakes.

Queen Cake.—Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and of washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar over just as you put them into the oven.

Lemon Cake.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

A Good Pound-cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, in fine powder together; then by degrees work the dry ingredients into the batter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways. It must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it an hour in a quick oven.

The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

Lemon Gingerbread.—Grate the rinds of two or three lemons, and add the juice to a glass of brandy; then mix the grated lemon in one pound of flour, make a hole in the flour, pour in half a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter melted, the lemon-juice, and brandy, and mix all up together with half an ounce of ground ginger and quarter of an ounce of Cayenne pepper.

Imperial Gingerbread.—Rub six ounces of butter into three-quarters of a pound of flour; then mix six ounces of treacle with a pint of cream carefully, lest it should turn the cream; mix in a quarter of a pound of double-refined sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one ounce of caraway-seeds; stir the whole well together into a paste, cut it into shapes, and stick cut candied orange or lemon-peel on the top.

Seed Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wineglass of rose-water and two glasses of wine mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Portugal Cake.—One pound of flour, half pound of butter, eight eggs, two spoonfuls of lemon-juice, one pound of stoned raisins, citron or almonds, as you choose, one nutmeg. It is good plain.

A Good Paste for Tarts.—One pound and a half of flour, half pound of butter, half pound of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, sufficient water to form a stiff dough.

Molasses Pie.—Four eggs—beat the whites separate—one teacupful of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat them well together; stir in one teacupful and a half of molasses, and then add the white of eggs. Bake on pastry.

Clove Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half pound of butter, four eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus, a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of powdered mace, same of cinnamon, same of cloves; fruit, if you choose.

Cream Pie (*fine*).—Half pound of butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot wet; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in deep dishes.

Ginger Sponge-Cake.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

French Jumbles.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

HOW TO COOK POULTRY.

To Boil a Turkey.—Make a stuffing as for veal; or if you wish a plain stuffing, pound a cracker or some breadcrumb very fine, chop raw salt pork very fine, sift some sage and any other sweet herbs that are liked, season with pepper, and mould them together with the yolk of an egg; put this under the breast, and tie it closely. Set on the turkey in boiling water enough to cover it; boil very slowly, and take off the scum as it rises. A large turkey will require more than two hours' boiling; a small one an hour and a half. Garnish with fried forcemeat, and serve with oyster or celery sauce.

Or: Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up, strain the gravy that will be found in the pan, and which, when cold, will be a fine jelly; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

To Roast a Turkey.—Prepare a stuffing of pork sausage-meat, one beaten egg, and a few crumbs of bread: or, if sausages are to be served with the turkey, stuffing as for fillet of veal; in either, a little shred shallot is an improvement. Stuff the bird under the breast; dredge it with flour, and put it down to a clear, brisk fire; at a moderate distance the first half hour, but afterwards nearer. Baste with butter; and when the turkey is plumped up, and the steam draws towards the fire, it will be nearly done; then dredge it lightly with flour, and baste it with a little more butter, first melted in the basting-ladle. Serve with gravy in the dish and bread sauce in a tureen. It may be garnished with sausages, or with fried forcemeat, if veal stuffing be used. Sometimes the gizzard and liver are dipped into the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with salt and Cayenne, and then put under the pinions before the bird is put to the fire. A very large turkey will require three hours' roasting; one of eight or ten pounds, two hours; and a small one, an hour and a half.

Roasted chestnuts, grated or sliced, and green truffles, sliced, are excellent additions to the stuffing for turkeys.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DINNERS.

Boiled turkey with oyster sauce, roast goose with apple sauce, roasted ham, chicken-pie, stewed beets, cole-slaw, turnips, salsify, winter-squash; mince pie, plum pudding, lemon custards, cranberry pie.

Roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled fowls with celery sauce, boiled ham, goose pie, turnips, salsify, cole-slaw, winter-squash, beets; mince pudding boiled, lemon pudding baked, pumpkin pudding.

Mock turtle soup, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, boiled turkey with celery sauce, roasted ham, smoke-tongue, chicken curry, oyster pie, beets, cole-slaw, winter-squash, salsify, fried celery; plum pudding, mince pie, calf's-foot jelly, blanc-mange.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Clean Whole Silk or Satin Dresses.—The safest way to dry-clean a silk or satin dress of any color is, to take the body off the skirt, and clean each part separately. If the dress is a valuable one, take off the sleeves also. When they are cleaned, remake them; all the French workmen do it.

Have two clean earthen vessels that will hold two gallons each, and put half a gallon of camphine in each; have a smooth board, six feet long and three feet wide, suitable brushes, and four or five clean sheets. Be very particular about the sheets being dry and clean. Your sheeting board is not to be encumbered with all your sheets on it; have only one on it. Begin by cleaning the body first. Put the body in the first liquor of camphine, then lift it on to the board, brush the inside well, and then the outside. When this has been done, put it back in the first liquor of camphine, then in the second, and let it drain over the second a minute; spread a sheet on the board, lay the dress on it, and directly begin and rub it dry with the clean Indian cotton cloths. While rubbing it, keep it smooth and shape it, so as that, when dry and cleaned, it will look as if it had not been wetted. Take the sleeves next. Clean them in the same manner as the body. The skirt comes next, one after another, and it is to be cleaned exactly in the same manner as the body and the sleeves, by passing it through the two camphine liquors, brushing, and sheeting it up dry before leaving it. Dispatch is the life and soul of this work, as the camphine is of such a drying nature that it requires great expedition in the cleaning. When the dress is done, it must be hung up for some hours in an airy room. The smell of the camphine will come off in a few hours in a very hot stove room. The best method is to clean the camphine work in the afternoon and hang it in the stove room all night to take the smell off. Any silk or satin dress can be cleaned whole by this method, but it is safer to take the skirt off the body, which most cleaners do that intend not to be beat.

To Preserve Steel Pens from Corrosion.—Dip them for a few moments in ethereal solution of gold. This covers them with a film of pure metallic gold, which prevents the ink acting upon the steel.

Earwigs.—These troublesome insects may be enticed from the ear, into which they may have crawled, by placing a bit of apple (of which they are very fond) on the outside.

A Good Black Ink.—To one gallon of soft water, add ten ounces of Aleppo galls; add four ounces each of gum Arabic, and vitriol. The galls should be well bruised, and the mixture allowed to stand for a forthnight, being well stirred every day. Two ounces of white sugar improve the glossiness of the ink, and render it fit for "copying."

To Preserve the Colors of Leaves and Flowers.—Lay the leaves in books, and when they are flattened, and before their colors are injured, brush them over with a mixture composed of ten drops of vitriol, to a tablespoonful of water. If the mixture be too strong, it will almost immediately change the flowers red. The head of a small thistle when in seed, has been found a good substitute for a brush, which the vitriol soon destroys.

To Clean Ladies' Dresses etc., from Paint.—We can confidently recommend the use of Benzine Collas or benzol to remove the paint marks; the only objection to it is, that a somewhat disagreeable smell remains; but a few hours' exposure to the open air soon causes this to disappear.

Glue Made Waterproof.—Soak glue in water till it is soft, then melt it in linseed oil, assisted with a gentle heat. This glue is not acted upon by water or damp.

An Excellent Furniture Polish.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, half a quartern of spirits of wine, half a quartern of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Mix all together, and shake the bottle well before using it.

To Raise the pile of velvet, hold it over a basin of boiling water, the wrong side of the velvet being next the water. To clean a silk dress, make the following mixture: Two ounces of curd soap shredded finely, two ounces of salts of tartar, two gallons of water. Boil these ingredients together, and then add another two gallons of water. Wash the dress in the mixture, rinse in cold water, and iron as soon as possible.

Harness Blacking.—One pint of spirits of turpentine, half an ounce of Japan ink, two ounces of beeswax, two ounces of white wax, one ounce of gum benjamin, one ounce of indigo blue, two ounces of drop black. Melt the wax and gum benjamin, and then add the other ingredients, having warmed the ink. This blacking will never harden, but is always in a liquid state, and will be found to keep the harness soft and pliable. Apply with a soft brush, and polish with another, and gently rub with a soft cloth, and we think that will suit the most fastidious taste. Keep in something with a tight-fitting lid.

Another good receipt.—Three ounces of beeswax, one fourth pound of ivory black, one pint of neats-foot oil, two ounces of Castile soap, two ounces of lard, two tablespoonfuls of aloes. To be boiled together and poured into a shallow pot.

To Make a Camera Obscura.—The simplest form for constructing this apparatus is to darken a room, permitting no light to enter except by a small hole in the window-shutter. A double convex glass may then be fixed in the hole, and the images of external objects, in their native colors, will be seen on the wall, on a white screen placed so as to receive the light from the opening; but the picture is most distinctly seen when the image is formed on the back of a silverized mirror.

For Cleaning White Marble.—Half a pound of pearl-ash, one pound of whitening, half a pound of soft soap; all to be boiled together until quite thick, and put on the marble when nearly cold. It must remain on for twenty-four hours, then be washed off with soft water, and afterwards polished well with linen cloths. Spirits of turpentine for black marble.

A Neat Mode of Soldering.—Cut out a piece of tinfoil the size of the surfaces to be soldered. Then dip a feather in a solution of sal ammoniac, and wet over the surface of the metal, then place them in their proper position with the tinfoil between. Put it so arranged on a piece of iron hot enough to melt the foil. When cold they will be found firmly soldered together.

To Make Tracing Paper.—Mix together by a gentle heat, one ounce of Canada balsam, and a quarter of a pint of spirits of turpentine; with a soft brush spread it thinly over one side of good tissue paper. It dries quickly, is very transparent, and is not greasy, therefore does not stain the object upon which it may be placed. This has been tried, and found to answer exceedingly well.

Editors' Table.

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!
The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die. MONTGOMERY.

WE have come to the close of the sixty-fifth volume of the Lady's Book. *Three Hundred and Ninety Monthly Numbers* have been issued since its establishment, and never has a single failure or delay occurred to mar the continuity of the work. It has been regular as the months of the year.

Is there not, in this ceaseless fellowship with time, a necessity of the soul to stretch forth her wings for eternity? Each number of the Book is confined to one month, but does not the mind of every reader bound onward to the New Year's issue, even before the perusal of this number is finished?

When we consider the progress of time in reference to what we ourselves have done in a given space and feel that for these opportunities we are responsible, that the pages of our life and the influences of our thoughts as well as deeds are sealed by the past and cannot be recalled, or changed, or effaced, even the humblest efforts of one year's duration seem important.

In the volume we now close, it has been our aim, steadily and consistently, to keep the Lady's Book true to the highest principles of Christian duty. If the physical world were convulsed with storms, and all the elements of nature seemed charged with destructive power, would it not be a blessed relief to find "a lodge in the wilderness?" An oasis in the desert? A quiet, cultured garden on which the burning lava had not even breathed?

There must be, somewhere in the heart of society, the elements of Faith, Hope, and Charity kept in active life, or Peace and Brotherhood and the religion of the Saviour will disappear from the earth. We think *woman* should be the conservative power of this elementary goodness, that the precepts she instils by her life, her lips, and her pen should be in harmony with the divine teachings of Christ, when He declared:—

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the Children of God."

And thus we have aimed to influence the hearts and minds and lives and hopes of our readers. That they appreciate our efforts we have ample testimony. The year has been to us prosperous and happy by the generous patronage of a host of friends, whose appreciation for the Book has never seemed more sincere.

This simple record is very inadequate to express our gratitude for these kind and continued favors. Still we take pleasure in expressing our thanks and warm wishes for the happiness of all who have thus been faithful friends through the difficulties and dark shadows that have made 1862 a sorrowful year for our beloved country. May these dark shadows be swept away by the brightness of joys which our Father in Heaven has the power to bestow on us in the coming year!

* * * * * * * *

The New Volume, which commences with the New Year, will have some new, and (we think) interesting, features. We hope to show that continued progress in the right way is possible; that moral power is the Elixir of life, and goodness of heart the Fountain of Youth and Beauty; therefore every earnest mind can find a sure means of improvement, and every loving heart the real secret of happiness.

CHANGES, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

Great and important changes are coming on our land; not only is their shadow now over us, but the strong hand of destiny has already shaken many a tower of safety to atoms. These changes will deeply affect the women of the present times. Intelligent ladies are feeling the pressure of the coming events, and wisely asking what they can do to stay the storm or soften the calamities that may be felt by many unfitted to endure them. We will give here an extract from the letter of one of these noble and accomplished ladies; in our Next Volume we shall have much to say in behalf of those who are struggling to sustain themselves during these trying changes.

LETTER FROM A LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The aim of the Lady's Book has constantly been to give good counsel to the Christian woman and cheer her on in the path of duty and usefulness. We are much averse to masculine women and to those who unsex themselves by assuming the privileges of men and pushing forward into man's work. There is an old fable by Æsop, 'Of the ass who wished to be a lap-dog,' which has an appropriate moral for this folly of modern days. Still, there are occupations and professions in which women would be fully competent and which they can fulfil with propriety and efficiency. Some of these have seldom been thought of by women in this favored country, where peace and plenty so long reigned. The large armies which now have to be raised have taken men by thousands on thousands from their households, and, it is to be feared, that among these brave soldiers many who have gone forth will only leave the record of their names as an inheritance to their bereaved families.

At such a time does it not become the duty of matrons and capable women to see that the young girls under their influence and direction are educated to meet the necessities of this strange crisis?

Besides the office of teacher, which our young ladies so efficiently fill, there is the office of *Post Mistress* which might be allowed them. In England and in France and also in other European countries, women are frequently found in the management of country post offices. This I consider an appropriate and useful sphere for the educated women of our land. In large cities, of course, men must be preferred; but in thousands of villages and small towns women virtually execute these functions when they stand in the names of their husbands. Why cannot they then be appointed regularly; and in the absence or decease of their male relatives, become holders of the greater portion of the country post offices? By this change only, thousands of mourning widows, bereaved mothers, daughters, and sisters left destitute of their natural protectors, by this wasting war, would be able to sustain themselves and those dependent on them, be useful to the community in which they reside.

Another business, which in French retail houses is generally given to the wife or daughters, might with advantage be exercised by women. We mean clerkships.

A good handwriting, dexterity in accounts, the very easily acquired knowledge of the technicalities of Book-keeping are not beyond the average powers of educated young women. Industry, punctuality, and integrity are surely possessed by them in as large measure as their brother man.

In these remarks to your readers, if you, my friend, will give them room in the Book, I do not address myself to women only, but to their fathers, and brothers, and sons. It is for men to aid us in our efforts of preparing to sustain the cares and provide for the wants of desolate households, which will inevitably devolve on thousands of the women of this generation in our land. Will not good and generous men give us now their assistance by moving the authorities which hold these offices in their gift to bestow a portion of them on desolate and deserving women?

THE INFLUENCES OF DRESS AND COLORS.

An English writer, in his remarks on "a lady's dress," has given some happy hints and true definitions, or descriptions, rather, of power which good taste in costume exercises in society as well as on character and happiness. He begins by quoting an old authority that "Dress is a personal glossary, a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect." The writer adds:—

"This last assertion is rather strong; still, viewed in the light of a guide-book for the quiet observer of character, as an index to the tastes, habits of life, and condition of a people, a certain value must be conceded to the subject even by those who denounce it as a frivolous topic, unworthy of any attention. But it assumes real importance when we recognize it as the spring that moves the many hands of industry, and see in its wants and demands the stimulants that work upon man's fancy, taste, and inventive powers, exercise his skill and patience, and even impel him to study and scientific research. What knowledge and calculation were necessary, for instance, before the machinery that has brought calico-printing to its present perfection could be produced! What experiments were essayed in the laboratory before a new shade of color could be procured to meet the taste for novelty, and when procured, before it could be fixed and made permanently available!

* * * * * * * * * *

"We dearly love and duly appreciate color; we have hailed with delight the resumption of the scarlet cloak this winter by our fair countrywomen, especially at a time of public mourning, when our streets have worn so monotonous and sombre an aspect. The eye has been gladdened and refreshed by the warm, bright red, set off by the black dress beneath; and the welcome effect it produced proved to our minds how much pleasure we insensibly derive from the presence of color. We are hardly aware of it until we lose it. The aspect of our crowded thoroughfares lately enables us to form some idea of what we should feel if, by some freak of fashion, the fair sex were to adopt a costume as unvaried and hideous as the present masculine attire, and if our shops, that now display all that is lovely in color and exquisite in design, had nothing more attractive to offer than broadcloath or black stuff. We should feel depressed. The eye needs the stimulant of color and variety to keep it from fatigue; and beneath our gray and colorless sky we want more color, not less. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago color was certainly at a discount in dress as well as in architecture and decoration. That there has been a revival in its favor no one will deny."

The writer pays this graceful tribute to the wife of Louis Napoleon:—

"When Eugénie de Montéjo espoused Napoleon III., envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were arrayed against her. She was not royal, she was not French, she rode on horseback, she had English blood in her veins, an English complexion, and most probably English tastes. When she returned from Notre Dame after the marriage ceremony, the vast crowds assembled near the Tuileries to view her entry there gave her no welcome, received their empress in silence; yet in a few months France unanimously pronounced her *charming*. She had none of the conventional manner prescribed to royalty; she laughed when she should have been grave, and wept when she should have been composed; she wore fancy dresses, offensive to court etiquette, yet in spite of all this, in spite of her being as natural as Frenchwomen are generally artificial, she was pronounced *charming*. Her beauty and grace captivated the other sex; but we have no hesitation in saying that one cause of her popularity with her own was her being, beyond all comparison, the best dressed woman in the empire. The French look upon the toilet as a work of art, and pay the same tribute to it that we do to any other artistic production. They accepted and valued her success as another proof of the supremacy of France in this as in other matters."

A PRECIOUS TRIBUTE.

The writer of the following note and poem needs no other passport to the favor of our readers than her own touching appeal. The sympathies of loving and of sorrowing hearts will alike appreciate the genius and tender sensibility of this young invalid girl. To us her tribute of gratitude for the enjoyment she has derived from the Lady's Book is one of the sweetest pleasures of our long literary pilgrimage. It is the most precious reward of our efforts to have these assurances (not unfrequently given) that our writings have done good, even to those who are looking upward and heavenward. May the Saviour's love be her crown of glory. Her other poem will appear in January. EDITRESS.

Dear Mrs. Hale: Will you pardon a little invalid her presumption in writing to you? I do not wish to occupy one moment of your valuable time; but for so many years I have been comforted by the monthly visits of your lovely magazine I could no longer resist writing you, and thanking you out of the depths of a grateful heart for all the good you have done me. And now, perhaps, you will wish to know who I am. Well, it will be a sad tale; but you know in this world life is sunshine and shadow, and only in that to come will the heavy clouds be gathered away by the loving hand of the Almighty. Three years ago I was a bright, happy girl of eighteen. Surrounded by all the *comforts*, even *luxuries* of life, with an Eden home, loving parents, an only angel sister, life looked very beautiful as I stood on its threshold and gazed fearlessly beyond its sunny portals. And now—yet I would not murmur, for many blessings remain, though for three long, painful years not once have I bounded over this glad green earth. Disease fastened on my vitals, is feasting there, and slowly though surely I am leaving this glad earth with the beauty my poet soul so revels in. Yet I am happy, for my peace is made with God; a mansion is prepared for me; Jesus, my Saviour, will meet me on the other side of the cold, dark river, when pale Death shall ferry me over. It seems hard to be so sometimes, when I gaze on my noble father, with his lofty brow and raven locks, and eyes in which the fire is all quenched in tears as he gazes on me, his darling, his pride; my mother, with her sad brown eyes, her pale face shaded by bands of silky brown hair; my angel sister, so gloriously beautiful, with her large spiritual blue eyes, her wealth of golden hair, that like a misty veil ripples in ringlets over her white and dimpled shoulders, her angelic ways; and yet one more, whose voice is the sweetest music my ears ever heard, whose heart's purest love is more precious to me than all the wealth of Golconda's mine, who will cross the heaving waves of the Atlantic in a few weeks or months to clasp to his great heart, all full of love for her, his promised bride. How sadly his heart will ache to find a cruel bridegroom has taken her to his frozen bosom! May God comfort him! And, dear friend, pray for us both. But I must close now with an explanation of the articles inclosed. I have dared to send them, and beg, if worthy, you will give them some humble place in the Lady's Book. May the good and loving God, whose home is in the heavens, bless you and spare you many long years to do good!

Yours, lovingly,

THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

Come, my father, and my mother, and my loving sister, too;
Draw up closer to your darling, and receive her last adieu;
For an icy hand is pressing on my heart and on my brow,
And I feel that Death is clasping me to his chill bosom now.

Will you roll my couch once more to the window opened wide?
Let me breathe once more the fragrance of the climbing rose outside;
On the beauty of this glad earth let me once more feast my eyes,
Ere, with millions of the angels, I shall roam in Paradise.

How often I have gazed upon the western sunset sky,
Upon the crimson altar fires that floated up on high,
Upon the purple broidered cloud, glistening with pink and gold,
That hid from me the mysteries my heart longed to unfold!
Oh, how often my poor heart has swelled, and longed to tear away
Those heavy clouds that evermore 'tween me and heaven lay.
No longer I shall try to pierce those dark clouds with my eyes,
For soon I'll sail beyond their folds, and dwell in Paradise.

Yes, I shall sail across yon lake, the sunset's golden river;
I'll cross and land on heaven's shore, and dwell with God forever.
Oh, look! for in that purple sky I see the angels now,
And there's a little golden barque, and Death sits at the prow.
Sweet and melodious music now falls on my listening ear;
Ever more sweet and soft it grows as that golden barque draws near.
Never again I'll watch the sun when it shall set or rise,
But then you know they do not need a sun in Paradise.

Never again I'll watch with you when closes the bright day,
For twilight, with her shining robes of silver and of gray;
Never for me shall roses bright scatter their crimson rain;
And never more shall I drink in their fragrant sweet again.
But do not weep, my parents dear, and sister loved so well;
I would that you might cross with me yon golden billow's swell!
Yet there are two who went before; they'll meet me on the shore,
And then three angels you will have waiting at heaven's door.
Yes, at heaven's glorious portals we'll watch with loving eyes,
To meet each one as you shall come to dwell in Paradise.

And you, sweet, beautiful sister, the only rosebud left,
Console our darling parents, dear, whose hearts are so bereft.
See! the barque sails ever nearer, and Death is at the prow;
How his wide wings glow and glisten! how stern is his pale brow!
And my two cherub sisters, the loved ones gone before—
Oh! I see their white robes glisten as they stand upon the shore;
And the sweetest, sweetest music falls on my raptured ear.
Farewell, dear parents, sister; farewell—I leave you here!
But do not mourn or weep for me; oh, dry your tearful eyes;
The Saviour's love has raised your child to life in Paradise.

MYSTERIES.—"Religion and mystery both begin and end together; a portion of what is inscrutable to our faculties being intimately and inseparably blended with its most vital and operative truths. A religion without its mysteries is a temple without its God." We talk of light, and heat, and electricity, and gravity, and chemical attraction; but what are these? Clouds to conceal our ignorance. And when we have reached a great truth in science, we have only got a stage deeper into the dense and impenetrable darkness that is beyond; till at last we discover that the more we know in nature the more remains to be unknown; and the known is merely the illuminated title-page of the unread and the unknown. There is not a flower on the wayside, there is not a mineral in the earth, there is not a drop of water nor an atom of light, there is not a flash of lightning nor a peal of thunder that is not shrouded in mystery.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.—The Princess Belgiojoso has given to the public a curious description of family life in the East,* from which we select one daguerreotype. "Let us enter the harem of a *bourgeoise*, or, the same thing, of a small country gentleman. And, beforehand, let the privileged lady who visits this melancholy spot be under no illusion, but prepare herself to overcome much that is repugnant to her. Imagine a structure, separated from the house, properly so called, where the master receives his guests, and where only the male servants are allowed to lodge. The exit from this building leads generally through a vast shed, and where chickens roost upon every description of rubbish; from which a wooden stairway, with decayed and disjointed steps, leads to the upper apartments, consisting of a large vestibule and four chambers opening into it. One of these chambers is reserved for the master of the establishment, who lives there along with the favorite of the hour; the other rooms are occupied by the remainder of what is here called "the family." Women, children, and guests of the female sex, with the slaves of the master or mistress, compose the population of the harem. In the East there are no beds, properly so called, nor rooms specially set apart for repose; during the day the great clothes-presses contain heaps of mattresses, coverlets, and pillows, on which, when evening comes, the inhabitants of the place draw at will, each one making her bed on the floor wherever she pleases, and retiring to rest without undressing. When a room is filled, the overplus establish themselves elsewhere, and if all the rooms are incumbered, the latest arrivals retreat to the vestibule or staircase. To European eyes there is nothing more offensive when morning comes than the aspect of these ladies, dressed in the previous day's attire, rumpled and creased as it is by pressure on the mattress or by the irregular movements of slumber.

THE LAW OF KISSING.—The monks of the middle ages are said to have divided the kiss into fifteen distinct species, all of which were different. It appears that by the old civil law the kiss had a decided effect upon the positions of the swain and his beloved, in case the match was broken off. By the civil law all gifts that had passed between the lovers were ordinarily—if the marriage did not take place—to return to the first owners. If, however, the lover had, while courting, given his intended a kiss, he was to lose half of what he had given. This was not, however, to be the case with the woman, who might kiss as much as she chose without peril. Mr. Burn, in his notes, points out that the law, as thus laid down, was acted upon in a case which took place at Exeter, England, October 24, 1835, where the magistrate decided that the lover should return a watch to his intended, while she was to give back to him half the value of a brooch.

* Published by Carleton, New York.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year; its success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The Assistants employed are of the best class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Love's Holocaust"—"The Casket of the Year"—"My Ship"—"John Broad"—"Music"—"The Lover's Year"—and "Dr. John Hale and Margaret Thorn."

We must decline these communications, as we could not find room: "To Emmeline"—"Ella Lane"—"The Wanderer"—"Contemplation"—"Over the Thread"—"Winter's Joys"—"Too Soon"—"The Ivy and the Cross"—"Edwin's Death"—"Lament"—"A Sore Disappointment and its Consequences" (will do for a Weekly Journal, as the author suggested)—"Song"—"Too Many in the Boat"—"Lift up the Banner"—"Opera Music,"—and "Excelsior."

We have a large number of MSS. yet to examine; our friends will excuse the delay; we wish to give particular attention to our correspondents, and, therefore, do not *run* over the titles merely, but *examine* the merits of their articles. For the many favors we have received during this year and the high praises of the "Book" so lavishly tendered us, accept our warmest thanks. May the coming Christmas be a festival of hope and happiness to all our friends and patrons!

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AFTER DARK: *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins, author of the "Woman in White," etc. This is a reprint of a work published two or three years since. The book is composed of a collection of interesting stories, most varied in their character, strung together by a thread of a narrative from which the book takes its name. Though of course not equal to Collins's best romances, the book is yet worth a place in one's collection of light literature. Price 50 cents.

U. S. STAMP TAXES, *Imposed by the act of* 1862, *to go into effect on and after October* 1*st*, 1862. Published for the convenience of all storekeepers everywhere, merchants, bankers, brokers, lawyers, conveyancers, and the public generally. Every person in business wants this card, and cannot do without it. Price ten cents a copy, or three copies for twenty-five cents, or twenty-five copies for one dollar and seventy-five cents, or fifty copies for three dollars, or one hundred copies for five dollars.

—

From D. SCATTERGOOD, 304 Chestnut St., Philadelphia:—

LYRICS OF THE WAR. A very neat publication, with some excellent songs, many of them with music. Vignettes prettily printed in color. Price twenty cents a number.

—

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

SLATE DRAWING BOOKS. An admirable collection of Drawings (Nos. 1 to 6) for beginners, commencing with the most simple outlines, and continued to the more elaborate drawings. Our readers may have some idea of them from those published in the Book; but these are far more beautiful. They are really invaluable to one commencing to draw. Price 12 cents.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. We have received No. 52 of this valuable work. Price 15 cents per part.

—

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LES MISERABLES. *Jean Valjean: A Novel.* By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Chas. E. Wilbour. The fifth and last volume of this wonderful literary production is ready for the American public. Without disparagement to the books which have gone before, we can call it the most absorbing, the most exciting, and the most wonderful of them all. The first division of this book completes the thrilling and vivid account of the attempted revolution of June, 1832. Then follow several chapters which should engage the attention of political economists throughout the civilized world. We cannot follow the various incidents of the remainder of the book; but the whole conception, plan, and final conclusion are worthy of the pen of its great author. Of the many thousands who have read the preceding volumes, and who will obtain the present number with haste, and read it with avidity, there are few who will not be prepared for a connected and more careful reading from beginning to end. The present translation has served its purpose in giving us a certain idea of this great work. But to form any conception of its real grandeur, to appreciate its philosophy and its sentiment, a far more carefully prepared edition is required. The present is painfully full of French idiomatic expressions and actual errors in translation, as if the translator himself too often failed to comprehend what he was preparing for the understanding of others. There is also room for what might be called a "popular" edition, in which the whole five volumes might be reduced to two, by omitting the episodes, interesting in themselves, yet unnecessary to the story, and in some places cutting down conversations, and condensing monologues. In this form it would no doubt be found more acceptable to the masses than in its present. Price 50 cents.

LIKE AND UNLIKE: *A Novel.* By A. S. Roe, author of "I've been Thinking," "How could he Help it?" etc. We wonder how a book so tedious as this ever found its way into print. We confess to having read it through from beginning to end, and though we find much to approve, while its morality is unimpeachable, it is a book which we cannot praise. The hero enters the scene at the age of sixteen or seventeen; and from first to last he is represented as a pattern of goodness. He does nothing improper, exhibits no frailties, makes no mistakes such as the best of youth must sometimes commit, and is a model and a teacher to all around him. Such a character is most certainly misrepresented; and though the motive in its production may have been a good one, it will have no effect. Books, to do good, must make their characters human, subject to the same temptations, trials and failings as living humanity. Then let them attain perfection if they will, but let it be by struggles such as we all must undergo in the same road. Price $1 25.

THE SLAVE POWER: *its Character, Career, and Probable Designs.* By J. E. Cairnes, M. A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway; and late Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. The author of this work has attempted an explanation of the real issues involved in our present war. He takes as a basis of his argument that Slavery is the true origin of the existing conflict, and from this ground he reasons and deducts his conclusions, treating of its organization, tendencies, developments, policy, career, and designs. The book is written in that calm and dispassionate manner which we have a right to expect from one who is not a participant in our struggles. Price $1 00.

—

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM: *A Story for Fireside and Wayside.* The "wife's stratagem" is perhaps more properly the stratagem of the author to place in connected form before the public, a series of disconnected stories. And very well she has succeeded. The stories are witty and well written, while the "stratagem," in its various details, is far from being the least interesting portion. The most amusing story of all is a ghost story, entitled "Be Sure you're Right, then Forward." We think the author can safely venture that second book she hints at in her preface. Price 50 cents, paper; $1 00, cloth.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

COUNTRY LIVING AND COUNTRY THINKING. By Gail Hamilton. A book so charming, so fresh, so vigorous as this, we have not met with for many a day. We dare not venture a guess whether it be a man or a woman who writes with at once so much strength and sprightliness; for if we do, we are threatened with the dire displeasure of the author. But the book will compare well with those of its class from undoubted masculine sources, and at the same time displays a certain feminine grace and sauciness. The author is, at times, earnest in style; again witty and piquant: independent in thought and expression throughout, saying whatever he (or she) chooses without special regard as to whom it may hit. Price $1 25.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE. By the author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. This book is written with all the earnestness and singleness of purpose of a devout Christian, and abounds with religious truths and beauties, such as shall make it welcome to every heart that acknowledges the truths of the Gospel. Whoever reads it, we sincerely believe, will experience a strengthening of faith, and feel his spirit pervaded by a holy calm. Price 75 cents.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN REBELDOM. This book is composed of a series of papers written by Federal prisoners at New Orleans during the past winter. They were written without thought of publication, and were issued weekly, merely for pastime during the weary months of imprisonment. Each paper is composed of a number of short articles, prose and poetical, on various subjects. Though the book may possess no great degree of literary merit, it will still undoubtedly find hosts of attentive readers and sympathizing friends. Price 50 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR DECEMBER.—Our illustrations for December are magnificent. "Found in the Snow," is as soft and silvery a plate as we have ever given, and is ably illustrated. Read the story. "Winter" is a plate of seven tableaux. The centre picture shows us the comforts of a home in this merry season. The children have received their presents, and all is joy. The old grandfather and grandmother look on and think of their juvenile days, now reflected through two generations. We also have out-door amusements: Boys snow-balling and sledging, or coasting, as it is sometimes called, skating, sleigh-riding, the old farm-house, and the man at the wheel on shipboard, in a snow storm. Is it not a suggestive picture?

The Bride Plate Fashion, seven figures. We present our annual plate of brides, with the latest and most fashionable costumes. We are the only magazine that devotes one number of the year to these very necessary fashions. These dresses have been selected with great care. Perhaps some of our bachelor editors would be able to make choice here.

The Tiger Skin Slippers. Here is a novelty, and no doubt will be all the rage. We give under the proper head the directions for making them.

Preparing for the Christmas Party. Here is another of our Christmas pictures. No doubt many of our readers remember similar preparations.

Cloaks. These seasonable illustrations are continued in this number.

Crochet articles for winter wear, and Braiding Patterns. We continue in this number these useful and fashionable embellishments. We have more left for January number.

—

THE December issue contains stories by Miss Janvrin, the author of "Miss Slimmens," Miss Townsend, and "The Little Match Maker" is concluded. Several Christmas stories will also be found in this number.

—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY SEASON to our numerous and never tiring friends. We cordially wish that all the blessed and genial influences of the season may be showered upon them.

MARION HARLAND.—In the January number we shall commence a story by this lady, entitled "Husks." It will run through the year, and will be copyrighted. Therefore it can be read nowhere but in the Lady's Book. Send in your subscriptions at once, and get the commencement of the story. We copy the following announcement from our November number:—

LITERARY NEWS.—Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have made arrangements with Marion Harland, the well-known author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," for a series of stories. Every number for 1863 will contain a story from her pen. This is a compliment to the Book, as she writes for no other magazine. The stories will be copyrighted, so that they may not be found anywhere but in the pages of the Lady's Book.

THE following is from the Philadelphia *Press*:—

"The very successful authoress, whose *nom de plume* is 'Marion Harland,' and whose novels, entitled the 'Hidden Path,' 'Nemesis,' etc., have as much popularity in England as in this country, has a new work called 'Miriam,' which Sheldon & Co., of New York, will publish in a few days. The scene is laid in the 'dark and bloody ground of Kentucky,' and the work will be dedicated to George D. Prentice, editor of the *Louisville Journal*. No living American novelist is so popular as 'Marion Harland,' and the demand for her works is large and steady. 'Alone' and the 'Hidden Path' have each had a sale of 40,000 copies.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO SEND US DRAFTS OR CHECKS.—Be particular, when you purchase a draft or check to send us, that the same has the proper stamp affixed to it by the person from whom you procure it.

Extracts from the Law.

"Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party *issuing* the same."

"The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used."

"The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty is $50, and such a paper will be invalid and of no effect."

Any check on a bank, or sight draft, over $20 requires a two cent stamp, under $20 no stamp is required.

390.—This number is the 390th number of the Lady's Book that we have published. If our readers will divide 390 by 12 it will give precisely the number of years we have been engaged in publishing the Lady's Book, viz., 32 years and 6 months. From the first number to the last, solely under the control of the present publisher, without change of any kind from the commencement, and a gradual increase of subscription from the first year of publication to the present time, and now publishing the largest monthly list of any magazine in the United States.

A PRESENT FOR A LADY.—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the Lady's Book? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

EDUCATION: MISS HALE'S SCHOOL.—We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the *advertisement* of this school in the Editors' Table. We are certainly interested in a seminary conducted by a daughter of our old friend and associate, Mrs. Hale, and where our own daughter is receiving her education. But though interested we are not swayed by such considerations in what we say now on this subject.

Miss Hale's school is situated in the very best location that could be found in Philadelphia for the purpose. Close by the regions of fashion, and remote from the dust and confusion of business, it is yet in almost country seclusion, fronting a beautiful park, whose verdure in the season of green, which lasts here a long time, refreshes the eye, while its extent affords a healthful circulation of air. We do not hesitate to say that few boarding-schools, if any, have such judicious system and regulation, and receive the same faithful care from the Principal.

The best part of education comes from the influence of contact, and the morals as well as the manners are insensibly affected by the circle in which we dwell. How important it is, then, for children and young girls who leave their parents' control to be habitually under the supervision of the lady who undertakes the office of parental training! The ladies who assist Miss Hale in the French and English departments are experienced in teaching, and perfectly understand what young ladies require for the development of the understanding and the heart.

Philadelphia, it is unnecessary to say, is not surpassed by any city for its professors and teachers in the arts, sciences, and foreign languages; therefore every advantage for the attainment of accomplishments will be within the reach of Miss Hale's scholars.

L. A. GODEY.

WE ask attention to our advertisement for 1863, published in this number. It is but a faint outline of what we will do, but will give some general idea of what the Lady's Book will be. In fact, it is hardly necessary for us to publish any advertisement. Our subscribers and the public know that we will publish the best lady's book in the world: and they have known us so long that they are willing to trust us, even without any promises on our part. We are thankful, very thankful for the patronage we have received for the last thirty-three years; and we can only add that, having found that fulfilling every promise made has been the best policy, that plan we shall still continue to pursue.

TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.—Let us still try to impress this upon our subscribers. Take your own paper before subscribing to any other; it is a duty you owe, and one you ought not to neglect. If you want the Lady's Book also, take that in a club with your own paper. You will save one dollar by the operation.

CLUB RATES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, $4 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Magazine, one year, $3 50. All three of these magazines, one year, $6. No cheaper club than this can be offered. See advertisement of Arthur's Magazine in this number.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

New Guitar Music.—According to promise, we devote the greater portion of this month's Column to an enumeration of the latest and best music for this instrument. To this list we ask especial attention, as we have prepared it with care, and it may be many months before we can again have space for a similar purpose. We will cheerfully purchase and mail any of these pieces on receipt of price.

H M. Higgins, Chicago, publishes eleven beautiful ballads by J. P. Webster, the favorite song writer, all arranged for the guitar, each 25 cents. Our Bonnie Blue-Eyed Nell is a touching song and chorus. Broken Ties is a pretty ballad. Allie Lennon is arranged with chorus. I Had a Gentle Mother, Zula Zong, Over the River, and Willie Lee, also with chorus. The Angels Told me So, They Buried her Under the Old Elm Tree, Two on Earth and Two in Heaven, and Belle Maio, are all pretty and effective ballads, so entirely so that we hardly know how to recommend one above another. The guitar arrangements by John Molter.

Russell & Patee, Boston, publish nine favorite songs. Jessie Graeme, song with chorus, 25 cents; and the Basket Maker's Child, 15 cents, both by Thompson, author of Lily Dale. Rock me To-Sleep, Mother, by Leslie, 25. Sweet Sister, Pray for Me, a touching ballad; Seeing Nellie Home, by Fletcher; Norah, the Pride of Kildare, by Jno. Parry; Ella Dean; Our Sister Nellie Dear, and a new and beautiful arrangement of Balfe's, I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls, each 15 cents. Most of these will be recognized as old favorites, and their arrangement now for the guitar will give them additional celebrity.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, publish ten fine songs and two pieces, as follows: Silvery Midnight Moon, one of Oldway's favorite songs. Moon Behind the Hill, fine ballad by Bishop. Do they Think of me at Home? Glover's favorite ballad. Glory Hallelujah, the celebrated army refrain. Too Late, too Late, exquisite ballad by Pratten. The Rover's Grave, by J. G. Clark. Minnie Clyde, ballad. The Power of Love, cavatina from Satanella. Gayly Through Life, from Traviata. Where the Warbling Waters Flow, beautiful duet by Brinley Richards. Each of the above 25 cents. Also the Delhi Grand Galop Militaire, from the English edition, 25; and a fine arrangement of Gems from Il Trovatore, seven pages, 35 cents.

Firth, Pond, & Co., New York, publish Millard's splendid national melody, Vive l'América, 25 cents. The two beautiful ballads by Foster, Under the Willow She's Sleeping, and Parthenia to Ingomar. The three favorite melodies by J. R. Thomas: 'Tis but a Little Faded Flower, Down by the River-side I Stray, and Annie of the Vale. Reichard's delightful song, Thou art so Near and yet so Far. Each 25 cents. Also a fine collection of six pieces, Sontag Polka, Rainbow Schottische, Katy Darling, etc., in easy style for beginners, to whom we specially recommend it. Price 75 cents.

Root & Cady, Chicago, publish five very pretty ballads, by H. C Work, two or three of which have already become favorites. They are: Nellie Lost and Found, Our Captain's Last Words, Beautiful Rose, Kingdom Coming, and The First Love Dream, each 25 cents.

To Our Correspondents.—We have no space for our usual list of piano music, and our friends cannot do better than refer to our previous lists. They all contain many excellent pieces, songs, etc., for players of every capacity, and we can still supply any piece, song, or work named in any of our lists since January. All musical correspondence and orders for music must be addressed to the musical editor, as below, at Philadelphia.

The Ida Polka Waltz is accepted for publication in the Book. Will the author of the Autumn Schottische send us his address?

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

MR. JOHN DAINTY, 728 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, has published the following Femograph Cartes de Visite. For one dollar received, he will send sixteen of them.

President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary Seward, Secretary Chase, Secretary Stanton, Parson Brownlow. Generals McClellan, Scott, Dix, McDowell, Halleck, Shields, Pope, Sigel, Burnside, Hunter, McCall, Fremont, Hooker, Mitchell, Curtis, Butler, Buell, Wool, Grant, Banks, Fitz John Porter, Lew Wallace, Taylor, Mansfield, Com. Foote, Com. Dupont, Com. Farragut, Colonel Baker, Col. Ellsworth, Monitor and Merrimac.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

PARTICULAR notice to the Binder of this volume of the Lady's Book. The fashion in the December number is folded as all the other fashions in the volume are to be folded before binding. Will our subscribers please suggest this to the person intrusted with the binding of the volume?

MOUNT VERNON SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 6 *Allston St.*, BOSTON.—This well-known school was reopened on the fourth Monday in September (22d), 1862, by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Richards, late of Providence, aided by a full corps of resident and professional teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. Richards, who have had much and varied experience as teachers, have entered upon their new field of labor with the high aim and the strong purpose of making the school under their care a place where thorough mental and moral cultivation can be secured to their pupils. They will endeavor to include in their course of study everything that can be justly claimed to belong to female education; and, in their manner of instruction, such processes as they deem the best calculated to develop the mental and moral powers in happy harmony of effect.

For terms apply as above.

We have long been acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Richards, and heartily recommend them to the citizens of Boston.

Mrs. Richards is the author of "Springs of Action," a valuable book on the formation of female character.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE Lady's Book! How vastly rare
Are the rich treasures gathered there!
It seems as if a fairy stood,
With magic grace and lifted wand,
To give us everything of good
That could be wafted by her hand.
And when we jest of fairy ken,
And fairy freaks, and fairy folk,
We ask no *better fairy* then,
Than Godey of the Lady's Book.
We wish him many a happy year,
From many a cozy quiet nook,
For charmed are thousands far and near
In reading Godey's Lady's Book.

JULIA LOUISE WHEELER.

CLUB of $10.

Our country is thinly settled; but I think it my duty to introduce the best literature, and therefore I have got up a club for the Lady's Book, which is the best work of the kind in the country. W. D., *Indiana.*

Club of $10.

I need not tell you, Mr. Godey, that we ladies away out here on the Pacific coast can appreciate highly your efforts to please us. May you live to see your country-women the pride of the world, as you are endeavoring to make them of their own homes. MISS L., *California.*

Club of $20.

Your Book for this year was so good that the ladies cannot forego having it for the next. We wish you a wide-spread circulation for your excellent Book.

MISS G., *Ohio.*

Club of $40.

DEAR SIR: Our town is growing, and your Lady's Book is popular. Next year I think I shall be able to double the present number; but I think I have done well this year to get you twenty-four subscribers out of twenty-five families. If you hear of any other town where *every* family takes your Lady's Book, then you beat this place, and we want to know where it is, and next year we 'll try to do as well. L.

We give the palm to our correspondent. Twenty-four out of the twenty-five families in the place take the Lady's Book. If we do better we shall certainly advise.

A LADY friend has furnished us with the following:—

In severe cases of croup, pneumonia, or any irritation of the lungs and throat occasioning cough, a simple and almost certain remedy has been found effectual and one which lies within everybody's reach. It is loaf-sugar of the pure kind, broken into lumps. For adults or those who prefer it it may be taken in the lump, and suffered to dissolve in the mouth; but for young children, or those whose throat is too sore to swallow the sugar, let it be dissolved in cold water, making a thick, sweet syrup, and taken a mouthful at a time very frequently. Two instances have come under my own notice, and I can answer for their truth. One was a babe of seven months, attacked with croup, who took half a tumbler of sweetened water in teaspoonful doses in one hour, and who was relieved instantly of cough and oppression for breath. The other was a soldier suffering from pneumonia, whose cough was so violent as to cause him to raise blood, and who was relieved by eating the sugar in lumps. He prevented the paroxysms of coughing by taking the sugar as soon as he felt one coming, and since the first night he took it has never raised blood, which he had done with every spell of coughing for two weeks previous. The remedy was first used by a lady in Philadelphia, and afterwards recommended by one of our first physicians, who saw its success, and in his own practice was invariably satisfied with the result of using it. Remember, mothers who have croupy or delicate children, and live beyond the reach of a physician, the remedy lies in your own pantry, safe and certain. Use it! In croup it may be given frequently enough to act as an emetic, with good effect.

AN editor in Minnesota threatens to break up housekeeping and go boarding with his delinquent subscribers.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.—You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or, at least, made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cording. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh; and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowledge, the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

FAIR LADIES AND THEIR DRESSES.—A Paris correspondent sends some amusing gossip concerning the ladies present at the opening of the Chambers. The Empress, almost for the first time since she occupied her present elevated position, was very unbecomingly dressed, as the color of her gown did not at all suit her complexion, which is delicate rather than fair. She wore a green silk dress, long, wide, flowing and flounceless; a black lace shawl of proportionate dimensions, that was fastened on the back, where it fell in large heavy folds, but hardly ventured upon covering the front of her Imperial Majesty's person. A white bonnet, advancing in a peak over the face, and trimmed with white feathers, and a bandeau of hair over the forehead, having in the centre a diamond star, completed the costume. Neither brooch nor bracelet was visible, and a pair of white gloves concealed any rings that might have been worn. The Princess Clotilde, who occupied the fauteuil immediately to the left of the Empress, wore a lilac silk dress, the skirt of which was ornamented with a quantity of little flounces; a white lace cape, white lace bonnet, and the most delicately tinted lilac marabout feathers. She looked exceedingly well. There is a certain sprightly firmness about the pose and motions of the Princess Clotilde that is very pleasing; and a girlish freshness adds greatly to her charms. The complexion of her Imperial Highness is of that pure tint that pearls cannot put to shame; her lips are full, rather pouting than voluptuous; cheeks firmly rounded; well-shaped, well-colored eyes, that reflect rather than speak; strongly but not coarsely developed forehead, indicative of much intelligence, and hair the color of a ripe hazelnut, form a charming physiognomy. Next to the daughter of Victor Emmanuel sat her sister-in-law, in all the magnificence of purple velvet, diamonds, emeralds, and black lace; and the imposing figure of fat, fair, and forty, or a little past it, to her left was the pretty Princess Charles Bonaparte, who never strikes anybody as having considerable pretensions to beauty, if not told to look first particularly at her. This retiring character of feminine loveliness was the more remarkable because of its juxtaposition with the magnificent charms of the Princess Anna Murat, now acknowledged to be the handsomest of the handsome women at the Tuileries.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into Bracelets, Pins (which are very beautiful), Necklaces, or Ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breastpins, from $4 to $12.
Ear-rings, from $4 50 to $10.
Bracelets, from $3 to $15.
Rings, from $1 50 to $3.
Necklaces, from $6 to $15.
Fob-chains, from $6 to $12.
The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, $4 50.
Hair Studs from $5 50 to $11 the set.
Sleeve Buttons from $6 50 to $11 the set.

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

GODEY'S Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20, on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

PARISIAN HAND-WARMERS.—In Paris, where invention is ever on the alert to produce fresh articles either of convenience or luxury, a new invention has just appeared expressly for the purpose of warming the hands during the cold weather, or of contributing to the comfort of the invalid at any season when debilitated nature may require such aid. The real article is a metal tube, which being filled with boiling water is carefully closed up, and then slipped into its cover, which is a long but narrow bag. This cover is knitted in the brioche-stitch, or in some other equally simple, in any dark color, is worked backwards and forward until it is wide enough to enclose the metal tube, and is then sewn up. The knitting having been left a little longer than required is drawn in about an inch from each end and tied with a bow of ribbon, leaving the knitting to project in the form of a rosette. Although in Paris the metal cylinders are made expressly for this purpose, yet as we do not know that they have yet appeared in this country we recommend a simple substitute, namely, a glass vial, the size being that which can be easily grasped in the hand. Of course the hand-warmers are always made in pairs. It is said that much comfort has been derived from this simple and yet ingenious invention: the heat being retained within the tubes for a very long time.

THERE is no lock in the world which requires such careful picking as wedlock!

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

LITTLE MARY'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

"THIS is our last half-holiday, dear mamma, before the real Christmas holidays begin; and we are so busy preparing for the examination, that I shall have very little time for more work until then; so I hope that you have some very pretty and very easy articles to suggest, which will serve to decorate the Christmas tree."

"I think, this time, your wishes will be fully realized. What say you to this pretty *allumette-stand*, so useful during the winter months? You could make a pair well in an hour; and how effective they are. The contrast of their brilliant colors against the dark green tree will be exceedingly striking."

"It looks too pretty to be very easy, mamma. What are the materials employed?"

MATCH-STAND PATTERN.

"First, a wire frame, of the form you see; then about twelve yards of each of two-colored chenilles; say cerise and Napoleon-blue, or blue and orange, or green and white. You will also require a bodkin, and a needleful of silk of each of the two colors.

"Observe that the stand has the form of a vase. The frame of the upper part is in six flutes, the wires being alternately bent in and out. Take a long needleful of chenille, threaded on a bodkin, fasten the end at the bottom of one of those flutes, and bring it out *over* one of the inner wires; pass it round an outer wire, and under the next inner one, so as to come out over it. Then again round the outer wire. Repeat backwards and forwards on these three wires to the top. Take another color, and cover the next flute in the same way, passing the chenille over two new wires, and one of the inner ones already done. Repeat this, first with one color, and then with the other all round. There will be three stripes of each. Secure the ends with a needle and fine silk. The wire which goes round the top of the frame is covered alternately with each of the two colors, merely by twisting it closely round. Each stripe is finished with the opposite color; thus, if you choose cerise and green, the green stripe will be headed with cerise, and *vice versâ*."

"And the foot, mamma? How is that done?"

"The six branches are covered with a stripe of the two colors rolled round them; but all the rest is done in the darkest and most durable shade, whatever that may be."

"Then, I suppose, I should make some *allumettes* to fill them."

"Yes, stripes of various colored papers, rolled into pretty forms, make very suitable ones; but as that is work that requires but little light, suppose you occupy yourself now with something else. I see your allumette-stand has almost got finished whilst I have been talking of it."

"It is, indeed, quickly done. What a pleasure to have a kind of work which takes so little time, at a season like this, when all are anxious to get as much done as possible in a short space. What is the next thing to think of, mamma?"

"A pen-wiper in application; a kind of work which is now most fashionable. You know that application means that one substance or color is gummed on another,

PEN-WIPER PATTERN.

and the edges sewed over with some sort of ornamental work or braid. This is in green velvet, or claret cloth; the edges of the velvet are covered with gold braid, and a line of black beads laid along the centre of the velvet, is also edged on each side with gold thread. Black glass beads are dotted here and there over the pattern.

"How is that row of beads put on, mamma? If I sew them on one at a time, there will be large spaces between."

"Yes; you will find it better to thread them on a length of black silk, and then, with another needleful of silk, take a stitch across the thread, *between every two beads*. The silk on which you thread them should be very coarse, but you will sew them over with fine. You may, if you like, put a trimming of gold beads, or black bugles, round the pen-wiper."

"The button for the centre is very pretty."

"Yes, it is an eagle, in carved ivory; look at the eyes, how exquisitely they are finished. Everything ornamental is now made in Paris with some sort of imperial emblem, or decoration, and the eagle is the favorite."

"Well, it is the king of birds, and makes a kingly appearance here, with its white wings glistening on the dark velvet. And now I think I have a very pretty collection of presents for my tree; and the rest of the decorations may be purchased, I suppose?"

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless under peculiar circumstances.

A PICTURESQUE VILLA.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

WE are indebted to Mr. Sloan for the above illustration of the residence of our present Secretary of State, Eli Slifer, Esq., who kindly permits the use of them for our readers.

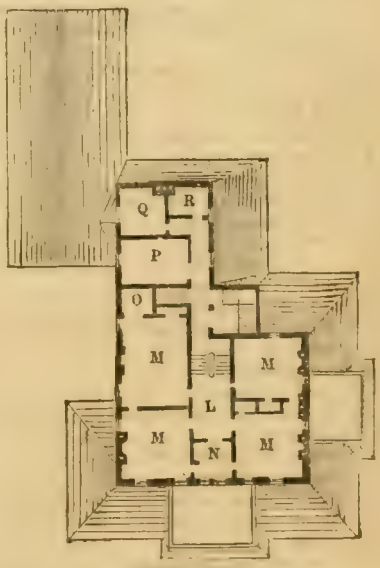
The chosen site for this building is on the western bank of the Susquehanna River, in the suburbs of the town of Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa. As will be seen by a reference to the plans, the house is designed as well for convenience in its interior arrangements as for beauty

FIRST FLOOR.

and picturesqueness, in part caused by its irregular outline.

The man who builds a country-house for a family consisting of eight persons would, perhaps, find the rear portions of this one unnecessary, neither would their omission impair its beauty.

On the *first floor* we have five rooms, including a dining-room, 18 by 25, marked D, into which a sitting-room, C, may open by means of folding doors, and in connection with this latter is a conservatory, while on the opposite side of the hall is a parlor, 18 by 31, and on the rear a kitchen.



SECOND FLOOR.

On the *second floor* we have five chambers, M and P, with dressing-room, N, in convenient position for access from either of the front rooms.

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for *three* monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

J. B. W.—Sent patterns September 12th.

W. R. K.—Sent jewelry 16th.

A. Y.—Sent braid 16th.

F. E. R.—Sent articles by express 18th.

N. R.—Sent pattern 18th.

L. A. S.—Sent slippers 19th.

T. H. I.—Sent patterns and needles 25th.

C. H. A.—Sent pattern 25th.

L. A. B.—Sent pattern 26th.

F. H. R.—Sent articles 26th.

E. D. R.—Sent articles 26th.

Miss E.—Sent hair ring 26th.

Mrs. H. M. O.—Sent pattern for Figaro jacket 26th.

L. E. R.—Sent hair ring 27th.

V. H. R.—Sent ring 27th.

J. F. E.—Sent patterns 29th.

Miss K. R.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express, and sent your receipt 29th.

M. F. H.—Sent veste pattern 29th.

G. F.—Sent pictures 30th.

Mrs. S.—Sent articles October 2d.

Miss V. E.—The dress you mention will appear in our January number.

Miss R. L.—Sent sleeve pattern 8th.

Miss G. E. M.—Sent braiding patterns 8th.

Mrs. M. M. P.—Yes, we recommend it, and the price is only $5. Address Madame Demorest, New York.

Mrs. D. E. S.—Sent crochet hood 10th.

Mrs. G. W.—Sent infant's braided cloak and hood 10th.

Mrs. S. W. R.—Sent patterns for infant's wardrobe 13th.

A. C.—Sent articles 14th.

S. L.—Sent patterns 14th.

H. C. McC.—Sent lounging cap 15th.

L. F. H.—Sent sacque pattern 16th.

R. S. C.—Holding and shaking a feather before the fire will sometimes restore the curl.

Miss A. R. O.—Never heard of egg powder. What is it for?

Miss D. G.—The lady should always bow first.

Mrs. P. R. E.—You will find the pattern in the November number.

Miss A. W. H.—Single Gobelin stitch, page 494, November number.

Miss H. T. H.—If you do not call, send your cards.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—White corded silk dress, with demi train, edged all round with quilled ribbon. The tablier front is of white satin, crossed and edged with quilled ribbon. The jockeys, cuffs, and lower part of the front are of satin, and trimmed to suit the skirt. Point d'Alençon collar. Thulle veil, thrown over the back of the head. Wreath

with coronet of bridal flowers, and the rest simply branches of the wood twined together, and fastened at the back with one small spray of flowers.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress of green silk, with four flounces on the skirt. Corsage made half high, with a bertha, which crosses in front, and fastens at the back with large bow and ends, trimmed with a fluting of the silk.

Fig. 3.—Heavy white satin dress, with deep flounce of *point appliqué* lace, headed by four rows of quilled white velvet ribbon; another bunch of the quilled velvet is placed one finger above the first rows. Corsage high, and fastened to the throat with diamond studs. Trimmings of the body and sleeves are *point appliqué* lace. Wide sash, tied at the side with large bow. Wreath of orange blossoms and clematis. Scarf veil of *point appliqué* lace.

Fig. 4.—A very simple bridal dress, made of white *glacé* silk, trimmed with quillings of the same. Sash tied at the side. The skirt is looped up on the left side about half a yard from the edge of the dress, and fastened by a large rosette, showing an underskirt of tarlatan trimmed with narrow flounces. The veil is made of thulle, simply hemmed, and is fastened under the wreath so as not to fall much over the face. It is extremely long, and is sloped on each side to give the necessary flowing appearance.

Fig. 5.—White silk dress, trimmed with bias flounces, headed by a quilled ribbon, which is also on the edge of the skirt. The body is plain and high, finished down the front by a plaiting of silk. Point lace collar and undersleeves. Sash trimmed with a quilled ribbon, and tied behind. The bouquet, composed of the same flowers as the wreath, is placed on the left side, a few sprays falling over the skirt. Hair dressed with fancy side combs studded with pearls and a bridal wreath. Thulle veil falling over the face.

Fig. 6.—Boy's dress of Magenta poplin, trimmed with black velvet. White felt hat, with black feather pompon.

Fig. 7.—Another very simple dress of white *crêpe* over silk, trimmed with bunches of *crêpe* puffings, with satin bows disposed *à volanté*. Corsage trimmed to match, with an illusion guipure, finished at the neck with a ruff. Thulle veil, and wreath of orange flowers without foliage.

NEW STYLE OF COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(*See engravings, page* 541.)

To dress the hair in this style the back hair must be combed and drawn towards the left ear. Twist half of it and coil it round, sticking the comb in it in order to have both hands free. Then twist the other half, and coil it as represented in plate, and place the comb in the centre. The front hair is arranged in heavy braids.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The numerous weddings which have taken place within the last month have given us opportunities of forming accurate ideas of the fashions in their most capricious varieties. We will not attempt the description of wedding-dresses, for in our Fashion-plate we give models of both costly and simple dresses, trimmed in the latest styles. In this country wedding-dresses are frequently made low in the neck and with short sleeves, and we must confess that for an evening wedding we much prefer this style, though in France it is never seen. For morning weddings, however, high bodies are the most suitable.

Veils are of every variety this season, the most costly being of *point d'Alençon, point d'Angleterre, point appliqué* on point. These costly affairs are generally made in the scarf or shawl shape, so they may be afterwards used as a wrap; for the wedding veil, no matter how costly or becoming, should not again be worn on the head, though it were the wedding reception. We particularly admire the illusion veils; they give a softness and delicacy to the complexion which lace, though very costly, seldom imparts. The veil should be very full and long, either with a simple hem or trimmed with ruches or puffings intermingled with flowers. It is often arranged so that a portion of it falls over the face during the ceremony, after which it can be thrown gracefully back.

The wreath is one of the most important points, and judgment must be used to suit the style to the wearer. It should be composed of orange blossoms, lilies of the valley, and clematis. We cannot, however, specify the style, for before the ink is dry upon this paper fashion may have given a turn to her kaleidoscope, and the whole style may be changed. The newest and prettiest style we have seen was composed of branches twined together with a tuft of flowers, forming a coronet in front, a few flowers on either side, and a small tuft behind. Pearls, diamonds, or simple gold ornaments are alone suitable for a bride; a variety of jewels have a tawdry appearance.

The bridesmaids should be dressed in pure white, and if color must be used, let it be in the wreath and trimming. We decidedly object to colored dresses, as not rendering them sufficiently distinguishable from the rest of the company. Short, wing-like veils are worn by bridesmaids, and are exceedingly becoming. We will note down several pretty dresses for bridesmaids, and in the January Fashion-plate there will be two dresses very suitable for that purpose:—

One lady had a double-skirted clear white dress, the upper skirt being long enough to avoid the break in the sweep of the dress. She wore a wreath of light falling ferns, and the same were carried down the skirt of the robe, and on her arms and neck she wore pearls, and pearls alone.

Another pretty dress was white *crêpe* over white silk, fastened here and there in loose lozenges with a moss-rose bud. The hair was drawn smoothly back, and fastened with an Etruscan comb, from which fell a spray of moss-rose buds.

Still another bridesmaid's dress was a white silk, covered with small flounces, over which fell a voluminous mass of thulle, raised on either side by a bunch of lilies of the valley, peeping out from amidst their own dark leaves. A short veil and fancy comb formed the coiffure.

To brunettes we would suggest vivid scarlet or gorgeous crimson as a fit contrast to their white robes.

For a quiet morning reception we advise the different tints of mauve, lavender, or pearl for the dress. The boots should match, and the gloves should be to match the dress, or else white stitched with the same color as the dress. The hair should be dressed simply with the new side combs, with back comb to match.

The outdoor dress can be selected from the numerous descriptions we are constantly giving. We would remark that a white bonnet is no longer requisite; it is all a matter of taste.

The most elegant dresses we have seen have been

made up by Mrs. Ellis, 880 Broadway, New York. One was a very rich black silk, the skirt trimmed with three rows of black velvet, one inch and a half wide, with white edges. This velvet was box-plaited on one edge only, and sewed on with a white cord. The rows were some inches apart, and were carried straight round the skirt for some distance, and then gracefully sloped up to the waist, the sloping commencing in the middle of the front breadth. The corsage was pointed behind and trimmed round with this quilled ribbon, fronts pointed, and buttoned with tortoise-shell buttons, something quite new and pretty. On one side was a small match jacket, sewed on the outside, and covering this plain corsage was a jacket front, sewed in at the shoulders and under the arm, trimmed with the quilled velvet. The sleeves were trimmed at the top with an epaulette, were very wide at the elbow, and from thence sloped to the wrist, where it was close and prettily trimmed with quilled velvet.

A very beautiful dress, suitable for a large dinner-party, was of sky-blue silk, with nine bands of white velvet on the skirt. The corsage high, and buttoned with white buttons resembling pearls. It was pointed in front, and was made with a deep plaited jacket at the back. The sleeves were close to the elbow, and from thence were laced with blue and white cords passed through eyelets.

Another dress was of rich violet silk, with oak leaves cut out of violet velvet and corded with white, arranged round the skirt in bunches of five caught by a jet ornament. The corsage was high, and straight in the waist. With it was worn a very beautiful point, formed of silk and velvet, and tied at the back with loops and long ends.

In our next we shall devote more space to this skilful modiste.

Among the novelties are leather points, pressed in checkers. They are pointed up and down, both back and front, about seven inches deep, and fasten at the side. They are quite pretty, and not expensive.

For children's neckties we see short scarfs and handkerchiefs made of a *crêpy* silk, and of the most brilliant plaids imaginable.

Brodie's winter cloaks are generally made of heavy plush and chenille cloths, of the most beautiful designs and shades; something quite new, stylish, and pretty. The styles are principally sacks; some are made with sack fronts, and have three plaits at the back, running up to within a finger of the neck, headed by braiding and crochet ornaments, and fitting into a kind of gored yoke. Others are more of a mantle shape, made very long in the back, and caught up to the proper length by box-plaits laid on the shoulder, which cause the back to fall in very graceful folds, resembling the Bedouin style, but much prettier.

The more expensive cloaks are made of velvet, richly trimmed with lace and crochet ornaments. Some are of corded silk, others of a very rich silk, woven in checkers, much resembling quilting. They were of the *paletôt* shape, gored, with three corded seams in the back. The sleeves are of the coat form, trimmed in different ways with lace and crochet trimmings. Black cloth cloaks are mostly braided, colored cloths are trimmed with velvet or buttons and heavy loops of cord. The cloaks of this season are very stylish, and trimmed in excellent taste.

At Madame Demorest's opening of winter fashions the designs were extremely elegant and novel, and the decorations in the best possible taste. Many of the dresses were made with points both back and front, still the prevailing style adopted for house or walking-dresses is the short waist, or Zouave, which is still regarded with favor. These stylish little jackets are made in a great variety of ways. Some of them scarcely reach to the waist, while others are made with a slight spring which is cut straight across the hips, and deepens to a point in front. Others round off from the front, and just touch the waist behind. Another style has a narrow fitting basque, a rolling collar, and vest fastened with small gilt buttons. One of the prettiest of the high bodies is trimmed to imitate a short jacket, and with excellent effect. A narrow quilled ruffle, surmounted by three rows of narrow velvet, describes the precise shape of a Zouave vest upon the body, and passes round behind, where it is prettily finished by a sash of the material, trimmed with quilling and velvet to match. These jackets, like the Garibaldi shirts, are always made of single and striking colors, trimmed in contrast. Mixed materials, used for this purpose, would show a most unfortunate judgment and want of taste.

White is no longer confined to thin materials or evening dresses. White alpaca, embroidered in colors, is made up by Madame D. for jackets, morning-robes, and children's dresses and coats. It is much admired for its clearness and beauty of texture, which renders it very becoming to the complexion.

The centre of attraction, however, at this establishment was the miniature sewing-machine, spoken of in our last Chat, which operated with so much rapidity and facility that the admiration of the ladies was unanimous.

Among the many rich fabrics which claim our attention for the winter season are the poplins. Besides the ordinary forms of double, single, and triple poplins, are many special varieties, as for instance the *Terry* poplin, closely resembling the velvet of that name. The Bayadere poplins, which have a narrow silver stripe running across them, and every variety of plaid and watered patterns. The figured poplins are presented this year under a new and improved form—namely, plain rich grounds of different colors, but chiefly dark shades, calculated to set off the patterns woven on them, which usually consist of bright tinted flowers, represented with all the sharpness and precision of hand embroidery. Among the most commendable for design is a black poplin, on which is raised a gold vine-leaf, shaded off with brown silk. Another has variations of the convolvulus in brilliant hues, also enriched with gold thread. Others have star-shaped patterns of gold and silver, with bright-colored centres. Plain poplins of the shade called *cuir*, and all the new shades of brown, green, blue, and purple, are much in favor. For the plain poplins and reps braiding is the prettiest trimming.

Merinos and such materials are trimmed with wide mohair braids, which now come of beautiful quality, and make a very pretty and inexpensive trimming.

Black alpacas, trimmed with colored velvets are now quite fashionable, and make a pretty dress.

Conspicuous among the novelties are the velvet poplinettes, the peculiarity of which consists of a narrow velvet stripe crossing the material. Where two colors are adopted the effect produced is that of a shot fabric.

If we should undertake to describe all the beautiful styles of goods which have delighted our eyes, we should fill the whole Book with our Chat, so here we close for this month. FASHION.

"The best *Two dollar* Magazine published."—*Lancaster Union.*

☞ ONLY $1 25 A YEAR IN CLUBS OF FOUR. ☜

Rare Inducements to getters-up of Clubs! A premium plate for every Club!!

Arthur's Home Magazine for 1863.

Volumes XXI. and XXII.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

The aim of this work from the beginning, has been to unite in one periodical the attractions and excellencies of two classes of magazines—The Ladies', or Fashion, Magazines, as they are called, and the literary monthlies; and so to blend the useful with the entertaining, as to please and benefit all classes of readers. The true "Home Magazine" must have its

TOILETTE AND WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT; its MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT; its HEALTH, CHILDREN'S, AND HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENTS; as well as its strictly LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

All these are united in our magazine, and in each department excellence is sought. Nothing is admitted in any way hurtful to morality, honor, or religion.

Probably of no periodical in the country has the press everywhere spoken with such unqualified approval. From thousands of similar notices we give the following:—

It is a Home Magazine in every sense of the word, healthy, fresh, and sweet—beautiful as the meadows of June. It is a welcome necessity in our home.—*Journal, Delhi, Iowa.*

Its cheapness makes it accessible to all families, while its literary merits are inferior to none of the more expensive magazines.—*Chronicle, Coldwater, New York.*

Arthur has done as much as any man of his age to diffuse good morals and religious principles among the young, and his magazine comes forth from month to month like a sower to sow, and scatters the good seed everywhere.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Arthur's Home Magazine is undoubtedly the best publication of its character, for the price, published in the United States or any other country.—*Independent, Mankato, Minn.*

It is decidedly the best two dollar magazine published, and should be in every house.—*Mirror, Mt. Holly, N. J.*

This superb ladies' magazine comes fully up to the best standard of a literary and fashionable periodical.—*Telegraph, Ottawa, Ohio.*

Any person who cannot get two dollars' worth out of it in a year, will never get it in any magazine.—*Independent, Warren, Ill.*

Bright, beautiful, and home-like as usual. May its genial presence never fail to cheer our home.—*Chronicle, Rochester, Ind.*

We never put down this magazine, but that we feel better for having taken it up.—*Union Dem., Deposit, N. Y.*

We have said so much in favor of Arthur's Magazine that we hardly know what else we can say. It is certainly one of the best and one of the cheapest.—*Republican, New Oregon, Iowa.*

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS

appear in every number, including choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing Fashions, and a great variety of needle-work patterns.

THE LITERARY

portion of the HOME MAGAZINE is of the highest character. The Editors, who write largely for its pages, are assisted by liberal contributions from the pens of some of the best writers in the country.

PREMIUMS.

Our Premium Plates for 1863 *are:—*

1. A large Photograph copy of that splendid engraving, "SHAKSPEARE AND HIS COTEMPORARIES." This copy is made from a *proof before lettering*, and gives all the detail and effect, with an accuracy that is remarkable.
2. A large Photograph copy from an engraving of Huntington's celebrated picture, "MERCY'S DREAM," a favorite with every one.
3. A similar copy of Herring's "GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD." This premium was given last year, and was so great a favorite that we continue it on the list for 1863.

YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy Home Magazine (and one of the premium plates),	$2 00
2 copies (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	3 00
3 " (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	4 00
4 " (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club),	5 00
8 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club),	10 00
12 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	15 00
17 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and two premium plates to getter-up of Club),	20 00

☞ It will be seen that each single subscriber, who pays $2, is entitled to one of the premium plates.

☞ In ordering premiums, three red stamps must be sent, in every case, to pay the cost of mailing each premium.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a club be at the same Post-office.

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3 00.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

DECEMBER, 1862.

Embellishments, Etc.

FOUND IN THE SNOW. A beautiful engraving, by Illman & Brothers.
WINTER. An engraving in seven tableaux, by Illman & Brothers.
GODEY'S BRIDE PLATE FASHIONS, COLORED. Containing seven figures.
THE TIGER SKIN SLIPPERS. Printed in colors.
PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.
LATEST FASHIONS. Child's coat, Veste Espagnol.
THE MORESEO. From Brodie.
THE MELAZZO. A mantle.
THE CAMBRAY. Front and back views. Two engravings.
THE IMPERIAL. Front and back views. Two engravings.
KNITTED UNDER-SHAWL.
BRAIDED COLLAR AND CUFF. Two engravings.
KNITTED OPERA OR TRAVELLING HOOD.
FLOUNCING FOR A SKIRT.
NEW STYLE OF COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY. Two engravings.
INSERTION IN EMBROIDERY.
LACE-MAKING. Four engravings.
NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER. Spencer, Cap, Undersleeve, etc. Seven engravings.
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT. Six engravings.
WAISTBAND AND BRETELLES.
CROCHET TIDY.
GENTLEMEN'S NECK WARMER.
BRAIDED SPECTACLE CASE.
NEW STITCHES IN CROCHET. Three engravings.
MOUSE PENWIPER.
MATCH-STAND PATTERN.
PEN-WIPER PATTERN.
PICTURESQUE VILLA. Three engravings.
BRAIDING PATTERNS. Six engravings.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Nine engravings.

Contributors and Contents.

Latest Fashions (*Illustrated*), 529
Music—Out on the Weary Ocean, by *J. Starr Holloway*, 530
The Moresco, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 532
The Melazzo (*Illustrated*), 533
Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 534, 535, 538, 539, 543, 544
The Cambray (*Illustrated*), 534, 535
The Imperial (*Illustrated*), 536
Knitted Under-Shawl (*Illustrated*), 537
Braided Collar and Cuff (*Illustrated*), 538, 539
Knitted Opera or Travelling Hood (*Illustrated*), 540, 599
New Style of Coiffure for a Young Lady (*Illustrated*), 541, 613
Braiding Patterns (*Illustrated*), 542, 543, 595, 600
Flouncing for a Skirt (*Illustrated*), 542
Insertion in Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 544
Lace-making (*Illustrated*), 545
Found in the Snow, by *Amy Graham* (*Illustrated*), 547
Baptizing in the Jordan, 550
Parting Memory, by *Annie M. Beach*, 550
The Little Match-Maker, by *Mrs H. C. Gardiner*, 551
The Autumn Winds, by *Rev. M. L. Hofford, A. M.*, 558
A Story about a Goose, 559
After Three Years, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 561
The Women of a Nation, 566
The Andalusian's Love, by *G. W. L. Bickley*, 567
Abijah Beanpole, Storekeeper, by *the author of "Miss Slimmens,"* 568
Only Once and Never Once, by *J. F.*, 573
Sonnets, by *Kruna*, 573
Color—in Dress, Furniture, and Gardening, 574
My "Rest," by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 576
Young Girls, 586
Elsie Ford's Three Christmas Eves, by *Mary Forman*, 587
Waiting, by *Adelaide Stout*, 590
Novelties for December (*Illustrated*), 591
Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment (*Illustrated*), 592
Waistband and Bretelles (*Illustrated*), 594
Tiger-Skin Slippers (*Illustrated*), 594
Crochet Tidy (*Illustrated*), 596
Gentlemen's Neck Warmer (*Illustrated*), 597
Braided Spectacle Case (*Illustrated*), 597
New Stitches in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 598
Mouse Pen-wiper (*Illustrated*), 599
Receipts, &c., 601
Editors' Table, containing—
Close of the Sixty-fifth Volume, 605
Changes and How to meet them, 605
The Influence of Dress and Colors, 606
A Precious Tribute, 606
The Dying Girl's Farewell, 606
Mysteries, 607
Life in the Harem, 607
The Law of Kissing, 607
Miss Hale's School, 608
Literary Notices, 608
Godey's Arm-Chair, 609
Fashions, 616

NOTICES.

To say that the Lady's Book surpasses all publications of the kind in the United States, if not in the world, is only reiterating the verdict of every person who has given the work an examination.—*Argus*, Wautoma.

In addition to the principal plates are many lesser ones, and a great variety of patterns and directions for making articles of apparel, from a baby's sock to a lady's cloak. We think this department quite valuable and we know quite indispensable in some households. The literature of the Lady's Book is of a good character and a moral tone.—*Gazette*, Sherbrooke.

We do not see how any young lady, whether married or not, can get along in this fashionable world without it. Why, even we, of the other sex, and to whom the Fashion-plates are not designed, could not well do without it. The young man who wants a wife should by all means have *the* Book first.—*Gazette*, Morrisburg.

It has survived, prospered, and progressed where so many others have languished and died, until it is recognizable as one of the "institutions" among the people. You can scarcely enter a house but you find the Lady's Book, and it is surprising how such a valuable periodical can be furnished for the price.—*Democrat*, Boonville.

No work which we receive contains so much information that is really valuable to the housewife as Godey. We are pleased to know that all the ladies of good taste hereabouts subscribe for and read Godey's Lady's Book. This accounts for the many tastily dressed young ladies seen in this city.—*Courier*, Prairie du Chien.

There is one great and valuable thing about this magazine, which makes it a favorite with every lady, and that is it never fails to make its appearance, and is always on hand regularly. Husbands, if you wish to make your wife a valuable New Year's present, subscribe for Godey's Lady's Book.—*Republican*, Pekin.

For domestic receipts and all little "feminine notions," Godey is unrivalled. No gift could be more acceptable to a young lady than this neat monthly.—*Signal*, Goderich.

Godey imagines and gets up more useful and beautiful Fashion-plates and patterns for the ladies than the most of them would ever conceive of. To keep up with the times fully a lady must have the Book monthly.—*Tribune*, Altoona.

The *ne plus ultra* of magazines maintains its reputation of being ahead of all other magazines. If they make some improvements, Godey does likewise, as he is bound not to be outdone in enterprise.—*Ledger*, Canton.

Godey still keeps ahead of all competitors, and is first in the love of the ladies and the choice of his countrymen.—*Reflector*, Schenectady.

We could not think of keeping house without Godey, and we wonder that any lady will deprive herself of a publication so beautiful and interesting, when it can be had so cheap.—*Telegram*, Richmond.

This magazine far excels all others in everything that pertains to a first class lady's magazine. It seems to be an actual necessity in every household.—*Pennsylvanian*, Susquehanna Depot.

It is decidedly the best ladies' magazine published in America, and we can't possibly get along without it.—*Reveille*, Nevada.

The Lady's Book, if not a household word, is a household favorite, which is better for the publishers.—*Register*, Sandusky.

The steel engraving, the diagrams of various articles, the lessons in drawing, the valuable receipts, the reading matter, and in fact the whole Book, is far ahead of any similar publication.—*Herald*, Tillsonburg.

Godey leads, and others must be content to follow.—*Times*, Amboy.

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

1862

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY 1862.

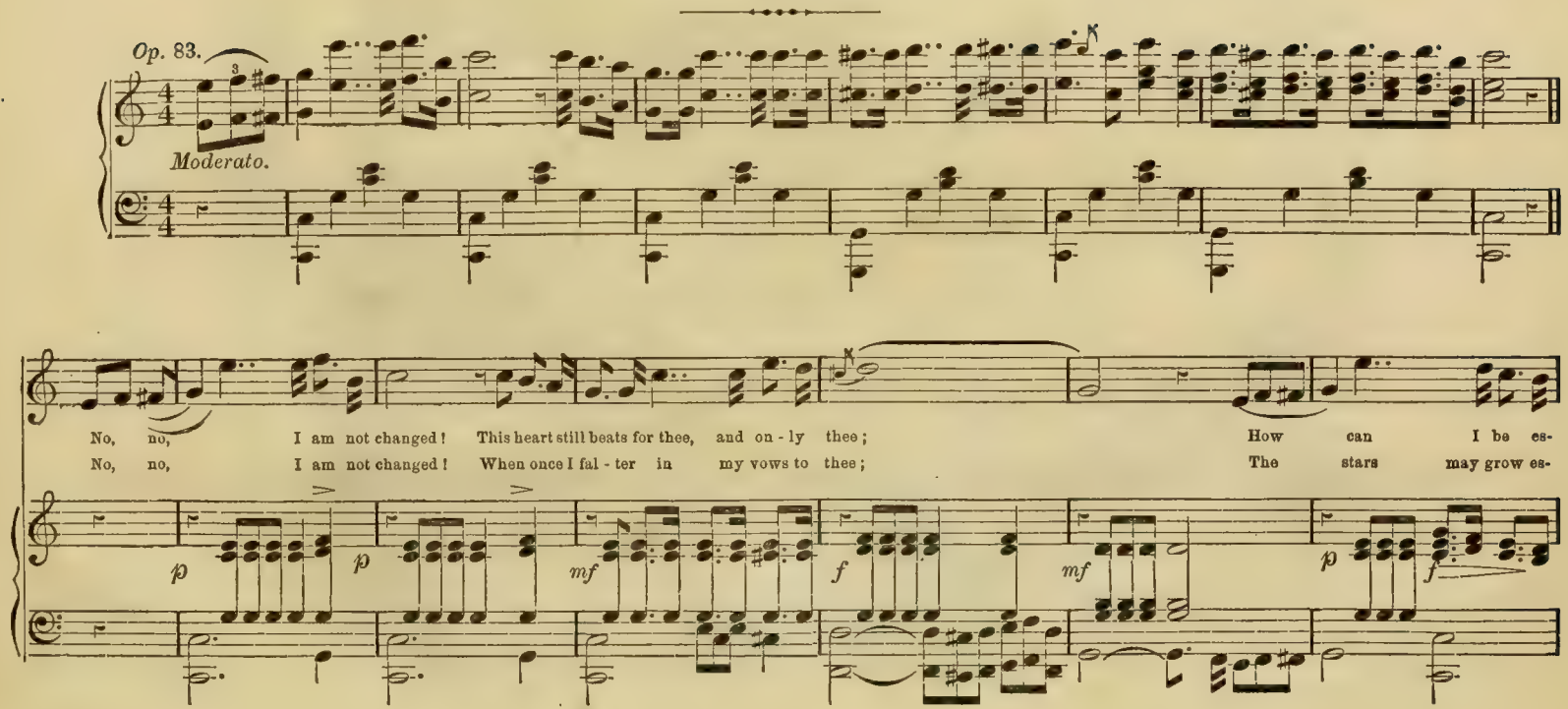
DRAWING LESSON.

A SLOW COACH.

No, No, I am not Changed.

SONG; WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.



tranged, When thro' life's changing scenes I ev - er see Only thy smile to cheer me on, Dark - ness a - lone when it is
tranged, And to their nightly sov' - reign faithless be: True as the nee - dle to the pole, True as yon worlds that changeless

f *p* *dolce.* *cres.* *f*

flown, And ev' - ry hope and plea - sure gone? No, no, I am not changed! No, no, I am not changed!
roll, Am I to thee, my love, my soul. No, no, I am not changed! No, no, I am not changed!

mf *p* *mf* *p*

A VISITING DRESS.

MADE of Azurline blue silk, and trimmed with a velvet flounce, put on *en tablier.*

WINTER WALKING-DRESS.

MADE of rich reps. The dress is gored, and the seams covered by a thick silk cord.

BLACK CLOTH PARDESSUS.

TRIMMED with chinchilla plush. A very pretty style.

THE CASTILIAN.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This peculiarly *distingué* street toilet is made of velvet, with the yoke trimmed with a rich fall of lace, and ornamented with needle-wrought embroideries, which are bordered by an elegant passementerie. We have not seen anything this season that surpasses this style in beauty.

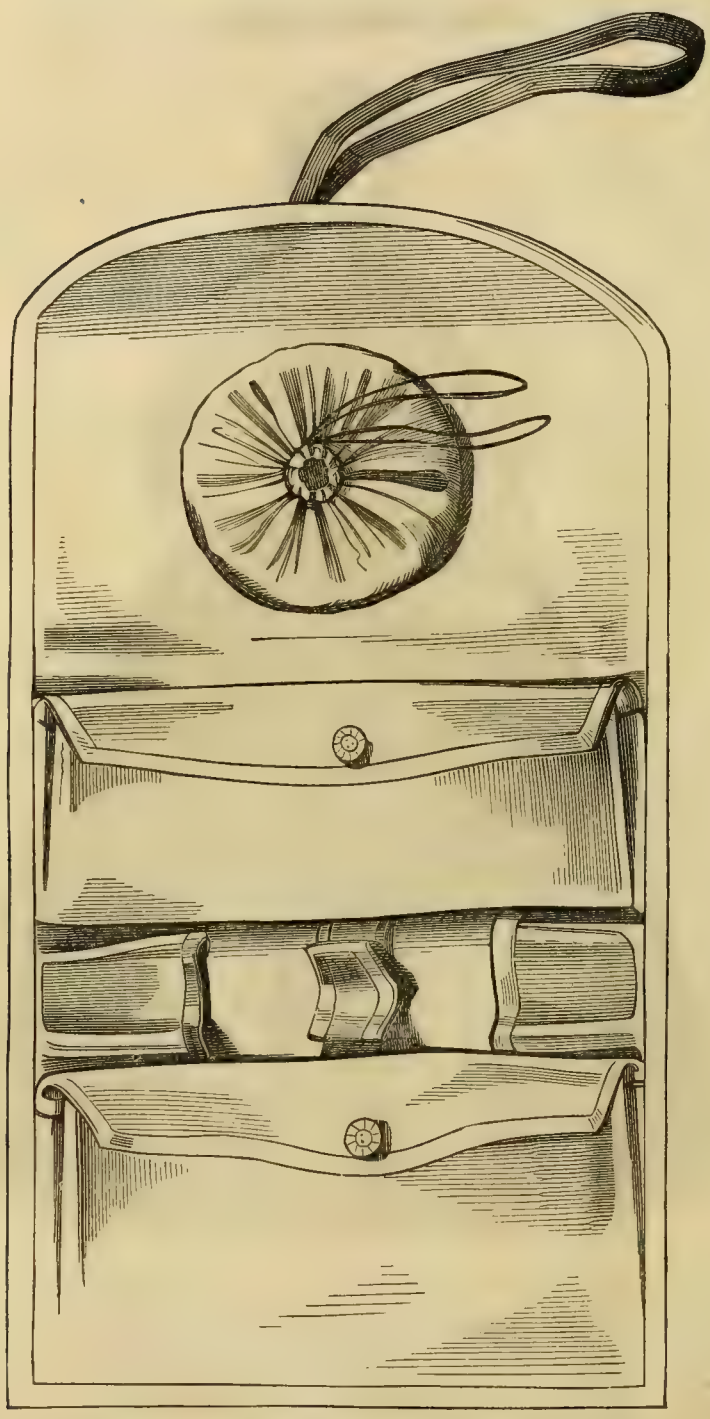
THE MARINE JACKET.

Dress and jacket of dark poplin, trimmed with black and red braid. The jacket has a wide turned-down collar, scalloped at the edge. The jacket is fastened at top and opens towards the bottom; it is close-fitting behind and over the hips, and behind falls a short skirt scalloped at the edge and ornamented with braid. The sleeve, open at the end, is scalloped and trimmed in the same manner. The skirt has four rows of braiding, with the scallops turned downwards in two of them, and upwards in the others. A black silk sash, with numerous black and red loops. A chemisette puffed at the waist. Undersleeves puffed and tight at the wrist.

THE GARIBALDI SHIRT.

Conspicuous among the Parisian novelties of the season, and to all appearances destined to produce a change amounting to revolution in ladies' costume, is the Garibaldi shirt, which can be had in printed flannel, merino, muslin de laine, printed cambric, foulard, or pique. In shape and pattern it is made in the same way as a gentleman's shirt, with plaits in front, extending just below the waist, full sleeve, small collar, and cuffs to turn down, corresponding with the collar, all being of one material: the ends are left so as to go underneath the dress skirt, and are long enough to allow of the shirt hanging over in bag fashion all round, producing an easy and graceful effect. It is the prettiest and most elegant garment that a lady can put on for morning, breakfast, or demi-toilette, and is already in great demand in fashionable circles.

FANCY POCKET-BOOK MADE OF VELVET OR LEATHER.



The pattern can be cut from this plate, as it is the proper size.

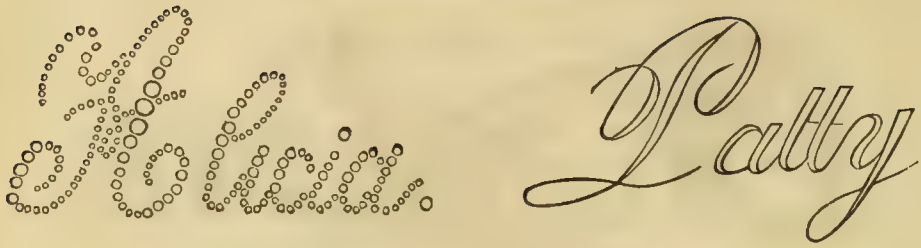
NAME FOR MARKING.

BELL FLOWERS.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

We gave in our last number several illustrations for Christmas ornaments. Here is another, and it is still in time.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



LACE PATTERN IN APPLIQUE FOR NET AND MUSLIN.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1862.

THE DEED OF THE DARWIN HOMESTEAD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Never, Mrs. Pierson, never!" exclaimed old Squire Darwin, in a voice of thunder; and he set down his foot upon the floor in a way to emphasize the voice. "I will never leave one dollar of my property to Edward Darwin, or any of his heirs. My mind has long been settled there."

"Wall, Squire Darwin, of course you 'll do with your own property as you think best; still, it seems to me that when a man is standin' only a few days this side of the grave, he 'd better lay down his enmities and heart-burnin's afore he gets farther, as they 'll only be a sorrow and burden to him if they 're carried beyond." She said it without fear or flinching, the little, brave, black-eyed woman, and she looked the proud, indomitable old man steadily in the face as she spoke.

Old Squire Darwin winced a little. These words were facts which there was no getting aside, and they confronted him now with terrible earnestness. He looked at the calm, kindly face of his gardener's wife, the only human being who would so fearlessly have told him the truth. For once the proud spirit of the old man recoiled; and when the answer came at last, there was a change in the tones which told that the little woman's words had struck home.

"I came to this conclusion years ago, Mrs. Pierson, and a man isn't going to alter his mind, if he 's made it up in perfect health and strength, because he 's where you say I am—near the grave."

"I don't know about that are, Squire Darwin; it 's my opinion that my grandmother told the truth when she said to me, a few hours afore her death: 'Jane, you may depend on 't the Lord opens our eyes when we get near the close of our journey as He never does before, and we see all our living in a different way, and can tell where, if we had time, we 'd alter things, and do jest contrary to what we have done, for the last sight is the best and truest.'"

Squire Darwin did not speak; he leaned his head back among the cushions, and looked at the roses, which had just begun to open their great vases of pearl and ruby by the window, for it was in the early June; and the air was full of the sweet spices of their breath, and the scent of those blossoming roses brought over the old man's soul a wind from the land of his youth, a soft, perfuming wind, stealing up and down the dark, silent pathways of his heart. Mrs. Pierson looked in his face, and she saw the little change which had come over it; and, plain, hard-working, uncultivated woman though she was, she had the quick, sympathetic instincts which a good heart and native acuteness bestow.

"Squire Darwin, your brother Edward was several years younger than you, wasn't he?"

It was years since any one had dared mention the name of Edward Darwin in his brother's presence. The old man started, and a shadow that was like a frown came and went on his face, but in a moment he answered: "He was five years younger than I."

"And there was no more of you; he was all the brother you had?"

"He was all," answere Squire Darwin.

After this there was a little pause.

"Old Mrs. Johnson passed the day at our house last week," resumed the clear, steadily-

poised voice of the gardener's wife, as she drew out a small linen collar from her pocket, and carefully pared the edges. "Perhaps you remember that she nursed your mother through a long fever when you were about fifteen years old?"

"Yes, I remember," said the Squire, with a little show of interest.

"Wall, she got to talking about your folks, and her mind was particularly set on your little brother, as he was at that time. He must have been a very handsome child, Squire; I declare, as she described him, I could almost see him, with his thick, shinin' curls of brown hair, dippin' about here and there, and his great blue eyes, full of a laugh as these June mornings are of sunshine, and his lips like the roses yonder, and his cheeks like the carnations in my front yard. No wonder your mother was so bound up in him."

Squire Darwin moved uneasily in his chair, and far off in the east land of his life he saw standing the small figure and bright face of the brother of his boyhood. And over all the years of pride and bitterness which lay between, his memory swept for a moment, and he forgot the hatred lying deep in his heart as he said: "Yes, Edward was a remarkably handsome child."

"He was like his mother, so the old woman said," pursued Mrs. Pierson, with the rapid click of her scissors between every few words; "and you took after your father. But I tell you it sort of touched me, Squire, when Mrs. Johnson told me of that one mornin' when Edward started to go to the district school for the first time. She said she could see jest how the little fellow looked, in his blue cap and white trousers, as he stood on the great brown step by the side door yonder, with his bright brown curls clustering round his head, and his little hands slipped into yours, and your mother a standin' in the door a watchin' you with eyes jest as full of love and pride; and how, when you both got to the front gate, Edward turned back, and called out—'Don't be afraid, mamma; Robert will take good care of me.' It 's a little thing to speak of, Squire, but somehow I thought it was touchin', and it 's pleasant to bring back the old days once in a while to our remembrance."

The old man had leaned forward a little and drank in Mrs. Pierson's words greedily. He forgot that sixty-nine toilsome years had blossomed in his gray hairs and burdened his steps; he was once more a young boy standing by the garden gates; the doors in his heart creaked on their hard and rusty hinges, the wind blew up stronger from the land of his youth, and penetrated with its sweet, mysterious perfumes the hidden places of his soul, and his whole frame vibrated to the old memories; the stern old man was a boy once more.

"I remember it all, Mrs. Pierson," he said; and the flash of his eyes and the flush of his face said more.

"And then," pursued the little woman, while the click of her scissors grew fainter, "Mrs. Johnson told me all about the time when you came so near losing your life, Squire. It was a great piece of imprudence for you to take that little painted shell of a boat, and start out on Mill River, with nobody but your little brother; it was nigh a miracle that you ever got back."

"I never should, if—" said Squire Darwin, and then he stopped suddenly, and a pang shot through his heart, a pang of memory and remorse. He drew his breath with a gasp.

"Yes, I know," resumed Mrs. Pierson. "But, Squire, he was a brave, noble little fellow, to risk his life as he did for yours when the boat went under. And to think of his catchin' hold of you by the hair of your head, and swimming to the shore! Mrs. Johnson says he was allers jest like a duck after the water."

Squire Darwin did not speak now; his hands shook as though they were struck with a sudden palsy, as he leaned them on the table, and a faint groan came to Mrs. Pierson's ear. It gladdened the heart of the gardener's wife to hear it, for she knew that the long winter was at last breaking up in the old man's soul, and her voice resumed, after a few minutes' silence—

"The old woman said it was the most affectin' sight she could remember, when your mother came runnin' into the fisherman's cottage by the riverside, for it appears she 'd got word that both her boys had got into the water, and she didn't know but one or both on 'em was drowned. Her face was jest as white as the dead, and Mrs. Johnson said she had never forgot the sound of her voice as she asked, 'Are my boys alive?' They was all in the bedroom, where you had just come to, though you was too weak to speak a loud word, but Edward, who sat near the bed wrapped up in some warm blankets, and shiverin' as though it was in the dead of winter, cried right out, 'Yes, mother, we 're both here!' And the old woman tried to tell about your all meetin' in the bedroom, but she broke down there, and couldn't get on with another word. Finally she told me your

mother asked, when she 'd got a little calmer. 'Who was it saved you, Robert?' And you lifted up your head, and pointed to Edward; and so she was answered. But it was a good while before she could believe it, and at last she cried like a child and said, 'Oh, my boys, you will never forget this day, will you?' And you both promised her 'Never!'"

"Don't, Mrs. Pierson, don't!" There was a sharp plaint of agony in the Squire's voice, and the face which he lifted up worked a moment fearfully. He rose and walked once or twice across the room, slowly and painfully, but his large frame shook as though he was in the midst of a great storm. Then he flung himself down in his chair, and the tempest broke where for so many years there had been a great calm. "Oh, Edward, my brother Edward!" groaned Squire Darwin; and, bowing his face on his hands, the tears poured over his cheeks. He saw only the dearly beloved brother of his boyhood; he forgot all the anger, and bitterness, and revenge which lay in the later years; he was once more in the fisherman's cottage, and his little brown-haired brother had just saved him from a watery grave.

Mrs. Pierson was a wise woman; she sat still while the storm went over the soul of Squire Darwin, and it was not a brief one. At last she folded up her sewing, and said, quietly: "It 's about time for me to get home and set about the children's supper, and I 've only got a word more to say, Squire, on all we 've been talking about. I don't know whether your brother Edward is above the ground or under it this day; but because I 'm the only one on earth that 's got the courage to speak the truth to you, and because I can see plainly that you 're droppin' into the grave from which he saved you when he was a little boy, I beseech you to pause and consider afore you cut off Edward Darwin and his heirs from your will. We owe somethin' to our nearest of kin, and it may be that you 'll stand face to face in a little while with your father and mother, and they won't have forgot their boy if you have, and, Squire, when they ask you about him, it 'll come hard to answer; and if you 've left him or his in poverty on the earth, it won't make it any easier for you up there."

And Mrs. Pierson left the room, and the old man was alone. The long summer day turned its golden feet slowly towards the night, the wind from the sea came softly through the meadows and mingled with the spicy breath of the roses, while, unconscious of all these things, Squire Darwin walked up and down his room until the twilight deepened about him, for his thoughts wound their green tendrils around golden ladders, which were the days of his youth. One by one the doors rolled open in those far-off years, one by one into goodly chambers, and hidden closets, and up long winding stairs, and through the old corridors and byways where the dust lay and the doors creaked, went the soul of Squire Darwin, strong and joyful as in its youth; and, wherever he went, there stood still before him or walked by his side the beautiful brother of his boyhood; in every picture the laughing blue eyes, the sweet white face repeated itself, and at last Squire Darwin sat down in his arm-chair and reached out his arms to the sweet hovering face. "Edward, little Edward, come to me!" he said, in just such broken, yearning tones a mother would say it over the child she had lost for an hour, and was longing to take and hug up to her heart, and ease the great hunger of her love with caresses; and it seemed to the old man that the smiling face leaned forward, that the young arms clasped themselves about his neck, and the bright hair strayed over his shoulder; he held it tight to his breast, that dream of his brother, and the tears showered hot over his cheeks once more, and they fell upon his heart like a spring freshet, bearing down and washing away the strong bulwarks of pride and bitterness, and the ice that had so long covered the fields, and made winter of the life of Squire Darwin, melted away. At last the tears ceased; the old man leaned back in his chair and tried to recall the later years, the strife, the separation, and the hatred which had blighted them; but somehow all these things vanished, and his thoughts still went back to his young brother, to their happy boyhood, and that young face still rose up before him, blurring all other scenes, and still the heart of the old man yearned toward his brother.

"I wonder where you are to-night, Edward," he murmured, "and if you look like the little boy as you used to. I can't believe that the years have told on you as they have on me: I can only see you as I did when we used to chase each other through the low meadows, on our way to school, in the summer mornings. I wish you were here to-night, and could talk of the old times when we went hunting and fishing together. Do you remember it, little brother, and how our mother used to stand at the back door with the smile on her lips, and the love in her eyes? It is a long, long time since your feet crossed the threshold of the old place. There 's a heavy account somewhere to settle,

but let it go, boy, let it go. You shall have the old homestead, Edward, for I sha'n't have any use for it much longer; I'm going to a house whose roof is the lowest and narrowest that a man ever sleeps under; and it's only fair that the old house where we first opened our eyes, and grew up to manhood together, should be yours, and it shall this very night, Edward, my brother Edward!" And then the old Squire rang for lights and for supper, and the servant wondered at the change which had come over his master—at the new light in his face, and the vigor in his tones.

That night Squire Darwin sent for his lawyer; and, before he slept, his will was drawn up, and duly witnessed and signed.

The dawn was just building the basements of the new day in the east. The foundations were laid with pearl, which here and there began to be veined with a faint flush of pink, like the blush from some pleasant dream dawning into the cheek of a sleeping child.

Mrs. Pierson had just opened her kitchen door. The little woman stood still a moment and listened to the song of the robins in the great pear trees, whose long branches swept her cottage roof; and just as she was turning away, Squire Darwin's errand-boy stood white and panting on her threshold.

"Why, Sam, what has sent you over here, at this hour?"

"Squire Darwin has had another poor turn. They think he may drop off any minute; but he's revived a little, and asked for you!"

Mrs. Pierson was not long in making her way over to the white stone house. Its master lay in the front chamber with the doctor, and the frightened servants gathered about him; but Mrs. Pierson knew, with her first glance into the white face and the glaring eyes, that of them too must soon be spoken those final words which close the last chapter of every human life.

The old man's eyes opened slowly, as the soft step of the gardener's wife approached the bed on which he lay; a new light flickered across the dimness which filled them. He took the brown, thin hand in his white, cold one.

"Mrs. Pierson," said Squire Darwin, and his voice was almost like the voice of his youth, "I have done as you told me. Last night I made over the Darwin Homestead to my brother Edward."

"Thank God! thank God!" broke from the lips of the little woman, as the jets of tears did over her face.

"You were right now;" and the shrivelled, dying fingers tightened on the warm, living ones. "It is better to drop the burden this side the grave—it would have been very heavy to carry it beyond."

"And you forgive him and all others who may have wronged you?" eagerly interposed Mrs. Pierson, bending down her head to the old man's face.

"As I hope that God may forgive me!" And these were the last words which ever moved the lips of Squire Darwin.

Forty years before had the difficulty transpired betwixt Robert and Edward Darwin, which had embittered the lives of both, and turned their love into fierce hatred. There was no doubt that the greater share of the wrong lay with the elder brother; for his father had died without making a will, and he managed to get most of the property into his own hands.

Edward Darwin was a sensitive, thoughtful, studious man, wholly unlike his practical, energetic brother; and in a little while he sold the land he had inherited, and removed to the city. His brother had frequently urged him to sell his portion of the estate, and offered him a higher price than the one he at last received; but Edward felt himself aggrieved and insulted by his brother's conduct, and allowed the property to pass into other hands. The alienation of the brothers, which had commenced on their father's death, was thenceforth complete, and for twenty years Squire Darwin had not known whether the name of his brother was written among the living or the dead.

"Twenty-nine days more! Oh, Algernon, it is for your sake that they seem so long, and so slow." And the girl, who had spoken these words in tones that held a strange quiver of pathos and pain, threw herself down by the lounge.

The slight limbs of the youth who lay there, stirred, and lifted themselves a little. A smile gleamed about the white lips, and was reciprocated by the large, deep, azure eyes above them. "You are the best sister in the whole world, Margaret," said the invalid, "but I see that you are wearing yourself to death on my account, and that is harder than all the rest I have to bear."

"Don't think about me, Algernon. I know that every hour is precious now, that your very life depends upon your getting off into the country, and to think I must see you languishing here through these long four weeks, before my term closes, and I can get the money to take us where we can see the green fields once more."

"Oh, I long for a sight of them!" and the white face of Algernon Darwin kindled like an alabaster vase, within which a perfumed lamp is set suddenly. "Oh, I long for a sight of them! How good it will seem, Margaret, to get out of this hot, close, noisy place, and to feel the cool breath of the mountain winds on my forehead! The very thought of them is like a dream of my lost health come back to me."

"Poor Algernon!" and Margaret Darwin's fingers slipped themselves like flakes of moonlight through the crisp, brown hair that shaded the transparent brow of her brother.

"You look as if you ought to say 'Poor Margaret' instead. Why, the roses that used to be in your cheeks are all gone; and your face is so thin and changed, my heart aches to look at it!"

"Oh, you mustn't fancy that I 'm not well enough, Algernon; but it 's hard, oh, so hard to see you lying here, and to think that the winds and the sunshine may be had for the asking, and we can't get to them. If we only had some friend to help us—but we 're all alone in the world."

"But we 've got each other;" and the youth threw his arm around the small white neck on which, like a half-drooping lily, rested the beautiful head of Margaret Darwin.

"I know that. Oh, Algernon, a little while ago, I thought I should be all alone, and that you would go to our father and mother!"

The August sunlight poured a flood of golden wine into the chamber where the brother and the sister strove to comfort each other. It was a room in the third story of a tall, brick tenement in the heart of a great city, and in the narrow street below, one could hear all day the jarring din of wheels, the tramp of the crowd, and all the harsh sounds which throb along the iron pulses of a large city. The chamber was furnished very plainly; a dark ingrain carpet, a table, and a few chairs, with the lounge in the corner, were its principal appointments.

Margaret and Algernon Darwin had seen their father covered up ten, and their mother three years before. The long illness of the latter had exhausted the few hundred dollars which remained of her husband's property, and the young girl found her brother and herself dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. She had a brave heart, and she came to the city, and with her fine talents soon obtained a situation as music-teacher in a large seminary.

Algernon inherited the studious tastes and delicate physique of his father.

He could not see, without acute pain, that his fair young sister was exerting herself beyond her strength for their maintenance, and he at last procured a situation as bookkeeper in a mercantile establishment. But the close confinement proved too much for him; and a cold, which brought on a severe cough, at last compelled the young man to resign his situation. But he did not recuperate. Each day took something from his strength, until he was unable to leave his lounge, and Margaret feared that her brother's days numbered few.

For a long time the physician gave them no hope; but, in the late summer, the invalid's cough abated; and though he was weak as an infant, and had come so very near the gates of death, the doctor hoped that, with country air and diet, his youth would triumph, and that Algernon Darwin would be given back to the love of his sister. But Margaret had not ten dollars in the world to accomplish her brother's removal into the country, and every hour was precious now. No wonder that the heart of Margaret Darwin failed her, as she looked on the white face of her brother, that afternoon, on her return from school, and counted the days whose slow feet must pass by before she would reach the close of her term.

There came a loud, rapid knock at the door, and Algernon drew his arm away, and Margaret went to answer it. She did not recognize the two strange gentlemen who stood there and scrutinized her face till the lost roses glowed back in her cheeks.

"Can you tell us anything of Mr. Edward Darwin, formerly of Hampton?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"I am his daughter, sir."

"It is only necessary to prove this, and you are the heiress to the estate of your uncle, your father's brother, Squire Robert Darwin!"

The roses went out of the girl's cheeks now, quickly as they had blossomed there, and a look of utter bewilderment filled the sweet eyes of Margaret Darwin. The gentlemen saw that the news had completely overcome her. They solicited permission to enter the chamber, and as they walked in, the white face and burning eyes of Algernon Darwin were lifted eagerly toward them.

"He is my brother," said Margaret.

"You will not be able to bear the tidings which we bring you?" asked one of the visitors; and his face was full of curious solicitude, as he looked on the young invalid.

"Don't mind me, sir," gasped the young man. "It is probable there is some mistake."

"We shall be able to prove whether there

be in a moment;" and then turning to their young hostess, the gentlemen inquired whether she had ever heard her father speak of an elder brother of his—Squire Robert Darwin, of Hampton?

"Oh, very often, sir. Hampton was my father's native place, and he was the younger son of Colonel Josiah Darwin, of Hampton; but—but there was some serious difficulty betwixt my father and his brother, and papa and mamma left their native place more than thirty years ago."

The elder of the gentlemen brought down his hand on the table. "We have found you at last," he said. "My brother was Squire Darwin's lawyer, and appointed executor of his will. We have advertised for the heirs for the last two months, and came upon you by the merest accident. I called at the seminary this afternoon, on some business, with my friend who accompanies me, and during an interview with the principal, she spoke of her music-teacher, Miss Darwin. The name struck me at once; I made a few inquiries, and obtained your address, and I am here now to congratulate you, for there is no doubt, my young friends, that you can establish your claims; and the will of Squire Darwin places you in immediate possession of the Darwin Homestead, and the lands about it, worth, at least, seventy-five thousand dollars."

The gentlemen did not remain long afterward. There was something in the manner of the brother and sister which made them feel that it was best they should be alone; but they took leave of them with many expressions of interest and kindness, and promised to call the next morning.

The good tidings had come too suddenly. Human capacity for joy or sorrow is limited. As soon as Margaret had closed the door on her guests, she returned to Algernon. The brother and sister looked in each other's faces a moment, with eyes full of bewilderment. Margaret crept up to Algernon, and put down her white cheek to his. "I knew we were dreaming all the time, Algernon," she whispered. "Oh, it was too good to be true. We shall wake up in a little while."

"Yes, we shall wake up in a little while. It is too good to be true—and yet, if it might be!" answered the boy, in a dreamy way, for his long illness, and this sudden excitement, had proved too much for him, and in a few moments he fell into a deep sleep, and Margaret listened for a while to his soft breathing, and then, rising up, she folded a thin coverlet about him, for the summer night was sultry, and went to her own small chamber, and flung herself down on the bed, intending to think over the events of the afternoon; but her thoughts wandering to and fro, through dark alleys, and among old, mournful memories, and the present, which she tried to grasp, faded away from the girl, and at last she, too, fell into deep slumber.

The sun was shining brightly when she awoke. A night of sweet sleep had restored her mind to its usual healthful poise, and when the previous day swept back on her memory, Margaret did not say that it was all a dream.

A few hours later, Mr. Grainger, the brother of her uncle's lawyer, called to see her. It was arranged, then, that the brother and sister should leave the following day for Hampton, as their presence would be necessary to make good their right to the property.

Mr. Grainger kindly promised to assist them all in his power, and it was concluded that Algernon would be able to endure the journey by easy stages.

"Margaret, come here to me," said Algernon, as he heard the footsteps of their guests on the stairs; and he sat up on the couch, and in the hollow of each white cheek burned the red blood once more. "It is not all a dream, is it, sweet sister? Shall I go into the country once more, and hear the birds sing, and see the great trees, and drink in the fresh air that I thirst for once more?" and his greedy eyes fastened themselves on her face imploringly.

"Yes, darling, you shall have all these things. It is not a dream, as I thought, but a great, blessed truth that God has sent us!"

And then the brother and sister wept together tears of joy over the gift which the dead had left to them.

Three months had passed. The last days of November were hanging like a pale, golden fringe on the skirt of winter, and the great trees, around the old Darwin Homestead, stood tall and bare, shaking a few sodden leaves to the ground, whenever the wind walked through their branches. In the old sitting-room, Margaret and Algernon Darwin stood near the wood fire, whose crimson flames gave a picturesque glow to the old-fashioned furniture, and formed a vivid contrast with the day outside.

Mrs. Pierson sat in her old place by the window, hemming some curtains, for the gardener's wife still found her services indispensable in the old gray stone house.

"How well you are looking, Algernon. I

hardly know this changed face of yours!" said Margaret Darwin, looking up to it, tenderly.

"That ride over to the creek this morning has put new life into me. Oh, Margaret, it seems good to be well once more."

The bright color had returned to the young man's lips now, and the cheeks had rounded to soft, oval outlines. Algernon leaned his head down a moment on his sister's shoulder, and then lifted it suddenly.

"Come, sis, let 's have a song together," glancing toward the piano, in one corner, which, with some mantel ornaments, were the only new articles that had been added to the room since Squire Darwin had left it.

"It 's fitting that this day should go from us with sweet songs, because it has brought us so many fair and pleasant gifts."

Margaret did not answer. She stood looking into the dancing flames with a dreamy, absorbed expression. Algernon bent down, and gazed into her face.

"What are you thinking of, Margery, sweet Margery?" he asked, playfully pulling one of her curls.

"Of two matters, Algernon. One was how easily we slip into a pleasant life, and how soon it becomes easy and natural to us; and the other was—"

"Was what?"

"Was, what could have made Uncle Robert leave us his property, when he was so bitter an enemy to papa for so many years!"

"I have myself wondered over that a great many times of late. Mrs. Pierson," turning suddenly toward the window, "you were with our uncle a great deal during the last days of his life. Can you tell us what so softened his heart toward us?"

The little woman hesitated, and at last stammered, "I suppose he came to see things differently in his last hours. You know people have clearer eyes when they come to look over the long path of their life then."

This was too general an answer to satisfy the brother or the sister. The curiosity of both was aroused. Margaret went over to Mrs. Pierson, and said, earnestly, "If you know anything of this matter, and we feel you do, don't fail to tell us; it is our right to know."

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Pierson complied; and, with a good deal of embarrassment, she related her last, long conversation with Squire Darwin. Her voice broke down many times during the narrative, and the brother and sister were weeping together before she concluded.

"And it is to you, after all, dear Mrs. Pierson, that we owe the deed of the Darwin Homestead!" said Algernon, at last, breaking a long silence. "Oh, how shall we ever be able to repay you?"

"How, indeed?" sobbed his sister.

"My dear children, not to me, but to God, who softened the hard heart of your uncle at the last, do you owe all that has come to you."

The November night had let down its dark curtains about them long before this. Mrs. Pierson could not see the young faces turned toward her, but their voices, soft and tremulous with gratitude, reached her—

"To God, and to you—we owe it!"

No Mother.—She has no mother! What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single sentence—no mother! We must go far down the hard, rough paths of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest form before we can take home to our experience the dreadful reality—no mother—without a struggle. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of woman, how sad is the story summed up in that one short sentence. Who shall administer the needed counsel—who shall check the wayward fancies—who shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless girl?

Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of sorrow be overfilled by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless in her doings? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember she has no mother! When her companions are gay and joyous, does she sit sorrowing? Does she pass with a downcast eye and languid step, when you would fain witness the gushing of youth? Chide her not, for she is motherless; and the great sorrow comes down upon her soul like an incubus. Can you gain her confidence—can you win her love? Come, then, to the motherless: with the boon of your tenderest care; and by the memory of your mother already passed away—by the possibility that your own child may be motherless—contribute as far as you may to relieve the loss of that fair, fair child who is written "motherless."

Anticipation.—Expectation, in a weak mind, makes an evil greater, and a good less; but in a resolved mind it digests an evil before it comes, and makes a future good, long before present. We must expect the worst, because it may come; the best, because I know it will come.

THE ORPHAN'S FAITH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.

The fever raged. A father was struck down
And, raving, died. And then a little boy—
A gleeful, winsome child, with sunny face,
Blue eyes, and golden hair, was borne away
Within a tiny coffin to the tomb,
And laid beside him.
Only two remained:
The widowed mother and her first born son,
A very child in years, though from his soul
Shone forth the noble spirit of a man;
Awhile they struggled wearily. At last,
With grief and care, and toil and poverty,
Ground to the dust this mother bowed her head
And laid her down to die. Bidding her boy
Kneel down beside her, with her thin white hands
Clasped fondly on his head, she uttered prayer,
Consigning him unto the orphan's God!
Her God! the Christian's! It was such a scene
As you might look for many summer days
And fail to find, unless, in some such hour,
You chanced to know a weary, burdened soul,
The joys of whose young life had one by one
Vanished, as stars fade 'fore the morning sun,
Go forth in all the majesty of peace
To yield account of an unspotted life.
One kiss, one last embrace, the while she said,
"God will take care of you, my darling boy;
Be good and true, and we shall meet again!"
Then passed from earth, and he was left alone.

It is a fearful word that brief—alone!
Millions of broken hearts have echoed it
Within their secret depths since time began,
And millions more, in ages yet to come,
Must weep o'er withered hopes and buried joy:
'Tis misery's seal; yet, 'tis Jehovah's mark
By which, when they come down, the angels know
Those who shall fill high seats 'neath heaven's dome,
And, in their new, unending happiness,
Forget that earth had sorrows or despair.

They buried her beside the cherished dead,
With such brief rites as bitter poverty
Affords to those whom fortune favors not;
And all save one, a pale, sad, thoughtful boy,
Went forth their several ways. Little reck'd he,
Or cared, or thought—henceforth he had no home—
But threw himself upon the new-made grave,
Nor ate, nor drank, scarce slept, and yet he dreamed,
And you could see by that strange, sad sweet smile,
'Twas of his mother, the fair brother there,
And his fond sire that the sweet vision told.
With them through spacious groves and gardens rare,
Skirted by noble streams, along whose banks
Grew many golden fruits and wondrous flowers,
He in his vision wandered. Far away
Adown the matchless vista, ever on,
Great cities rose. Colossal palaces,
High towering o'er the trees, the summits crowned,
A thousand rising hills upon whose sides
Bloomed an eternal verdure; everywhere
Groves, gardens, palaces, and islands fair,
Lakes, mountains, waterfalls, the changing sea,
Myriads of fruits and flowers, filled the scene
With marvellous harmony. The earth and air
At every step seemed a perpetual change
Of ever varying splendors ne'er to end;
While from afar, yet near and palpable,
Came such a combination of sweet sounds
As filled the soul and sense with perfect peace;
And, amid these, in dreams the orphan dwelt.

Alas! that such hours ever should have end,
Mocking with joys of heaven the dark days
Of this life's changes, as anon they glide,
With all who felt their varied joy or woe,
Silent and quick to the dim shadow land.
Weird spirits are all visions, for they lead
The dreamer through the sun or storm of life
With meteor speed; wrecking his hopes at last,
While gilding o'er the rocks whereon they dash,
With glorious hues of hope in things to be;
The waking comes, the real appears, and then
Peace, love, health, wealth, fame, power, all depart.
The shadows fall, life ends, the dream is o'er.

Thus joys forever fade; the boy awoke,
The sky was dark and desolate, grim clouds
Showered a deluge on his naked head;
The night was pitiless, and he alone!
No home, no destination, and no friend;
Oh, how the bursting heart in such an hour
Looks out to God! What spirit points it there?
Out from the graveyard city-ward he goes.
Through night and day, and night and day again,
He wanders up and down—hard at his heart
The hunger demon gnaws—among the crowd,
Strange faces frown on him, as to repel
A charity unasked, save with his eyes;
Weary and faint his soul disdains to beg,
And so he sinks at last upon the stones;
His heart still clinging to the mother words—
"God will take care of you, my darling boy"—
With a pure hallowed trust that could not fail.
There, 'neath the shadow of a church, where once,
In other days, they all together prayed,
A noble stranger found him; large of heart,
With sympathetic soul, he bore him home,
Where he awoke at length to light and life;
And o'er his couch a gentle woman's face
Looked kindly on him—did he dream again?
Or is this heaven? and he there at last.
Slowly his memory through those bitter days
Bore him on wondering, till all was plain;
Then he exclaimed—"God sent you! mother said
He would take care of me—I knew you 'd come—
She could not lie; but oh, you were so long!"
Then told his simple tale; the stranger gazed,
Embraced the boy, and then on bended knee
Gave thanks to God. It was his sister's child!

O brave young heart! O blessed faith! O trust,
Only in heaven born! what lessons thou
Couldst teach old Christians, in profession gray!
Thy pure faith in that mother shall live on,
As hers in God's eternal promises,
When all earth's crowns and fleeting vanities,
With they who held them, shall have passed away;
And, far amid the stars, with angels bright,
Thy first fair dream to its fulfilment comes
Within the realm of heaven's perfect life!

AFFECTATION.—All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

"MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"And I shall hear from you often, Laura?"

"O yes, indeed! I shall have nothing else to occupy my time but making calls, shopping, and writing home to my old schoolmates. You will be deluged with letters, darling. It will be splendid to board; no cares!"

"It must be," I assented; "so much leisure at your command. But there 's the carriage. Don't forget to write often." And I kissed her repeatedly.

"You 'll hear from me every week, all about my new city home; and when I keep house you are to make me such long visits, you know. You mustn't forget this, my dearest friend. Now, darling Nell, farewell!"

"Good-by! God bless you!" I answered, less romantically, but quite as fervently—I think *now* far more sincerely—than the bride of an hour, who tore herself from the embrace of my clinging arms, and then turned to receive the adieux of her family ere she was handed to the carriage by her tall, handsome, city husband.

"Farewell, darling, till you hear from me!" she added, leaning a moment from the window of the vehicle wherein sat the bridal party—herself, husband, and his two stylish sisters—then were whirled away to the railroad depot.

It sounded very pathetic, this parting salutation to me—Ellen Brewster, Laura Dashington's most intimate friend; and my eyes were quite wet as I gazed after them a minute, then turned from the house whence had gone out a bride, and bent my steps homeward to my mother's modest little cottage.

It had been a fashionable wedding for our quiet Ashbrook; and, with most of Laura's schoolmates at the seminary, I had been invited to her father's pretentious mansion, for Jonas Holman had amassed quite a little fortune by dint of fortunate business capacity, and stood *the* moneyed man, *par excellence*, of the town. But I had a greater claim than many of the guests to the pretty bride's favor, for we had been intimate friends from the day I entered school; and though Laura's junior by two or three years, she had chosen to attach herself to me by the strongest protestations of regard. Indeed, we were the feminines for Damon and Pythias, and almost one and inseparable. Hardly a day passed but found Laura at our pretty cottage, where I lived with my gentle widowed mother and younger brother Willie, or me at her more elegant home. Thus it came to pass that I conceived I had a special right to be miserable when Laura married.

The husband whom Laura Holman had selected—or, rather, who had selected her—was a handsome, black-whiskered, showy man, seven or eight years her senior, of the firm of Loud, Talk, Dashington & Co., importers, Boston. From the time Laura had met him, two years previous, while on a visit to a city aunt—from which visit she returned in love with city life—it had been my firm belief that she would marry and make her home there; and when Mr. Dashington made his appearance at the Ashbrook Hotel, one Saturday, and was seen in Mr. Holman's pew the next Sabbath, as Laura's escort, the element of Ashbrook population who devoted themselves to the especial charge of love matters voted it "an engagement." And an engagement it proved to be, a fact which was promptly imparted to me in a dainty note Laura sent over to our cottage, one snowy day, by her little brother Frank, for the drifts were too deep to permit her coming in person; and time passed, and Laura went to Boston to purchase her outfit, and her dresses were pronounced upon by Miss Price, the Ashbrook dressmaker, as "the loveliest things she had ever made up:" and at length the fateful day arrived, and Laura stood up a girl and sat down a bride.

As I said, it was a very fashionable morning wedding for Ashbrook. We supposed that the bridegroom's city sisters had had a good deal to do with that. The parlors were darkened, and the soft beams of solar lamps lent a subdued light; the bridal dress and veil were rich, and Laura looked, as all brides do, sweet and interesting; the Misses Dashington—Grace and Eloise—were perfect in their responsible *roles* of bridesmaids; and the cake, wine, wedding-cards, *et cetera*, were of the most approved order of their kind. I even cherished the fancy that my own fresh white mulle, with my blue sash, looked pretty, and suitable, and very becoming to me.

So the wedding passed off with *éclat*, and the glare of day had again been let into Jonas Holman's parlors, and the carriage had whirled

them and their trunks to take the A. M. train for Boston, and I, Laura's most intimate and now most disconsolate friend, was walking homeward, quite mournful, in the bright, bland, October morning.

All at once a footfall overtook mine on the leaf-strewn sidewalk, and I looked up to behold Esquire Abbot walking beside me. He was one of our prominent Ashbrook lawyers, a grave, staid, but cultivated man, and had been my mother's lodger during the three years of his residence among us, a man whom I had dubbed "old bachelor" to the school-girls, and who had dubbed himself my "godfather" to my mother when he assisted me about my lessons of an evening in the little parlor of our cottage.

"Well, Miss Ellen, been to the wedding, I suppose?" he said, speaking quickly.

"Yes, sir," I replied, dropping my veil, and not caring to look him in the face, for I knew my eyes were red with weeping, and I dreaded nothing so much as appearing sentimental in the estimation of Esquire Abbot, who had a way of being cynical and sarcastic when he chose. So I asked, gayly: "But why weren't *you* there? Everything passed off splendidly!" —for I knew that he had been one of the invited guests, as Mr. Holman's lawyer.

"Oh, an out of town client came in, and so the tasty wedding favor had to lie unhonored on my table. But I should have made but a poor party at a wedding, an old bachelor like me, and you can tell me all about it, Miss Ellen. Of course the knot was legally tied, and the happy pair will soon be whirling Bostonward. There goes the train now"—as the shriek of the engine whistle came round a bend in the road of quiet Ashbrook. "Any sentiment at the altar? They say young ladies always cry at weddings, Miss Ellen," he continued, presently, stooping down to pick up a brilliant maple leaf that floated down on the sidewalk just before him. "Laura Holman is a pretty, cleverish sort of girl, but not deep; hardly the one for *you* to mourn much for." And he turned and looked full into my tear-stained face, provokingly revealed by a light wind blowing my veil aside just then.

"Laura is my most intimate friend, Mr. Abbot," I answered, haughtily.

"Yes, yes, I see," said my cynical companion. "I've seen all this before; but, Miss Ellen, did it ever occur to you what is usually the *end* of such ardent school-girl friendships?"

"What?" I asked, with a little asperity of manner.

"Oh, a sort of natural death; they fade out like this." And he stooped again, and picked up a sere, brown, withered leaf which lay on the vivid green grass border of our path.

"*Never!*" I answered, emphatically. "Laura is married, to be sure, and gone to a new home, and will have new ties; but I know she will always hold a large place in her heart for her most intimate school-girl friend. You say this because you are too calculating and old for such friendships yourself, Mr. Abbot."

Esquire Abbot smiled a little, a sad, weary sort of smile, then said: "Perhaps you are right. Pardon my unwelcome prophesies, Miss Ellen. Thirty-five and seventeen judge differently. And yet I fancied I was connoisseur enough in human nature to detect its different kinds, and that your heart and Laura Holman's —pardon! Mrs. Albert Dashington's—were made of dissimilar *materiel*. Time will prove; and, if the thought pains you, may it also prove me a false prophet!"

I felt a little ashamed of my impetuosity, a little vexed at my want of respect toward Esquire Abbot, and also not a little flattered at his implied compliment to myself, so I said, to turn the subject: "What a splendid Indian summer day, Mr. Abbot!"

"Yes, glorious! These days are the wine of the year," he replied, sending the gaze of his dark eyes up to the golden, hazy sky, the trees in their gorgeous autumn livery, and drinking in a long draught of the bland, delicious air. "Your Ashbrook woods are grand; that line of ash and maples crowning the hill yonder on the outskirts of the town looks like a battle array of kings, in crimson and scarlet robes full panoplied, and flaunting their banners on the air. My morning's client cheated me out of the wedding, but the afternoon is at my disposal. Are you too absorbed with memories of Mrs. Albert Dashington to accompany me in a forest stroll after dinner, Miss Ellen?"

We had paused at the corner of a street; Esquire Abbot to bend his steps to the post-office for the morning's mail, and I to strike off into the pleasant avenue leading homeward. "I should be delighted with the walk, Mr. Abbot. But, pray, why do you think"—here I hesitated a little—"what makes you imagine Laura and I so unlike?"

"Ah, the wound rankles!" he said, smiling. "Did I say unlike? No; yet you *are* so. I can hardly explain, now. Wait two, three, or five years, and we'll talk further of this. Tell your mother that your godfather is to take charge of you for a stroll in the autumn

woods this afternoon. Good-morning." And he walked rapidly down the street.

"Esquire Abbot is thirty-five years old, then," I mused, as I went homeward. "Well, I should have said he was full as old; that is, I should have thought so if I had thought at all." That was it, reader; I had never thought of his age, or of him save as a good, pleasant, elderly gentleman, whom my mother regarded with respect, and who was very fatherly and kind to me; but as he walked down the street I mused further. "And Eloise Dashington is engaged to a rich old man of forty, Laura says, and they don't seem to think it anything out of the way, either; horrid, I think." Reader, forty was a Methusaleh-istic period and thirty-five an advanced age to me then, for I was but seventeen.

That was a golden afternoon to me in the October woods. Even the prestige of Laura's wedding was quite out of mind; the artificial light of Jonas Holman's parlors was put to shame by the golden lances the sun shot down through quivering tree-boughs; the crimson of his moreen curtains was out-hued by the glow of the blood-red maples and sumachs; the softness of their carpets rivalled by the elastic wood moss; and the silver plate from which was served the bridal cake would have been dull beside the sheen of the sunlit brooks leaping down the hillsides or winding through the glades. And Esquire Abbot was less cynical and more companionable than usual the hours of that golden-hearted October afternoon.

"Better than parties or wedding festivals, this—eh, Miss Ellen?" he said, seating himself on an old log gray with hoary wood moss, beside the noisy brook that ran through the forest, and tossing me a splendid spray of cardinal flower he had leaned over to pluck from the bank. "When I am gone from Ashbrook, you won't forget this afternoon's walk in these grand old woods, will you, Miss Ellen?"

"Gone! leave Ashbrook! You are not going away, Mr. Abbot?" I asked, in surprise, for I had heard nothing of this intention hitherto. "Why, I thought you liked and had settled in Ashbrook!"

"I *do* like this pleasant, quiet old town, and at one time supposed I had fixed, not exactly my household gods, but my red-tape divinities here, Miss Ellen; but, like some ministers, I find that I have had 'a louder call.' And yet don't suppose that it's money *merely* that tempts me away; for, perhaps you know, I've a competence my dear old father left me, and, besides, were it not so, I am one of those who have learned to be rich with little. There are better things than money can bring us, Miss Ellen, in this life, and by these I mean sweet friendships, confidences, and perhaps dearer dreams, or, maybe, one day a merging of dreams into realities"—and for a moment his grave face grew glowing with mobile expression as his eye fell on me, then he looked away to the crimson sumachs across the brook. "It isn't the hope of gain from a wider sphere of my profession, but the breadth of life and the depth of experience one meets in a larger acquaintance with human nature. Besides, an old friend—Judge Graves—urges me to become his partner; so, Miss Ellen, I have just decided to open my new office in Boston."

I did not say one word, sitting there by his side on the old moss-covered log that afternoon. It was so sudden. He had been so long with us—three years—an age to my light girlhood, and I had never thought of change coming to our quiet, happy cottage.

"You will miss your old godfather a little at first, but your mother will be answering my letters on business, and you can inclose a little note now and then to let me know how you are getting on with your studies, for I shall feel interested in everything here still, Ellen."

"Oh, certainly," I said, confusedly, like one talking in a broken dream; and then added, more by way of making conversation than because I thought of a third party then, "You will see Laura often in Boston?"

"Perhaps," he said, half smiling, "though the city is not quite like Ashbrook, and one don't get too intimate with their neighbors. I shall hear of your coming down some day to buy your wedding finery—eh, Miss Ellen?"

"My first trip to Boston will be to visit my old friend when she is at housekeeping," I answered, curtly, and tossing my head with what I fancied an assumption of dignity.

"Oho, that is *promised*, then? Well, I shall promise also to enact the godfather still, unless the young gallants find an old man in their way. I shall know when you are in town. Let us go home, now, and acquaint your good mother with my plans, Miss Ellen."

Why was it that the homeward walk through the October woods was so much gloomier than the going? Why had the golden haze that had filled all the air changed to dull gray gloom? The sun had not yet set, and long lances were striking aslant through the maples and sumachs, and the mountain ashes were heavy with their fruit; but all seemed dull, and dead, and sere.

My head ached all the evening, and I shaded

my eyes from the light by which my mother sewed, with serious countenance, at the little round table, exclaiming every now and then her sorrow at losing Mr. Abbot, who had gone down to his office to busy himself in packing up his papers. Willie, even, received a short answer to some trifling request about his skates he was preparing in two months' anticipation of hard ice, and muttered: "How cross it makes you, Nell, to go to a wedding! Frank Holman ate so much wedding-cake he's sick enough to-night; but seems to me you needn't have gone there, and got a real cross old headache."

Mistaken Willie, to credit to the stomach what proceeded from the heart! But you were not the first in error on that point, for even mother attributed the headache to the long walk, and your sister, in her blindness, was not much wiser.

Three years went by like a dream in quiet Ashbrook. During this period scarcely any change had come to me in my little cottage home, save that my school-days were ended, and the last year I had taught the village scholars in the old red school-house on the hill. As I braided up my brown hair before the mirror in my little chamber, its reflection told me that my thin cheeks were rounding out, and my slight form growing into the stronger mould of healthy womanhood. Save these, no other changes had come to me. Brother Willie was now entered a student in the Ashbrook Academy, a smart, quick scholar, who took to his Latin grammar as eagerly as he had hitherto to birdsnesting, nutting, or skating; and I was proud that my earnings as teacher could help eke out our scanty income, and clothe Willie in as nice jackets and trousers as were worn by any boys of his class. For I was determined that our brave, handsome Willie should have every advantage of education, and listened with secret pleasure to his avowed intention to become "as smart a lawyer as Esquire Abbot" when he attained the estate of manhood. My "godfather" had not forgotten us; once or twice yearly he called on us in our cottage home, but the business claims of a rapidly increasing profession kept him close in Boston; yet letters came regularly to my mother, proving that, amid his cares, we were yet in his thoughts.

During the first few months of her married life, my friend, Laura Dashington, had kept her promise of a correspondence, and her letters were replete with accounts of fashionable parties, theatres, operas, and similar features of gay city life; then gradually followed a wider interregnum between her epistles, till the return of summer brought her to her Ashbrook home on a visit ere she was whirled away to a crowded seaside hotel, bringing with her, also, such visions of city fashions as astonished the sober dwellers of our quiet country town.

At first, Laura seemed scarcely changed; there were little trips to and fro between her father's great house and our little cottage, but after the early greetings were over, there was hardly an hour when I saw her but she was busy over the style of some new mantilla or dress, and Fashion seemed pre-eminent in her mind. And when Mr. Dashington came down to hurry Laura away to the beach, where a gay party of their city friends were to meet them, our goodbyes were cut in twain by the arrival of a box of stylish wrappers she had ordered from Madame Demorest's, and over which Laura went into such ecstasies that, I doubt not, I had nearly reached home before she missed me.

When Laura came for her second summer visit, her husband's two sisters accompanied her for "a month in the country"—Eloise merged into the wealthy "Mrs. Robert Rogers," a fact which she made apparent by a great display of Honiton, grenadine and silk, and costly jewelry; and Miss Grace Dashington, a showy belle of haughty, supercilious manner, who quite repelled all who came within her sphere of contact. And Laura had so imbibed the infection of worldliness from her sisters-in-law that I was not the only one of her old schoolmates who grew tenacious of their own dignity, and hesitated to frequent Jonas Holman's house as in former days; hence it was not surprising that when Laura left Ashbrook we had not met beyond one or two stereotyped calls on her part, in which the display of an elegant toilet contributed its full share, and the same number, in an humbler wardrobe, on mine.

Laura did not visit her girlhood home at all during the third summer; but from her mother, who was never weary of the recital of "Laura's dresses" and "Laura's jewelry," Ashbrook people learned that she was visiting Saratoga with a large party of her city friends and relatives, including her husband's sisters, and that Grace Dashington was a reigning belle, and attracted half the gentlemen there to her feet. And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding all the stories of Grace Dashington's admirers, we did not hear of her engagement, nor the prospect of "a great match" for the showy, stylish brunette. I was not quite so

cognizant of the fact then as now that a woman may be a belle and a beauty, and have plenty of *admirers* but never a *husband* at her disposal. Admiration is one thing, but honest, manly love quite another.

And yet, notwithstanding I had begun to make the discovery that Laura Dashington possessed one of those shallow natures that would never advance in mental stature; that her whole conversation was about the latest cut of a dress or bonnet, or an evening at the opera; in short, that she had settled into a mere worldly woman, above whose level she would never rise; and, notwithstanding I could not help knowing that there were heights in my own nature to which she could never ascend, I judged her charitably as possible, cherished the old spirit of kindness toward her, and made excuse for all in her manner that wounded or pained my sensitive heart. "It is her gay city life that influences her; were she here again in her old home, the friend of her girlhood would be dear to her as ever; nay, I will believe she loves me yet," I said, mentally, in my most forgiving moods. I had yet to learn that the rich wine of friendship may be sometimes wasted on barren soil, or that, if the cup is returned us, it is but a base adulteration we put to our thirsty lips.

During these first three years of her married life, Laura had occupied the elegant suite of rooms her husband had taken in a first-class boarding-house; but when the third anniversary came round, Mrs. Holman made a series of calls upon half Ashbrook, expressly to inform them that Mr. Dashington had purchased a house in the new fashionable South End of the city, and Laura was now at housekeeping in an establishment unsurpassed in its style of furnishing. What envious desires burned in the hearts of many of our Ashbrookers, consequent upon Mrs. Holman's wonderful stories! What pretty three-ply carpets grew cheap beside Laura Dashington's velvets and Brussels! What neat stone china tea-sets grew paltry beside her silver table-services! What dainty muslin and bright moreen curtains grew coarse beside her lace and brocatelle, and what cheerful solar and kerosene lamps grew dimmer than tallow candles in contrast with her splendid gas burners, flooding her gorgeous drawing-rooms with dazzling radiance!

It was in October when Laura went to housekeeping; her mother made her a long visit at Christmas and New Year's, and when she returned, early in February, she brought glowing accounts of the parties Laura had given and attended; and, during my long February vacation, when the snow-drifts lay deep and white over Ashbrook, the naked trees stood like gaunt sentinels keeping ward on the distant hilltops, the sidewalks were bordered with a thick, high wall of solid snow, and we found our comfort in-doors, beside the ruddy fire on our little parlor hearth, with the tales of Laura's gas-lit, furnace-heated mansion in my ears, I could not help occasionally wondering if its mistress remembered her old and oft-extended invitation for the visit from her "most intimate friend, Nelly," when she should keep house. But I never framed my thought into words, for I had long ceased to expect any reminder of the visit or my promise to make it; Laura Dashington's letters had died out long ago, and no token from my hand or pen ever found its way to her now, for I had grown as proud—ay, prouder than she, though in a different way.

All this time, what of Esquire Abbot?

Nothing, beyond his semi-yearly, short visits, when, as he informed us, "business brought him into the neighborhood of Ashbrook; some old lawsuit revived;" and the letters he wrote my mother at stated intervals; for he had constituted himself a sort of legal adviser to her, and guardian for her children—though Heaven knows we had little to "guard," in the way of property, in those days! I should add that, occasionally, a note was inclosed in mother's letters for myself—something about my studies—or I received a new book or roll of music; and now and then came a Christmas gift, for each of us, or a Latin book or lexicon for Willie, after he entered the academy. His notes to me were kind, almost fatherly, and evincing the deepest interest in my pursuits; and certainly I did not realize that I thought of Esquire Abbot beyond a kind friend and Mentor in those days; and yet I can see clearly now that, had any one come to me then, and asked me to define my feelings, I should have been puzzled to put them into any given form of expression.

Laura Dashington wrote her mother that she met Esquire Abbot often in society latterly, and that he was growing rich and famous in his profession; and I had a sort of intuition that there were scales of social life far above the circles wherein the merchant's fashionable wife moved, where my friend and "godfather" was eagerly welcomed as the peer of great, and talented, and cultivated men. And, secretly, I was not a little proud that he still held us, at the humble Ashbrook Cottage, his cherished friends.

One cold evening, in the middle of February,

the expressman brought a package. I knew it was from Esquire Abbot; and Willie produced his penknife with eagerness, and cut the strings that fastened the wrappings. It contained a nice, warm shawl for mamma, a copy of Horace for Willie, and, in a neat box, a beautiful hot-house bouquet for me. "The Professor's Story!" was there, also, with my name—"Ellen Brewster"—on the fly-leaf, and several of the monthly magazines. These were like the delicate gifts he always sent me. If he had ever offered me jewelry, or a single article of finery to wear, I should have indignantly scorned them and the giver; but books, and flowers, and music were gladly received, and won my warmest thanks in return.

"It 's real nice, this Horace; just the book I shall want next term!" said Willie, eagerly running over its pages. "Mr. Abbot is the best sort of an old fellow to send it, and I 'll write him a big letter of thanks, as soon as I finish construing this sentence. Hallo, Nell! what 's *your* book? Oh, *Engl'sh!*" and, with an air of wonderful erudition, the young student went off to his Latin.

"It is very, very kind in Mr. Abbot!" said mamma, folding the soft shawl over her shoulders. "Just what we would have got—only, perhaps, not so nice a one—but for Willie's winter coat. He is *so* thoughtful—like a son—or a brother," she added, with a little start, and a look at me, as though a thought had struck her for the first time. "But here, Ellen, here is a note for you!" handing me a letter which had fallen from the folds of the shawl to the carpet.

I opened it, and it ran thus:—

Dear little Goddaughter: Will you beg your good mother to accept the shawl, and wear it amid your cold Ashbrook snowdrifts? and Master Willie, the Horace, whose classic odes have outlived old Rome itself, and are turned to English on every modern student's tongue?—may their present pupil never mar their beauty by a careless translation! For yourself, let the Professor's Story, and the pleasant *other* stories, while away these winter evening hours; and let the flowers bring you a foretasting dream of summer 'mid present ice, and frosts, and snows. But I have a little plan to broach to you, Miss Ellen. Your school is ended; Ashbrook must be dull, socially; and youth needs a change. Now that your old and intimate school friend, Laura Dashington, is in her own house, why not drop her a note that you will pass a few weeks with her in our pleasant city? She will, of course, be delighted to receive you, and enjoy your society; and, for want of a younger cavalier, your old godfather is at your disposal, to escort you to whatever places of interest our town may contain—to the Boston, the Athenæum, Music Hall, and parties *ad infinitum*. So what says Miss Ellen into coaxing her mother to spare her awhile from the quiet cottage home, and sending her straightway to her friends here?

Very truly, your godfather,
Edward Abbot.

It was such a golden suggestion that my heart caught it up at the first; then came the thought of how long a period had elapsed since anything like a letter had passed between Laura and myself. But mamma said, after a little pause, "Why not go, my dear? Of course Mr. Abbot has spoken about you to Laura; he meets her very often, you know, and it has been settled between them. And, as he says, she will be very glad and delighted to have you make her a little visit. We can afford the money for travelling expenses by a little management and economy; there is your nice winter bonnet, very becoming; and your dark thibet will do for the journey, and a street dress; your blue silk is handsome enough to wear anywhere; and we can turn my black one, and have Miss Price make it over for you; how fortunate you are no taller! the skirt will be long enough over your new floating bell. Yes, Ellen, you *ought* to have some advantages such as a visit to Boston would give you; and Mr. Abbot will be just like an elder brother, or a father, to you. You had better write this evening to Laura."

"The Athenæum, the Boston Theatre, and Music Hall!" Paintings, sculptures, the drama, and those eloquent lecturers whom I had so longed to see and hear. And Church's "Heart of the Andes" was on exhibition, and Edwin Booth was at the Boston—for I read the notices of art and the drama, in the daily papers, with as keen a relish as though I were a constant visitor to their temples. Every longing of my æsthetic nature pleaded for the indulgence, and I decided. Drawing my little writing-desk toward me, I penned the letter to Laura Dashington.

"Now, Willie, won't you take this over to the post-office, that it may go in the morning's mail? It is Tuesday night; I shall get an answer by Friday, at farthest, and I will go by the middle of next week."

"Yes, Ellen; Miss Price can do the dress right away. She has got through her busy

season," said my mother, folding her shawl, while Willie put on his cap and overcoat to post the letter.

As anticipated, Friday's evening mail brought me an answer, and I broke the seal with eagerness.

"Read it aloud, Ellen," said my mother; and I complied.

BOSTON, Feb. —, 1860.

DEAR ELLEN: I received your letter last eve. I was pleased to hear from you, but, as you say, was quite surprised.

With regard to your visiting me, I should be gratified to see you here but for some circumstances I will name, which, for the present, will not make it quite so convenient as I could wish. I am entertaining considerable company, and every room in my house seems occupied. My husband's sister Grace, and two cousins from New York are here; consequently, my time is much taken up with them and the cares of my large house and numerous servants. So I should get but little leisure to devote to you, and you, being a stranger, of course would need some one to show you the lions of *our big city*. My husband gets home quite late from his business, so that our evenings are quite interrupted when I am not at some opera or party—though I go a great deal, for one *must* who is at all fashionable.

However, should you conclude to come to Boston, and if you have any friend where you might stop for a week or two, at the end of that time I will try and be with you as much as I can. My husband's cousins will return to New York in March. They are splendid girls, and dress in a style that quite astonishes our circle, and they and Grace are invited everywhere. You may not have heard that Madame Rumor proclaims Esquire Abbot, whom you once knew at Ashbrook, the especial admirer of Grace. She is a great belle, and he is considered very wealthy, and a good match; so I should not wonder if we were soon busy with the wedding outfit. Of course they would be married in church, and she would have at least six bridesmaids. When Eloise was married, she had eight, and they all dressed in pink silk, with real Mechlin lace overskirts.

Please excuse haste, as I am going down to Hovey's this morning to shop. Very truly,

LAURA DASHINGTON.

P. S. Should you come, you will write, I suppose. L. D.

I laid down the letter with hot tears of mortification in my eyes.

"The hateful simpleton! When I am a man, and have a house, and horse and carriage of my own, I'll pay her for insulting my sister so!" exclaimed Willie, with flashing eyes. "I'll pitch into Frank Holman to-morrow, and wash his face in a snowdrift, for having such a contemptible relation—see if I don't! And as for Mr. Abbot, he's a mean villain, Nell, to ask you to visit Boston to see him court another girl. There goes his old Horace!" and, suiting the action to the word, he hurled his new Latin book straight into the fire on the hearth. "Nobody *here* wants any of his charity; and I'd saw wood before I'd study law in *his* office when I graduate!"

"William! my son!"

My mother's voice was sterner in its reproving tones than I had ever heard before, and Willie shrank away somewhat abashed, though he muttered, as he slunk from the room, "I don't care—it's *true!*"

"Ellen, don't cry! Laura Dashington is unworthy of a tear. We have been mistaken in her; but it is well we have learned her true character; she is not capable of a lasting friendship. As for Mr. Abbot"—and here her voice trembled a little—"I can't believe but there is some mistake in this story."

"*I* don't believe there is any mistake at all," I said, striving to steady my voice and crush back the burning tears, "and I hope it *is* so! Of course it's true! It's the way with everybody; let people be rich and fashionable, and they'll have everybody at their feet. I only wish *I* was an heiress, and *I'd* show them!" And I felt wicked thoughts rising in my heart.

"What would you do if you were rich, Ellen?" asked my mother, gently.

"I'd show folks how I could *hate* them! I'd learn Laura Dashington to write cool, insulting letters! I'd learn Mr. Abbot"—but here I broke down.

"I shall be sorry to learn that he is married to a vain, artificial girl like Grace Dashington," said my mother.

"And I shall be glad of it! She's good enough for him! He can marry whom he pleases!" I answered, proudly, shutting my lips together with a sudden spasm of pain which convinced me that it was not Laura Dashington's coldness that had wounded me most cruelly.

"Of course he can, Ellen; but he had always seemed so near to us, and I thought—" She did not finish the sentence, but took up her sewing again with a sigh.

Just then, the door leading into the dining-

room opened, and Willie came back, with a red spot on his cheek yet, but a little subdued in manner.

"I forgot, Nell, to give you this other letter; I was so eager about that mean old one from Boston." And he tossed one into my lap.

The postmark I could not quite make out, but the handwriting was familiar, and I was half tempted to crush it, unread. But I forced myself to open it, and read:—

CONCORD, N. H., *Wed. morning.*

DEAR MISS ELLEN: I am up here in your Granite State on business; and as I suppose you have before now decided upon the visit to Boston, I have thought best to return by way of Ashbrook, and become your *compagnon du voyage;* so I just drop a line to tell you that I shall probably be at your house by the last train Thursday eve, perhaps as soon as my letter. In haste, ABBOT.

I dashed the letter down upon the table indignantly.

"We must always treat him politely, Ellen; and remember that he has been our best friend for six years," said my mother, decidedly, looking up, with a clear, serious light in her eyes.

"He 'll never catch much politeness from *me*, I guess! Maybe there 'll be some inquiry about that Horace!" muttered Willie, still defiantly, taking down his books and settling to his evening lesson.

"And I shall have the pleasure of showing Esquire Abbot Mrs. Laura Dashington's cordial letter," I said, sarcastically, after full three minutes' silence.

"Let me see it now, Miss Ellen." The voice came from the door opening into the front hall, and the speaker was he of whom we had been talking. How he had crossed the outer threshold without our hearing him I could not divine; yet there he stood, in the parlor door, in his heavy overcoat and his rich fur collar, and smiling upon us. "It is well you live in an honest neighborhood, Mrs. Brewster, where no man covets the contents of your hall, for it would hardly answer in the goodly old Puritan city I hail from to leave our street doors wide open." And he came forward to shake hands with us, while Willie darted up to snatch his skates, don his cap and overcoat, shut behind him the door he had left wide open in his eager return from the post-office, and make his exit into the keen air to escape the friendly meeting with the new-comer.

I cannot say much for the warmth of my greeting, but my mother skilfully covered my constraint by her own manner; and when Mr. Abbot had divested himself of his overcoat, and was warming his chilled fingers by the cheerful blaze of the wood fire, she slipped away to the dining-room to prepare a cup of tea for him.

"Where did Willie vanish? he disappeared like a mist," he asked, at length, moving a little from the fire; then went on, without seeming to expect an answer: "And now, Miss Ellen, shall I read the letter I heard you speaking of when I appeared like Santa Claus among you? I knew you would hear immediately from Mrs. Dashington."

I put the letter into his hand without a word, and went on with my crocheting. I would not even look at him while he read it.

"Ellen!"

I looked up then. He had finished the letter, and sat with his eyes bent on me, and a peculiar smile upon his handsome lips.

"And so your friend Laura is going to marry me to her sister-in-law, Miss Grace Dashington, the tall, the dark, the loud, the 'stunning' Miss Grace Dashington; and we are to have six bridesmaids and groomsmen, all dressed in pink silk, and you are willing, Miss Ellen?" he said, leaning indolently back in the arm-chair, and eyeing me intently.

"I am very willing that you should marry Miss Dashington and the six bridesmaids all together, if you choose, Mr. Abbot; but I am *not* willing that you should ever again call Laura Dashington my friend as long as I live!" I replied. The words dropped like iron from my lips, but all the pride of my nature forced their utterance, for I was resolved that he should not see his triumph over me.

"Ellen, my daughter, will you pour the tea for Mr. Abbot? They have just sent in from Mr. Gray's for me; they think little Fanny is worse, and beg me to step in immediately," said my mother, entering the parlor hurriedly.

"Certainly, Miss Ellen will do the honors for her godfather," said Mr. Abbot, imperturbably; and when, a few minutes later, mother had wrapped her warm shawl—his gift—about her and left for our neighbor's, he continued: "And now, before I get to be an open disciple of Mormonism, let us have one more civilized cup of tea together, little Nelly."

With very erect head, I led the way to the dining-room, and presided over the neatly-spread table. He might please *himself* with his jests, but I would let him see that they did not annoy *me;* so I poured his tea calmly, and

talked quietly about Ashbrook matters, and the books I had been reading, and any matter that suggested itself till we returned to the parlor. Then I took up my crocheting again, and he busied himself with looking over the columns of the *Ashbrook Gazette* for a half hour.

At length he laid down the paper. "Do you play much now, Ellen?" he asked.

"But a little; I have neglected practising of late," I answered.

"And your French?"

"I have given that up," I answered, as briefly.

"What is that work you have in your hand?"

"Crocheting."

"Hum—it looks as complicated as one of my lawsuits. You used to work little dogs in red and yellow yarns when I was here. Where are they now?"

"The *dogs* or the *yarns*, Mr. Abbot?"

"Both; they went together, I believe. They were yarn dogs."

"I gave them up long ago."

"You commenced German last fall, you wrote me."

"I gave that up almost as soon as I commenced it."

"What *haven't* you given up, Ellen? Not your visit to Boston, I hope"—laying his hand upon the letter on the table.

I was very angry, and I knew I grew very red. "You have read Laura Dashington's cold, insolent letter, and yet I suppose you would have me thrust myself upon her. Go back, and tell her I despise her, and am ashamed that I ever called her friend! I will never go there to see her or Grace Dashington, your promised wife, never, no, never!" And I bent over my work, while a hot tear of mortification dropped upon the shining needle.

Mr. Abbot rose suddenly, and in an instant was at my side and bending over me. The work and crochet-needle were taken from my hand, and he spoke in a strange, husky voice: "Ellen, darling Ellen, it is *my* turn to say never now! I love you, I came here for you, and I want you to return to Boston with me, *my wife*. I will go back without you—*never!*" And his arms were around me in a tight clasp.

I was astonished, not frightened, but so astonished that I trembled violently. I did not know what to reply for many moments, and then I said the very thing I ought not to have said—"And Miss Grace Dashington?"

"Innocent! As though I could go through the ordeal of six bridesmaids in red silk! No; I can make a two hours' plea before a crowded court-room, but I could not undergo *that!*" he said, mischievously; then added, in tones of deepest tenderness: "My little Nelly, did you ever think I could love anybody else except your own sweet, fresh self, grown up from charming girlhood into more charming womanhood here in secluded Ashbrook? If you have so thought, you did not know the depths of my heart. I am many years older than you, I know, Nelly, but I will love you all the stronger and better for that. And now I want to take you home with me; not for the little visit we had in mind, but for a lifelong one, as my own dear little wife."

"Provided I love you, you mean," I could not help adding, a little saucily.

"Of course, and provided mamma raises no extreme objections to receiving her daughter's godfather as her son," he answered, with mock deference, but a show of tender triumph, also, as he sought to read his answer in my eyes.

What that answer was you can perhaps guess, reader, when mamma returned and found Mr. Abbot sitting beside me as though he had appointed himself guardian over all my future; and when Willie entered, later, rosy with skating, and still eyeing our guest with a dogged expression of dislike, his countenance underwent a great change as that gentleman called out: "Come here and shake hands with me, Willie! Your sister has just promised that Parson Priest may marry us, and she will go back with me to Boston to live; and, if you are a clever lad, and restrain your incendiary propensities, you shall study law in my office yet, after all."

Will saw that he had been exposed, but he gave his hand manfully, saying, with a very red face: "I'm sorry about the Horace, Mr. Abbot, but I was a little mad, you see; and I guess Nell didn't feel any too clever, either!" And, with a roguish glance, he ran from the parlor.

Four weeks later, clinging to my husband's arm, I was in the great crowd pouring out of the vestibule of the Boston Theatre, after an opera in which Patti had sung.

"Why, Esquire Abbot, how *have* you been for this age, and why have you neglected us so? Here 's Gracie herself to scold you," I heard in a familiar voice at my husband's elbow.

I felt myself drawn forward into view by his arm placed around me. "I have been very well, thank you, Mrs. Dashington. But here must be my excuse for neglecting you; ladies, allow me to introduce to you *my wife*."

Reader, fancy for yourself the looks I en-

countered. Chagrin, pique, it would have been *hatred* had Laura Dashington possessed a nature strong enough for that feeling; it *was* that with her black-eyed sister-in-law. I can never describe them to you. It was a meeting to be seen and remembered. There was a faint essay at offering of white gloved fingers, hardly touched by mine; then we passed on, leaving behind us one surprised and another proud white face.

"The six bridesmaids fell through 'at one fell swoop,'" said my husband, with a sarcastic laugh, as our carriage rolled away. "I would not speak so of *every* woman, Ellen; but I *am* justified in saying it of Grace Dashington!"

"And *I cried* at Laura's wedding, I remember, and would not be comforted," I said, half bitterly, after a little silence.

"I read the difference in your natures even then, for I predicted the fading out of the romantic school-girl attachment, you know, Nelly," said Mr. Abbot.

"Yes, Edward," I answered, a little sadly. I could no longer respect Laura Dashington, but I could not help giving a sigh to the broken dream, the memory of "my most intimate friend."

A PLEA FOR JEALOUSY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

And shall we own such judgment? No: as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman, or an epitaph.

English Bards, &c.

It has become, it seems, as natural to poets and writers of this age to denounce "the green-eyed monster," as for ladies of this era to don crinoline and do the "Lancers;" and yet it seems strange that no voice shall be raised, no pen poised in defence, of this attribute of passion, growing out of the love of humanity, and chastened by the very spirit of suffering. The odium attached to a man or woman known to be jealous is punishment indeed severe, without the cruel pangs which cause the malady. And here let us say (writing incased in the armor of our stoic philosophy), that it will generally be proven that the most ingenuous natures, the most delicate, finely-strung organisms, are those most susceptible to the sting of the scorpion shot out from the lips or the eyes of the beloved; and yet this suffering becomes the more poignant as the jeers of the observers greet the unhappy one, the scoffers themselves being but recovered victims of the madness.

We adore Sophronia (how can we help it!) we live in the light of her glorious eyes, which beam softly as a harvest moon upon sleeping waters; we are thrilled by her tender voice, transported by the pressure of her soft hand. Her graceful form sways like wavy, pendulous leaves stirred by caressing zephyrs. Her voice is the soul of harmony, and its rich cadences fill our spirit in the twilight with a strange thrilling joy; there is a new revelation to our heart, a more perfect, though dimly expressed, joy born to our soul. Yes, we adore Sophronia! Do you blame us?

But our idol is not a luminary which beams for us alone; her heart a shrine at which we only shall tenderly worship. Nay! Sir Judkyn Fopp, with his title and eyeglass, wig, false teeth, and fat account at the bankers, receives many a warm flash from Sophronia's eyes. Heavens! we detect him raising the not unwilling maiden's hand to his lips behind the heavy curtains in the drawing-room, and then

"The storms, whose lightnings ever glare,
Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll;
The storms of love when maddened to despair,
The furious tempests of the jealous soul,"

break over us in all their force, laden with all their anguish. Say, thou critic? if Sophronia's voice sounded not with a deeper meaning to us than to others, if her eyes expressed not a tenderer mystery, should we be thus 'whelmed with grief at her coquetry, which we term inconstancy? or afflicted with that passion which out of passion grows?

Perfect love should beget perfect confidence! Ah! but this is philosophy. Does it originate with Plutarch, or Alcibiades, or Epaminondas? And if from neither sage, let us humbly ask what lover was a philosopher while he loved? "Perfect confidence," to be sure, in the purity of Sophronia, else how could she enchain us so? But that Sir Judkyn should press the hand so sacred to us, should receive the glances of those eyes which always beam with a tender significance to us—Ah! Mrs. Barbauld, that sweet poetess, so little known, so little read, expressed in some stanzas all this strange whirl of jealous thought, and defended it, too, much better than we can do in stubborn prose. They ran—

"Is it to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears?
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh, never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

"If any hopes thy bosom share,
But those which love has planted there,
O any cares but his thy breast enthral,
Thou never yet his power hast known,
Love sits on a despotic throne
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all."

So thus we shall claim it proven that love cannot exist without the ogre jealousy sitting beside the throne and whispering to us as each courtier bends the knee—"He loves thy Queen! O Fool!" That, where the tender passion revels on, in one luxurious term of peace, Cupid has less reason to be proud of his acolytes, who holding up the blazing tapers before their eyes are blinded by their glare, and consumed to ashes ere they feel the devouring flame. We therefore place our humble protest against such severe condemnation of that disease (for it can be no less, we admit), jealousy, and look with suspicion upon that

"Base pack of yelping hounds,
Who wish their betters to annoy,"

by denouncing a weakness born of our strength of Love, which latter nurtures our understanding, reveals our tenderest impulses, develops our highest nature, while refining our hearts, cultivating our brains, and leading us by a subtle tuition to higher and purer duties of life.

And yet we would not assert there are not loves as deep and ardent as ever poet sung, whose subjects with lofty purpose, pure hearts, and strong wills, banish from courtship and honeymoon the monster with the emerald eyes; yet they possess minds and souls complicate, godlike, and wonderful, and prove exceptions to the throbbing mass who pulsate through the world swayed by its passions, and tortured by its will. We have in this paper intended to speak, be it remembered, of a jealousy springing from a genuine passion, which, at least, lacks not dignity; not a spasm merely, but the hope of a life; not an offshoot from vanity, a gaudy flower which would live beneath gaslight, but a shrinking, soft-petalled plant blushing and fragrant and fit to be worn over the heart. And so with an assuring friendliness would we approach a jealous man or woman, touched with a suffering which must not reveal itself; made sad by the signs of a sorrow that could not be expressed; full of a charity and kindness which demanded not constant utterance or actual expression, but the tender help of sympathy for a natural sadness which might penetrate ourselves the instant after. And as (we think Thackeray happily expresses it so), in no republic or monarchy, we are exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and *weakness*, of respecting age, and honoring our father and mother, so let us sneer less at Sophronia's lover, and when Sir Judkyns presses the maiden's hand in the corner, cease laughing at the youth who looks on trembling and flushed, and remember to

"Deal with men in misery
Like one who may himself be miserable."

A MEMORY.

BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

When love was new and truth was strong,
And life still in its fresh spring-time,
I met a maid—scarce more than child—
Offspring of earth, yet half divine.

She did not seem as others seemed
Who crossed my pathway every hour;
'Mong envious thorns and blighted buds,
She bloomed a perfect fairy flower.

She knew no home of stately pride,
She was not born of wealth or fame;
Her sire was but a humble man,
And very humble was his name.

Yet, dwelling in a simple cot,
A lonely cottage by the sea—
And clad in garments plain and poor,
I owned her fair as fair could be!

For hand of sculptor never gave
A lovelier form to art's embrace,
Nor heart of painter e'er conceived
In wildest dreams a sweeter face.

And airy threads, by fairies spun
At midnight in the moonlight rare,
Were coarse and dim if once compared
With that soft mass of shining hair.

Those red-rose lips—that holy brow—
Those ever-changing star-bright eyes—
Sure, they were radiant gleamings sent
A brief, glad while from Paradise!

For she was not as mortals are;
No human heart to her was given;
And needing but an angel's wings
To fit her for her native heaven.

She could not feel as we whose souls
Are circled, bound by things of earth;
She could not find in love like ours
A single charm, a ray of worth.

And so I hushed my impious heart,
And sadly sighed and turned away,
To know no peace, or hope, or joy,
Until shall dawn the eternal day!

Long, fickle years have passed since then;
My life is in its summer now,
And many are the weary lines
Which care has traced across my brow.

Yet still I hold one treasure fast,
The tress of hair she gave to me;
And still I keep one memory bright
Of the fair maiden by the sea.

AUNT TRYPHENA BORDERGRASS'S MAY PARTY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WALL, winter 's on hand for sartin, this time! goodness sake! how the snow *does* come down! 'Pears as if somebody's feather beds was a emptyin' their contexts out in infusion. I like to see it snow, now, that 's a fact; it looks kinder sociable like, and makes anybody feel as if they 'd be contented to set for everlastingly afore a birch fire, and crack walnuts. Land o' the livin'! sich a hand as yer Uncle Reuben was for walnuts you never seed in all your born pilgrimage! He 'd set and eat and eat, and throw shells into the fire, till he 'd put it all out; and git his stummak in sich a perdicament that his vest buttons warn't of no kind of count at all! He was a parfect gluttonous for walnuts!

Yer Uncle was a good man, but he had his failin's; everybody has; and one of his was eatin' walnuts to completion; and another was his idees about wimmen's rights. He was powerfully perposed to wimmen's gwine anywhere, or sayin' anything, more 'n yes and no, when they was spoke to; he allers said that a woman's spear was rite to hum in the buzzum of her family; takin' keer of her children and fryin' sarsingers for her husband! Reuben was a case for sarsingers.

Another thing about yer Uncle Reuben complexed me perdidgously; he warn't willin' for me to go to a tea-drinkin', or quiltin', or frolicin'; said that we wimmen folks was apt to gossip and tattle when we got together, and for his part he warn't a-gwine to lend his countenance to it! Nobody asked him to, that I know of—his countenance warn't so much that he needed to be so mighty 'fraid of it.

A year ago last spring, the Watermelonville folks took it into their heads to have a May party; go out into the bushes airly in the mornin', sarch for posies, make somebody a queen by putting rosies on her head, and finish all up by dancin' round a pole, and playin' hunt-the-slipper.

Deacon Grant he asked me to go, and I kinder thought it over, and concluded I should like to. Folks, you know, is never too old to injoy theirselves, and for my part, I don't think it 's any hurt to laff. Annermils don't laff, and anybody that don't laff, and don't hold to laffin', is an annermil; [illegible] needn't feel any troubled about their soul, 'cause they can't have any! Now, there 's old Aunt Sally Brewster—clever woman, and a grand hand to knit striped mittens—but her face is part a mile long if not longer, and its 's enuff to give anybody a pain in their dyspepsia to look at her. My vittels don't disgust at all when I eat where she is, and I allers feel as if I 'd been packed up tight in a box, and fed through a knot-hole.

Poor Aunt Sally! my heart aches for her! she leads an orful onhappy life, and her husband, poor critter, is nothing but a skeleton with a jacket and trowsis on! He has to run into the house and shut hisself down sullur when the wind blows, for fear it 'll kerry him clean off to nowhere! They do purtend to say that Tom Sykes sent his dog over to Aunt Sally's, to stay while he and his wife went to their darter's a visitin' for a week, and when they got back, the dog was in a kinder consumption. He didn't live above two days, and it 's my 'pinion that he died of the solomcolics—ketched 'em of Aunt Sally!

Wall, I kept on thinkin' about the May party, and I asked yer uncle about it. He was readin' the "Peradventures of Sam Patch," and could not hear nothin' at all; so I let him alone till he got sot down to supper. I knowed I 'd got him safe then, for he wouldn't leave his vittels for all the scoldin' forty wimmen could do.

"Reuben," sez I, "I 'm a-gwine to the May party, next Tuesday."

"Are ye?" sez he; "I want to know."

"Yes, I kalkulate to," sez I, "and I should like it if you 'd jest spur up and go with me! What 's the use of stayin' rite in the chimbly corner for, allers?"

"What do you want to go for, 'Phena?" sez he; "seems to me an old woman like you had better let young folks and their capers alone."

"I ain't an old woman," sez I, for my sperit was up; "I ain't but two year older than you are, Rube Bordergrass; and you warn't too old last winter to kiss Bets Larratee at Uncle Josh's Thanksgiving time. I should be ashamed of myself."

"I beg yer pardon, 'Phena; I didn't mean nothin'—you ain't no age at all! Not a day old, as I 'm a sinner!"

Reuben's doxology kinder pacified me, and

I looked across the table into the lookin'-glass, and felt rather tickled at the putty face I seed reflexioned there. When I was eighteen years old, the fellers all said that there warn't a hansomer gal in the town than 'Phena Grimes. Quite flatteratin', warn't it? Wall, I smoothed out my cap strings, and sez I:—

"Wall, Reuben, I 'm glad you 've come to your senses. Seein' as how you have, I 'll jest explotorate the diagram of this party to your onderstandin'. Furst, we 're all to git up at four o'clock in the mornin', and gw'out into Gen. Gordon's woods and git all the flowers and evergreens we can find; Second, we 're to meet in Mr. Hall's store, and make all the leaves and things into bokays and crowners; Third, we 're to go to the Common, esquarted by a band of music, and choose the puttiest gall in the hull heap for a May Queen. Afterwards, they 'll dance, and play, and have a good time eatin' and drinkin' lemonade. They 've got a pole histed rite on the middle of the green, and they 'll all dance round that."

"Dance round a fiddlestick!" sez yer uncle, cross as could be. "Don't make a fool of yerself, 'Phena; Natur' did the job up fur ye putty thoroughly, I should think! Git up at four o'clock, indeed! You 'll wet your feet wet as water, and have the tizzich wuss than ever." And with that Reuben whisked out a big slice of pork, and snapped it down as if it had been a muskeeter.

"Land sake, Reuben!" sez I, "I shall wear my Ingy scrubbers, and hold up my gownd!"

"Humph!" sez Reuben, shortly; and, grabbing a little mountain of gingerbread, he made tracks for the barn. But I warn't discurraged; only more detarmined than ever. You jest try to drive me, and you 'll be likely to find out that you 'll have to work for it!

I said nothin' more to Reuben about the party, but I asked Napoleon Alexander his opinion, and he sed I 'd better git myself fixed, and go with him and Julietta. So when the mornin' come—May mornin'—I was out of bed afore the crowers had begun their crowing; and, arter wakin' up Napoleon and Julietta, I got breakfast all on the table for Reuben, and then we sot forth for Gordon's woods. There was a sight of other folks a-stirrin', though it was nigh 'bout as dark as Egypt; and I wanted Napoleon to go home and git the lantern, but he said it would be lighter when the sun riz.

Everybody seemed to enjoy theirselves wonderfully, laffin', shoutin', and performin'. Napoleon he got Mary Ann Ward by the arm, and they scampered round like two wild critters, peepin' in under every bush, into all the frog-puddles, and twisting up every bit of moss to see if there warn't a frog somewhere. For my part, it was so dark I couldn't see to find anything, and I 'd forgot to bring my specs, which made it wuss. Howsomever, I didn't want to be behindhand, and I picked a handful of spruce boughs, a sprig of hemlock, and a bunch of witch-hazel burs; that was something towards it.

Bym-by I stepped on somethin' that moved, and I 'm ter'ble 'fraid of snakes—the picter of one will make me shiver any time.

"Marciful gracious!" I screamed, at the top of my voice. "Snakes! snakes! A snake has got me by the gownd! Massy!"

Everybody within earshot took to their heels and run, and I run, too, as fast as the fastest, the critter hangin' to my gownd, and lashin' me with his tail every other step! I was almost throwed into the hydrostatics! I exerted myself to the last grain of strength, and went rite over Gen. Gordon and Polly Place, where they was squat down on the ground, tryin' to tell whether they 'd found a toad-stool or a blue violet. The Gen'ral is an orful skeery man, and they say he wasn't good to his wife, and sense her disease he 's been afeared to go out of the house arter sunset, for fear of seein' her apparition! Sense he 's been stickin' up to Polly Place, he 's been ten times shyer 'n ever, and when I sailed over him, he thought his wife had got him for sartin, and he jumped up with an orful cry, and streaked it for home. He 'd a'got there in a little while if it hadn't been for a swamp between him and there, and in his condition of mind he didn't think of swamps; so on he went, and landed rite into that mudhole, and stuck fast! Poll Place she screamed murder, and Deacon Grant—the Deacon is brave as a lion—heerd the noise, and cum rite to us.

"Land soul!" sez he, "what 's all this clatter about?"

"A snake, Deacon," sez I, "is holdin' onto my gownd skirt, and the Gen'ral is stuck in the bog!"

"Land soul!" sez he, "you don't say!"

And with that he ketched the snake rite by the head, and held it up afore my eyes. Gracious! come to find out, it wasn't a snake, but a long, big black root that had got hitched into my gownd!

Didn't I feel a leetle 'shamed when I seed it? I shouldn't wonder if I did, but I laffed and let it go. 'Twa'n't no laffin' matter for Gen'ral Gordon, though! When they got him

out of the swamp, he was a sight to be seed. Mud all over—plastered from top to toe, and the little green frogs stickin' on to at every pint. Napoleon said he 'd got his uniform on. He was considerable mortified, and considerable mad; and I overheerd him sayin' somethin' about its bein' better for old women to stay to hum.

"That 's a fact, Gen'ral!" sez I. "Why didn't *you* stay?"

The Gen'ral he never took any notice of what I sed, but made the best of his way home, and in a half an hour he cum back agin, all drest up in another suit. We went to Hall's store, and sot on the barrels and boxes, and made bokays and crowners, and talked and injoyed ourselves. Napoleon and Mary Ann were dreadful peart together, and I heerd him tell her that there war'n't a May flower in all creation that would compare with her!

Arter we 'd got the things all fixed, we started to march to the common—the band of music-fellers playin', and the flags a-blowin' in the wind. Mr. Hall walked with me a piece of the way; but he had to see to somethin', he said, and he brought up his nephew, from New York, and produced him to me. Mr. Fitzy Greene his name was.

"Wall, Mrs. Bordergrass, so it seems that we are at last *on root* for the common," sez he.

"On a root?" sez I. "Bless your soul, Mr. Fitzy Greene, no we ain't; we 're on the road!"

"I beg your pardon, marm," sez he; "I was mistaken!"

"Wall, no wonder," sez I; "it 's dark enuff to mistaken anybody; and mebby you 're nigh sighted? some folks is! Now Julietta Jane can't see an inch afore her nose, but she won't own it, because, ye see, she wants everybody to think she 's parfect!"

"Indeed; I regret the accident very much. It must be very sad!" sez he.

"Land sake! what accident 's happened now, I wonder? Another steamboat bust?" sez I.

"O no," sez he; "don't be alarmed; I was only sympathizin' with Julietta Jane."

"I 'm obleeged to ye, I 'm shore," sez I; "and as to bein' alarmed, why, I never borrer the least mite of trouble! Now, the other day, when I lent my flat-irons to yer Aunt Hall, I knowed they 'd be ruinated, but I didn't mourn about it. 'They 're in the hands of Providence,' sez I; and shure enuff they was; for yesterday she brunged 'em home with both handles missin'."

By this time we 'd got to the common; and there was seats all built up behind the great pole, and a table sot out the grandest that ever was! It actilly made my mouth water to see it. The May-pole was as high as a liberty-pole; sot rite up in the middle of the lot, and hung over with wreaths of spruce, and evergreen, and red ribbins! It looked mighty nice, I can tell you; and made anybody, with the blood of the patriarchs in their bosoms, think of the times that tried men's souls; when Columbus went a-sailin' clean on to America, when he didn't know there was sich a place anywhere. Land sake! what would have become of Watermelonville if he hadn't diskivered America?

Wall, to cum back to the pint, there was quite a hullabaloo about choosing a gal for the Queen o' May. Every one wanted his own way; and every gal wanted to be queen; and they got into quite an annermated disgression about it. Everybody was a-talkin' to once, and they made more noise than the tower of Babel.

"Let Mr. Fitzy Greene choose the queen!" sez a voice louder 'n the rest.

"Yes, yes! let Mr. Fitzy Greene select!" sez a dozen voices all together. And Mr. Fitzy Greene stepped out, and begun to look up and down the rows of gals, and feel of his whiskers to an orful rate.

"Don't!" sez I. "You 'll get 'em all out; and there 's no great quantity of 'em now!"

He looked round at everybody, but I guess he didn't know I spoke, for he didn't say nothin', but kept on starin' at the feminines.

"Ahem! hem!" sez he, clearin' his throat; "wall, railly, there 's so many angelic syllabubs here, that I can't fix my eyes on one more luminary than another!"

"Land sake, Mr. Fitzy Greene!" sez I, "choose the one you love the best!"

"There is little difficulty in doing that!" sez he, making a flourish at me. "Mrs. Bordergrass, I select you!"

"Gracious goodness!" sez I; "you mustn't love me! I 'm a married woman with two children! Reuben would knock the breath out of your body if he knowed it!"

I was actilly skairt; but the folks only laffed, and said Reuben needn't know it. But my conscience wouldn't be easy on it; ye see, I didn't like the idee of bein' desateful to my husband. It ain't a good plan. Mr. Fitzy Greene and some of the others took a big wreath of posies, and hemlock, and sich, and put it rite onto my head—near about ruinated my new cap! and then they put bokays into my apron strings, and bokays into my hair, and all over me, till I felt like jest nothin' at all, and

didn't know whether I was myself or somebody else.

They sot me up on a pile of pine boughs—they called it a throne—but it war'n't a mite easy settin' there, and the pitch stuck my gownd fast; and then they all popped down on their knees, and called me "Yer majesty," and "Yer highness," till I thought they 'd all turned into crazytics. Just as the most of 'em was a-gettin' up, Reuben Bordergrass rushed onto the common, pantin' and puffin' like all possest! My heart stood stock still, for I was skairt nigh about out of my senses—Reuben has got an orful temper when it is up!

"Gracious!" sez I, "I guess I 've ketched it, now!"

"Phena," sez Reuben, rushin' rite through the company, and grabbin' me by the arm—"Phena, what are they a-doin' to ye?"

"Nothin'," sez I, "only crownin' of me!"

"It 's no sich thing!" sez he; "they 're a gwine to burn ye at the stake, jest as they did John Rogers; and I 'll murder every one of 'em if they don't stop it! Phena," sez he, "you 're my fust and last beloved, and I 'll cut the dickens but I 'll save you! Liberty or death!" sez he, in an airthquake voice.

"Massy on us," sez I, "the man's cemented!"

Reuben he held on to my arm like the toothache, and dragged me rite off of the heap of brush, and after him at a smashin' rate. He kicked right and left, at every body that stood in his way, and with his hair a-flyin', and his mouth wide open, he went on. Mr. Fitzy Greene tried to perpose between us, but it war'n't no use; Reuben trod down everything, and my crowners and flummadiddles flew in every direction. I was jest as mortified as anybody could be, but Reuben said that was percisely the way they did in books—the heroes allers reskewed the heroesses, and at the cost of his life he was bound to do jest as they did!

I gin yer Uncle Reuben a real lectur' when we got home, and exploterated things to him, and I think he was a leetle mite ashamed of his actions.

"Wall, Phena," sez he, "I thought they war'n't doin' of ye any good, and to tell the truth I hain't liked the idee of Deacon Grant's toteing over here to ask you to go! You know, Phena, that the deacon is as perlite as an organ grinder to the wimmen!"

Only think of Reuben's being jellus! Goodness knows I never had a thought of anybody but Reuben when he was a-livin', but I don't know as it 's any hurt to be sociable with onmarried men, now poor Reuben 's dead and gone! I never shall marry agin—of course not—I couldn't think of dedicatin' Reuben's blessed memory so much, but I *do* think a sight of Deacon Grant's poor, motherless, orfan children!

BARBARISM.

BY AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

We are wont to look upon a great city with astonishment and admiration; it seems to us a vast museum of art, an aggregation of the wonders of civilization. And yet we cannot walk the length of a single street without beholding many things strongly suggestive of the age of barbarism; indeed, I take the responsibility of asserting that this very age is itself the age of barberism; for, look you, now, the shop upon the corner here is a barber's shop, and the window is full of barberous-looking objects. Here is a row of wig-blocks; some of them are provided with faces, features, and complexions such as we are in the habit of wearing, while others seem to be in a transition state, not yet having fully assumed the likeness of our humanity. Complexions have they, but no features, save that in the middle of where the face *will be* when the thing emerges from its present tadpole state is a slight prominence to mark the location of the nose. I suppose that in process of time the other features will take sight by this prominence, and gradually marshall themselves into proper shape and position around it. But, whatever be the present privations of these singular-looking objects, they are spared one great trial—the inconvenience and mortification attendant upon premature baldness. "On the top of the head," where the hair "ought to grow," it *does* grow, glossy and abundant. So we may rest assured that these piles of ringlets lying about here were not cut from their temples. Here is a pair of moustaches—I wonder whose lip has been robbed of this pretty ornament? Perhaps it was a Tartar's, perhaps the very one that Witch No. 3 in Mac-

beth would have chosen as an ingredient in a certain famous mess of broth, in the concoction of which she officiated as head cook. I need not here give her receipt for that same pottage; it is known the world over. There is lying hair in all kinds of shapes, braids, bands, curls; and suspended from a string across the window is a mass in no shape at all—long, loose, untrimmed; does not the sight of this remind us of the fearful-looking objects sometimes seen in the cabin of the savage Indian warrior? I have a horrible fear that even here some unfortunate female has been scalped; and behind that half undrawn curtain I see the wretch who I am confident has done the awful deed. Even now he has in his hand a sharp, glittering razor, while in the seat before him sits a helpless-looking gentleman, waiting, for aught I know, to have his throat cut.

One of these wig-blocks bears the face and features of a young lady. Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are rosy, and she is, withal, so pretty that we are almost willing to believe her to be a *reality*. Our imagination is pained at the thought of applying to her the remarkable lines of one of our earliest New England versifiers of the Psalms of David. Speaking of the idols of the heathen, he says:—

> "Eyes have they, but they see not;
> Ears have they, but hear no *jot*."

To this pretty young lady, if she only had a body, we would willingly accord an entity, a personality. Why is she thus bereft of her body, and who has done it? That wretch with the razor in his hand? And did he sell it to the doctor for dissection? Ah, no! for I see that the cloak manufacturer opposite has got it. You can see it now, standing in his store, dressed in pink cambric skirts, and wearing on the shoulders a splendid cloth cape. But do not suppose that the privilege of wearing handsome clothing, and being exhibited by half a dozen white-handed clerks, and admired by that group of ladies is enough to compensate the young woman for this unnatural divorce of her head from her body. What seems very remarkable is this, that those ladies, though they continue to look so critically at the *hang* of her cloak, and mark so carefully every fold and button, do not seem to notice that she has lost her head. The fact is, they are so accustomed to such sights, they so constantly frequent these "habitations of cruelty" that their hearts are as hard as a piece of the "nether millstone."

Next door is the office of a dentist. He is a wonderful man in his way. Have your grinders ceased because they are few? he will supply all vacancies. Are they only decayed and full of holes? he will prosecute therein a series of mining operations, and then fill in with the precious metal till you are worth more than you ever were before. But you see what he has for a sign of his calling—a whole set of teeth, upper and under jaw. I wonder how he came by them. Is he so wicked as sometimes to take advantage of the helplessness of a patient, and rob him of these, his only natural weapons of offence and defence? He certainly might do so, if he pleased; I do not think we can place ourselves in any situation whatever where we are so entirely at the mercy of another as when we are under the hands of a dentist. In the beginning he cuts off all chance for remonstrance on our part by taking possession of our mouth, the organ by which we usually make known our miseries. We are not allowed even to "*grin* and bear it," for he holds fast to our jaw. We must bear it as we can, and not increase the tension of a muscle. We are as helpless and incapable as clay in the hands of the potter, our free moral agency is gone, our personal dignity of no account whatever. If we retain any degree of consciousness, it only helps us to recognize the pleasant fact that we are gagged, bound and delivered over to our tormentor. That terrible dentist's chair! If it have nerves, as I mistrust it has, and becomes thereby a sympathetic partaker of all the tortures inflicted and endured within its capacious depths, how fearful must be the sum total of its experience!

Presently we come to the *office* of the corn doctor. His sign has for a device a bare human foot, cut off at the ankle. So that 's the way he "removes corns without pain;" cuts off the foot first. He may, without much risk, warrant that the "*corns* will not reappear." But I am resolved, if my foot shall offend me, to bear the offence as meekly as I can rather than try his desperate remedy.

Leaning against one of the glasses of colored liquid in the apothecary's window is a placard which reads thus—"Rat Exterminator sold here." It is my opinion that whoever undertakes to exterminate the family of rats fails to comprehend fully the vastness of the undertaking. We must not suppose, because we came here poor pilgrims, and "drave out the Canaanites before us," that we can drive out everything that is likely to interfere with our calculations. Supposing we have the power, I am not sure that we have the *right* to exterminate a family which is perhaps as respectably ancient as our own. Rats have, no

doubt existed in this world ever since it was made; there is certainly presumptive evidence to show that Noah provided against the extinction of the race at the Deluge by furnishing lodging room and refreshments to one pair in the Ark. If he failed to do this, they were certainly shrewd enough to get on board unbeknown to him, and, once on board, their naturally strong foraging propensities would insure them a subsistence. Rats are not afraid to venture on board of any craft that floats. I have no doubt that they, with the other gentry, "went over with William the Conqueror," nor that they were in the Mayflower, and came ashore here with the Pilgrim Fathers. Probably they fondly hope to remain here as long as the descendants of the Pilgrims shall last. Yet this apothecary coolly talks of *exterminating* them.

Now we have reached that part of the street which runs out into the suburbs, and private residences begin to appear. Here is one built in picturesque style. With its ample grounds filled with shrubbery, it would look very inviting, but, alas! on either side of the gateway is a heavy stone pillar, and on the top of each pillar is stationed a bronze lion, in the attitude of repose, it is true; but that they are wide awake I have not the least doubt. These two fierce animals are probably expected to keep guard over the premises; if we should venture too near, I suppose they would roar at us; if we should attempt to pass through the gate, they would probably pounce down upon us. But, important as their mission undoubtedly is, their life must be, on the whole, rather dull; much of the time, certainly, they can have nothing better to do than to practice fierce looks and sharpen their claws, in anticipation of an adversary. I wonder if the lady of this castle-like mansion has any more variety to *her* life. I wonder if, like the old-time models, she occupies herself exclusively in manufacturing tapestry and watching impatiently for her lord's return. By and by I suppose she will see him, all clad in steel, riding through this gateway at the head of his retainers. But lo! even now he comes—that is, his thin, dyspeptic body comes, and so much of his soul as he has not left locked up with his ledgers. At his approach vanishes entirely this vision of the Middle Ages. An instant since, I *thought* I saw griffins and dragons peeping forth from this wall, and inviting us to accompany them on an excursion to an age yet more remote, but at the sight of modern broadcloth they fled.

THE SONG OF THE "LOCOMOTIVE."

BY S. J.

They fed me with fire and heap'd me with coal,
Till I glowed with the pride of my newly-made soul;
Then they gave me a drink from the cool-flowing stream,
But my heart's inward fire soon turned it to steam;
It quench'd not my thirst, and soon heated me more,
I began now to pant and with madness to roar.
Then they roused up the fire within me again,
Till I hiss'd and began from my holdings to strain—
For I long'd to be bounding away o'er the earth,
And to prove to weak mortals my glorious birth
Oh, then, when I thought to be free and go forth—
To rush unrestrain'd to the south, to the north—
They bound to my back large masses of men,
That I was to carry through valley and glen;
So I gave a wild scream as they loosen'd my chain,
And the city re-echoed my shrill note of pain.
I was free—yet a slave—as I hurried along,
Still dragging behind me that pale human throng;
I knew that they fear'd me, and laugh'd out aloud
As I thought of that trembling, fear-shaken crowd.
We soon left the town, black and smoking behind;
And I bore them along in the teeth of the wind
That went howling and roaring among the tall trees,
But further on fell to a calm, sighing breeze
For thro' valleys with meadow and smiling fields deck'd,
I now hurried onward, free, mad, and uncheck'd;
Then a high mountain suddenly rose on the view—
I doubted I could not go over or through;
And to seek a way round it I felt was too late—
I was bound to *one* road and that fearfully straight;
I deem'd that I now should be dash'd in the air,
And gave what I thought my last shriek of despair;
In a moment a cavern, wide, awful, and black,
I was forced to plunge into—I could not turn back.
Still forward I sped through that dim dreary place,
As though with myself I were running a race;
For nothing opposed me, none crossed my long path—
All seem'd to have fled far away from my wrath.
Soon a shriek, like my own, woke the cavern's repose,
And a deep rumbling noise in the distance arose;
Then I saw coming onward a dull, glowing light,
That luridly lit up the hideous night;
I saw I 'd a brother—we laughed as we pass'd,
For our greeting was quick as the rush of the blast.
My strength and my power so proudly I knew,
That I strove to be rid of the load which I drew;
And when the broad daylight stream'd on me again,
The rate of my fleetness no hand could restrain.
I hurl'd myself headlong, with savage delight,
From the edge of a dizzy, precipitous height—
Then I lay like a wreck—bruised, mangled, and torn,
'Mid the groaning and screams of those beings forlorn
That I dragged over with me—my masters before,
Now my victims, but soon to be masters once more;
For my power had fled with this effort of hate,
And I passively yielded at last to my fate.

Ancient but Good.—At thy first entrance upon thy estate keep a low sail, that thou mayest rise with honor; thou canst not decline without shame; he that begins where his father ends will end where his father began.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

"In two months—mind, now; I shall not wait a day longer."

"Oh, I cannot"—she could not say "be married" yet; she blushed with the bare thought—"leave aunty, you know, so soon."

"And how long would you like to be separated from me, little girl, if you had your own way?"

That was putting the question in another form; she did not want to be separated a day, for that matter. Two months even seemed a terrible dreariness, but six months' engagements were thought about right in Rockville, where Maria Pierson had spent most of her days; quite as little time as would suffice for the mountains of plain sewing that always precede a wedding. And then it was all so sudden; she had only known Morgan Ash six weeks, and they had been two days engaged; he was talking about being married already. It was very delightful to be singled out, and waited upon, and cared for by the finest-looking man in the neighborhood; and, after she had begun to look for him, and be disappointed if he did not come, or feel a horribly gnawing pain if he sat or walked with any one else, and to watch his face when he could not see it, and to think his voice the deepest, richest voice she had ever listened to, it was more than delightful, unspeakable happiness to be told by him that he had loved her from the first moment they had met on that memorable picnic, and be implored to love him in return. It was entreaty wasted on the part of Morgan Ash, special pleader as he aspired to be. Marie—as he had called her for the last week whenever there was no one by to hear—had not the least intention of denying his suit. She had always looked forward to being loved and engaged at some time in her life, for she had an affectionate nature, that craved an object for its devotion. She thought those of her acquaintances who were engaged the most enviable of people; they had some one to take them everywhere, without any talk being made about it; they were constantly receiving beautiful presents, and Marie had a genuine girl's love for trinkets, and beautiful books and pictures, and bouquets. Then those charming visits; if the lover did not happen to reside at Rockville, every one knew that he had come, for "brother," or "uncle," or "Cousin Will" had met him at the station, and when Marie was "tying her bonnet under her chin," for church-going service, she would see the happy pair pass, arm in arm, looking like Adam and Eve restored to Paradise, and clothed much more becomingly than when they had left it.

When Morgan Ash took a slender little chased ring from his watch-chain, and put it on her hand, and said, "So long as you wear this, Marie, you are mine," visions of such delightful things passed through her mind, but marriage seemed a long way off. The vista through which she looked at it was green and full of sunshine and singing birds, but it grew narrow and indistinct as it went on, and almost shut out the goal. Now, to have it brought forward so suddenly, it almost took her breath away! She wished Morgan had not spoken of it; for two days and nights she had been perfectly happy, but this troubled her.

"You are not afraid of me, Marie?"

"O no!" And she nestled closer to him, lest he should really think so, and be hurt.

"Then you are not afraid to trust yourself and your happiness to my keeping?"

"O no; it isn't that."

"You need not be, Marie; it will be the first thought of my heart to make you happy always, you dear little creature."

And Morgan Ash really meant it, as he stroked her brown hair, and then held up the smooth, oval chin to look into her brown eyes. It was a happy face, blushing, and dimpling with smiles as she looked up at him. There were no lines of care, or ill-health, or sorrow; it was fresh and fair, and full in coloring and outline.

"We shall be the two happiest people in the world, Marie, and I shall be the most miserable man in existence until I have you safely by me."

All of which was very well in its way. It had been said and believed before, and it will be again. When we wives look over the fact, and try to think over a day or a week that we should be quite willing to live over, I think we rest upon the time when we listened to such words as these, and said to ourselves, "What

can come between us!" Nothing, possibly, if Adam and Eve really had regained an existence void of all housekeeping cares further than gathering figs and pulling grape clusters. I don't know, then, but that Adam might come to think Eve could do it all for herself and him too, and then grow indignant because his nectarine had not been allowed quite enough sun, and his grapes had seen a little too much shade!

"If dear Katy had only lived, you would have been such friends. She was just your age. I have worn her ring ever since she died; and I always have promised myself to give it to the one I should love best in the world. You must promise me one thing, Marie—whatever happens between us, never to give it back to me. If you find you do not love me as well as you thought you did, keep it, because I have parted with it now; it will remind you how much *I loved you!*"

Taking it for granted, always, that his own love was the most enduring, "after the fashion of a man!" Marie looked down at the shining little circlet, and wondered what she had done to be loved so well.

"You will like Harriet, though, and she will be everything to you. She has such excellent judgment; I always consult her about everything. She will be astonished to find what I have been about! I hope she will like you; but no one could help doing so." And here a reassuring kiss came in to make everything quite certain.

"I am in such a hurry to have aunty see you," said Marie, locking and unlocking the clasping hand that held her own. "And Gilbert, too, oh he is so good, and has been like an own brother to me always."

"Nothing more?" and an uncomfortable feeling crossed Mr. Ash's mind, though his look and tone were playful.

"Oh no, indeed! he is ten years older than I am; why Harvey is seven, and married two years ago. That would be an odd idea."

It certainly seemed to have been suggested to her for the first time, though it was by no means the first consideration it had received from her lover; but lovers may be excused for thinking that it was impossible for any one to live under the same roof with the being they have found perfection, and not adore her.

"It would be so dreadful if auntie shouldn't happen to like you!"

"Dreadful!"—and Morgan mimicked her tone. "I guess I could bear it, though."

"But I could not marry you then, you know; but she will—she can't help it, or Gilbert either."

"Is Gilbert your guardian? I thought you told me you were left without one."

"Oh, so I was; there was no one even to take care of me. But auntie did not stop to think; though they were not so well off in those days; it was before Gilbert went into business for himself, and they have always taken care of me ever since. But I am sure they cannot have the least objection; no, indeed."

Mr. Ash rather thought not; most men would not object to being relieved of an orphan cousin, and he felt himself to be perfectly unexceptionable. Not that he was a vain man, but he was perfectly self-conscious, owing to his early struggles with fortune, and decidedly self-willed. It annoyed him to find that he was to be arraigned to any one's opinion. Marie's unprotected situation, as he had chosen to call it, had appealed to him. She would have no one with the right to interfere in her affairs, and she would love him all the better; she would be entirely his own, and form her opinions by his, so they should agree exactly. It had never occurred to him before that it would make the slightest difference whether there was a mutually favorable impression between himself and the Pierson family or not. He wanted Marie, and not her relations.

"I shall take you to see Sophia on our wedding trip," he said, putting the matter out of his mind, and coming back by degrees to the main point so as not to startle her.

The allusion was not unnoticed, however; for the roses flushed up Marie's smooth cheek again, as she said, in a voice that was intended to be very unconcerned—

"Is she far from your home—from Chester?"

"A full day's ride, and there is no railroad; it is quite a little journey. She is nearer your own age than Harriet; they will both be so fond of you—of my little wife."

It was a delightful prospect to have two real sisters; but she wished he would not talk so much about being married. Shame-faced little thing, when she was inwardly pining in advance at the next day's separation.

He was to accompany her to Rockville by the morning train, and leave for his own home, Chester, in the evening. Her visit to her friends at Inglewood was at an end; so was the young lawyer's summer vacation. It had been a momentous visit to both.

"How odd this loving is!" said Morgan, thinking of the coming separation. "Here I

have only known you six weeks, and I don't like to think of living without you. How have you managed to bewitch me so? How can you have the heart to wish me to wait longer than two months before I come for you?"

A man's way of reasoning again. He was to have her all his life, yet grudged a little time to the friends who had reared her; if six weeks had made her so dear to him, what had six years wrought with them? He was not going to part with a single association, or any endeared companionship, and he required her to give up all at a word.

"Two months now; promise me, and I will let you go and brush your hair for dinner; I have spoiled that clean collar, too, with my arm. Don't scold—two months, say; I shall hold you fast till you promise."

She struggled, in his strong yet loving clasp, as he held her out from him and looked into her eyes.

"I cannot promise, only this: I will do just as aunty thinks best."

And with this he was obliged to be content. He walked up and down on the piazza, while she was dressing for dinner, humming a little song which she had sung to him the night before.

"I had no idea the little gypsy had such a will of her own; but I like her all the better for that," he thought. He meant "so it always yields to mine;" too easy acquiescence is no man's liking; and as for her aunt, although he had no definite opinion of her, of course she would see at once how much better it would be for it to be all over before winter came fairly on, when he represented how unsettled he should be till the wedding did take place, and how difficult it would be for him to leave his business to visit Marie. So, quite satisfied that his wedding would be fixed for early in November, he broke a spray of sweet-scented clematis and placed it in her hair as they met in the hall.

It was a hurried interview, and not a very satisfactory one after all, when Mr. Ash came to meet Marie's relatives. The train was delayed—bliss to them, since nearly every occupant of the cars went out to see what was the accident, and walked up and down the road in the hot sun impatiently, till the engine was repaired, instead of remaining quietly in a comfortable seat as they did. But it left Mr. Ash less time to argue his cause with Mrs. Pierson, who seemed by no means as fully impressed with its urgency as he expected her to be.

While he urged the difficulties of travelling, and the advantages of having his mind at rest to attend to his business, she was in imagination shrinking and cutting out two pieces of cotton and one of linen, and thinking that they had a good winter's work before them. Besides, Marie knew so little of the young man; though her cousin at Inglewood had written that he was all they could wish, she thought that people ought to have an opportunity of knowing something about each other's disposition. She wasn't going to have the child hurried into matrimony at that rate—and Mr. Ash found he had reckoned without his host.

He looked to Marie for assistance; but she had never gone contrary to her aunt's will in all her life, and though she knew what the vexed impatient look in his face foreboded—she had seen it before, when young Dr. Campbell at Inglewood insisted upon her leading the Redowa with him—she could not help it. She wished aunty would not be quite so decided with Morgan, and that Morgan could only know how good and kind she always was; but she felt things were not going as she wished them. Nor did Gilbert's appearance mend matters any; he had rather a formal manner, which Mr. Ash construed into intentional coldness, and did not seem in the least obliged to any one who proposed to relieve him of Marie.

They were not even allowed a moment alone, in which to set matters straight with each other; and but for Marie's wistful loving look, as he kissed her good-by, Mr. Ash would have gone away vexed with the whole family. She, poor girl, felt almost heart-broken to think that the people she loved best in the world had not fancied each other, and with that and the separation which had been left indefinite, she cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

But the winter wore away at last; and it had not been so very tedious after all to Marie, however Mr. Ash had progressed. He had found it possible to leave his business more frequently than he had anticipated, and there was apparent cordiality established between himself and the family of his future wife. Aunt Pierson had come to the conclusion that he was not so selfish after all, as she had feared at first; and Gilbert had great hopes of converting him from the wrong stand he had (in Gilbert's eyes) taken in politics. His sisters seemed disposed to welcome Marie heartily in the family.

and only regretted that they could not be present at the wedding.

For it had come to that. The best bedroom was draped with the new dresses that had been made up with much thought and consultation of the fashion magazines; the clothes-press was entirely occupied by the wedding-dress itself, over which a sheet was carefully hung to protect it from all possible contact with dust or flies; the opposite closet, which had shelves, sent forth a fruity fragrance suggestive of the loaves of wedding-cake stored away in its recesses; and Marie's own drawers were overflowing with the four dozen cotton and two dozen linen, to say nothing of nightcaps, which were at least happily completed. There were twenty things to be done yet, of course, and Marie felt as if she scarcely had time to stop and dress to receive Mr. Ash, who was to arrive in the evening train. In common with all brides elect, she had nothing to put on; for she had worn out all her winter things, and we all know that it is quite contrary to the usages of society to wear any of the *trousseau* before the ceremony has taken place.

She need not have distressed herself—after the dreadful separation of nine weeks, which he had endured, and with the delightful certainty that all separations were from henceforth at an end—she would have looked lovely to Mr. Ash, in the old brown merino, which she had that day bestowed upon Anna the girl; the spotted mousseline de laine, which Miss King, the dressmaker, was to fall heir to, was her only resource, with, at least, seven suitable ones hanging up uselessly. The whistle of the train was heard before she had finished braiding her hair, as, just as she fastened her collar, and gave a final pull to the folds of her dress to hide a fruit stain, she saw his eager face looking up as he passed under the window, and flew down the stairs to be caught in his arms in the dark hall, and be kissed six times at least before she was set on her feet again.

Aunt Pierson and tea were waiting then in the sitting-room, and it was by no means a dull picture, as they sat there in the light of the large solar lamp.

Aunt Pierson had a very frail body for her very determined spirit, and in the mellow light certainly did not look to be the mother of the tall, dark man at the head of the table. Her eyes were a clear blue; her features finely cut, and her dark, abundant hair, thridded with silver, was carefully banded after a fashion of twenty years ago. Gilbert worshipped his mother, who was the incarnation of youth and beauty to him, as she had been in his boyhood, when he had become her sole champion in the struggle with fortune. Gilbert was an enthusiast after his kind, with all manner of old time chivalrous ideas on religious and social creeds, which he grew warm in defending. He had a brotherly kindness for Marie, and was very sorry to part with her; but he thought Mr. Ash a fine fellow, and wondered how it was that he had never been in love with any one as that young man appeared to be. Really, he could not keep his eyes from Marie's face long enough to pass the butter, and for all his long day's ride, appeared to have very little appetite for the good things of Mrs. Pierson's bountiful table.

It was well "aunty" was capable of doing the "twenty last things," including the packing, without Marie's assistance, for no one saw anything of her during the evening, nor the next morning; Gilbert thought they might have spared a few moments to the family, considering that they were going to have a lifetime to talk it out in. It was a wonder that she was allowed time to dress for the wedding; and doubtless they would have been late, but for Aunt Pierson, who suggested that as Marie would not have a moment to spare that afternoon, he had better not come over from the hotel after dinner.

He would have chosen a day wedding, and to have carried Marie off at once; but here he was again overruled by Aunt Pierson; she thought this fashion of rushing away from friends and relations at the church door very new fangled and objectionable; so Mr. Ash, with Gilbert for his groomsman, was obliged to face a parlor full of people, half of whom he had never seen before, and listen to their commonplace congratulations, and feel that they were criticising him, when all in the world he cared for was Marie, looking like an angel in her white tarleton dress and floating lace veil, who was dragged away to cut and distribute cake by her bridesmaid.

But he fell heir to her at last, when the good-byes were all said the following morning, and Aunt Pierson had been left in her empty and distracted house, with the amiable Miss King in the parlor, and extra help in the kitchen to set it to rights, and Gilbert had brought the checks, and shaken hands in the kindest manner with his new relative, and kissed Marie, and delivered his mother's parting charge about the luncheon in her travelling-basket, and to take out the half loaf of cake intended for Mr. Ash's friends from her trunk as soon as she

arrived, for fear it should soil her dresses. We fear that Marie did not feel as much for Aunt Pierson in her loneliness, or as grateful to Gilbert for his parting gift—a pearl porte monnaie, well filled—as she should have done. She was more occupied with her becoming travelling-dress and bonnet, which she wore for the first time, and wondering whether any one in the cars knew she was a bride, and thinking how nice it was to be all alone with Morgan, and really to belong to him for good and all.

He was so thoughtful and devoted; he placed the lunch basket for her feet to rest upon, and hung her new travelling shawl in thick, soft folds for her to lean against, and forgot to take his arm from the back of the seat after he had done so; and Marie drew off one little glove so she could see the glistening of the wedding-ring, and then looked up at her handsome, manly husband, with a shy recognition of the new claim that wedding-ring had established. In all the wide world they thought there could be no two such happy people. Of course all the future was to be quite as blissful. What could prevent it, now that they were really together?

"Sophie will be expecting us," said Mr. Ash, as the cars rushed onward. "I don't know much about her of late; she used to be an affectionate, good girl, and was very anxious to have me bring you to Groton Mills. Harriet seemed to think we ought to go; poor Sophie gets away from home so seldom, with her large family, though she is very anxious to see you herself, of course. And then there 's my friends, the Fords; you will feel quite at home in Chester."

"Oh, I expect to, and to love your sisters dearly. You don't know how happy I have been in thinking they were to be mine too." Which suggested to Mr. Ash an inquiry.

"By the way, you didn't tell me what they wrote you."

Marie had scarcely more than glanced at the letters which her husband had given her the night he arrived; her mind had been so full of other things that it was scarcely possible to fix it long enough to comprehend their drift. Fortunately she had remembered to transfer them from the pocket of the dress she had bestowed on Miss King to the one she wore.

"Don't scold, but I hardly know myself; I have been so very, very busy. Here they are."

It was an excellent excuse for getting a little nearer together, and it is to be hoped that the other passengers were too busy with their maps and newspapers to notice how Morgan's arm fell from the back of the seat quite around his wife, as she unfolded the least ladylike note of the two. The handwriting was too fine and cramped for her ideas of elegance. It was that of a person who has never expended her chirography since leaving school, and possibly her ideas.

My dear Maria: I am *too* sorry I can't come to your wedding. I did mean to *try*, but the baby seems *feverish*, and Morgan, the next, has had quite an ill turn. He is a lovely little fellow, and you will be *delighted* with all my children, I think; *every one says* they are very uncommon. Hatty is quite a prodigy, and already sings several *tunes*. As for my oldest boy, Charlie, we call him Daniel Webster half the time, he has such a *remarkable head* and such fine eyes. You should hear him speak "The boy stood on the burning deck." Mr. Taylor sends his *kind* regards. We shall expect you to tea the night after the wedding; do not disappoint us. I am *dying to see* what Morgan's wife is like; he was always *so particular*. Your affectionate sister, Sophia Taylor.

It was not exactly what she would have expected of Mr. Ash's sister; the spelling was not quite correct, and the punctuation is here supplied by the printer; but she said to herself and to him that it was very kind and friendly as she slipped it into her travelling-basket, and unfolded the evenly folded and beautifully directed letter from Mrs. Lockwood.

My dear Sister—As I hope to call you soon: I am greatly disappointed at finding myself unable to leave home to be present at your wedding, for which I have just received Mrs. Pierson's kind invitation. Please thank her for it, and say that I still hope to make her acquaintance at some future day.

I know, my dear Maria, that you are fully aware of the great responsibility you are taking in this step. To hold another's happiness in our hands may well make the most devoted heart bow with the weight of the sacred trust. I feel that you are fully alive to this; I need not say more. As the wife of my noble, only brother, you will find a welcome to the home of

Yours, sincerely, Harriet Lockwood.

"Harriet writes a beautiful letter, doesn't she?" said Mr. Ash, looking at the clear, fine signature; "so different from poor Sophie; they never were much alike."

But though Marie said "Yes, it was a beautiful letter," she could not help feeling a little shadow at finding herself charged with such a grave mission, as if she was going to be ex-

[illegible] to keep up to it. On the whole, she [illegible] the fresh heartiness of Sophia's, if it was [illegible] spelt and rather egotistical. She was glad they were going there first, for she was sure Mrs. Taylor would not be very critical.

Mrs. Taylor was anything but that as she came out upon the door-step to meet them, motioning back a noisy crew with one hand, while she carried baby on her other arm. Marie could not see her very plainly, as it was growing dark, and the lamps were not lighted; but it was cool for the season, and on account of the children a wood fire was burning in the grate; and she appeared rather stout, and certainly had a very good-natured expression as she caught glimpses of her by the dancing flame the first five minutes.

The parlor was in a most disordered condition; the two boys, Charlie and Morgan, had been making a tent of the hearthrug, supported by two of the best chairs, and were supposing themselves, by the aid of a lively imagination, to be soldiers camping out. The first seat offered to the new arrivals was already occupied by a large rag doll, and Marie finally sat down upon a sacque and a shaker bonnet belonging to Miss Harriet, who had not long since come in from a walk. By way of advancing conversation, the musical prodigy continued her previous employment, which was thumping with her little fat hand on the lower keys of the piano. The lights discovered Charlie with the table-cover wrapped around his shoulders for a blanket, and the handsomly bound books that had been upon it thrown into a heap upon the floor.

"Oh, there comes pa with the lamp. That 's real good in you, pa, to think of it. This is Mr. Taylor, Maria," said his commanding officer; and with that, Mr. Taylor deposited his burden upon the uncovered table, and turned to shake hands with his new relatives.

"Do make those boys hush, pa; they will drum me out of my senses"—for, by way of showing off, or in honor of the bride's arrival, a furious reveille began to sound from the camp; to which Harriet responded from the piano.

"Harriet, come away from that piano this very instant; if you don't, I 'll send you straight to bed; go and speak to the lady; that 's your new aunt, my dear; your uncle 's been getting married; maybe he 's brought you a piece of wedding-cake. Pa, *can't* you have that noise stopped? Do let me take your things. Mi, Charlie, how you *do act*, kicking your poor pa! I should think you would be ashamed to, before company; they 'll never want to come [illegible] again!"

Not that Mrs. Taylor thought so. The noise of children never disturbed her, in fact, she did not become conscious of it until some one was by who was not accustomed to them, and she knew her brother was not. Morgan was evidently annoyed by it now, particularly as his namesake, instigated by the suggestion of wedding-cake, left the camp for a forage in his uncle's pockets and his new aunt's travelling basket. He hoped Marie had not noticed the general laxness of domestic discipline, or that Sophie's dress was not exactly in company trim, owing to the baby's presence in the parlor.

"Pa, can't you call Ann?" continued Mrs. Taylor. "I 'll show your wife right up to her room, Morgan: oh, here she comes now; there, go its nurse, like a precious little darling so it was. No? oh, naughty baby, to let its uncle see it act so! go, nussy, get sugar." With which last inducement the very stout baby, with round, unwinking eyes, was induced to let go its clutch upon its mother's collar, and be carried away from the family group.

"Are you fond of children?" inquired Mr. Taylor, mildly, of his new sister-in-law.

"Oh, very!" said Marie, enthusiastically, predetermined to be pleased with everything belonging to her husband, including his nephews and nieces, and with the popular idea of children, innocent, tractable, loving little creatures, who when they die are symboled by snow white lambs. We know a much enduring mother who suggests that a young panther would be much more appropriate.

"I am so glad!"—Mr. Taylor responded in a gratified way, "*we are*. I say to Sophia, one never has so many that there is one to spare. Harriet, come speak to the lady, dear; she is very fond of children."

But Harriet was not to be won by fair speeches, and shrank up into the corner between the piano and the wall, whining "nau, nau, ain't a goin' to, pa."

"She 's a *leetle* spoiled," said Mr. Taylor, making no movement to compel obedience; "being the only girl, you see; three boys and one girl, quite a nice little family. I tell Sophia I never expected to see the day I should drive my four in hand—ha, ha." At which joke Morgan laughed quite heartily; it was the only one Mr. Taylor had ever been known to utter. And here his wife returned with a bedroom lamp.

"I declare," said she, turning it from side to side, "I hadn't the least idea how bad this room looked. I meant to have been in apple-pie order, but the train must have been earlier than usual, so I didn't get cleared up. However, it doesn't make any difference, as you are all in the family now."

"'They must take us as they find us,' I said to Sophia," remarked Mr. Taylor, as Marie gladly rose to follow her hostess. What would Aunt Pierson, who was the soul of order, have said to that parlor? Marie was thankful she was not there to see; *she* could make allowances, for was not Mrs. Taylor Morgan's own sister? and certainly no one could be kinder, or try to make her more at home.

This she said to Morgan when he came up to brush off the dust of travel, a little afraid of her first impressions, but, little self-deceiver and hypocrite as she was, he failed to detect any disappointment on her part; and they went down to tea so happy in each other that it would have taken more than heavy biscuit and burnt spring chicken to spoil it.

They were to stay only a day at Groton, and Marie behaved in the most amiable manner towards mother and children, while Morgan went to visit the mills with Mr. Taylor, who was manager and part owner. She listened to the endless stream of anecdote and praise of the children which Mrs. Taylor poured forth, applauded "There is a happy land" and "I want to be an Angel," which Hatty, after wearying solicitations and two pieces of wedding-cake, with a great deal of frosting, was persuaded to warble; was immensely disappointed because Charlie declined a recitation after fraudulently possessing himself of a large slice on promise of so doing; petted Morgan particularly, because he was his uncle's namesake, allowed him to "blow" her watch open at least forty-nine times, and did not even shrink from baby's bread and buttery hands, which, considering her new silver gray poplin, was making an heroic sacrifice for her husband's relatives.

She was not sorry, though, to find herself once more alone with her husband, and thought with some satisfaction that the mills were a long day's ride from Chester, and that Sophia seldom left her family. She was a little conscience-stricken, too, at echoing Sophia's regret that they should see so little of each other, in such a very fervent tone. Morgan's pride did not allow him to make any uncomfortable allusions to his sister and her family, so long as Marie appeared unconscious, and were they not to be at home that very night, really settled down and blissfully happy?

It was a delicious spring day, the fields already brightening with a flush of green, and the willows and dogwood quite out. The carriage rolled smoothly along, the driver appeared absorbed in his horses—Mr. Ash had no misgivings as to what Harriet's reception was to be—and they caught a glimpse of the white steeples of Chester before they began to think they were at their journey's end.

"I am glad we have a little daylight left," said Mr. Ash, as he identified these landmarks. "You will have a look at Elm street, and the office as we drive by."

He thought with considerable more satisfaction what a sensation it would make when he was seen driving up the fashionable promenade at an hour when every one was sure to be out, or at their front windows, in such handsome style, and with his bride! He did not say so, for Marie would have pulled down the fluttering little gray veil sooner; it was done when she began to find her husband bowing and smiling to every third person they met, and curious looks directed towards herself. It was "the proudest day of his life," though he did not make that time-honored remark, when Morgan Ash drove up the main street of Chester bringing home his pretty bride.

(To be continued.)

INDEPENDENCE.—Men are never in a state of total independence of each other. It is not the condition of our nature; nor is it conceivable how any man can pursue a considerable course of action without its having some effect upon others; or, of course, without producing some degree of responsibility for his conduct. The situations in which men relatively stand, produce the rules and principles of that responsibility, and afford directions to prudence in exacting it.

INDUSTRY.—People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employ you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

MR. JOHN SMITH.

BY MARY FORMAN.

It was a dreary day in the month of December, 1860, when I left the railway station at L—— to start on a walk across a new (to me) road to find the house of my old friend, Dr. Harris. I had never visited him in this, his new residence, before; but his invitation to spend the Christmas holidays was so urgent, that I accepted it, as heartily as it was given—sure of a warm reception from my friend, Mrs. Harris, and the three fair daughters who were still at home. Armed with the most precise directions from a man whom I met at the railway station, and not expecting any conveyance, as I had not written to say by what train I should arrive, I started blithely on my walk, hoping to reach the house before nightfall. I had not gone more than a few rods from the station, when the snow, which had been threatening all day, began to fall in thick flakes, filling the air, and laying in a smooth sheet upon the hard dry ground. Although I am a bachelor of only fifty, I will own that of late years, snow air affects me with curious pains, not rheumatism; I am hardly old enough for *that*, but odd shooting pains, which make me avoid giving any occasion for them, if possible, and which made my present situation decidedly uncomfortable. Whether the snow-filled air blinded me, or the directions were not sufficiently clear, I cannot tell, but certain it is that I lost my way. The little village of L—— lay far behind me; night was coming on, and the early twilight of winter had already fallen, yet not a house could I see where I might buy a night's lodging, or even inquire the way to my friends. In this emergency, my delight may be imagined at a brilliant light suddenly appearing at some little distance, evidently from the window of a house near at hand. Another and another gleam followed, till the whole front of a large house was illuminated. By this light I easily found a little gate which opened with some difficulty on account of the snow, but which finally yielded to my efforts, and admitted me into a large inclosure, at the back of which stood the house I have mentioned. Plodding on through the snow, I at length reached the high flight of steps, which led to the door. The wide porch was sheltered by an overhanging roof; and, having shaken off the snow from my coat and hat, I found the bell handle, and gave it a vigorous pull.

The door was thrown open by a tall man in neat livery, and before I had time to make my inquiries, he asked eagerly—

"Are you Mr. John Smith?"

"I am," I replied.

"From New York?"

"Yes."

"Come in! The young ladies will be so glad! They 've been expecting you ever since morning; I 'll tell them you are here," and throwing open the parlor door he motioned to me to enter, and then left me.

"Lo," I thought, "I have stumbled upon the right house after all. The young ladies are very kind." And I involuntarily gave my collar a twitch higher, and stole a glance at the long mirror over the mantle-piece. My survey was interrupted by seeing reflected in the glass a female figure, who was just entering the room. Surprise kept me motionless for an instant, for it was the most extraordinary figure for a private parlor in a country house. The lady was very tall, and wore a white garment, which fell in long loose folds from her throat to the ground, unconfined at the waist. Her round, white arms were bare, excepting that upon the left wrist she wore a steel fetter, to which was attached a chain; the companion fetter, evidently intended for the other wrist, she held in her hand. Her face was ghastly pale; indeed it looked as if it had a thick coating of powder over the natural complexion, and her hair, which was long, thick, and black as a raven's wing, hung in long masses far below her waist. I turned to face this damsel, wondering if either of the doctor's daughters could be insane, and expecting a raving speech or at the least a burst of tears. She advanced, however, with a graceful, easy step, and said quietly—

"Mr. Smith, I believe?"

"I am Mr. Smith, Miss. May I inquire—"

"I will tell you all; but as we are rather pressed for time, on account of your late arrival, I must be brief. I presume the storm delayed you. You will find refreshment in the library, and—"

"Ellen!" screamed a voice in the distance.

"Coming!" answered the lady beside me, in a scream that fairly made me jump. "I cannot wait," she added, hurriedly; "I am called; you will find pen, ink, and paper on the table.

Pray lose no time, for it is nearly six now. The third door on the left in this entry."

A man's voice in the entry at this moment exclaimed in thundering tones—

"Here let us, then, divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together."

"Ellen!" he added. "Where the mischief is Ellen?"—and, entering, the owner of the voice proved to be a tall, handsome man in a cavalier's dress, who came in hastily, saying, "Have I found you at last?"

"Mr. Smith—Mr. Johnson," said the tall damsel.

"I am glad you 've come at last. You will find a table in the library ready for you," said the new-comer. "It's horrid late. Jane, they wait the Lady Jane."

"She comes," said the lady whom he had just before called Ellen. "You will excuse us, Mr. Smith; we are very busy just now." And before I could put a question they were gone.

Where was the doctor? What was the solution of this odd conduct? Hoping to find an answer to both questions in the library, I went out; found by the bright light in the hall the door to which I had been directed. Upon opening it, I found myself in a room lighted only by the reflection from the hall lamp which I had just admitted through the doorway. A figure in a dark dress stood in one corner, and, as I appeared, cried, in a frantic tone—

"Where is he?
They said he was with you; he—thou knowest
Whom I would say."

"Upon my word, I don't," I said; but she continued—

"I heard ye loud. I thought
I heard ye; but, perchance, the dizzying throb
Of my poor temples. Where is he?"

The question was put in such a yell that I was positively alarmed.

"My dear madam," I said.

"Are you Mr. Smith?" inquired the lady, coming forward, and speaking in a natural tone.

"I am, madam; I came here—"

"Yes, I know; it's all right. I will not interrupt you, of course. I thought when you opened the door that it was—Mercy on me! there's the bell." And this second singular female rushed off like a young whirlwind.

I was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. I knew that my friend Harris was rather Quixotic in some of his ideas, and I began to fear that he had turned his house into a private lunatic asylum. Perhaps, I argued, some explanation may be found here. I drew from my pocket my little match-box, which I carry to light my cigars, and struck a match. The light flashed for an instant, and then went out; but I reeled back, for that one flash showed me, gaping at my feet, an empty coffin.

A faint scream from the next room came to my ears as I stood panting against the doorway.

"Oh, Lily," said a soft voice, "don't scream *so!*"

Another scream, a little louder, followed.

"Pinch her," said a man's voice.

Apparently the suggestion was acted upon, for a long, loud, piercing shriek followed, and was greeted by a roar of laughter from several voices.

"Bravo, Lily!" said one voice.

"No danger of consumption there; her lungs are good," said another.

"Nell pinched awfully," said a lady's voice, laughingly.

"I shall certainly do it again at the proper time," said the voice of the lady whom I had met in the parlor.

"The brutes are making game of some unfortunate idiot," I thought, indignantly.

"Perdition seize my soul, but I do love thee!"

shouted a voice so close to the door that I jumped as if a pistol had been fired there.

"Where is the shroud?" said a new voice.

"In the box with the wineglasses," said another.

The empty coffin flashed on my mind, and I determined to explore the library still further. I had dropped my match-box in my first fright, and I stooped to find it. A round, hard substance was the first object I touched, and I drew it out to the light. Imagine my horror! it was a grinning skull. I dropped it with a cry, which attracted no attention in this queer house; and then, summoning up all my resolution, stooped again for my match-box; this time I was more successful, for I found it immediately.

At that instant a scream so long, loud, and piercing that it seemed the concentrated yell of a dozen demons sounded at the head of the stairs, and then a woman in a long black dress and with a veil over her face dashed down the staircase, across the entry, past me, and stood panting under the hall lamp. An instant later, a man in the ordinary dress of a gentleman came from the same landing, and ran lightly down the stairs.

"Back!" cried the lady, in a voice denoting an agony of terror. "One step nearer, and I plunge this dagger into my heart!" And she

actually drew a dagger from her belt, and held it up.

"Come in here," said a voice from the mysterious room; "don't go on that way in the entry."

Apparently the voice restored the lady to her senses, for she held out her hand to the gentleman, and they went in together. My position in the doorway had shielded me from the notice of this couple, and also prevented my obtaining a view of the room from which so many strange sounds proceeded.

Half frantic, I struck another match, and this time succeeded in lighting the astral lamp which stood upon a large round table in the centre of the library. By this light, I glanced fearfully round the room, not knowing from what corner some lunatic might pounce upon me. The usual furniture of the room seemed to be piled away in one corner, excepting only the bookcases, whose tall, upright frames stood against the walls. The coffin still gaped near the door, and in it was the skull which I had dropped. Upon a chair near it hung a velvet pall with a heavy black fringe. On another chair lay a red velvet mantle, and across this lay a naked sword. Turning my head, I saw in another corner a block such as was anciently used for beheading criminals, and across it lay a bloody axe. I felt sick, suffocated with these horrors, when another pile attracted me. Here were pistols, daggers, and swords, in amiable companionship with crowns, masks, purses of money, velvet caps, a violin, and a large pitcher of silver. Upon the centre-table stood the astral lamp, writing materials, and a small tray, upon which were a cold chicken, a plate of biscuit, and a bottle of wine. Despite the singularity of my position, I remembered that I had been invited to partake of refreshment in the library, and I drew up the only vacant chair in the room, and attacked the supper. I was just comfortably seated, and had taken one mouthful, when a man rushed into the room, exclaiming—

"Here I can be alone for five minutes." Then, seeing me, he said, "Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir; will you be kind enough—"

"In a minute; in a minute! don't let me interrupt you. I will be gone in five minutes."

He was as bad as the woman. He wore a long black cloak, and in his hand held a naked sword, which he flourished within an inch of my nose.

"But, my dear sir," I began.

"Don't bother me now." And making savage passes with his sword he shouted, "Down, down, dog! dost thou beard me still?" Then striking an attitude, with the point of his sword making a fearful hole in the carpet, he cried, "So perish all who cross me on my path."

A voice from the next room said—

"Burn the witch!"

Apparently the advice was followed, for a scream of pain followed, and the gentleman in the cloak, crying, "It is her voice! On on!" darted out of the room.

"That's better, Lily," said the unseen burner (I presume); "you don't scream worth a cent, generally."

A loud voice at this moment began to sing, in good time and tune, "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen." A dozen male voices took up the chorus, and the song was well sung throughout. I had finished my supper, and was meditating and hoping the doctor would soon arrive, when a gentleman, in a powdered wig, breeches, and tights, came to the door and looked in. Seeing that I was alone, he advanced and said, in a low tone—

"Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir; will you tell me—"

"By and by; I have not a moment to spare. I only came to say to you that they are determined upon the murder of your—some one comes—be on your guard, and if you cannot prevent them from seeing it, call for me, and I will deliver it in a style befitting—hush!" and the gentleman withdrew with his finger upon his lip.

"If you please, Mr. Smith." I looked up to see a little black-eyed girl, in a picturesque peasant's dress, in the doorway. "You're wanted, now," she said.

"Wanted?"

"Yes, sir, we're ready for you."

"Are you? Where?"

"Come, Susy, hurry!" said an impatient voice in the distance.

"Coming. Come, Mr. Smith."

Determined to see the meaning of all this strange conduct, and emboldened by a glass of wine, I followed my pretty conductress to the next room.

Some twenty or thirty gentlemen and ladies occupied this apartment, which was immensely large, uncarpeted, and unfurnished. Such a strange scene I never beheld. In one corner a sailor was fencing with a Turk, while a little negro girl urged the combat forward. In another place, my white-robed, black-haired damsel was composedly fettering herself with her steel bracelets. The lady in black was pacing

up and down in the back-ground, talking to herself in a low tone, and gesticulating violently as she moved backward and forward. One man, in a corsair's dress, was kneeling at the feet of an exceedingly pretty nun, who was toying with the curls on his forehead, and arranging them in picturesque confusion. My arrival was unnoticed for an instant, then a gentleman in a white sheet, apparently, came over to me.

"Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir; will you have the goodness—"

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said the lady in black, coming forward, "did Harry remember the owl?"

"And the torches; are the torches coming?" said the pretty brunette.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, who 's to speak?"

As they were by this time all speaking at once, I considered *this* question rather superfluous. I was almost deafened.

"Why didn't you come together?" cried one.

"Harry 's dreadfully late," screamed another.

"Are they written?" yelled a third.

"We are ruined without the owl," murmured the lady in black.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began.

"Oh, bother, a speech!" said the corsair, impatiently. "Give me the papers."

"No," interrupted the powdered-wigged gentleman, "give them to *me*."

"But, really, my friends!" I said, again.

"Come, old fellow, the papers. Hand them over," said the sailor, joining the outcry.

"Here I am, at last!" cried a cheerful voice behind me.

We all turned to see the new-comer, who stood in the doorway. He was a tall, rosy-cheeked young man, evidently just in from the storm.

"Nellie," he said, tossing a bundle of papers to the fettered damsel. "Here are the papers. The other things are in the library; Smith couldn't come."

"Couldn't come!" cried a chorus of voices, and all eyes turned upon me.

"Why," said the new-comer, "whom have we here?"

Glad to have an opportunity of speaking, I said—

"I am Mr. Smith, sir, from New York, who, having lost his way in the storm—"

A roar of laughter interrupted me, and then one after another my tormentors spoke.

"The wrong man!" said one.

"What *did* you think?" inquired another.

"Of all absurd things, this is the funniest," said a third.

"Such a remarkable name," said a fourth.

"We owe you a thousand apologies," said the brigand, raising his voice above the Babel of tongues, and silencing them; "and must trust to your good nature to grant us a pardon for our error. Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to explain the facts to this gentleman." Then to me again, he said: "We are a party of amateur actors and actresses, sir, and this evening give our first performance here in about an hour. My brother Harry went to New York yesterday to secure the services of a friend of his, Mr. Smith, who was to come down, write our prologue and epilogue, and act as prompter. We have been expecting him all day, and the similarity of names must be our excuse for our error. If you will accept a place in front here, we shall be very happy to have your opinion of our performance."

I need only add that, after seeing several fine tableaux, scenes from different plays, and hearing some good, some bad recitations, I was shown to a comfortable room for the night, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, at which the white-robed lady presided in a pretty wrapper, with the hair "done up" in approved style, I was driven to my friend's house, where my late adventures made a hearty laugh for the old doctor.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels—if they would make good their title to that name—should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to African princesses and Indian squaws. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage, or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and real refinement or delicacy cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue of the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

PAUL BROWNELL'S LITTLE SISTER.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

Of all men, it was curious that *I* should have been a drygoods retail clerk; I, who despised fashionable women, fashionable shops, and the fashionable business of "tape and bobbin" vending with all my soul. Yet here I was, head clerk in the silk department of Million & Billion's magnificent store; the best-dressed fool in the whole establishment; such a perfect model of what such a young man should be that I had the honor of being chosen by Draper & Co. as the original of one of their best wax figures for the display of their latest styles. Inconceivable honor! for which some of my associates would have secretly sacrificed their situations. That wax figure was an aggravating torment to me. I was an artist; that is, I had a vocation for art, and I knew it: I *should have been* an artist. You do not believe me, for, you say, if you had possessed that genius for art which alone could excuse your vanity in dreaming it, you would have found it your destiny to accomplish the purposes of your being, you would have forsaken drygoods, all the soft splendors of silks and satins, and followed your true mission through poverty, hunger, hardship, death.

Well, it is true that, earnestly as I loved art, there was something dearer to me even than that. I had a little sister, so tenderly precious to me that for her sake I gave up the combat for fame against want and famine, and assumed a calling distasteful to my nature. Florence was such a frail little creature, she needed so many luxuries just to keep the breath and sweetness of life in her flower-like body, that I could not make up my mind to walk over her grave on my way to the Academy of Design. Our mother had left her to me when she was but four years of age. I was her only protector and relative, and she was my all of worldly fortune. I myself had named her "Florence," in those years of boyish anticipation, when I had looked forward to a fair Italian city of that name as my future and natural abiding-place. My father lived then, and was a prosperous man, doing a moderate business; we had a little home of our own, on the outskirts of the city; and, though he was not able to send me abroad, as I wished, he could allow me leisure, paints, pencils, brushes, and canvas, and a quiet little room of my own, next to my mother's, where I could hear her singing to little Florence as I worked. I fretted for Italy in those days, and did not realize that I was in those very moments dwelling in a Paradise which Italy never could emulate.

My father died, and with his death came an end of his business; dishonest partners secured the lion's share, leaving my mother only the debts of the concern, so that our home went finally into the clutches of creditors; and when she followed her husband to the grave, she had only little Florence to leave me. Precious legacy! I was going to become a great artist right away, and get rich as well as famous for *her* sake. Meanwhile, the child sometimes went hungry, and I could not bear the patient famine in her blue eyes as she sat and watched me at that work which never sold, which was always just going to buy her a silk dress, yet never bought her bread. Bear it! no! For myself I would have hugged starvation rather than have relinquished the ideal of my life; but for her sake any occupation which was not absolutely dishonorable seemed dignified. My father, though only a merchant in a picayune way, had had business relations with Million & Billion, who had respected him for his integrity; and when I presented myself to them as a candidate for a vacant clerkship, they accepted me on the strength of his good name.

I made a first-rate salesman. I was handsome; I had an air; and *such* a moustache; and, the ladies said, such an eye for colors! Very likely; when the great piles of gorgeous silks had been arranged "with my usual discrimination," there is no doubt but that they looked their best. I was dreaming of beds of roses while I hung the pink brocades and shadowed them over with greeneries of shining moire-antiques. When I flung the almost priceless lace in graceful festoons over the pearly satins and bridal silks, I was haunted with visions of mist, pierced through by moonlight, silently dissolving on the bosom of some crystal lake. Since I could not do the thing I wanted, that which I did do I would do to the best of my ability. I told the fat, blowsy Mrs. Dahlia just what shade of maroon velvet would best tone down the crimson of her neck and face; that is, which was most "becoming to *her*," without reference to particulars. I persuaded Miss Prim out of the yellow lute-string into the peach-blossom moire, "the most charming dress she had ever worn," she told me

afterwards. I made myself so valuable to the establishment that I was promoted, with an increased salary. I was able to dress my pretty Florence in cunning hats and soft muslins, and to place her in a private school, under the care of a gentle lady, who wisely watched the unfolding of the delicate flower. Florence played for me on the piano, and sang for me, when I went to visit her, said she was so happy, and I was such a good brother. I saw all the sharp outlines of want rounding out of her fair face, and only smiles and content in her eyes and a gay elasticity in her step, and I, too, was happy; only I was tortured by thirst for the springs I had forsaken.

My evenings were my own, but the evening is not so valuable to the artist as to the student of books; the artist must have nature, God's sunshine and rainbows, clouds, and emerald and azure tints. Sometimes, in the long summer days, I had two or three hours of rich sunset and poetic twilight through which to pursue some sketch lying waiting upon the canvas in my prosaic boarding-house chamber. Then I had a vacation, brief as delightful, in which I could take my carpet-bag in my hand and wander off whither I listed, lying in the grass under great trees, sketching present waterfalls and distant hills, sleeping in farmhouses, and living gloriously.

There was going to be a great party up town, an extra-exclusive and particularly brilliant party. I learned it from a certain set of our customers, who came to Million & Billion's to buy their dresses. Each guest was expected to add his or her sparkle to the general lustre till the whole affair should glitter and coruscate like one of Houghwought's magnificent chandeliers with all the gas on. I was surprised by receiving an invitation to this fashionable mob. The day after the arrival of the ponderous square card, Miss Therese Tallmadge, the eldest daughter of the family who gave the *fête*, was in the store, buying gloves; she crossed over to the silk counter, to admire a new mauve tint of moire and to say to me:—

"You must be sure and be at mamma's Thursday evening, Mr. Brownell; we shall all be disappointed if you do not come."

I looked curiously into the face of the haughty heiress, to read, if possible, the meaning of this extraordinary condescension; whether it were simply the common insincerity of polite life, or what? Even the duplicity of fashion could have no object in making itself agreeable to me, a clerk on a salary.

"I am very much obliged to you for saying so, Miss Tallmadge, but I never go out, and should be a stranger in the midst of your friends."

"Oh, well, we are all strangers at first, are we not? We will never grow friendly by remaining so. Remember we shall expect you!" And she turned away with a superb gesture, which I could not help admiring, notwithstanding I had unanswerable antipathies against that class of women.

As she returned to the glove counter, I noticed a young lady who had been waiting for her, and to whom she spoke with the familiar air of a relative or family friend. I had but a momentary glimpse of her face as they turned to leave the store, but that glimpse made me resolve to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the invitation, which I had not previously the faintest thought of accepting. I would have done rasher things for the hope of seeing that face again. It was the living incarnation of the dream which had haunted my soul for years. I had sketched it on canvas a thousand times, and destroyed it as many, disgusted with my utter failure to reproduce the shadow of my wish. It had the rich fairness of the lily, noble, and yet delicate; its purity was that of thought and spirit; its sweetness that of a loving heart; it was a face full of peculiar womanly beauty, quite different from the magnificent order of Miss Tallmadge's charms. I could not help feeling that its possessor had grown up in some delicious country home, not wanting in the refinements of life, where nature gave her exquisite influences to increase the delights of wealth and culture. For, although the lady was more plainly dressed than her friend, and had not the air of indifferent pride, mingled with absolute self-possession and utter vacuity, which is the triumph of "our best society," there was about her a quiet elegance which only culture and thorough education could give. She was modest as a violet, but peerless as a camellia. I watched her slight figure as she glided out of the store with a vague longing which prompted me to follow her as if I had suddenly discovered some near relative whom I had long been wishing to meet. So absorbed was I by this new influence that my scissors went straight through a piece of blue lute-string, which I was measuring off for a customer, at the wrong place.

"I said seventeen yards, and you have but ten."

Very true, and I did not blame the cold-looking female for her chilly tone. I had spoiled the pattern, and I had nothing to do but lay

aside the ten yards for a dress for Florence, and give the lady the required amount from another piece.

"It will become the child exceedingly; just the tint of blue to match her eyes, and she has never had such a handsome dress," I said to myself, consolingly. "A girl of her age ought not to be indulged in too much finery; but Mrs. Chester hinted that she needed something for the evening of the exhibition. I will take it to her to-night." And I pleased myself anticipating the sparkling smile and grateful kiss of my pretty darling; so I folded up the silk in a neat parcel addressed to Miss Florence Brownell, and charged myself with the cost quite cheerfully.

When I entered the hall of Mrs. Chester's house that evening, I heard my sister singing and playing in the parlor, her fine voice being frequently called into requisition for the pleasure of favored guests. I found no one with my hostess, upon entering, but one lady, who was just thanking Florence for her music, and who immediately left, having only been making a call. I heard the wheels of a carriage roll away from the door before a word of what Mrs. Chester was saying entered my ear, for the visitor was the same young lady who was with Miss Tallmadge in the morning.

"Florence was wishing you would come to-night."

"Well, she has her wish, and something besides," and I tossed her the package, forgetting to kiss her, as was my custom. "Who was that, Mrs. Chester?"

"Oh, no one whom you are acquainted with. She was one of my pupils a few years ago; she 's only eighteen now. She always comes to see me when she visits the city. I love her very much. She heard Florence singing, and was so delighted with her voice, she begged her to sing for her."

"She does not live in the city?"

"No. She is visiting some of her wealthy relatives at present. She is related to some of our first families, though her own family, I believe, are not very rich, only comfortable."

"What is her name?"

"She 's a Tallmadge. Really, you are quite curious about her, for a person usually so provokingly indifferent as you are."

A pair of pretty arms were about my neck, and a pair of darling lips against my cheek by this time.

"What a dear, kind brother you are! I was wishing I had such a dress; but I didn't think I ought to have it."

"Was you? Well, enjoy it, then, little one; and don't trouble your conscience about the consequences. If you want to pay me for it, give me some music—that same song you just sang for the young lady."

Florence complied with eagerness; if I had asked her to drown herself I hardly think she would have refused, she was so devoted to my wishes. It seemed to be the great pleasure of her life to gratify some want or request of mine—to be of some service to the brother whom she loved with the whole of her warm little heart. She had a marvellous talent for music, and a voice of such flexible purity that it already attracted much attention, young as she was. Already in the brain of the child lived and grew a scheme which gave additional ardor to her natural fondness for music; she had resolved, devoted little creature, to not only support herself, but to assist *me!* to free me from any necessity of providing for her, so that I might resume my old occupations. She was going to help me become a great artist! So she told me once, in a moment of trembling confidence, while her cheek glowed and her eye sparkled with the hope. She was going to be a professional musician, in order that I might not be burdened with her. I kissed the ambitious child, while the tears dimmed my sight of her sweet face. I told her she might be an Adelina Patti if she wished, but she must be so only for me—not for the world. Nevertheless, I could see that the idea was not banished, that it incited and controlled her studies.

On this particular evening she seemed to me to play unusually well, and I felt secretly proud to think the strange lady had heard and admired her; and on the wings of the music my thoughts floated away into dreams, indistinct, delicious, and sublimely foolish—dreams of a face forevermore to haunt me with impossible hopes.

"You don't talk to me, Paul."

The little girl had ceased playing for some time, and was sitting on a footstool before me, with her head on my knee, its golden curls streaming downward in waves which glittered in the firelight, a pretty enough sight for an artist-brother to love and admire.

"You are thinking of somebody else, Paul! O dear! I hope you 'll never get married, and have a wife. I shall be so lonely!"

"Now, little one, if I do, it will be no more of a trick than you 'll be sure to serve me the minute you 're old enough. If I should remain a bachelor, on your account, you 'd be sure to desert me for the first man that asked you.

However, I 've chosen my wife, now; and you profess not to be jealous of her. Painting is the only rival you 'll ever have, Floy." But, even as I said it, my cheek burned, and I was conscious that though what I said might be true, it would be sadly true, because I could not have a dearer wish fulfilled. Yesterday I should have had no such consciousness. But what observing eyes the child had! Who told her that I was thinking of some one else? If I allowed my secret to be read by others as easily, it would not be a secret long. I glanced at Mrs. Chester; that lady was holding the blue silk dress in her lap, and wondering if it would be possible to flounce the skirt, and only ten yards, yard wide; she was wishing I had brought fifteen.

"She would look like a fairy, in a flounced skirt, Mr. Brownell; she is so petite and slender. But it will be very pretty as it is."

I said they must make it do, kissed Florence good-night, shook hands with Mrs. Chester, and retired.

I did not go to Mrs. Upton Tallmadge's party; I scarcely remembered that such a thing was to be, or had been. I was in too much pain. Instead of breathing the perfumed air of the saloon, and intoxicating soul and sense with stolen draughts of beauty, I was lying in the hospital, my right arm crushed and mangled, and the doctors discussing the probability of its having to be amputated.

When I left Mrs. Chester's, the drizzling December rain which had set in during the evening, was fast changing to sleet and snow; the pavement was slippery with a thin coat of ice; I was full of thought, and heedless; and in attempting to run across Broadway, I slipped in front of an omnibus, and the heavy wheels rolled over my arm, reckless of its human sensibility to suffering, reckless of the future of its owner, reckless of the little girl who depended on its energies for protection and support.

They took me to the hospital; the best place for me, who had no home but a second-rate boarding-house. Mrs. Chester was almost angry that I had not insisted upon being conveyed to her house; but she, with her twelve pupils to care for, had enough responsibility, without my taking the liberty of foisting my wretched self upon her sympathies.

Mrs. Chester did not hear of the accident until I sent her word the following day, warning her to break the news very carefully to Florence, or keep it from her for the present, as she thought best. She decided instantly that she ought to tell her; and that brave young heart justified her decision. When the child was admitted to see me, she was as calm as courage and love could make her; nothing but her deadly paleness revealed the anguish she suffered; though I was afterwards told that she had fainted when she heard the news, conveyed to her in the tenderest manner. Nurses nor physicians had the heart to tear the pleading little creature away; she was permitted to sit, hour after hour, day after day, by my bedside; she would not have left me, even at night, if others had not compelled it.

My arm was not amputated; it was saved, but in a disabled condition, which would prevent the use of it for a long time. In fact, I could never hope to have much good of it; its cunning was destroyed; its strength and flexibility vanished: it was but the excuse for a good right arm; a pain and vexation, instead of a help to me.

"Well, Floy," I said to my patient little watcher, one day, when it was nearly time for me to be turned out of the hospital, "what are we going to do now? I shall never do for the silk-counter any more! I 've lost my 'elegant air,' and my deftness of handling has departed. What is a one-armed man to do for a living, little sister?"

"Hav'n't you got enough money to keep you a year, Paul? Mrs. Chester says I shall stay with her a year, whether you consent to it or not"—smiling—"and for that matter, somebody has already advanced the price of my yearly expenses; I don't know who. Mrs. Chester thinks it was Mr. Billion, probably; the draft came in a blank envelope. By that time, I shall be able to do something, myself. I shall, Paul; you needn't look so. Signor Bodiella says I 'm destined to make my fortune as a concert-singer. Think of that! When I get rich, Paul, I 'll buy you all the pictures you like; and I 'm quite sure you'll get well enough to paint some. I 've heard of people doing wonders with their left hand, hav'n't you?"

"Yes, darling; and I intend to do wonders with mine, enough to keep you from going on the stage, I trust. Who could have paid your school-bills? Whoever it was, did me just the kindness for which I am most grateful. Yes, it must have been Billion. There 's nobody else that could or would. He 's been in to see me several times, and has paid the expenses of my illness so far. He 's been very kind, indeed. But I did not know that he was aware I had a sister. Yes, it must have been he!"

So Mr. Billion got the credit of an act which he did not perform; for the sole reason, maybe, that he did not guess at the existence of a little pupil at Mrs. Chester's; for he had been kind to me, expressing his interest in many ways, and continuing my salary till I was able to be about. Then, as I could no longer discharge my duties in his establishment, I was left to shift for myself. I had a little, a very little money in bank, and the two months' salary which Billion gave me; so that I could keep soul and body together for some time, by choosing some very plain home and living in the simplest manner.

I decided to rent an apartment, and board myself; employing my time in endeavoring to acquire sufficient skill in the use of my left arm, to enable me to earn my living at something.

At what? My old passion for my art returned upon me with redoubled force. The loneliness of my room, the long idleness of illness, the necessity for economy which banished me from the pleasures of society, all encouraged the return of the visions which throng an imagination like mine. In vain I resisted the sweet call of my divinity, and strove to master some prosy profession, surrounding myself with law-books, feeding my body with musty bread, and striving to feed my mind with musty legalities. I saw pictures, heard pictures, dreamed pictures; until my easel once more stood the ruler of my apartment, and my awkward left hand labored faithfully to catch the departed skill of the right.

The bright springtime fled away, leaving but few gleams of sunshine, and transient odor of flowers in my dull room. The long, warm days of summer crept on. My health was not so vigorous as before the accident; I felt languid under the oppressive heat. Mrs. Chester went away to the springs, taking Florence with her, during the six weeks summer vacation. Either her pride in the child's abilities or her love for her sweetness of character, or both, made her favor her beyond my boldest wish. Knowing that my sister was happy, breathing the fresh air and enjoying the liberty of the season, with so good a friend, I made up my mind to lock the door upon my few poor treasures—my pictures—and to spend the time of her absence in the country. I, too, would breathe the free air of heaven, inhale the perfume of flowers, delight my eyes with the slumberous clouds, the drifting showers, the brilliant rainbows of summer—if I had to make my bed in the clover-fields, and feed upon the chance charities of farmhouses. Little, very little was the sum I could devote to my summer tour; no flattering morning journal chronicled my departure, prophesying sweet things of the "influence of nature" upon the "facile brush of that talented young artist, P. Brownell." Oh, no! my time had not come to be served with such delicate tidbits from the table of notoriety. It had not come, but it was coming, of course! I felt certain of that—for pure and undefiled as may be the love of genius for its favorite pursuit, it is always exalted and inspired by a certain measure of ambition, necessary, perhaps, to uphold its wings, borne down by the heavy atmosphere of reality.

One splendid morning in July—when a night shower had invoked all the fragrance and freshness possible to the month—when every leaf was at its broadest greenness, when the forests were the deepest, and the dust all washed away from the lilies and roses, emerging like Dianas from their baths—found me leaving the cars, a hundred miles from the city, and trudging away into the woods and fields, with an artist's kit on my shoulders, and a sandwich in my pocket. I revelled in pleasure that day. I waded through the clover; I lay down under oak trees and listened to the rustle of the wind above me in their branches; I ate my luncheon by a silver brook, quenching my thirst from its freely-offered waters. I looked off at distant mountains melting into the blue of heaven. I was too full of the idleness of enjoyment to attempt to sketch.

At sunset I entered a lovely valley; a broad river blushed roseate in the light, golden clouds wound the hills in royal turbans, crowning them like indolent oriental monarchs, taking their motionless repose. A vista stretched away through the most fascinating reaches of beauty, valley after valley, with glimpses of river and forest.

"Here!" cried I, in a perfect ecstasy of enthusiasm; "here will I pitch my tent for the present. To-night I will only enjoy; to-morrow I will try to sketch some faint shadow of this beauty."

I looked forward for some farmhouse to which I might apply for a night's lodging; I saw the blue smoke curling up through the trees, which told of some near habitation; and a bend of the picturesque country road soon brought me in sight of it. I was disappointed, at first, because the mansion I saw was too stylish to allow of my preferring my request at its portals; still, it was so charming, in such harmony with the

scenery which surrounded it, such a lovely finish to the landscape, with its airy towers and graceful porches, its cultivated grounds, winding walks and delicious gardens, that I forgot my own selfish disappointment, in admiration of this beautiful home.

"Doubtless," thought I, "if I walk on farther, I shall find the place I desire. In the mean time, I will admire this."

A fragrant thicket which lined the fence sheltered the garden upon one side of the mansion from too broad observation of passers-by. I pressed up to a break in this green curtain and peered through, drinking in the richness which began to arise from millions of flowers, as the dew of evening called it forth. Not far away from where I stood, a little fountain leaped into the air, and fell back full of silvery laughter, into a basin of gray-stone, whose edges trailed with water-lilies and moss. Upon a step at the foot of this basin, reading a book, and with one fair hand, lovely and white as the water-lilies beside it, carelessly dipping into the fountain, unconscious of observation, sat a young girl. It needed but one glance to tell me it was *she!* Magnetism, destiny, fate, or what not, had drawn me, as by a golden chain, straight to that lovely country-home which my imagination had pictured months ago. She sat there in a simple home dress of white muslin, a rose in her bosom, and another in her uncovered hair—glorious hair, flowing in soft golden-brown masses about her temples and neck, making the fairness of her forehead more pure, and deepening the delicate wave of color on her cheeks. An "arrow of sunset" seemed to fasten the rose in her tresses, and another fell athwart the circlet of gold binding the round arm which upheld the book.

My heart throbbed to suffocation. As I grew calmer I felt that I ought not to stand there, like a thief, gloating upon this unconscious treasure. I was ashamed to gaze, and yet I could not tear myself away, pass on to night, and loneliness and hunger of the heart, leaving this world of beauty and delight—this paradise, guarded by the flaming sword of—wealth. Yes! that was the flaming sword which kept me out. If I had not been poor, and she been rich, I would have made some simple excuse, and walked into this home which I knew I was fitted to appreciate, and could not possibly degrade. If she had been a mystic maiden, drawing water from the well, I should have stepped to her side and asked the common boon of a cup of cold water. It was only because she was rich that she was so far away from me. I could only approach the portals of a home like hers with proper credentials. I looked down at my dusty garments and worn shoes—what had a wandering artist to do with the hospitalities of this fine country-mansion? I have said that I was handsome, and that I had an air of such elegance as to cause me to become the favorite model of certain fashionable tailors; but I was not looking my best upon this occasion. My wardrobe had grown shabby for want of renewal, and the dust and toil of a warm day's travel had not improved it; my artist-kit would of course be mistaken for a peddler's pack, and the great white dog which I saw walking about in state on the broad avenue would doubtless show his teeth if I approached him in my present guise.

Sadly I looked, and longed, and turned away; but, as I trudged a little onward, whom should I meet but the magnificent Miss Theresa Tallmadge, of the city, riding a black horse, and looking more beautiful even than in the atmosphere of a Broadway store. She regarded me curiously as she passed, and just as I hoped that I had escaped her recognition, she drew rein, and said, pleasantly:—

"Mr. Brownell, surely! Where are you going, and what are you doing? You needn't say, for I read the whole story; out on a sketching tour. Uncle will be delighted; he is very fond of pictures, and makes pets of all the artists. Where are you stopping?"

"Really, I hardly know, Miss Tallmadge. I *may* take lodgings in a new-mown haystack to-night, if I can find one. I've been so enchanted by this delicious country road that I have wandered on regardless of consequences."

"Take lodgings in a haystack! That sounds very pretty, Mr. Brownell, but it wouldn't be half so romantic in reality. You know what the poet says—

> 'You lie down to your shady slumber,
> And wake up with a bug in your ear.'

Uncle would not forgive me if I permitted it; and, as there is no comfortable resting-place for the next five miles, and you look too weary to walk that distance, I shall take the liberty of inviting you, in his name, to tarry with us."

She said all this very courteously, and with more warmth of hospitality than I had given her class the credit of possessing; but that mean weakness of personal vanity which made me ashamed of my present appearance caused me to refuse her kindness. What was I to her or to that maiden reading by the fountain that I should exalt my pride into refusing

passing hospitality, for which I felt grateful, yet would not accept?

I was passing on, with half-uttered thanks, when a little wicket gate opened just at my side, and the fair reader appeared, book in hand. I blushed; but so did she, or else I imagined it.

"You have come just in time to second my invitation to our wandering friend to stop with us to-night, Cousin Marion. Miss Tallmadge, allow me to present to you Mr. Brownell. He is an artist, after your father's special liking, and I think it too bad that he should be allowed to throw himself upon a haystack for hospitality, when we have a spare chamber, don't you?"

"I do, Mr. Brownell. We should be really happy to have you visit us. Come in, without a word of apology."

The simple frankness of her voice compelled my obedience. I would have been churlish to doubt the earnestness of these two beautiful women, evidently so generous in their impulses.

"If you will excuse the dust of travel, and allow me to give you as little trouble as possible, I will accept your hospitality as frankly as it is proffered."

I walked beside my young hostess, and her cousin kept pace with us, reining in her spirited horse.

"Don't think we are not acquainted with you, Mr. Brownell," continued Theresa; "my father knew yours years ago, and honored him. We had hoped to bring about an acquaintance last winter, when that terrible accident prevented. We heard of it, and meant to have kept trace of you; but we lost your address, and Million & Billion could not tell us where to find you."

I thought of my humble room, and was glad they had not found it. The fact that they knew me as the representative of my father's family explained to me their willingness to accept me without other credentials, for my father had left behind him the great wealth of a respected name, in lieu of any other. I felt more at ease in a moment; and, recovering my self-respect and self-possession, I shook off false shame, and became myself.

That evening was an epoch in my life. After tea had been sent me to my chamber, and I had refreshed myself with a bath, I descended to the parlors, where two or three other guests were assembled with the family. Mr. Tallmadge was a noble old gentleman of the real school of refinement, a widower, and Marion was his only child. Her cousin Theresa was spending a few of the summer weeks with her, in return for her visit during the winter holidays. There were some other people present, among them a young gentleman, who at once made me the most miserable that I had ever been in all my life. Agreeable, accomplished, brilliant, an evident favorite with all, and with that nameless ease which betokens high social position, and no embarrassing pressure of the poverties and humilities of life, he was to me the triumphant embodiment of *what I should have been*. He was my rival; I made him so in an instant. Not that I was so low as to envy him his happiness or his success, but he was privileged to love Marion, and that he did love her and she him I made up my mind was a certainty. He bent over her at the piano, whispering to her between the pauses of the music; he led her out on the moonlighted portico, where the shadows of the rose-vine played over their graceful figures; I saw her smile and blush beneath his glance until my head grew so hot and my heart so cold that I wonder now Mr. Tallmadge could find it within the limit of his politeness to continue to be agreeable to so stupid, so sullen, so wretched a fool as I made of myself.

Marion was kind to me as a hostess, but no more; she said so little to me, and that with such reserve that my tormenting pride took fire, and blazed within me furiously. She had tendered me hospitality as she would have done any unsheltered human being, not as a friend or an equal; so I construed her maidenly reserve, and thus sillily did I anger myself until I was glad when the hour came for retiring.

The next morning I was haggard, from a night's unrest. The family all spoke of it, and all feared that the accident from which I had suffered had undermined my health. When Marion referred to it, I thought I saw her lip tremble, and a pitying, yearning look come up from her soul into her eyes. For an instant, I was thrilled and happy; the next, I cursed myself as a vain fellow who mistook a woman's pity for sympathy and interest. I was urged to stay, and make the mansion my home as long as I wished to sketch in the neighborhood; but I could not, I dared not; every hour I felt more irresistibly what I had known from the first moment of beholding Marion's face; and could I remain in her presence, fighting down my unconquerable love, and enduring the misery of seeing the man to whom she was betrothed enjoying that which I coveted? It was not my jealousy alone which confirmed my

belief; I heard one or two covert allusions to a coming wedding. So I resisted the invitation of my host, silenced the cry of my heart, and bade the family farewell. I felt at liberty only to bow to the ladies; but Marion held out her hand, and for a blessed instant of time it rested in mine. I did not see her eyes, for they were bent upon the ground; but, looking back after I had gained the road, I saw *him* pelting her with roses, and she laughing gleefully, as if there were no poor artist, mad with love and despair, trudging off into the solitude of lifelong isolation.

I was back in my dull chamber, with a portfolio full of sketches. I labored with a twofold earnestness—to provide for my little sister, and to forget that haunting dream of the summer.

As soon as her present term was completed, Florence was to come to me, and be my little housekeeper. We would live according to our means, whatever these might be; and I would not consent to her going into the concert-room, as she desired, so I must begin to earn something against the day when she should come home; that is, come to our bleak rooms, and *make home* of them. I completed two pictures, and obtained the privilege of displaying them in the windows of a fashionable picture-dealer. They were companion-pieces, sketched in the valley to which I have referred. Every evening for a fortnight I happened in, hoping to hear they were sold. Finally, when I came, I found them both gone; they had been admired *and* purchased by a lady. I did not like to ask if my agent knew the name of the buyer; but I summoned up courage, and learned it was a—Miss Smith. The price paid for them was fully equal to their worth. I went home very much encouraged, sending more to the same shop in the course of a few days. These also found a purchaser; a gentleman, a stranger in the city probably, the vendor said.

Well, every one is blessed with sufficient vanity to take him comfortably through the world; and when I found that nearly every picture I displayed was bought, and that the agent was beginning to be eager to have my work in his windows, I began to nurse up my self-esteem and fondle it until I persuaded myself that I was really a great painter, destined to honor and wealth.

By the time that Florence came to me I was enabled to rent and furnish three very pretty rooms. I made my studio in the parlor, sleeping on the sofa at night; Florence had a nice bedroom, with a dainty set of chamber furniture, and made the fairiest little cook and housekeeper that ever set table for a bachelor brother. The child was happy, and I ought to have been. My studio was not entirely unknown; brother artists occasionally called in, and sometimes ladies honored us with a visit.

Amid other pictures which I had disposed of, was a portrait of Florence. I could have sold as many copies of it as I wished, she made so sweet a picture; but I did not like to make any of her gifts and graces the means of my advancement.

Again it was December, just a year from the day of that dreadful night of my accident. I sat by the window, thinking; now shuddering over memories of past pain, and now congratulating myself upon the accomplishment of so much. I had lost the use of a right arm, and gained that of a left. I had conquered a great difficulty, triumphed over an adverse circumstance. I looked at my darling, busy with her embroidery, smiling and singing to herself; at the light, airy parlor, with its pleasant furniture; I heard the hum of the kettle on the little grate in the next room, where Florence was presently to prepare our evening toast and tea. I felt hopeful, calm, grateful. If it had not been for that ever-present dumb aching of the unsatisfied heart, I should have been happy.

I saw a carriage pause before the door; a lady leaned out whom I recognized as Miss Theresa Tallmadge, and a white-gloved footman sprang to the ground with cards in his hand. Presently he thundered at my door; the cards were wedding cards of invitation; Miss Tallmadge was to be married the following week, and she had remembered me; both Florence and I were bidden to the festival. I thought I would accept, if only for the privilege of making myself discontented and miserable. Doubtless I should see *her* there, by this time a wife. I would see her once more, happy with her husband, and I would come home, and take my revenge upon fate by painting great pictures.

Mrs. Chester kindly superintended the toilet of my little companion, and at the appointed day and hour we arrived, in a hired carriage, at the stately residence of the Tallmadges'. Even in the blaze of beauty and splendor which surrounded us upon entering, I was proud of my sister. I heard many murmurs of admiration, saw many eyes turned pleasantly to her sweet face. The little witch said afterwards that she was proud of *me*, that she was certain I was the best-looking man in the company; but she loved me, and that must be the excuse for her weakness.

Presently I forgot everything, even Florence. I was wondering where Marion was, and when she would make her appearance. Then there was a rustle and stir in the courtly crowd—the bridal party were descending the stairs—they had entered the room—I looked and saw Miss Tallmadge, pale, superb, beautiful, and by her side the man whom I had so unceremoniously given to Marion—the bridegroom, looking more triumphantly satisfied with himself and his fortune than ever. Marion was first bridesmaid, and a young gentleman whom I recognized as Therese's brother was her assistant. There was a train of youthful attendants; but for a few moments I saw only these. There was such a rushing of blood through my veins that I heard nothing distinctly until the ceremony was over, and the friends pressed forward to congratulate the happy couple. Last amid the groups came Florence and I. The bride kissed the beautiful child; so did Marion, and as she raised her head, our eyes met. What emotion was it which sent that divine flush surging up in rosy waves from bosom to brow? My eyes must have asked the eager question, for her own drooped.

If a blind man should have the sense of sight fully and suddenly developed in the midst of earth's most enchanting beauty, he would not experience a more rapid joy than did I. In the course of the brief festivity which preceded the departure of the newly-married pair, Marion sought out Florence, the most delicate flattery she could pay to me.

"I knew your sister at Mrs. Chester's," she said to me. "I believe she stole the place in our teacher's heart which I used to occupy. This interested me in her—her beautiful voice, too; and so, and so it was that we chanced to hear about you"—and again that flitting blush and glance.

Of course we called upon the bridal party after its return. It was no presumption in me to follow up an acquaintance so encouraged. False pride melted away before the real appreciation and sympathy of a most delightful family, among whom Marion remained a guest all that auspicious winter. That she should be rich and I poor was reason for the most maidenly encouragement she gave me; it was sufficient to induce me, in an hour of love and hope, to put into language the dream which had grown into reality.

I have come to the conclusion that I am more of a lover than an artist, after all. It was a severe shock to my artistic vanity, when I visited the home of my sweet wife, Marion, to find there, in her father's gallery, all those various works of mine which I had been so gratified to find meeting with such rapid appreciation and sale. "Miss Smith" had been only the assumed name by which my modest patron had covered up her good deeds; her father and friends had also assisted her in the good work.

"Don't think it was because I admired your pictures so much, Paul," she said, while a little lurking smile flashed through her tears with the most piquant effect; "it was because Mrs. Chester told me of your noble devotion to your little sister. It was *that* which first interested me in you. I induced my cousin to make your acquaintance, thinking it would do no harm for you to receive a little of the praise and encouragement you deserved. Your love for your sister gave us all confidence in your goodness. Though I won't say that sisters, or pictures, or anything else, had influence after I had once met and spoken to you; it was pure affinity, then, Paul; we loved each other because we were born to; our 'marriage was made in heaven!'"

Yes, it was indeed made in heaven!

"But we shall love little Florence none the less for her part in the matter," added Marion, as the child came fluttering into our presence, gay as the birds of morning. "She shall lose nothing by losing her brother."

"You know, little one, you didn't want me to marry a wife?" I said to her.

"Ah, but if I had known it was *she* you were thinking of, that evening!" answered our darling. And by the happy smile on her face, it was plain that she also was contented with the arrangement.

MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

We often hear the expression used, when talking of anything comparatively useless, that "it's not worth a pin;" and from this we might be led to suppose, did we not know it to be otherwise, that a pin was a very worthless thing, instead of being what it is—one of the most useful that is manufactured in this or in any other country. As the use of pins is principally confined to the female portion of our community, perhaps the following short account of their manufacture may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

Pins are made of brass wire. The first process which it undergoes, by which any dirt or crust that may be attached to the surface is got

rid of, is by soaking it in a diluted solution of sulphuric acid and water, and then beating it on stones. It is then straightened, after which it is cut into pieces, each about long enough for six pins. These latter pieces are then pointed at each end in the following manner: The person so employed sits in front of a small machine, which has two steel wheels or mills turning rapidly, of which the rims are cut somewhat after the manner of a file: one coarse for the rough formation of the points, and the other fine for finishing them. Several of these pieces are taken in the hand, and, by a dexterous movement of the thumb and forefinger, are kept continually presenting a different face to the mill against which they are pressed. The points are then finished off by being applied in the same manner to the fine mill. After both ends of the pieces have been pointed, one pin's length is cut off from each end, when they are re-pointed, and so on until each length is converted into six pointed pieces. The stems of the pins are then complete. The next step is to form the head, which is effected by a piece of wire, called the mould, the same size as that used for the stems, being attached to a small axis or lathe. At the end of the wire nearest the axis is a hole, in which is placed the end of a smaller wire, which is to form the heading. While the mould-wire is turned round by one hand, the head-wire is guided by the other, until it is wound in a spiral coil along the entire length of the former. It is then cut off close to the hole where it was commenced, and the coil taken off the mould. When a quantity of these coils are prepared, a workman takes a dozen or more of them at a time in his left hand, while, with a pair of shears in his right, he cuts them up into pieces of two coils each. The heads, when cut off, are annealed by being made hot, and then thrown into water. When annealed, they are ready to be fixed on the stems. In order to do this, the operator is provided with a small stake, upon which is fixed a steel die, containing a hollow the exact shape of half the head. Above this die, and attached to a lever, is the corresponding die for the other half of the head, which, when at rest, remains suspended about two inches above the lower one. The workman takes one of these stems between his fingers, and, dipping the pointed end of a bowl containing a number of heads, catches one upon it, and slides it to the other end; he then places it in the lower die, and, moving a treadle, brings down the upper one four or five times upon the head, which fastens it upon the stem, and also gives it the required figure. There is a small channel leading from the outside to the centre of the dies, to allow room for the stem. The pins are now finished as regards shape, and it only remains to tin or whiten them. A quantity of them are boiled in a pickle, either a solution of sulphuric acid or tartar, to remove any dirt or grease, and also to produce a slight roughness upon their surfaces, which facilitates the adhesion of the tin. After being boiled for half an hour, they are washed, and then placed in a copper vessel with a quantity of grain tin and a solution of tartar; in about two hours and a half they are taken out, and, after being separated from the undissolved tin by sifting, are again washed; they are then dried, by being well shaken in a bag with a quantity of bran, which is afterwards separated by shaking them up and down in open wooden trays, when the bran flies off, and leaves the pins perfectly dry and clean. The pins are then prepared for sale.

Pins are also made solely by machinery. There is a manufactory for this sort, where nearly 3,250,000 are made daily.

A pin, then, is not such an insignificant article, after all. We see it has to go through a great many processes and hands before it is finished. If we take one, examine it closely, and mark how nicely it is made, how neatly the head is fixed on to the shank, how beautifully it is pointed, and how bright it shines, we shall see a very good specimen of what the ingenuity and labor of man can do upon a piece of metal. It is really surprising what a large number are made, and how many persons are employed in their manufacture.

In conclusion, we would recommend our readers always to bear in mind the excellent maxim which Franklin attached to a pin, viz., "A pin a day, a groat a year."

TO POESY.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

My spirit mother, how I've looked to thee,
  In hours when life was but a weight of pain,
And gazed on thee with fond idolatry,
  Till I was sooth'd to peace and hope again!
But as a babe who, on its mother's breast,
  Is filled with thoughts beyond its tender years,
And vainly strives for words though fondly prest,
  And weeps with passionate and fruitless tears—
E'en thus am I! but yet draw life from thee,
  Of thy high being still imbibing part,
Into thy soft sad eyes to gaze am free,
  And feel the throbbings of thy glorious heart—
And dare to hope that I may lisp, in time,
  The words thou dost repeat with silver chime.

WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

BY R. L. H.

"ALL the world" shook their sage heads with disapproval when Nina Elton married. Not for wonder that a youthful maiden should have voluntarily "thrown herself away," for romantic young ladies are prone to reckless marriages; but at the greater mystery that her parents had given their consent to such folly.

Society had expected something brilliant from Miss Elton; she had beauty, wealth, and position, with all the advantages that such a rare conjunction alone could bestow. She danced well, sang well, dressed well, and her whole career since her *début* had been a decided success. No prospects of enjoyment were more flattering than hers, and yet, in her second season, when her conquests were the theme of every tongue, as her beauty was the cynosure of every eye in her admiring circle, the world was surprised by receiving her wedding-cards.

Never was the world more startled, especially her admirers, when this obscure stranger, whose existence was not even suspected, so coolly bore off the prize for which they were contending. No one had seen him or knew anything of him, and all the bidden guests were on the *qui vive* for something respecting him. He was ascertained to be from an obscure town "out West," and Mrs. Pry, remembering a relation whom she had forgotten resided in the same place, immediately dispatched a letter of inquiry.

From the family it was understood that he was a son of a college chum of Mr. Elton, Sr.; that family misfortunes had caused them to move West; that he was a man of talent, rapidly rising in his profession, and the family were greatly pleased with him. Nina herself admitted he was not handsome, and the world found out for itself that he was poor.

No wonder that the world felt shocked at such a violation of all rules of prudence, and thought the whole family demented together. That one so delicately reared should forego all the luxuries and pleasures of life, and bestow, her hand on a poor young lawyer, one that would deprive her of wealth and position, and bury her "out West" away from all society—it was incredible. Many were the sad prognostications of the fleeting nature of the romantic happiness she expected to enjoy. Had not Hal Battledore addressed her? A gay youth of unbounded wealth and undoubted position, an only son, and regarded a prize by all the mammas in the circle. And she, forsooth, had discarded him because he was dissipated. *Dissipated*—what wife could not reform a husband whose only fault was an occasional glass of wine? Mammas did not know "what the world was coming to." The idea of a girl discarding *Hal Battledore!* and, worse still, that parents should humor the romantic fancies of their daughters, "like those Eltons did." "Marrying for love was all very well, but Nina Elton would find herself mistaken, would find it did very well in novels, but when it came to *real* life, O my!" And mammas with marriageable daughters looked pointedly at their Janes and Marys, as if they said, "You would never be guilty of such folly!" and they, having been trained by these prudent mammas, looked hurt at the bare suspicion. Eligible, in their appreciation, meant, "he may be moral, intellectual, or handsome, as it happens; but rich *any how*." The other qualifications were so much more to be glad of, but the "rich" was the broad basis of acceptance. Alas for the Janes and Marys of society!

But sweet Nina Elton had implicit faith in marrying for love; and, revering and esteeming the noble qualities of her betrothed, she had given her woman's heart to him, unreservedly, without a thought of his eligibility. Knowing his small fortune and arduous toil, she had gladly consented to share his lot, to be a helpmeet to him, to lighten all sorrows, comforting and strengthening him by her earnest love; hoping, as married lovers (most brave and holy sight!), to so live through time and all eternity. What wonder that such love was sanctioned by her parents, who had themselves lived in most loving union? Truly they rejoiced in their child's happiness as one who had found a treasure without price, that greatest boon—sincere, devoted human love.

Nina had wished for a private wedding, but had been overruled; the star that had shone so brilliantly must culminate before it set. Most magnificent preparations were made, and the world began to fear it was mistaken, after all. But on that very morning the anxiously expected letter of particulars came to Mrs. Pry. Immediately that self-sacrificing individual,

with her usual philanthropy, sallied forth to spread its contents. All day long she gossiped and visited, and before evening all knew the private history of the person on whom Nina had "thrown herself away." The letter spoke highly of his talents and conduct: he had risen rapidly in his profession, notwithstanding a clog to retard his progress in the shape of his mother and five brothers and sisters, who were entirely dependent on his exertions. His father, a man of wealth and distinction, by some commercial crisis had lost all, and, dying soon after, left his entire family to the charge of his son. He, though but twenty years of age, had devoted himself to the task, and had succeeded, until, two years ago, an uncle, dying, left to his mother a comfortable independence. But while their support was incumbent upon him, he had, in default of other means to help them, for five years actually *taught school.*

No wonder that society held its breath to listen to this incredible fact! Indignant, and more curious than ever, everybody attended the wedding. Eagerly all eyes sought the bridegroom; little groups whispered apart; the tide of criticism was unceasing and malicious. Intellectuality strongly marked the man, and the radiant happiness of his face made him almost handsome, yet all were disappointed. "Commonplace" was the mildest epithet bestowed upon him. "Point lace and diamonds to marry a school-teacher," said Miss Wall Flower. "Magnificent bridal presents to carry to a log cabin," sneered Miss Detraction, as she saw the table loaded with plate. "Confound the fellow! I wonder what she saw in him!" said Hal Battledore. And Mrs. Prudence pursed up her lips and shook her head mysteriously—"We'll see, we'll see."

Let us leave the world to its nine days' wonder, and accompany the bridal pair to their new home. The lover had refitted his cottage for his bride. It was a little nest of a place, with roses in profusion, and shaded by stately oaks, large enough for two when love should make his home with them. Not fitted with magnificence, yet with many little elegances and luxuries, looking lovely in the soft shadowing of the May moon that smiled on it as our lovers first entered it. Happy faces greeted the "new sister," and the mother embraced her as they installed her in her new place—his henceforth. How charmingly she graced the board! And when all departed, leaving them alone, they, with their one domestic, knelt together in their first family prayer. Blithely she entered into all her duties; those delicate hands, though all unused, were soon expert in the mysteries of bread and puddings, and all the details of a well-ordered home. The society of the place she found almost as polished as that she had left. Many persons of reduced fortune had come hither, bringing with them the refinements of cultivation, hoping to soon rise again into affluence. The place was rapidly improving, and Nina scarcely felt the loss of the society of the city in the picnics and boating parties she enjoyed, or the social tea parties that were frequently held.

Years passed on. In the city Nina was almost forgotten, or only mentioned with a pitying shake of the head, as "poor Nina Elton, she threw herself away;" or as an example when young ladies whose hearts were not entirely ossified, sometimes dared a preference for some one beneath them, and alarmed mammas instanced the advantages of marrying prudently. Hal Battledore had married a gay girl who had been bridesmaid at Nina's wedding. The little sentiment she had possessed was enlisted by a young man who was a "bad match," and her friends had advised against it. Wealth and position were necessities to her, and the brilliant offer of Mr. Battledore was too tempting to be resisted. Alas, how much does love borrow of opinion! how many could resist out-marrying any of her set, and take one whom she fancied more, but whom others thought so decidedly ineligible?

Gratified vanity she mistook for love. Dazzled by the rich gifts and alluring promises of her lover, she confidently expected, with so handsome a husband and an elegant establishment, to be happy. Her diamonds were the handsomest, and her equipage the most elegant of all her acquaintance. The *trousseau,* and succession of parties that attended her marriage kept up the excitement of her vanity for some months. That her husband had faults she knew; but when her eyes were opened to all his vices her happiness was at an end. The wine cup was more and more attractive, and the bride of a year's time saw her husband brought home nightly in a state of intoxication. He had married her from a variety of motives, and incapable, in his shallow selfishness, of loving anything sincerely, his love had vanished with the novelty of possession. Passionately addicted to gambling, he had kept his losses in reason, so they were only whispered before his marriage. Now he left his impulses unrestrained, and was rapidly dissipating the patrimony that his father had toiled to secure.

Miserable in her splendid home, yet with a

woman's instinct she suffered in silence; her life was one of the many that matrimony made a failure. Too proud to complain when the crisis came, and all was lost, she nobly bore the cross assigned her, and she, too, went "out West," but with a husband to whom duty alone bound her. Every effort that she could devise was untiringly put forth, but in vain. A temporary reformation was only followed by deeper degradation, and after drinking the cup of shame and sorrow to the very dregs, what wonder that she gladly hailed the liberty that his infamous death at last yielded her? World-weary and sad she returned to her native city, and having no other asylum, became governess in a friend's family.

Let us look in again upon our friend Nina. The cottage is nowhere to be seen, but instead, a stately mansion rears its head. We inquire for Mr. B—— of a stylish servant, and he tells us that "Senator B—— is expected from Washington that evening." We enter, and find our fair matron, older by some twenty years than when we last beheld her, but fair and beautiful still. A counterpart of what she then appeared is half reclining on a couch in lively conversation with an elder brother, and three lovely children complete the group.

But whom do we see in conversation with the mother? Verily, the old dragon, Mrs. Prudence, who said "We'll see." And in the snatches we hear, we recognize the words "Hal Battledore," and "I told you so," with a purring "I have always said to Jane and Mary" (meaning, gentle reader, the two spinsters on the balcony, who have, as a desperate venture, come husband hunting out West), "how happy I would be if you could only marry as Mrs. B—— did!"

THE USE AND ABUSE OF COLORS IN DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

There is one class of persons possessed of more money than taste, who estimate colors by their cost only, and will purchase the most expensive merely because they are expensive and fashionable. Of this class was a certain lady of whom it is related that, in reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds' inquiry as to what color the dress of herself and husband, who were then sitting, should be painted, asked which were the most expensive. "Carmine and ultramarine," replied the artist. "Then," rejoined the lady, "paint me in ultramarine, and my husband in carmine."

We hear constantly of fashionable colors, and these fashionable colors are forever changing; moreover, we hear more of their novelty than of their beauty. All who wish to be fashionable wear these colors, *because* they are fashionable, and *because* they are new; but they do not consider whether they are adapted to the complexion and age of the wearer, or whether they are in harmony with the rest of the dress. What should we say to a person who with the right hand plays an air in C major, and with the left an accompaniment in F minor? The merest novice in music would be conscious of the discord thus produced; yet, as regards colors, the educated eye is constantly shocked by combinations of color as startling and inharmonious.

As the object of all decoration in dress is to improve or to set off to the greatest advantage the personal appearance of the wearer, it follows that the colors employed should be suitable to the complexion; and, as complexions are so various, it is quite impossible that the fashionable color, though it may suit a few individuals, can be becoming to all. Instead, therefore, of blindly following fashion, as a sheep will follow the leader of the flock, even to destruction, I should like to see every lady select and wear the precise shade of color which is not only best adapted to her peculiar complexion, but is in perfect harmony with the rest of her habiliments, and in accordance with her years and condition.

The Orientals and other inhabitants of tropical countries, such as the negroes of the West Indies, love to clothe themselves in brilliant and positive colors—reds and yellows, for instance. They are quite right in so doing; these bright colors contrast well with their dusky complexions. With us "pale faces" it is different; we cannot bear positive colors in immediate contact with the skin without injury to the complexion.

Of all colors, perhaps the most trying to the complexion are the different shades of lilac and purple. The fashionable and really beautiful mauve and its varieties are of course included in this category. In accordance with the well-known law of optics, that all colors, simple or compound, have a tendency to tint surrounding objects with a faint spectrum of their complementary colors, those above mentioned, which require for their harmony various tints of yellow and green, impart these supplementary colors to the complexion. It is scarcely necessary to

observe that, of all complexions, those which turn upon the yellow are the most unpleasant in their effect, and probably for this reason, that in this climate it is always a sign of bad health.

But, it will be asked, is there no means of harmonizing colors so beautiful in themselves with the complexion, and so avoiding these ill effects? To a certain extent this may be done, and as follows: Should the complexion be dark, the purple tint may be dark also, because by contrast it makes the complexion appear fairer; if the skin be pale or fair, the tint should be lighter. In either case, the color should *never* be placed next the skin, but should be parted from it by the hair and by a ruche of thulle, which produce the neutralizing effect of gray. Should the complexion still appear too yellow, green leaves or green ribbons may be worn as trimmings. These will often neutralize lilac and purple colors, and thus prevent their imparting an unfavorable hue to the skin.

Scarcely less difficult than mauve to harmonize with the complexion is the equally beautiful color called "Magenta." The complementary color would be yellow-green; Magenta, therefore, requires very nice treatment to make it becoming. It must be subdued when near the skin, and this is best done by intermixture with black; either by diminishing its brightness by nearly covering it with black lace, or by introducing the color in very small quantity only. In connection with this color, I have recently observed some curious effects. First, as to its appearance alone: if in great quantity, the color, though beautiful in itself, is glaring, and difficult to harmonize with its accompaniments. Secondly, as to its combination with black: if the black and the Magenta-color be in nearly equal quantities—such, for instance, as in checks of a square inch of each color—the general effect is dull and somewhat neutral; if, on the contrary, the checks consist of Magenta and white alternately, a bright effect will be produced. Again, if the ground be black with very narrow stripes or cross bars of Magenta-color, a bright, but yet subdued effect will result. This last effect is produced on the principle that, as light is most brilliant when contrasted with a large portion of darkness—like the stars in a cloudless sky—so a small portion of bright color is enhanced by contrast with a dark and especially a black ground.

Yellow, also, is a difficult color to harmonize with the complexion. A bright yellow, like that of the buttercup, contrasts well with black, and is becoming to brunettes, when not placed next the skin; but pale yellow or greenish yellow suits no one, especially those with pale complexions. Its effect is to diffuse, by contrast, a purple hue over the complexion, and this is certainly no addition to beauty.

FROM GLOOM TO GLEAM.

BY J. G. THOMPSON.

The spirit has left its clay-built home,
And the silvery cord is severed;
The pallid lips, at the parting breath,
Like the falling rose-leaf quivered,
Gently quivered.

Fold her hands on her snowy breast,
And dim not your eyes with weeping;
Her spirit has passed from gloom to gleam;
'Tis her body that here lies sleeping,
Calmly sleeping.

Lay her in peace 'neath the emerald sods,
And scatter her grave with flowers;
Leave the stars to watch and the dew-tears to fall
Throughout all the lone night hours,
The sad night hours.

Through the white-robed elders about the throne,
Who cry "Glory, glory" solely—
Through the sevenfold lamps before the throne,
She passed up to the Holy,
The risen Holy.

We toll the bells; but the angels above
A joyful pæan are ringing,
For a sister has come with a golden harp,
To join in the angelic singing,
The heavenly singing.

And, friends, when we pass from out the dim,
To enter the life immortal,
We know that *one* will be waiting for us,
Beside the heavenly portal,
The pearl-made portal.

The Eldest Child.—The eldest child of a family holds a position, as it regards influence and importance, scarcely second to that of the parents themselves—often called upon in the temporary absence of the father and mother to direct home affairs, always looked up to as an oracle in matters of taste and opinion by the junior members, who draw inferences and shape conclusions even without the help of spoken words, even from so slight tokens as a raised eyebrow, or shrugged shoulder, or impatient gesture. Do elder brothers and sisters think enough of this? In after life they may, alas! but too sorrowfully, when they find themselves repeated in myriad forms of thought and expression, by those who then hung unnoticed upon their lips.

NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Charming breakfast-cap, with a full muslin border; ornamented by a band of violet ribbon and knots of daisies.

Fig. 2.—Coiffure for evening. A flat wreath of deep red English daisies, with a *cache peigné*

Fig. 2.

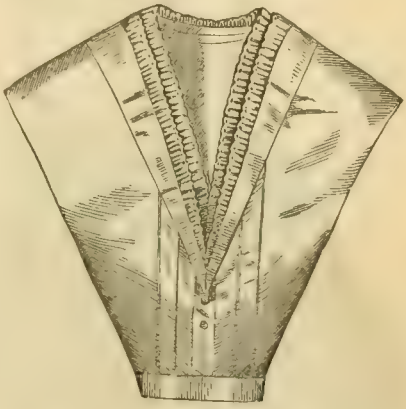
of cherry velvet, suitable for persons having thin hair, and wearing it chiefly in front.

Fig. 3.—Headdress for home wear (see Chat); the bows may be of black velvet, or any suitable ribbon; sometimes two colors are used, as Magenta and black; dark blue and black.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.—Chemisette for a surplice dress, a habit-shirt with two worked and gauffered ruf-

Fig. 4.



fles. Many ladies baste these ruffles, one or two, as may be fancied, into the neck of the dress, and secure the same effect.

Fig. 5.

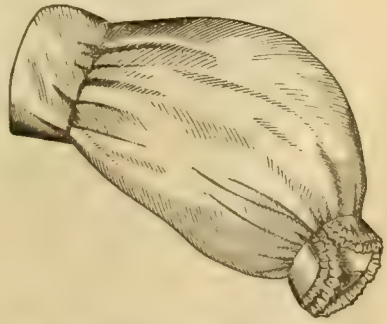


Fig. 5.—Sleeve to correspond with the above, very suitable for the Francis 1st, or ball dress sleeve.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

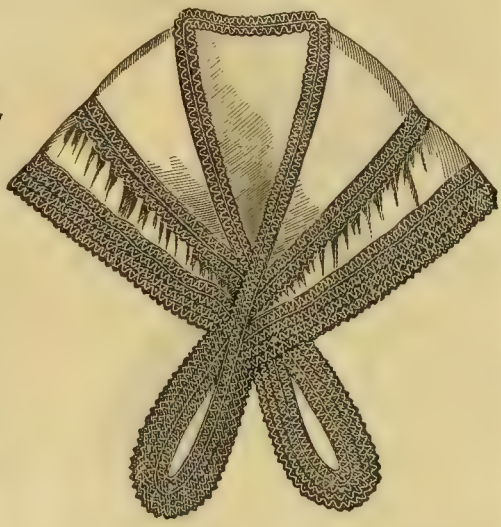


Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

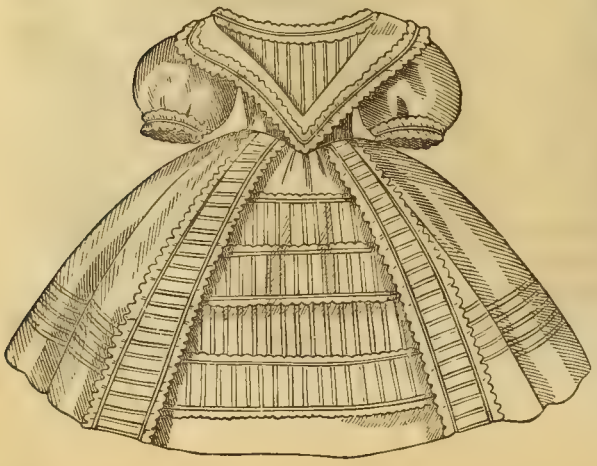


Fig. 6.—Habit-shirt and chemisette, intended for dresses with rolling collars, or revers; its advantage over the usual form is the addition of the chemisette, which covers the chest quite to the throat, and is at once stylish, and safely worn by persons who are obliged to use care in the protection of the chest. It is one of the favorite shapes of the season.

Fig. 7.—Mathilde fichu, composed of white muslin, with wash illusion quillings. It is very simple, and suitable for a young girl; the slight fulness of the flume insures a good fit on the shoulder.

Fig. 8.—A nice petticoat body for a little girl.

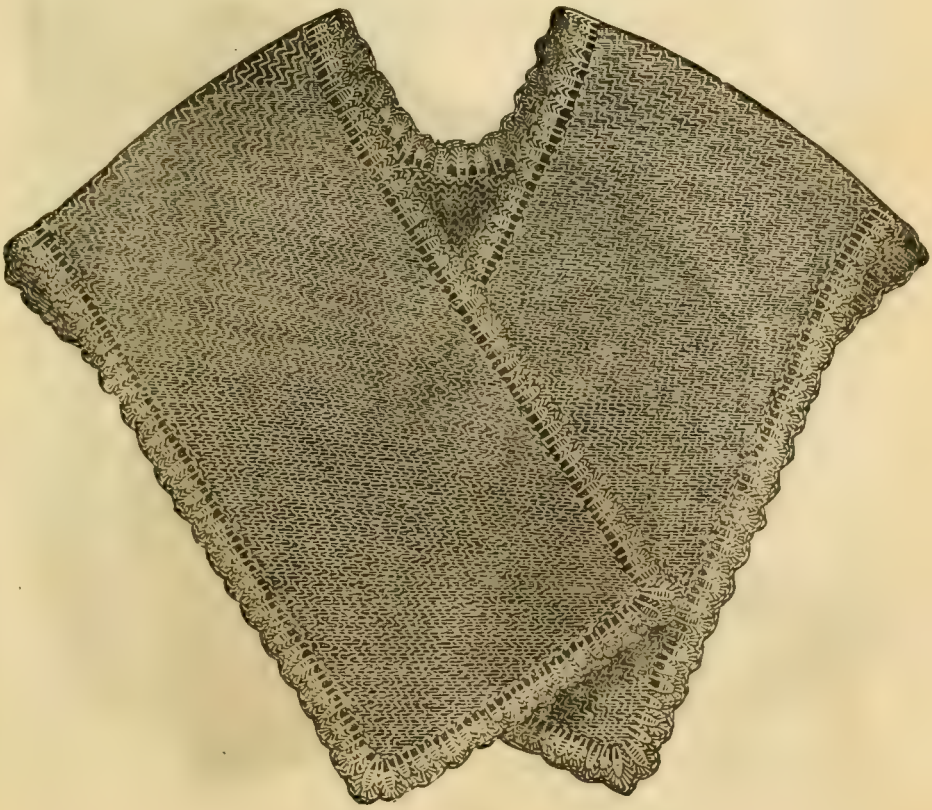
Fig. 9.—Little girl's walking-dress, made of buff pique, and trimmed with white braid.

A BEAUTIFUL MOSS BASKET.

The appearance of moss on the outside of ladies' baskets is produced by worsted of the same kind as that used for embroidery in worsted. Four or five shades of green, and as many of brown, in regular gradations, should be selected; the darkest shades of green being of an olive tinge, and the lightest of a yellowish hue, in preference to grass green, which has not the mellow autumnal tint of the colors before mentioned.

One skein of each color is sufficient for a pair of baskets. The shape, or body of the basket, is formed of pasteboard, and is usually round or oval, and made with or without a handle across, according to fancy. The pasteboard shape is covered, inside and out, with green silk; and if a handle be affixed, it should be sewn on, outside, where the joining will be covered by the moss, so that the silk may appear neat within. The worsted of each color should be wound into a separate ball, and knitted, either flat or round, like a stocking; a piece of thread should then be passed, by means of a needle, through the last row of loops or stitches, and fastened at each end, in order to prevent the knitting from unravelling. The worsted should then be thoroughly wetted or soaked in warm water, and placed in an oven of gentle heat until perfectly dry. After this, the respective pieces must be unravelled and made up into small bunches, which are to be sown so thickly on the silk, with which the outside of the basket is covered, as to leave no apparent spaces between them. Each bunch should be composed of about three shades of color made up in the following manner: The several pieces of knitting being selected, a few rows of each are to be unravelled, and all the ends being taken up at the same time, are to be held between the thumb of the left hand and the side of the hand, as low and near the joint as possible; the upper part of the thumb being then slightly relaxed, the worsteds are, with the right hand, wound round the thumb and finger of the left hand, like a figure 8, and held in that position while the middle, including the ends with which it began and left off, is sewed together with a piece of silk. The bunches should be placed in heaps, according to their respective shade, and sewn on the basket, according to taste, intermingling the hues, so as to avoid the appearance of formality.

ANOTHER FORM FOR A SONTAG.



NEW STYLES OF APRONS.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—Fancy apron of black silk, ornamented with a puffing of silk and rows of velvet.

Fig. 2.—Misses' apron. The bretelles being caught together by three silk bands. The apron is bordered by a pinked ruffle, and has a row of silk rosettes, with buttons in the centre, placed just above the ruffle. The pockets are covered by large bows.

LACE PATTERN IN APPLIQUE FOR NET AND MUSLIN.

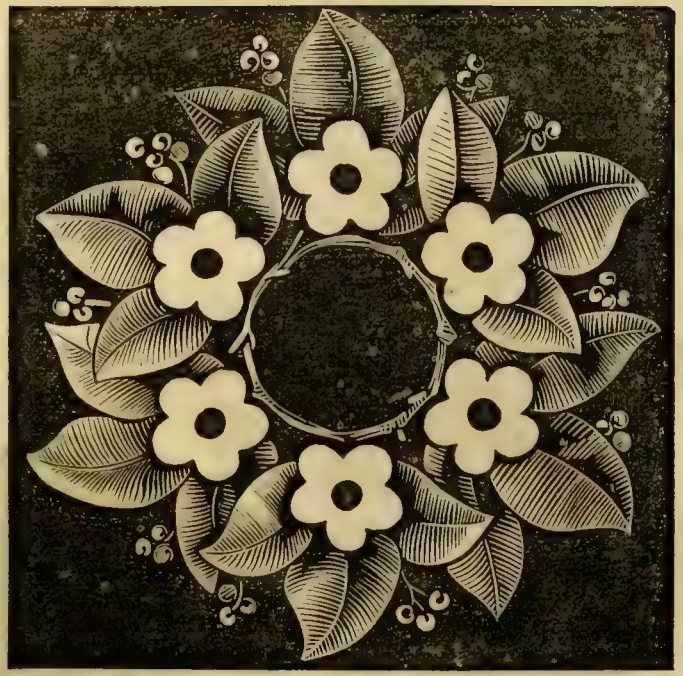
(*See engraving, page 24.*)

This design, when worked, will be found extremely pretty for trimming an evening dress. Round the top of a low body, and for forming short sleeves, either to a light colored silk, or a dress made of any white material, with the ends of a ceinture to match, worked in the same pattern, completes a very elegant dress, fit for any evening occasion. A clear, but not too fine Brussels net should be selected on which to commence the work, and a fine muslin, or still better, a cambric, should then be laid evenly over the net and tacked down at both edges and several places between. The pattern is then traced in soft embroidery cotton, and every line sewn over very neatly. The centres of the flowers are worked in solid spots on the net. All the intermediate parts of the muslin are then carefully cut away, leaving the pattern in the muslin. A finer embroidery cotton should be taken for sewing the lines over than that which is used for tracing the pattern. The outer edge should be finished with a line of fine buttonhole-stitch, as it requires to be a little stronger than the other parts. One of the sprigs would be sufficient to form the end of the ceinture.

KNITTED SOCK.

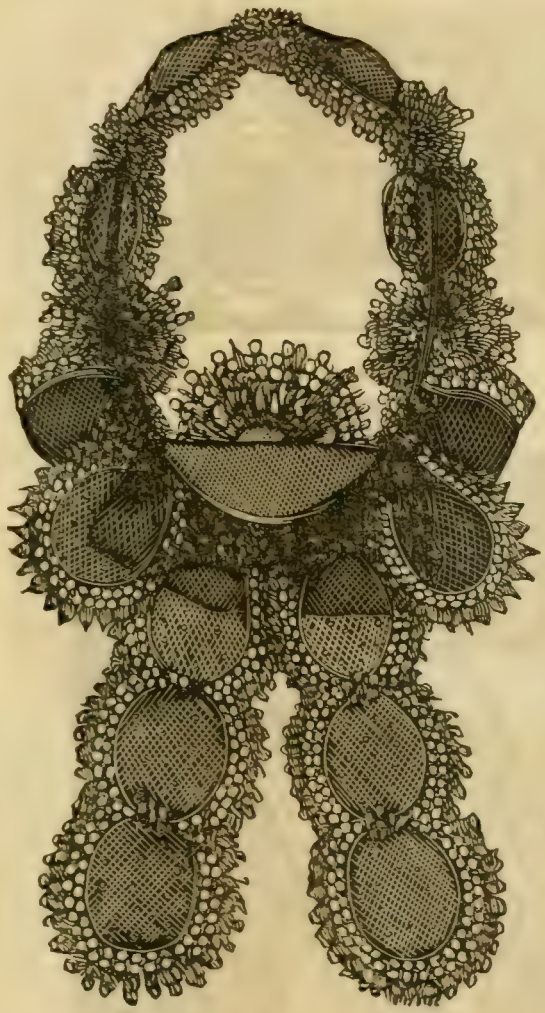
Knit the foot of the sock in ribbed stitch, and the top in an open fancy stitch.

PIANO CANDLE-WREATHS.



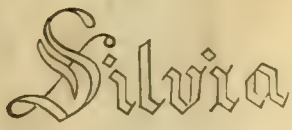
THESE little wreaths for the candles are quite easy to make, and have a very pretty effect. We give two patterns, both of which are equally simple to execute. The leaves must be purchased (we can supply them), as they are much more perfect than those cut out at home; these leaves must be mounted by placing a short length of fine wire at the back, and fastening it down by pasting a narrow strip of green paper over it, and twisting the remainder round the projecting wire, which forms the stalk; the berries are made of a little melted wax, colored with vermilion. A short length of wire, with green paper twisted round them, bent over at the end, and dipped into the wax, is the most simple process. These leaves and berries are twisted round another wire the length that the wreath is required, and a narrow strip of green paper is wound round it; the ends of the principal wire are then turned round to form two hooks, which are passed through each other, and the wreath is formed. The other pattern is made in the same manner, only instead of the berries it has flowers cut out in red cloth, with a black bead in the centre, and the leaves may be varied to suit convenience.

HEADDRESS.



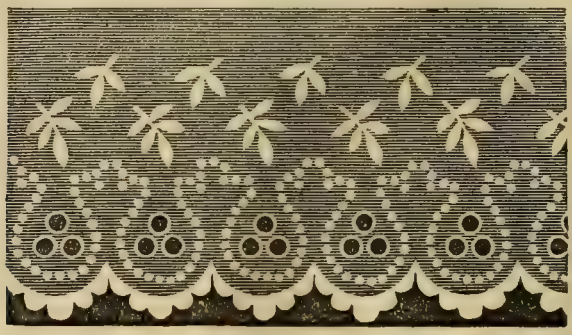
This little headdress is very simple, and very easily made. It is composed of two black lace lappets and six rosettes, the rosettes having in the centre of each a small gold star or ornament. Take a piece of wire, twenty-four inches long, bend it in the form shown in the illustration, and fasten a piece of coarse, stiff black net at the back, on which to arrange the bows and rosettes. Take the half of one of the lappets, fasten it on the wire in the middle of the front, and catch it down to the wire at intervals of three and a half inches, making the remainder of the lappet into a bow, with a short end falling on each side. The other lappet is then looped at the back, having two long ends falling in the centre; a large rosette is placed in the middle of the headdress behind, with rosettes of graduated sizes fastened to the wire where the lappets are caught down. The rosette in the middle is small, the two next rather larger, and the two at the sides larger still. For variety, the lace could be ornamented with gold stars, etc.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY.



GLASS BEAD FOOTSTOOL.—NO. 1.

MATERIALS required: Eight rows dark blue beads, five rows light blue, five rows white, seven rows yellow, ten rows deep green, four rows dark red, nine rows light red, and six black beads.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

Our readers will find the following instructions very easy to work from. There may appear to the uninitiated a redundancy of repetition, but some of the books on knitting are only adapted for proficients, and many a face is bent over them with an expression better fitted for working a problem in algebra.

The colors named will be found an improvement on the sickly hues too often employed.

We shall continue them throughout the year.

LADIES' MITTENS, IN NETTING SILK.

Black and green, black and scarlet, lilac, blue, white, etc. The pattern is given in black and green. Pins, 18. Sixty to sixty-four or sixty-six stitches are to be cast on (loosely), according to size. As an average size, we will say sixty. Cast on sixty stitches in *green*.

1*st row*.—Knit across plainly, and back in open work; that is, put the silk forward, and take two stitches together.

2*d*, 3*d*, *and* 4*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

5*th*—*Green*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work, as before.

6*th*, 7*th*, *and* 8*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

9*th*—*Green*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

10*th*, 11*th*, *and* 12*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch on the *left* hand side, in the *front* of the work (in the last stitch but one) in the 11*th and* 12*th* rows.

13*th*—*Green*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

14*th*, 15*th*, *and* 16*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, on the *left* hand side in the 15*th and* 16*th* rows.

17*th*—*Green*. Knit across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

18*th*, 19*th*, *and* 20*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 19*th and* 20*th* rows.

21*st*—*Green*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

22*d*, 23*d*, *and* 24*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one in the 23*d and* 24*th* rows, as before.

25*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

26*th*, 27*th*, *and* 28*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one in the 27*th and* 28*th* rows, as before.

29*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

30*th*, 31*st*, *and* 32*d*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 31*st and* 32*d* rows.

33*d*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34*th*, 35*th*, *and* 36*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 35*th and* 36*th* rows.

37*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

38*th*, 39*th*, *and* 40*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 39*th and* 40*th* rows.

41*st*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

42*d*—*Black*. Plainly knit 20 stitches only, on the *right* hand side, with a third pin, leaving the remaining stitches (which should now amount to 56) where they are, for the present.

43*d and* 44*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

45*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

46*th*, 47*th*, *and* 48*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

49*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

50*th*, 51*st*, *and* 52*d*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

53*d*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

54*th*—*Green*. Across *and* back in open work.

Cast off the twenty stitches loosely, which will form the thumb, returning to the other stitches (for the hand), resume at the *right* side.

42*d*, 43*d*, *and* 44*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in the *two last* rows.

45*th*—*Green*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

46*th*, 47*th*, *and* 48*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 47*th and* 48*th* rows.

49*th*—*Green*. As before.

50*th*, 51*st*, *and* 52*d*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

53*d*—*Green*. As before.

54*th*—*Green*. Across *and* back in open work, as before.

Cast off, loosely, the sixty stitches.

It is preferable to avoid *joining* the silk as far as possible, and it is very easily taken up the side of the work, if not drawn too tightly.

The other mitten is made precisely in the same manner, except that the *stitches are increased* at the *right* hand side, and *the thumb* formed on the *left*.

They are to be neatly *drawn together*, with a needle and black sewing-silk, on the *right* side; the lines being exactly matched, and any joints in the silk *sewn*, to prevent its coming untied.

The *green* must be a *bright* shade.

It is necessary, to prevent mistakes, to take particular notice that the *thumb* is *always* on the *opposite* side to the *increased* stitches.

BELL FLOWERS.

(*See engraving, page* 23.)

A PRETTY and simple manner of making a paper flower may be required for the numerous festive occasions of the season; we give a small design of one which is very graceful for different ornamental purposes. It is formed of a strip of pure white paper of about seven inches in depth and eight in length. Both edges are cut in a very fine fringe and curled over a knife. The two ends are then gummed together. A strong crochet thread is then tightly tied in the exact centre, which forms the two bell-shaped flowers given in the illustration. The leaves are cut out of the same kind of paper according to the design, and attached to the bells where they are tied in the centre, hanging down gracefully. About three in number are required for each double bell.

LAMP MAT IN CROCHET.

THE material is zephyr of five different shades —black, deep scarlet, orange, sea-green, and white. The centre, in plain crochet stitch, is of sea-green.

Make a chain of five stitches, and join by passing the needle through the first stitch and uniting it to the last. Form five rows of green, widening at first every third, then every fourth stitch.

The next row is of white, in close shell or pineapple stitch.

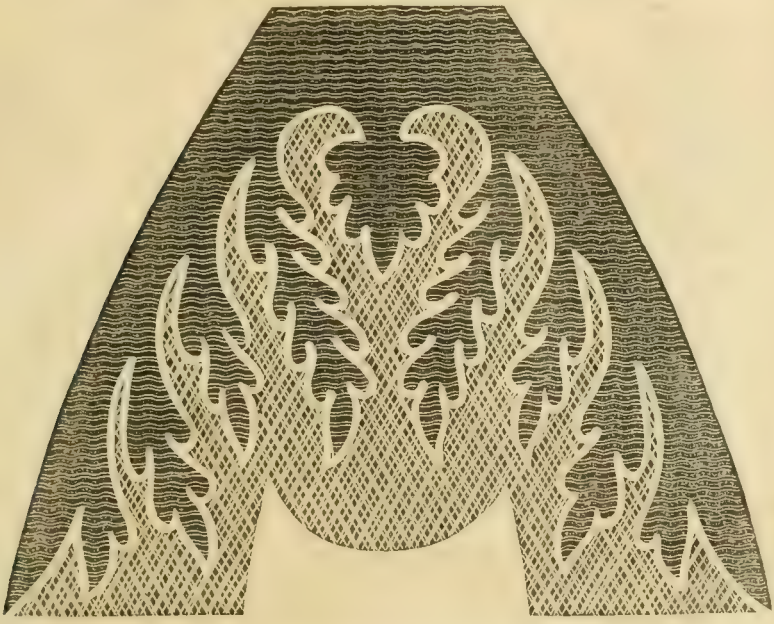
Again a row of green, four stitches in depth.

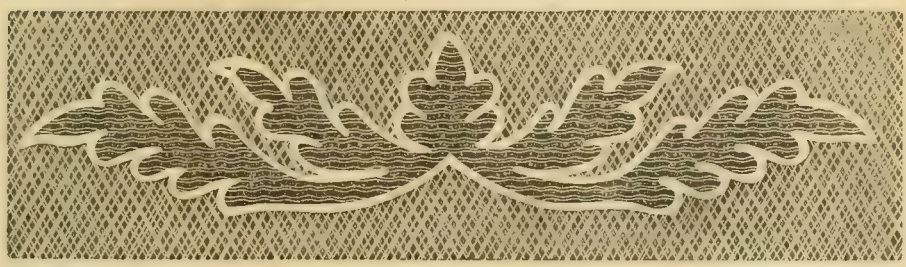
The next color is black, then whiet again, following the pattern, as given in the engraving, in the three colors, black, green, and white.

When the last row is made, take the scarlet for the border. Knit as seen in the engraving, of scarlet and orange, until the two last rows, the edge being of white, and the row next it black.

The effect of this mat, when it is neatly made, is very beautiful, and it is handsome for either lamp or vase.

CHILD'S SLIPPER, IN SILK AND VELVET APPLIQUE.



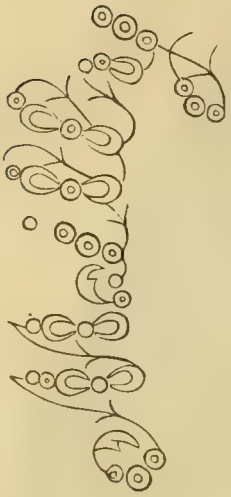


Materials.—Sufficient silk and velvet for the slipper of one color, but of two shades—say of green or mauve, the velvet to be a shade darker than the silk; a skein of sewing silk the same tint; about five yards of gold cord, *not braid;* a skein of gold-colored fine crochet silk, or twist, and a skein of very fine sewing silk the same shade as the gold. *A wide, rich lutestring ribbon will be found better than silk for the foundation of the slipper.* A sheet of white tissue-paper.

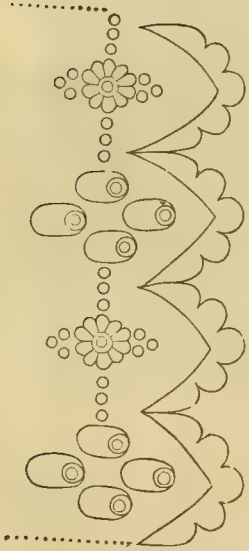
First, trace off on tissue-paper the pattern and size of the slipper; draw a line the exact size; then cut half an inch beyond this, which serves for turning in when the slipper is made up. Now, cut the silk and velvet to the extent of the paper pattern; tack these carefully together in several places; now tack the pattern carefully on, and with the yellow silk run, *very finely*, the pattern which is traced on the paper through paper, velvet, and silk, and also run the line which defines the size of slipper through the three substances also. Now tear away the paper, and cut the velvet close to the running of the pattern, though not so close but that it will be secure on the silk. Now, with the crochet silk or twist, overcast the velvet on to the silk, as if it were muslin; this must be thickly, but not too broadly, done. Finally—on the inside of this, close to the overcasting on the velvet—sew the gold cord with gold-colored silk round, making the stitch straight over the cord, if in the latter the gold is straight; but, if slanting, then with the stitch slanting. Bind the shoe with very narrow ribbon the same color as the silk; line with silk quilted on a layer of flannel.

EMBROIDERY.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING FOR A ZOUAVE JACKET.

EMBROIDERY.

Receipts, &c.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD AIR.

Air is as necessary to existence as food, and its total deprivation is still more rapidly fatal; but the quality of the air inspired is also of nearly equal importance, though this is not quite so readily proved. Nevertheless it is an admitted fact that pure air, uncontaminated by either decomposing animal, vegetable, or mineral products, is of the greatest consequence to the health of the human race.

ON EXERCISE.

Exercise comes next to air and food in its bearings upon the healthy development of the human frame, but its effects are dependent upon a very different chain of laws. In all machines made by man the workmanship is completed before the machine is calculated for use, and every day's wear and tear has a tendency to injure it, except in the case of very delicate instruments, which require a certain amount of liberty in their joints before they are at their best—as in musical instruments, for instance. But in the animal machine the use or exercise of an organ is necessary to its full development, and, *up to a certain point*, the more it is used the more fully is it developed. Thus, a blacksmith's arm is much larger, in proportion, than his leg; while the pedestrian's or opera dancer's leg is more fully developed than the arm. Whatever muscle is used in a more violent manner than the rest of the body becomes enlarged, and by its increase of size more powerful. But, besides this effect upon the actual muscles employed in any particular action, a proper amount of exercise also promotes the due performance of all the functions of the body, increasing the activity of the circulation, and in that way influencing the nervous system and the general secretory apparatus. All this is so fully recognized and well understood by those who have investigated the subject that it is almost unnecessary to allude to the fact; and it will probably be allowed as a rule by those who read these pages that exercise is necessary to the long enjoyment of health.

Exercise intended to maintain health may be taken in three different ways: 1st, by the use of the *organs of locomotion* in the natural way; 2d, by employing the natural *organs of offence or defence;* and 3d, by the use of *gymnastics*, or artificial exercises.

Locomotive exercises include walking, running, leaping, swimming, skating, and riding. These are all more or less desirable in strong and robust habits, and may be varied with advantage, so that they shall not become tedious or uninteresting. None of them are so serviceable to those who have recourse to them when they are not pleasant as they are to those who enjoy the muscular exertion which must be employed. Thus a mere walk taken for the sake of health degenerates into a disagreeable task, and does not promote health nearly so much as it would if voluntarily undertaken with some pleasant object in view. The same is the case with riding, skating, or swimming; they are always useful when they give pleasure, and, though not injurious, yet they lose a great part of their benefit when they are reluctantly employed, or when they have become tiresome by a too frequent repetition. No exercise is equal to walking or running, especially for the young who have just completed their growth, and who require a considerable amount of muscular exertion to carry off the quantity of nourishment which their appetites cause them to take, and which the growth of the frame has hitherto demanded.

Offensive and defensive exercise is no less useful to the body when it can be taken in a good and wholesome air; but, as is too often the case, it is comparatively valueless when the combatants exert their skill in a close and confined situation. The system of taking exercise by the *guarded* use of the organs of offence and defence is the most valuable of all those offered to man, because in this mode the mind is engaged as well as the body, and as a consequence the latter benefits much more than it does in a more tame and uninteresting muscular exertion, wherein one great object is lost sight of—namely, the stimulus to the nervous system.

Gymnastics have been invented to supply the place of both the previously described kinds of exercise, and for a time they succeed admirably. But it is only for a time, as it is always observed that the pupils of a gymnasium after a while lose their interest, and cease to derive any benefit. The exercises described under the two previous heads are generally included in an extended course of gymnastics, which term, indeed, literally means *exercises*, but in a limited sense it is used for those which are taught with a view only of developing the muscles, and preparing them for the further progress in walking, riding, fencing, etc. Thus mere swimming, though often taught as a part of gymnastics, is certainly not usually considered gymnastic, nor is riding or walking; and, therefore, it is better to confine the term to those exercises which may be carried out by means of an apparatus of poles, boards, etc., in a limited space, but in the open air. Such is the ordinary acceptation of the term; and when a similar object is to be carried out for the female sex, the term *calisthenics* is made use of. In both cases there is a call upon certain muscles of the body not generally used, and for the male sex a spirit of emulation is excited, which makes the effort much more beneficial. With the aid of this effect on the mind, gymnastics are of considerable benefit; but as this emulation cannot be kept up very long, the good effect soon ceases, and gymnastics proper must be replaced by some one of the exercises described under the two last paragraphs. For the female sex, calisthenics are always open to the same objection; and in their case, dancing, with the aid of the excitement produced by music, *in a healthy atmosphere*, is a much better substitute. I confess that, except as a mechanical aid for defects of formation, I have never seen much good derived from either one or the other, and in the case of the female sex less than in that of boys. When they are intended to remedy disease, the case is somewhat different; but for the purpose of maintaining health, I look upon pure gymnastics as only useful when employed as a good introduction to pedestrianism, riding, fencing, etc.

But, independently of detail, it should be impressed upon all young persons that nature has implanted in them a law which, if neglected, surely leads to disease. That law is, that every organ (with very few exceptions) becomes wasted by disuse, and that all are dependent one upon the other, so that if one set is allowed to lie dormant, all the others sympathize with it. This is even true with reference to the mental faculties, which require a healthy body in order to allow of their full play; while, at the same time, if the whole energies are wasted upon bodily objects, and the mind is allowed to

lie fallow, it will suffer in its powers, and gradually become more and more weak. But though muscular exercise renders the brain as well as all the other organs in a condition fit to exert themselves to advantage, yet it can do no more; and if they are still suffered to remain idle, in spite of the perfect condition of their machinery, no fault can be imputed to the bodily powers, on account of the high state of health in which they are existing.

The amount of exercise necessary for health is very variable, depending upon natural constitution, education, sex, and age. For men from twenty to fifty, eight or ten miles a day of walking exercise may be taken as the average; and for women of the same age about half this quantity will suffice. Less than this will go a great way, but for keeping up high health the above amount, omitted only on thoroughly wet days, may be considered necessary.

PRINCIPLES OF CARVING.

The general principles upon which carving is, or ought to be, conducted are very plain, and the only real difficulty consists in the necessity for practice to enable the carver to hit the joints, either between the several bones of a piece of mutton or veal, or in any of the various kinds of poultry or game. Each of these must, therefore, be separately considered; but with regard to butcher's meat, one rule may be laid down as almost, but not quite, invariable, and that is, always to cut across the fibres of the meat, and not in the same direction. This insures a short grain, and avoids those long strings in the mouth, which are by no means pleasant. If, therefore, the carver will only examine into this point, and ascertain the direction of the grain or fibres of the meat, he will at once be able to cross them with the knife, and gain the desired advantage. The exception alluded to is the under side of the sirloin of beef, which is always cut in the direction of its fibres, though I really do not see why, as it is much improved in flavor by cutting it in the same direction as the upper side—that is, parallel with the bones. This, however, is not a very easy task with a bad knife, as the meat is apt to slip from the bone. The next rule to be observed is to make the knife and fork assist each other—that is to say, the fork should steady the joint for the knife, or where the fork is used as the means of division in removing the leg of a fowl, the knife must take the office of steadying the body of the bird, and the same remark applies to the carving of any other kind of poultry or game; and, thirdly, it is very important, in an economical point of view, to cut all slices, either of meat, game, or poultry, completely down to the bone, so as to leave no ragged portions behind.

In carving fish, the following directions apply:—

In carving salmon, it is only necessary to take care to avoid breaking the flakes unnecessarily, by attempting to divide them at right angles with the long axis of the fish. There is a great difference in the flavor of the back, or thick part, and that of the thin part of the fish; and therefore most people like to be asked which they prefer. This being done, the knife is carried down to the bone longitudinally, and removes a thick slice of either or both, according to the choice.

Mackerel are split at the tail, and the upper half raised at that part from the bones; after which the bone is removed from the lower half of the fish, and that in its turn is served, either in one piece or divided into two, according to its size.

Most other small fish are carved much in the same way; that is, either by serving them whole, or dividing them with the knife into sections, according to size.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING JOINTS.

The haunch of mutton or venison is carved very differently by different people. The usual plan is to cut through the flesh between the leg and loin, and then to run the knife from this to the lower end of the loin, cutting parallel slices in that direction. A much better plan, however, consists in making these cuts in one sweep, carrying the knife directly from the outside of the leg to the end of the loin, and thus getting a beautiful long slice of lean, with the fat at the end. There is, also, a delicious mine of kidney fat in the loin of mutton, *under* the flank, which is often too high in venison; but if fresh enough, is even more rich and palatable in that meat than in mutton.

The saddle of mutton is carved in three different ways—1st, by longitudinal slices along each side of the bone, by which the lean and fat do not come in the same slice; 2d, by transverse slices, taking in the bones, and which therefore must be thick and clumsy; and 3d, by oblique slices, slightly curved, which is far the best plan, in which the knife begins at the bone near the tail, and, after cutting off the outside, takes a series of parallel slices all through the joint.

In carving a shoulder of mutton or lamb, the first thing for the young housekeeper to ascertain is the position of the bone, which is near the edge on one side. Here the knife must not be inserted, because it would be stopped at once; but by trying the opposite side a deep cut may be made, and from its two surfaces slices are readily obtained. When this part is exhausted, slices may be procured along the sides of the bladebone, and again on the under side some few good cuts will be met with.

The fore-quarter of lamb must be commenced by separating the shoulder from its bed, carrying the knife all round it, and raising it with the fork; after which a lemon should be squeezed into the cut surface, and a little pepper and salt then sprinkled over it; but all this may be much better done in the kitchen than on the dining-table. In order to carve this part, the same directions will apply as are given in the last paragraph; and for the remaining portion it is only necessary to separate the thin part, called the brisket, from the ribs, and then divide each into transverse sections. One rib is usually served to each plate, and with this many people like a small division of the brisket; but the question ought always to be asked before giving either or both.

A breast of veal is carved in the same way as the bed of the fore-quarter of lamb after the shoulder is removed.

The fillet of veal merely requires successive horizontal slices of meat to be taken off with a sharp knife, serving with each a small portion of fat and forcemeat, unless disliked by the person for whom it is intended.

A loin of veal is usually divided into two portions, the chump end and the kidney end. The latter merely requires to be divided into portions, at right angles with its length, every other one of which contains a bone, and the intermediate one is of meat only. Most people like some of the fat on the under side round the kidney spread on toast, and seasoned, when it eats like marrow. The chump end has the tail attached to its upper side, and this must be taken off horizontally, after which, successive slices of meat are served without any bone, which is all in one piece, and therefore not capable of being divided.

The shoulder of veal is carved like the shoulder of mutton by some people, but the best plan is to begin on the under side and then cut slices from the thick edge opposite the bone and parallel with it. When stuffed, a portion must be served on each plate.

The sirloin of beef is usually carved by cutting the upper side in slices, parallel with the bone, and commencing at the edge, the brown of which forms the first slice. On the under side the knife is generally made to cross the grain, cutting through the middle down to the bone, and removing slices on each side. This part, however, tastes much better if cut on the same plan as the upper side, that is, by commencing at the edge; but in this way the slices are small, and do not look so handsome, for which reason the ordinary mode is generally preferred.

The round of beef requires the same management as the fillet of veal.

The inferior joints of beef must all be cut by cutting across the grain. The brisket is no exception to this rule, the bones being neglected in carrying it out.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Brisket of Beef Stewed.—Stew it in sufficient water to cover the meat; when quite tender, take out the bones, and skim off the fat; add to the gravy, when strained, a glass of wine and a little spice tied up in a muslin bag. Have ready either mushrooms, truffles, or vegetables boiled, and cut into shapes. Lay them on and round the beef; reduce part of the gravy to a glaze, lay it on the top, and pour the remainder into the dish. It is a good piece to stew, as it may be cut from the bone, and of any size.

Broiled Rump Steak.—Cut the steaks about three-quarters of an inch thick, from a rump of beef that has hung until quite tender; let the gridiron be hot, well rubbed with beef suet, and the fire clear. Lay on the steaks, one by one, turning them frequently with *steak-tongs—a fork* should never be used; when brown on both sides, lay them on a hot dish, and send them instantly to table, for, if not eaten hot, the steak will become soddened. Should it not have hung long enough to be tender, beat it with a rolling-pin; put no salt on, or it will harden the steak. The grand secret is a quick clear fire, frequent turning, and quick cooking; for if the meat be long upon the fire it will be hard.

As regards turning it *frequently*, or only *once*, that must depend upon whether the steak is to be done in the usual way—that the gravy may not be drawn out on either side; or whether it is to be done "rare"—that is to say, very much *under*done. In the former case, the steak should be cut only half an inch thick, and turned *frequently*—but, if "rare," three-quarters of an inch thick, turning it only *once*, and the fire should be more brisk than in the former case; by which means the meat will be sufficiently scorched on both sides, without being burned. It is not eaten in perfection if served with anything else; a little minced shalot and a tablespoonful of ketchup may be put into the dish, and it may be garnished with horseradish; to pepper the steak is to spoil it.

Ten minutes will be sufficient to cook a large steak if it is to be done *rare*; but if well done, from ten to fifteen minutes.

The fat should be separated and put on the gridiron first and taken off last, so as to broil it half as long again as the lean. That makes it pulpy, like marrow.

To Hash Beef.—If the meat is raw, hang it till it is quite tender; then cut some thin slices, and put them into a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, a bunch of sweet-herbs, an onion, and a little pepper and salt; cover the stewpan close, and let them stew till tender; then put in a glass of port wine, and a tablespoonful of shalot vinegar. When it is warm, pour the gravy through a hair-sieve to clear it from the herbs and vegetables; then put it back into the saucepan with the hash, and thicken it with butter kneaded in flour, with a little brown sugar. This is an excellent dish, and may be made from the trimmings of large joints of meat.

If the meat has been cooked, mince a shalot and an onion; fry in a little butter; then add a spoonful of flour, a little gravy, and a spoonful of walnut liquor or ketchup. When it boils, put in the slices of beef cut thin; let them get hot through, but not boiled. Sliced potatoes and onions may be added if approved.

Observe that it is owing to *boiling* hashes or minces that they get hard. All sorts of stews, or meat dressed a second time, should be only simmered.

Leg of Mutton Roasted.—A leg of mutton intended for roasting should be kept longer than for boiling; it should be carefully attended to during the time it is hung up, constantly wiped to prevent any mustiness gathering on the top and below the flap, and in hot weather lightly dusted with flour or pepper to keep off the flies. The kernel in the fat on the thick part of the leg should be taken out by the butcher, for it taints first there; and the bloody part of the neck should also be cut off when first brought in.

Remove the thick skin very carefully: trim off the piece of flank that adheres to the fat, and flatten the fat with a cutlet-beater or chopper; cut off the knuckle, and nick the cramp-bone, to allow it to become more plump, as in the haunch. Put a little salt and water into the dripping-pan to baste the meat at first; but then use only its own gravy. Serve with jelly.

A leg of mutton is usually roasted whole, but can be divided advantageously for a small family. Cut the knuckle into a good-sized joint, and boil it until tender; but put a coarse paste over the lower part of the thick end to keep in the gravy, and roast it; or if the skin be raised gently from the outside of the leg, to about six or seven inches wide, two or three good slices may be cut off for steaks, and the skin then fastened down with skewers.

Boned Quarter of Lamb.—Take off the shoulder and bone it; stuff it with fine forcemeat, and skewer it in a handsome shape. Braise it with two ounces of butter, add a teacupful of water, stirring the braise until the gravy is drawn. Then cut the brisket into pieces, and stew them in white gravy: thicken it with cream and eggs so that it shall be very white; cut the long bones into chops and fry them; thicken the gravy of the braise, add anything vegetable in season. Place the shoulder in the centre of a dish with its own sauce, lay the brisket covered with white sauce round it, and place the fried chops at the edge.

To Broil a Fowl.—Split the fowl down the back; season it very well with pepper, and put it on the gridiron with the inner part next the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it of a fine brown, and serve it up with stewed mushrooms or a sauce with pickled mushrooms. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the

fowl is very large, half-roast it, then cut it into four quarters and finish it on the gridiron.

Wild Ducks must be roasted at a very brisk fire; they take from twelve to twenty minutes, according to taste. Some people are of opinion that they should only fly through the kitchen; by epicures they are considered to be in true perfection when they come up dry and brown, and, when cut, flood the dish with gravy. The means of insuring success consists in a very ardent fire, rapid motion of the spit, and constant basting. The carver should score the breast of the duck, put a piece of butter on it, and cut a lemon in half, putting on one half a spoonful of salt, and on the other a spoonful of cayenne; put the two together, and squeeze vigorously over the duck; then pour over them a wine-glass of hot port wine.

VEGETABLES.

To Dress Egg-Plant.—Parboil the egg-plants till they become soft, then cut them in half lengthwise. Scoop out the inside, leaving the skin whole; take half of a small onion to about seven egg-plants, with half a pound of butter, and put them over the fire in a pot for a few moments; then mix with it half a good-sized loaf of bread which has been soaked in milk; mix it all well together; put in salt, black and red pepper, and a little parsley, and let it stew an hour. Then take some grated toast and strew over it, and put it for half an hour over the coals on a gridiron, then return the mixture to the shells, and serve them.

To Fry Egg-Plant.—Cut the egg-plant into slices quarter of an inch thick; let it lie for several hours in salted water to remove the bitter taste. Heat a small quantity of butter; when very hot, put in the slices; turn them when one side is done. Let them cook thoroughly.

Winter Squash.—This requires rather more boiling than the summer kind. Pare it, cut it in pieces, take out the seeds and strings; boil it in a very little water till it is quite soft. Then press out the water, mash it, and add butter, salt, and pepper to your taste. From half to three-quarters of an hour will generally suffice to cook it.

Parsnep Fritters.—Boil six parsneps tender; then skin and mash them; mix with them one or two eggs well beaten, and two teapoonsfuls of wheat flour. Make them up in small cakes, and fry them in a little lard or beef gravy, made boiling hot before the cakes are put in. A little salt should be added to the lard or gravy.

Turnips in Gravy.—To a pound of turnips sliced and cut into dice, pour a quarter pint of boiling veal gravy, add a small lump of sugar, some salt and cayenne, or white pepper, and boil them quickly 50 to 60 minutes. Serve them very hot.

Potato Jelly.—Is made from the flour, only boiling water must be poured upon it, but care must be taken that it be absolutely boiling, or the complete change into jelly will not take place. It does not take many minutes to thus change a raw potato into this substance, which is not only highly nutritive, but extremely agreeable to the palate when flavored with a little sugar, nutmeg, and white wine.

To Boil Onions Plain.—Peel them and soak them an hour in cold water; put them into boiling milk and water, boil them till tender, and serve with melted butter. Or, boil the onions in two waters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cleaning Marble.—One quarter of a pound of pearl-ash, one pound of soft soap, and three quarts of water; boil for three hours, then bottle it. When used, mix some with whiting into a paste, spread it upon the marble, and let it remain for a day, then wash it off. Warm the paste before you use it.

To Take out Grease from the Leaves of Books.—After having warmed the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any fat body whatever, take as much of it out as possible by means of blotting-paper. Then dip a small brush in the essential oil of well-rectified spirits of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition (for when cold it acts but weakly), and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be kept warm. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, which is not completely restored by the first process: Dip another brush in highly rectified spirits of wine, and draw it in like manner over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border, that would still present a stain. By employing these means with proper caution, the spot will totally disappear, the paper will assume its original whiteness, and if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

To make Paper Fireproof.—To do this, it is only necessary to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum-water, and when thoroughly dry, it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and when this is the case, the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

Destroying Crickets.—I will tell you how I got rid of hundreds, by means of a common white glazed jar, about nine or ten inches high, put in the place they infest, with a slice or two of cucumber in it, and one live cricket, as a decoy. They will hop *in*, and strange to say, have not the power to hop *out*. When the jar is one-third full of insects, have it filled with boiling water. I got rid of them by this simple method.

Black Beetles may be destroyed in the same way; but the jar should be rough outside, so that the insects can creep up. With a jar of this kind, glazed with white inside, we have seen a great quantity destroyed, without any bait or decoy; the beetles, from curiosity, or some other motive, creep in, but cannot creep out again.

To Clean Turkey Carpets.—To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all got out; then, with a lemon or sorrel juice, take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterwards shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf; and if the weather is very fine, hang it out in the open air a night or two.

How to Renovate the Tops of Kid Boots.—Defaced kid boots will be greatly improved by being rubbed *well* with a mixture of cream and ink.

French Milk of Roses is made with rose-water; tincture of benzoin, tincture of storax; of each of the two latter one ounce put into the rose-water; to increase the scent a little spirits of roses is added.

Editors' Table.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO.

The present moment 's all our store;
The next, should Heaven allow;
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant, now.

CONGREVE.

In these four lines the poet describes, with the force and terseness of an apothegm, the life editorial. It is with us a perpetual *now*. Our New Year greetings seem but the echo of our Christmas good wishes; we feel that the multitude of patrons who will this day welcome the Lady's Book to their homes and hearts are the same noble, generous friends, or their counterparts, whose pleasant smiles and kind letters have been the sweetest record of our literary life. God bless you, dear friends! with his divine gifts of faith, hope, and love, is our earnest prayer.

This New Year may not—will not, we should say—bring success and earthly enjoyment to us all. The dark clouds of trials and sorrows are over our beloved country, and who can escape the shadow, even if sheltered from the bursting storm? Let us not despond. The Lord reigns; He can bring gladness out of gloom; the sunshine of his favor is happiness. If we all could enjoy this blessing; if we had faith in God, and could truly say "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven;" if we had hope in the promise that the Saviour came to bring "peace on earth and good-will to men;" if we had the true love (or charity) which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "envieth not," "thinketh no evil," "is not easily provoked"—in short, the love "that never faileth," but even to our enemies is kind and forgiving, might not we women of America do much to restore the peace, happiness, and prosperity of our beloved land? Should we not be teachers and exemplars of "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report?" Shall we not, beginning this day, seek to gain and use these good gifts and graces of heart, soul, and mind, that will make our influence, like the Divine Mercy, a blessing to the world, and render *eighteen hundred and sixty-two* forever memorable as the YEAR when WOMAN did what she could for the good of humanity?

QUIET CHANGES.

She kissed me and put a white flower in my hand,
And said it would last till the morrow;
But the love that had prompted the gift would live on
Forever—come joy or come sorrow.
The flower in my hand and the vow in my heart,
The words of our parting were spoken:—
Her love has been dead, oh, this many a year!—
Still fragrant, though withered the token.
The dream was as bright and as pure as a cloud,
Rose-tints from the morning light taking;
Yet so quietly passed it away from our hearts
That we never once thought of their breaking.

CHILDREN. (See Title-Page.)

The Garden of Eden is the freehold of youth. Children naturally live in the place of flowers all the year round. Turn to our title-page, you will forget that winter is over us, while you see the charming spring of human existence opening, for both sexes, in happiness, from the pure buds of infancy to the sweet blossoms of girlhood; while little brothers are the welcome playmates, and thus they are taught by smiles of love and home pleasures the lessons of innocent enjoyment; the memory and sweetness of these happy days will brighten the roughest and darkest paths of man's life.

In the gloom that now pervades the *present*, should we not turn our thoughts and hopes to the *future?* If we *must* pass through an ordeal of bitter affliction, at least these little ones may see happier days. How diligent, then, should we be in preparing the children under our care and influence, so that they may be fitted for the stage of life when we leave it!

Many parents, by mistaken indulgences, injure their buds of fairest promise, and thus the fruit is blasted; lovely, happy children become, as adults, discontented, disagreeable, and vicious. *Now* is always the season of duty when we see childhood before us. Women always have a great and glorious work ready for them, because they are the educators of humanity. Homes, schools, benevolent associations; these are means and places in and by which character is formed and citizens are trained for the weal or woe of the State. By right beginnings with the pliant minds of little children, by cultivating the good and correcting the evil tendencies of their dispositions, we, women of America, may do more to promote the real greatness and true happiness of our country than has as yet been done by legislators, philosophers, and warriors.

"Eschew evil, and do good," is the precept of the Apostle; in no other way can its realization be attempted so hopefully as with the waxen heart of infancy. Is it not consoling, when we see our own bright days passing away, our great expectations failing, to trust to the better improvement of time and opportunities in the lives of our children, because of their better training?

It is not in magnificent cities, nor in arts, science, wealth, devoted to material comforts and physical improvements, that the true glory of the age must be found; man is nobler than his best works; woman is angelic only in her faith and love when these are divinely directed to her duties. The children of the country are the true exponents of the character of this generation. If the youth of our land are in heart, soul, and mind trained in the way of righteousness and conscientiousness; if they have been taught that usefulness is the key of human happiness, that obedience to God's laws is the perfection of moral excellence, and that Heaven is the place of Holiness, where nothing that defileth can enter, then we may surely expect the Divine blessing of "well done" on the past, and the Divine aid in sustaining our path of duty through the present year.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

THERE is "sweetness" in "the hearty counsel of friends," so the Bible bears witness. It is pleasant to be praised. It is good as well as pleasant to know that what we have aimed to do, believing it to be right, doing it in faith, hope, and love, trusting that it would be beneficial to all who took interest in it, has been appreciated. In proof of this, we shall give extracts from letters that encourage us to go on in the course which is so warmly commended by disinterested friends, intelligent, accomplished, Christian women, whose favor it is our happiness to acknowledge thus openly:—

LETTER I.

P——, *Nov.* 1, 1861.

DEAR MRS. HALE: I take the liberty to send to you an extract of a letter received from an invalid friend, to whom I sent a huge pile of the Lady's Book, as a "companion and consoler of her vacant hours." Some of her praises of the Book, which I could not so properly address directly to yourself, may, I hope, be not unsuitable nor unagreeable as the grateful opinion of a third person. I should add that I consider the Book also quite "suited to the meridian" of a large and healthy family, and that the arrival of the Lady's Book in mine is the never-failing signal for applause and delight. Who shall get it first? One for this purpose, and one for that; one for "the Fashions," one for "the patterns," one for "the rest of the story," and one for "the newest plan of a cottage." Each and all are eagerly and impatiently waiting their turn. I, who know they will all be satisfied in time, can only pray them to be quiet, and let their mother finish Mrs. Haven's last sketch, in deference to age and importance. If you could only see their faces, you would need no more complimentary testimony to the attractions of the Book.

But I am running on, when I meant only to give you a note from my invalid correspondent. You must know she has been confined for more than a year entirely to her couch, from the effects of a fall, and is indebted to her friends for such alleviations of the tedium of a constrained position and the confinement of a sick room as they may be able to offer her.

Most truly yours, * * *

(*Extract.*)

"Thanks, my dear E——, for the pile of good things you were so kind as to send me, and which I now return, without their suffering any injury.

Nobody who has not been confined week after week and month after month can have any idea of the weary occupation of the mind with pains and aches, nor how a little diversion is a great blessing. Many of the hours seem so leaden-winged, I long so for noon, for night, for morning; I long so for the little rarity, the trifling delicacy; I fret so at the pain, the slow ache; I vex myself with refuting the good things that have been said about convalescents and the joys of the sick room; I look for the improvement which adversity should have brought, and find only fretfulness, impatience, and hopelessness.

In this state, too ill in body and brain to undertake a book; too weak to lift 'The Netherlands,' too languid to touch 'Great Expectations,' which has been lying in wait for the last fortnight, think of my delight at receiving by express a nice, great bunch of Lady's Books! Enough, and not too many; light, easily handled, they don't tire me. Full of stories, long, and not too long; and wise, and not too wise, the gentle excitement was good for my tired brain, which wanted occupation and relief.

Then you will be glad to know that I have embroidered a quantity of watch-cases, from the pattern in the June number, and have been entirely successful. In time you shall have better proof than even my assertion of this. I was so glad to find something so easy to hold in my hand, and so pretty in itself.

The last number gave Jenny the newest fashions and a pattern for the boys to draw from. I am ashamed to tell you how many plans of houses I have drawn out, lying here, sometimes copying from Mr. Sloan's designs, but oftener varying his suggestions, and literally making castles in the air. When I first began, my staircases were necessarily ascended round a pole in the middle of the edifice, or my drawing-room would be discovered without a window, possibly; but by degrees I am found capable of much architectural acuteness and ability, and am considered great in the matter of building closets. This agreeable variety to my long day I owe to your Lady's Book, too. You have said much, but not too much of its merits, for, though you have dwelt rather on the good spirit of its literature, its attention to the development of feminine traits, and its usefulness in directing the young mind to high and worthy aims, I was not prepared for its amusing variety of instruction. I can truly say it is a good thing in a family, and do not wonder at its popularity, though this is really the first time I have seen it."

LETTER II.

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 20, 1861.

DEAR MRS. HALE: Many thanks for that exquisite volume, "Agnes and the Little Key."* It has indeed proved a "balm to a wounded spirit." I cannot conceive of a "memorial monument" more touchingly beautiful and delicate than this. Truly Dr. Adams, in the record of his own earthly sorrows, has spoken to all who are in affliction throughout a mourning world.

A friend tells me that every incident through the whole book is literally true, that "little Agnes" was his own first-born, and that the wife who at that time soothed his sorrows now sleeps by the side of Agnes. What a beautiful tribute he pays her memory when, speaking of his own deep grief and her efforts to comfort him, he says:—

"She had the greatest skill in managing my feelings at all times, without any show of power over me. I worshipped her, almost, as a superior being, leading, guiding me in times of great excitement, and always bringing me out with self-respect, and with augmented reverence for her."

How I wish this could be said of more of our wives and mothers! Is it not for want of thoughtfulness, and judgment that there are so many unhappy homes? How true that it "is more easy to win love than to keep it!" And yet, my dear Mrs. Hale, do you believe, if the *same* constant effort was used to keep the affections warm which was used at first to win them, that love would ever change? Is it natural to suppose that a man will forget to love a being whom he has chosen to adorn his home, to cheer and welcome him when his day's labor has ceased, one around whom all his hopes cluster, and for whose life he would lay down his own? Would it not be well if every wife who sees her husband is absenting himself from his home, or feels his love is grow-

* Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

'ng cold, to ask herself, Have I done all in my power to keep the love which once was mine?

Cousin William, in speaking of his wife a few days since, said, "he little knew what a gem he was winning in Kate; that she was so high-minded, honorable, and thoughtful that each day he found something new to admire in her character, and that he felt confident she would always honor his choice." How many might receive the same commendation if they would only study to make their homes the chief centre of attraction!

Katie was not a little amused and gratified a few evenings since. It was dark and rainy, cold and dreary; with her usual thoughtfulness, she dressed herself as neatly as possible, kindled the fire a little brighter than usual, and, throwing her husband's dressing-gown and slippers upon his favorite chair, seated herself at the piano, and commenced playing a sweet but lively air, when Mrs. Brown, her husband's mother, who was visiting her, came into the room, and, seeing everything so bright and cheerful, exclaimed—

"Why, Kate, are you expecting any one this rainy night?"

"No one but my husband," replied Kate, smiling. "It was so cold and cheerless without that *I* thought I would make my home more attractive, if possible, than usual, so that William will feel that, however the outer world may change, whatever storms there he may have to buffet, or tides to stem, his home *will ever be cheerful* and his *wife ready to welcome him with a smile.*"

"Kate," said Mrs. Brown, at the same time imprinting a kiss upon her lips, "we all ought to love you; if for no other reason, because of your entire devotion to your husband."

I could not help contrasting Kate with Cousin James' wife.

Ann is a good, kind woman, but seems to lack judgment. She is very agreeable all day, and I enjoy visiting her very much, for you know she is quite an intelligent woman; but the moment James comes into the house she commences complaining, and she continues to do so until he retires for the night. You know, my dear Mrs. Hale, that the spirit of fault-finding and complaining grows fearfully upon any one if they allow themselves to indulge in it. There is enough in this world always to trouble us, and unless we make it a conscientious principle to look at the bright side of everything, and avoid speaking or dwelling upon those things which are disagreeable, we lose half the enjoyment of life, and make ourselves and all about us unhappy. I have sometimes thought if Cousin James was not one of the best men in the world, he would never pass an evening at home; yet no person can, if they choose, make themselves more attractive than Ann. I do not think she is aware how this habit of fault-finding has grown upon her. I have sometimes thought it was our duty to tell her, lest her husband, after a time, should weary of constant complainings, and pass his evenings at a club-house or some place of amusement. But you, my dear friend, are familiar with these matters; your Lady's Book is the constant advocate of household accomplishments and has been the means, under the divine blessing, of making many a home happier and better by its examples of character and teachings of the right way. Most truly your friend, * * * *

Books for Home Reading and Family Libraries.—Two kinds of literature are particularly suited to the present state of the public mind, viz., religious works; we have noticed many such published by the Carters of New York, Lincoln & Edwards of Boston, and others. Next to these the standard poets, English and American, are of great merit in elevating the imagination and purifying the taste of the young, now exposed to the demoralizing influences which constant excitement always produces, and which the wild and often false rumors, so rife on every side, cannot fail of increasing fearfully. Girls, as well as boys, are, under this delusion, rendered careless, if not incapable of common modes of mental improvement. They need reading that appeals to the heart and the imagination with power to compel attention, while its lessons shall be the highest truth in the most attractive form. Poetry, over many young minds, has this power. We intend giving a list of these *best books* in some of our notices.

A Noble Example.—Among the names of women whose deaths last year made many mourn, we must not omit from our Record the Lady Jane Ogilvy, of Baldoran, near Dundee, Scotland. She was the daughter of the late Earl of Suffolk, and wife of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart. The noble pair possessed kindred sympathies for the poor, the sinning, and the suffering. In 1848, Lady Ogilvy founded "The Home," an institution for the reformation of fallen women, and sustained it from her own purse. A year or two after, she established the Baldoran Orphanage. In 1853, with her husband's assistance, she founded an asylum for idiot children, which they jointly maintained. Last year she organized, in Dundee, a Convalescents' Hospital. Her private charities were also very great, and bestowed with remarkable judgment.

Women's Union Mission Society of America for Heathen Lands.—One year ago this day we told our readers of the plan of sending Christian women as teachers to Christianize and civilize heathen households.

Mrs. Ellen B. Mason, wife of Rev. Francis Mason, Baptist Missionary in Burmah, had founded a School for Karen girls; it had proved eminently good and useful, and become self-supporting. We asked our friends to assist in founding, on a similar plan, a School for Burmese girls. Mrs. Mason was here soliciting aid. The prospectus was sent out. The plan required $2,000 a year for five years. This money to be raised by one hundred ladies, Collectors, each one pledging to collect and pay over $20 per year for five years. Ladies of all Christian denominations were invited to unite in this effort; each denomination to have its share of the benefits of these Missions. We have now the pleasure of recording the full success of our plan. We have the *one hundred Collectors*, formed by the union of Episcopalians, Presbyterians (O. S. and N. S.), Baptists, Methodists, Congregational, and Dutch Reformed Christian women, all earnest co-operators in this work of faith, hope, and love.

The subscriptions for 1861 (over $2,000) are paid in. The teacher, Miss Sarah Hall Marston, for the Burmese School is on her way to that Mission; the teacher for Calcutta, to be devoted to the instruction of poor Hindoo widows, is provided for, and funds are ready for native Bible-women, one in each mission, of all the denominations united in the work.

Have we not good reasons for thankfulness? Nor have we recorded all the good gifts: a Sewing-Machine, of the best kind, from Wheeler & Wilson—a box of valuable medicine from Perry, Davis, & Son—and donations

amounting to over $100, sent the Editress of the Lady's Book for this Mission—these are to be added.

We consider that the past year has conferred on our country a great blessing in the formation of this Mission of Woman to Woman. Shall the present year fail to carry on the wonderful work? Read the book* Mrs. Mason has written to show what has been done in Burmah, and you can hardly fail of giving us—at least—your sympathies.

THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL OF PHILADELPHIA.—An institution known as the "Women's Hospital of Philadelphia," was chartered by the last legislature. The Managers have opened, for the reception of patients, a commodious building on North College Avenue, near the Girard College. The Hospital is designed for the treatment of non-contagious diseases of women and children. Mrs. E. H. Cleaveland, one of the Professors of the Female Medical College, is the Resident Physician. She has just returned from a visit of inspection to the hospitals of Europe.

We shall have more to say about this Hospital.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We accept the following: "Carrie's Doings"—"After Ten Years of Wedded Life"—"Aunt Debby's Visit to Brother Reuben's Folks"—"Our Life Boats" (the other poems not wanted, nor prose articles at present)—"Ennerstine"—and "Our Amy."

We decline these articles: "Father Anselm's Love"—"Song"—"Musings"—"How Lovely"—"Dead"—"The Weather"—"Evangel" (the writer can do better)—"Migration and its results"—"My Sister and I"—"Sing Merrily"—and "Never write Letters."

We have other MSS. on hand to report next month.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—WHERE SHALL THEY BE EDUCATED?—If regular physicians would give that encouragement to the medical education of woman which might be expected from a profession which boasts of its liberality and philanthropy, and which is so urgently demanded by the wants of the community, all of our principal medical colleges would have a separate course of lectures for the special benefit of women who might wish to qualify themselves for the practice of Medicine. This might be done very readily by having a suitable corps of instructors to deliver a course of lectures in the interim between the regular courses.

The advantages of such an arrangement are numerous and obvious. We will only mention some of the most prominent of these.

1*st.* The great expense of erecting new college buildings would be saved.

2*d.* Woman could be assured of a regular orthodox education, untainted by the errors and corruptions of quackery.

3*d.* Being regularly received into the profession and being greeted by the approving smiles of regular physicians, they would become our warm personal friends, and the strongest advocates of the claims of regular scientific medicine, instead of enemies to us, and perhaps to our cause. But we fear, from present indications, that this policy will not be adopted, and that women seeking a medical education will be forced to obtain it either in some irregular college, or in separate independent institutions designed for their exclusive benefit. Two such colleges have already been established under favorable auspices—one in Boston and the other in Philadelphia. They both have a full corps of professors; and as we have reason to believe that the course of instruction is as thorough and as regular as that of our men's medical colleges, we wish them great success in the cause in which they are engaged. And this success, we verily believe, will be attained whether regular physicians favor or oppose. Educated female physicians or doctresses is a want of the age, and the want *will be supplied.*

In our opinion, the day is not far distant when medical colleges for the education of woman will be needed in the West, and in the South, as well as in the North. And as the multiplication of such institutions will increase the facilities for obtaining a medical education, and consequently the number of students, we hope to see the day when each of the three great sections of our country will have at least one flourishing college for the medical education of women. These colleges should be liberally endowed by private contributions, and their success thus placed beyond all contingency. Will not the women of America sustain the colleges already established, and aid, by their influence and by their contributions, in erecting others whenever and wherever needed?

A SAD PICTURE OF ALCOHOL AND ITS DOINGS.—Professor S. H. Dickson, in a last year's lecture before the students of Jefferson Medical College, says: "All Christendom should shudder at hearing that, while yet the Asylum for Habitual Inebriates, undertaken to be built by the munificent State of New York, is not half finished, applications have been made for reception by not less than twenty-eight hundred of these unfortunates; of which number—it is enough to make one's heart bleed to record it—upwards of four hundred were women! Not women of the pariah cast, which society makes and then tramples in the mire, but women in a condition, either of themselves, or through their friends, to bear the expense of such accommodations."

Another writer, speaking of the causes of intemperance, makes the following remarks, which are peculiarly appropriate when applied to women: "The *causes* of intemperance are not to be found in the glittering temptations of the bar-room, nor sensuous seductions of the sparkling cup. They are found in wrong-doing on the part of the parents, who, *conceiving* children in physical sin, train them, by example and precept, to a false, artificial, and unnatural life; illustrating in their own lives the effects of their personal follies, and transmitting depraved appetites to their offspring, who, with such an inherited tendency, find vent for their clamorous appetites and passions in debauchery and sensuous indulgence."

* "Great Expectations Realized."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

LADY MAUD; THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE; *or, Earl Gower: or, The Secret Marriage.* By Pierce Egan, author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Love Me, Leave Me Not," "Lady Blanche," etc. etc. We do not deny but Mr. Egan has produced an attraction, perhaps a fascinating book, and one in which there is no ordinary amount of talent and skill displayed; a book, moreover, which is likely to obtain an extended circulation, and find multitudes of admiring readers. But we never greatly appreciated romances whose characters are made to stalk through the story like actors upon a stage, throwing themselves into theatrical postures, and declaiming, at every opportunity. And the author of this book is particularly hard upon the poor individuals whom he has seen fit to bring before the public; keeping them constantly upon the strain, and compelling them into all sorts of melodramatic absurdities. The book is somewhat carelessly written, grammatical inaccuracies occasionally marring the page. Price $1 25.

THE ZOUAVE DRILL. *Being a Complete Manual of Arms for the Use of the Rifled Musket, with either the Percussion Cap or Maynard Primer.* Containing also the Complete Manual of the Sword and Sabre. By Col. E. E. Ellsworth, Late Colonel of the Regiment of the New York Fire Zouaves, and late Colonel commanding of the United States Zouave Cadets of Chicago. With a Biography of his Life. The title of this book is sufficient in itself to recommend it to general attention. Price 25 cents.

—

From JAMES CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia:—

THE SKELETON MONK, *and other Poems.* By Francis de Haes Janvier. Our readers, familiar with that beautiful ode, "The Union Forever," will warmly welcome this volume, by the same elegant writer. Mr. Janvier excels in the language of poetry; its difficult, varying measures seem like playthings to him, flowing from his pen as his natural mode of expression. This is a rare gift and marks a high degree of merit in the true poet. The volume contains over forty poems, the longest, "The Skeleton Monk," is a legend of strange power, with its wild fancies, quaint humors, and perfection of rhythm, rhyme, and diction. This will especially please men. Our lady friends will find "The Voyage of Life" an exquisite poem. Many of the shorter pieces, particularly "Dreamland," "Spring," and "Two little Stars," are rich in the peculiar beauties of the author's genius, fine fancy, tender sensibility, and the moral vigor of soul which gives expression to the noblest feelings of humanity, not as poetic flourishes, but as the sacred principles of life and conduct. The Elegiac poems are remarkable for deep pathos and variety of delineating true sorrow; while the patriotic songs stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. We think these poems must bring Mr. Janvier not only high praise for talents, but for the higher merit of genius devoted to pure morality, that there is in the book "no line in dying he would wish to blot."

—

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

A GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETESSES. *With an Introduction.* By Henry Coppée, A. M., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. While looking over this splendid volume, containing nearly a hundred illustrations and selections from about sixty popular writers, we felt deeply grateful to the man of letters who has devoted so much care and displayed such rare judgment in selecting specimens of woman's genius. Here we have the exquisite gems of thought and feeling which the feminine intellect has produced in the highest domain of literature—poetry. So many and varied excellencies of imagination, taste, learning, and religious feeling are rarely found in one book; and the perfection of the illustrations add greatly to its value. We think this "Gallery" of beauty and genius should adorn the centre-table of every lady who can afford to display such a perfect collection of feminine literature. It is only the well-merited tribute of respect we owe Professor Coppée when we thus praise this volume, and commend it as a New Year's present, which will keep his name in remembrance as the eulogist of woman.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE OKAVANGO RIVER. *A Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By Charles John Anderson, author of "Lake Ngami." With numerous Illustrations, and a Map of Southern Africa. Mr. Anderson, in his present work, gives the result of his explorations in South Africa between the thirteenth and twenty-third parallels of latitude, explorations embracing more than a year in duration, and which were conducted in spite of many serious obstacles. He has given a careful account of the appearance of the country, as well as of its productions and animals, and of the few natives that he fell in with during his journeys. He has also added material information concerning the coast and rivers, and their practicability for the uses of commerce, partly the result of his own observation, and partly gathered from the descriptions of previous navigators and travellers. Though the book is minus the gorilla hunts of du Chaillu, there are numerous adventures with elephants and lions to make amends for this. Price $2 00.

THE LAST TRAVELS OF IDA PFEIFFER: *Inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar.* With a Memoir of the author. Translated by H. W. Dulcken. This book, edited by the son, and prefaced by a brief biography, of the remarkable woman whose last travels it describes, gives from Mrs. Pfeiffer's own notes a full and interesting account of her journey to Madagascar, and her observations and discoveries while there. Though the style is simple and straightforward, still the reader cannot fail to perceive in these writings the evidences of a mind deeply observant, and of more than common breadth and capability. She displayed all the characteristics of the true traveller, and the records of her journeys should be faithfully preserved and duly prized, as the labors of one who has done much for science and general knowledge. Price $1 25.

From Rudd & Carleton, New York, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH; *or, Maid, Wife, and Widow.* A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade, author of "Never Too Late to Mend," "Peg Woffington," "Love me Little, Love me Long," "White Lies," etc. With due regard for, and a high appreciation of the productions of Dickens, Lever, Collins, Brooks, and others who have favored the world with some of their best efforts during the past twelve months, we yet scarcely hesitate to say that Reade, in the work under consideration, has in artistic skill surpassed them all. His novel will compare favorably with the best of Walter Scott's, and is worthy to go down to posterity side by side with those of that illustrious author. It is a historical novel, the scene laid in Holland, and the period the latter part of the fifteenth century. That it is a faithful picture of those times no one need doubt, for the author has evidently been a careful student of the works of Erasmus, the pictures of Van Eyck, and those of other mediæval writers and painters. The hero and heroine of the story are none other than the parents of the former, while a sister of the latter occupies a place of minor importance. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Erasmus for "some of the best scenes" of his book, and therein Mr. Reade shows the power of his genius to the best advantage, by his skilful adaptation to his own story of these numerous quotations from that author. It is not so much a new field that he has entered, but rather an old, forgotten mine that he has opened to us with all its treasures. The author's own peculiar quaintness of style, together with the language, descriptions of costumes, etc., all in harmony with the period which it chronicles, serve to render the book little less than a literary curiosity, completely a literary treasure. Price $1 25.

ESSAYS. By the late George Brimley, M. A., librarian of Trinity College. With an introduction by R. H. Stoddard. Before having quite completed the perusal of the "Recreations of a Country Parson," the above-named volume of essays has been laid upon our table, and we find ourselves all the better prepared to appreciate it from having the remembrance of the beautiful thoughts and chaste language of the "Country Parson" still fresh. These essays, or rather reviews, have for their subjects the works of various poetical and prose writers, among whom are numbered Tennyson, Wordsworth, Bulwer, and Dickens; and the essayist has proved himself competent to the fulfilment of the self-imposed task by appreciating with the rare faculty of a kindred genius all their merits, and entering into their thoughts with the subtility of a rarely refined mind. Price $1 25.

THE LAST POLITICAL WRITINGS OF GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, U. S. A. *With a Sketch of his Life and Military Services.* The substance of this volume consists of a series of articles written by the late General Lyon, in the summer and fall of 1860, and contributed to a western journal. The memoir is brief, and appears to have been hastily written, or perhaps thrown together. Price $1 00.

EUGENIE GRANDET; *or, The Miser's Daughter.* From the French of Honoré de Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. This book is no doubt a tolerably faithful picture of French life and French character, and that must be its chief recommendation to the reader. Monsieur Grant is well and naturally drawn, while his daughter, Eugenie, is represented as simple and artless to a degree unknown and scarcely to be understood in our country. "Big Nanon," the faithful servant, shows a touch of nature in her affection for her master and his family; while Charles Grandet displays the predilections and vices of a fast Parisian gentleman. There are, to our belief, many French authors whose works would be better appreciated, and who, avoiding the French view, and taking a more general one of life, are free from the greatest faults of the writer under discussion. Price $1 00.

—

From Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

EAST LYNNE; *or, The Earl's Daughter.* By the author of "The Heir of Ashby," "The Earl's Secret," etc. A well-written romance, in which is illustrated by a powerful and capable pen the sorrow and remorse that must invariably follow the commission of sin. As the story progresses it enlists to the utmost the attention and sympathies of the reader, and the finale is pathetic to the last degree. Price 50 cents.

—

From Cassell, Potter, & Galpin, New York:—

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Parts 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, and 38. This is truly a magnificent work, far surpassing anything of the kind ever before published in this country. Price 15 cents per part.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Parts 27, 28, and 29. This history has reached the ornithological department, and is profusely illustrated. Price 15 cents per part.

—

From Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, through Wm. S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia:—

PARLIAMENT IN THE PLAY-ROOM. By A. L. O. E. This is a spirited and well-told story by a favorite author, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that her work will be not only interesting but improving.

WEE DAVIE. By Norman McLeod, D. D., author of "The Gold Thread," etc. A most touching and interesting account of the power of a little child to soften the heart by his life, and by his death to raise the thoughts of the sorrowing survivors to his eternal home.

—

SELF-SACRIFICE: *or, The Pioneers of Fuegia.* Compiled for the Presbyterian Board of Publication by Sarah A. Myers. Philadelphia. This volume contains a very interesting and pathetic account of the attempt made by Captain Gardiner, and his devoted assistants, to carry the light of Christianity to the forlorn outcasts of Terra del Fuego and the adjacent mainland. Unsuccessful as it was in its direct object, the mission has done a great work by giving us such examples of devotion to God and to man. The story is told in a very lively and graphic style, and cannot fail to interest those who read it.

—

JUVENILE BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We have received from the Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union several volumes suited for young people.

ROUND THE FIRE—by the author of "Mica," and "Uncle Jack the Fault Killer"—is perfectly fascinating to children from five to ten years old, from its simplicity and pathos of style, and the dramatic interest of its incidents. It is a collection of tales; six little girls, sitting round a Christmas fire, are supposed to tell incidents in their own lives. Each tale impresses, without a word

of "preaching," or a sentence of "moral," some important Christian truth or duty. We can scarcely commend the book too highly.

THE BROTHER'S WATCHWORD ranks with the "Sunshine of Greystone" and "Lewis's School Days," as to the ages of the readers it is intended for, and in real value. Each story is made to bear upon the effect that a constant realization of God's presence will have in the guidance, comfort, strengthening, and perfecting of our lives. Its motto is "Seeing Him who is invisible."

IDOLS IN THE HEART. By A. L. O. E. Suited to young people of the same age, and characterized by the well-known excellence and directness of purpose which are ever possessed by these well-known initials. The idea of the book is this, that each person cherishes some idol, which stands between them and their duty to God; often unconsciously, and that God so directs the circumstances of the lives of his children as to reveal to each his idol, and to "break it to their faces," centering all their affections upon him, while those who persist in turning away are punished by the very idol so fatally cherished. It is a tale of much power, and illustrates its moral clearly.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR JANUARY.—But what year are we in? Really, they roll round so fast that we can hardly keep the run of them. Yes, thank you, 1862 it is, and the Lady's Book in its thirty-second year. Well, we can't make a speech here; it is already made in our Prospectus, to be found on the cover of this book; and what we say there we mean to do. Unlike a political speech, which we once read, where the speaker, after relating what he would do, if elected, concluded: "And now, fellow-citizens, you will find, as much as I have promised you, if I am elected I will perform less." This may be the plan of other magazines, but we will say: As much as we may have promised you, before the year is ended you will say we have performed more.

We now present to our subscribers the sixty-fourth volume of Godey's Lady's Book, with thanks for the prosperity we have enjoyed, and with our best wishes for their health, peace, and happiness.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—"A Sister's Influence," an original design by the celebrated artist, Mrs. Lilly Martin Spencer. The idea was suggested by a nursery incident in our own home. Both the designer and engraver have given good effect to the subject.

"A Slow Coach" is another original design, making two original subjects in this number.

"Youth," our title-page. For a description of this we refer to Mrs. Hale's department, page 91. This last design contains ten figures.

Drawing Lesson, printed on tinted paper, is an imitation of a lithographic drawing.

Our Fashion plate contains seven principal, and two subordinate figures. Here are as many as are given in four months by other magazines. We think our subscribers will see an improvement even in this department, where they probably supposed none could be made.

CLUBS.—From present appearances, we anticipate a glorious year. Clubs and single subscribers are received in great profusion.

WE ask attention to our literary matter in this number. Miss Townsend, Miss Janvrin, and Mrs. Victor each contribute an article. We are willing that our literature should be put in comparison with that of any other magazine.

WITH a club of $20.

One year ago I could prevail with but *one* lady to join me. Confident that this arose from being unacquainted with the book, I loaned my numbers during the year to friends, and although they are almost past binding I am *amply* repaid by being able to add this *mite* to your fund. Many thanks and much love to you and Mrs. Hale for your successful efforts to please and instruct us. Money cannot repay you. Yet to know that your names are household words, linked only with the good and beautiful, in thousands of homes in our land must be *some* compensation. Pardon me for intruding on your time, but my pen glides as though writing to an absent friend.

MRS. H., *Wis.*

CIRCULARS PLACED IN THE LADY'S BOOK.—We again caution our subscribers about circulars placed in the Book by dealers. We do not put any in, as it is against the post-office laws. We only hope that they will never order a Book from any bookseller who thus makes our work a vehicle to circulate catalogues of his trashy publications.

THE best $3 00 and the best $2 00 monthly are offered one year for $3 50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Arthur's Magazine, as far as a high rank of literature is concerned, is decidedly the best two dollar magazine.—*Middletown Rainbow.*

Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine.—The best of the two dollar monthlies.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

Arthur's Home Magazine.—This still gives new and additional proof of being the very best of the two dollar magazines.—*Rushville Times.*

Home Magazine.—This is the best two dollar magazine published.—*Hennepin Tribune.*

Fully maintains the wide reputation of being the best two dollar magazine published.—*Canton Ledger.*

We could fill pages with notices to the same effect.

STRANGE TRADE.—A young woman lately made her appearance before the Bankruptcy Court in London, who described her occupation as "an enameller of ladies' faces." We wonder if she warrants her work "to wash." Can a lady, thus enamelled, feel if a fly settles on her? or the kisses of her children? May she laugh? What would be the result of a smart shower of rain on her? A queer trade.

LIKENESS OF GENERAL McCLELLAN.—We have received from H. A. Brown, 25 Winter Street, Boston, a steel engraved likeness of the General. It is in the first place an exquisite engraving, and secondly, the likeness is the best we have seen. This portrait corrects the erroneous impression that he is a dark-complexioned man. McClellan is fair, and extremely good-looking. This is a portrait worth having, as it is not only a faithful likeness, but it is a beautiful specimen of the combined styles of line and stipple. Proof impressions are $1 25. Prints, 50 cents. Sent to any person on rollers. Address as above.

THE Garibaldi Shirt in this number is also much worn by misses and boys.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.—Remember that the Lady's Book is the best work for ladies published in this country. We have more than *one thousand* private letters testifying to this fact, and the press throughout the country is unanimous in saying that the Lady's Book is the best magazine of its kind in this or any other country. The difference in the club price of the Lady's Book and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for these few cents you get nearly one-third more reading and engravings, besides other more expensive embellishments that a low-priced magazine cannot afford to give. Clubs must be for the Lady's Book alone, with one exception, and that is "Arthur's Home Magazine." One or more of that work can be introduced in a club in place of the Lady's Book, if desired.

Any person, with a very little trouble, can get up a club for the Book; we have frequently been so informed by ladies—the work is so popular. It is but to call and get a subscription. Clubs are always in time, as we are able to supply numbers from the beginning of the year; yet we like them sent in soon, to know how many we shall print. Remember, that a work with 150,000 subscribers can give five times as much as a work with only half that number, and the embellishments can also be made of a very superior character.

Our terms are made plain and explicit, so that they may be easily understood. We are often asked to throw in an extra copy. In no instance can this be done, as our terms are so low to clubs that it cannot be afforded. A shopkeeper would look amazed, if a purchaser should ask him to throw in an extra yard because she had purchased twelve. And yet we are asked to add an extra copy because twelve have been ordered. It cannot be done.

DREER'S BOUQUETS.—Mr. Dreer, No. 327 Chestnut Street, possesses an exquisite taste in making up bouquets. But taste is natural in the Dreer family.

OUR LITERATURE.—While paying every attention to the ornamental department of our Book, we do not neglect the solid matter. While we have such writers as Marion Harland, Metta Victoria Victor, Mrs. Janvrin, Mrs. Haven, Miss Frost, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, and Mrs. Hale, the literary department is well cared for. Excellent specimens of the abilities of some of the above will be found in this number.

A BEAUTIFUL little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called "The Parlor Gardener," has been lately published by Messrs J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called "Art Recreations," which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, $1 50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

CURRENT MONEY.—We ask our subscribers to send us as good money as they can get. Last year the discount on notes of the Western banks we received averaged from ten to fifteen per cent. Treasury notes make a good remittance.

LET it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

EXCEPTING the resumption of the delightful Saturday afternoon concerts by the Germania Orchestra, under the leadership of Carl Sentz, who has returned from the wars—by the way, a very *sentzible* move of Carl's—we have no new musical feature to chronicle. October went out with two indifferent performances of opera at the Academy, nor shall we probably have any more, good, bad, or indifferent, excepting German Opera, until February.

In response to the requests of several of our friends, we devote most of this month's "Column" to an enumeration of late new sheet music for the piano, urging all to make what use of it they may, as we shall probably have no new music to name next month

Easy Songs and Ballads. Price of each 25 cents. Around the Fire, The Maiden's Prayer, Through Cloudless Days, Oh, Sing me thy Favorite Song, Oh, Lady, Touch those Chords Again, Black-Eyed Nell, I am Thine, Maud Adair and I, Oh, Would that in the Quiet Tomb, Bessie Green, Only Just a Year Ago, Shake Hands and be Friends, Fare thee Well, for we must Part, by Boyd; The Harpist's Death; He Sleeps Beneath the Heather, song in memory of Burns; Lucy's Flitting, Scotch ballad; Good-Night, Fair Maiden; From Early Morn; In all the World; In my Swift Boat; Hark, Hark, how Sweetly; Song of the Lark; Poor Ben the Piper, sixth edition, sung by Ossian E. Dodge, Mr. Bailey, and others at their Ballad Entertainments, a song everywhere received with favor. The Grave of Old Grimes; Thine Eyes are like Gems; Oh, it is Pleasant, barcarole from Oberon; Ah, Take me Now, by Abt; The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars, one of the most popular of the recent publications of Firth, Pond, & Co.; In the Lovely Month of May; How Charming and Cheering; Nannerl, by Willis; The Miller's Daughter, poetry by Tennyson; It was the Early Winter; Far, Far Away; My Song shall be of Thee; The Quiet Eye; None shall Breathe a Sigh for Me; Thoughts of Thee; 'Tis Because thou art Here; Mary Vale; Ella May; Cottage Behind the Hill; Serenade, by Conant: I am Contented; Just from the Bud. The above list is the finest we have ever given, and should command the attention of our musical friends. By an arrangement made with publishers, we can send, free of postage, on receipt of $1, any five of the above songs.

Polkas, Waltzes, Rondos, etc.—Silver Wreath Polka, 25 cents; Institute Polka, 25 cents; Repeat Polka, 25 cents; Galop di Bravura, 25 cents; Flight Waltz, 25 cents; Favorite Flower Quadrille, 35 cents; Patty Cake Polka, with full page colored lithographic title, 50 cents. The following are for advanced performers: Valse Melodique, 30 cents; Udolio Polka, 30 cents; Nocturne, by Galos, 25 cents; Nocturne, by Brinley Richards, 35 cents; Prayer in the Chapel, by Neustadt, 30 cents; Variations of Annie of the Banks o' Dee, 35 cents; Variations of Star of the Evening, 50 cents. Any of the above to the extent of $2 50 will be sent for $2.

Orders for music, and all musical correspondence, should be addressed to Philadelphia, to

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

SOMETHING NEW.—A new agency is brought forward in the advertising columns of the London *Morning Post*. It is as follows: "The widow of an English nobleman would be willing to introduce into the best society a young lady of fortune, who from her own station would be unable to move in the higher circles unless under the chaperonage of one in high position."

To Preserve Health. A Word to the Ladies.—The old adage aptly says, "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." When we consider how fatal a disease consumption is, and how comparatively easy it is to avoid it, we are more than ever impressed with the truth of this old proverb. During the last few days, we have been amazed indeed at the folly of women, whom we have seen promenading the streets in low, paper-thick shoes, thinner than the thinnest worn by men in summer time. Will the sex ever exhibit common sense in regard to this matter? There is but one proper covering for the foot of a woman, in either cold or sloppy weather, and that is a Wellington boot, such as every gentleman uses. In fact, the protection which it affords to the leg, especially against wet, is more necessary in the case of women than of men, because, in such a case, the damp skirt flaps against calfskin or morocco, instead of against the limb. We are glad to see that within a few years these high boots are beginning to be worn by ladies; but they are by no means universal, as they ought to be, and it is a pity that the leaders of fashion, if there are any such in Philadelphia, would not set the example, both of walking and of wearing water-proof boots.

For daily walking is as requisite to health as the wearing of impervious shoes. The wives and daughters of our rich men, who never take exercise except in a carriage, are undermining their constitutions quite as effectually as those of their sex, who, unable to keep coaches, yet imitate them in wearing their drawing-room shoes. The one is injured by wet feet, the other by want of proper exercise. It is a common thing, at this inclement season of the year, to hear ladies congratulate themselves on their warm rooms; yet often these furnace-heated apartments are only less deleterious than the unprotected hovel of the beggar. We often enter parlors, where the thermometer is eighty, where the air is fairly scorched, and where, to cap the climax, every door is shut so as to exclude the possibility of ventilation. Yet many females remain in such rooms, at this season of the year, week after week, without once going out, especially if they are in circumstances too good to compel their working for a livelihood, yet not good enough to enable them to keep a carriage. The consequences are impaired digestion, or hysterical affections, or incessant headaches, excessive liability to catch cold, and, what some, perhaps, will think more than all, loss of color and beauty.

There are, therefore, two faults characteristic of American women, one a neglect to exercise and the other a too thin style of dress in winter. Every female, who can possibly do it, ought to walk, in the open air, from one to two hours every day. If suitable clothing was worn, and especially if the feet were properly protected, a daily walk, even in winter, would be more conducive to health and loveliness than all the panaceas ever concocted, or all the drugs prescribed by the faculty. It would give elasticity to the step, bloom to the cheek, brilliancy to the eye, gay spirits, brightness of intellect, sound slumbers, every blessing, in short, that vigorous physical health bestows, and of which, alas! so many American women practically know nothing. Vitality would be strong and high, the deficiency of which in most cases is the beginning of consumption. The lungs, too, would have needful play, for no one can go out, on a bracing winter morning, without inflating the lungs freely; and the air, at such times, is always the purest. If you would escape pulmonary complaints, ladies, if you would live to a good old age, if you would enjoy life while living, if you would add to your personal charms, dress warm and dry, and take daily exercise in the open air. Let nothing keep you in doors but inclement weather; but be always clothed to defy cold and wet, especially to your feet.

With a club of $10.

Your Lady's Book has been taken in my father's family for three years. We have always liked it, but never better than at present. Each number seems to attach us still more strongly to your excellent book, and we would scarcely think we could do without it. We find both amusement and instruction in it, and much practical knowledge. The first year we subscribed for it we were the only ones in the place; now I learn that there are eighteen subscribers for next year. May your numbers increase as rapidly in every place! M. P. C., *N. H.*

The *Sunbury American* says: "The Lady's Book is perhaps the most extensively borrowed periodical published, a certain test of its popularity."

Old Post-Office Stamps.—Our subscribers are informed that the old post-office stamps are now of no use. The post-office has issued new stamps, and the old ones are valueless.

Ladies Should Read Newspapers.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political, and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the centre-table be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family—men, women and children—read the newspapers.

Canada to the Rescue.

Altogether Godey's Lady's Book is without a rival, and we do not wonder at its talented publisher having the title of "W. B." ("Woman's Benefactor") bestowed upon him, as we know of no man who has done more to deserve it. Long may he flourish.—*British Whig*, Kingston.

As we all know, Alboni is not only celebrated for her beautiful voice, but also for her bodily size. The late Madame Girardin is reported to have uttered the following *bon mot* respecting the great vocalist: "What is Alboni, then?" asked some one, evidently no *habitué* of the opera. "What is she?" replied Madame Girardin. "Why, she is an elephant who has swallowed a nightingale."

Further Knowledge of Geography in London.—An English paper says, "People in Washington city are not as busy as those of New York, *Philadelphia*, and other large cities."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

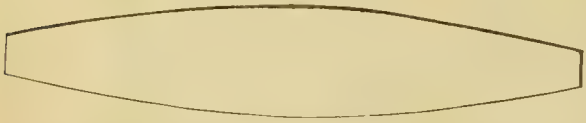
THE SHELL PINCUSHION.

MANY of this kind are extremely pretty, and are easily made. Take a piece of calico, and cut out a pattern of

Fig. 1.

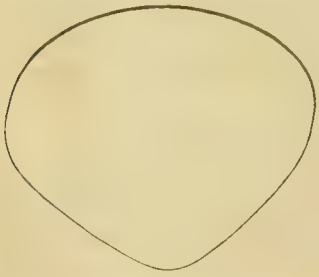
the shape of Fig. 2, and large enough to go round just inside the shell; cut out another piece, Fig. 3, sew them together, leaving a small hole to put in the bran; fill it, and stitch up the remaining portion. Take a piece of

Fig. 2.



blue or red velvet, the shape of Fig. 2, and sew it all round. Glue the two shells on to the cushion, then fin-

Fig. 3.

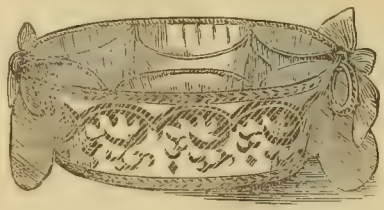


ish it off with a small bow of the same colored ribbon as the velvet.

MAMMA'S WORK-BASKET.

Materials.—A piece of white fillet, a little blue crochet silk, a frame, some white and blue satin, card-board, and blue gimps; a yard of blue satin ribbon.

COVER your frame with white satin on the outside, and blue in the interior, the bottom being slightly stuffed with wadding. The sides are put in rather full. For the pockets you will take a piece of blue satin double the depth of the basket, fold it in two, with a thickness of fine wadding scented with pot-pourri within it, and sew it in six pockets in the inside, plaiting in the fulness at the bottom, and concealing the stitches with a chenille



gimp, which also edges the top. The outside of the basket is covered with the white netting, darned according to the design, in blue silk. It is edged at the top with three different gimps, and at the bottom with two, of blue and white intermingled. The handles are neatly covered with chenille, and further decorated with a hard gimp, besides being finished with bows and ends.

This is a most elegant and appropriate gift for the holidays. It may be made in any other color, if desired; but should crimson or any deep color be used, *black* fillet would be more appropriate than white.

A NEW GAME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THIS game must be played by five or more people. Take a strip of paper, let No. 1 write upon it an article and an adjective, then double over the end of the paper so that No. 2 may not see what is written. No. 2 writes a noun, doubling the paper before passing it to No. 3, who writes a verb, turns down the paper, and hands to No. 4, who writes another article and adjective, hides it, and passes to No. 5, who writes another noun. The paper is then opened and read, and the combination makes very funny sentences; for instance, No. 1 writes a milk-white; No. 2 Hottentot; No. 3, caressed; No. 4, a singing; No. 5, baby:—

A milk-white Hottentot caressed a singing baby.

The fact that no one knows what the other has written, makes the most absurd contrasts between the adjectives and nouns, while the verb will place opposing nouns in the most ludicrous positions. It is a very amusing game for a merry circle. When more than five play, the different parts of speech are more amusingly distributed, as 6 can begin, 7 continue, and then 1 gets a verb instead of an adjective, and each time sends her a new part.

ON WORSTED WORK.

So all-absorbing grows my taste for wool,
  That, like the sheep, "I cry a whole bag full."
Dates now but take their impress from my work,
  Empires may fall—I care but for the Turk!
Spare but the *ottoman*, I beg, I pray;
  Divans and ottomans must have their sway;
Immortal Cowper! thine was not a *Task*
  To muse on sofas; 'tis a boon I ask—
Chairs, couches, covers, all-inspiring themes,
  With cushions to be worked they mingle in my dreams.
Then as my needle plies its busy hour,
  Those I love I blend with every flower.
Imagination weaves those buds so fair
  Into a bridal wreath for "Minnie's" hair;
That wreath of laurel, of unfading hue,
  Brings one, the loved and lost, again to view.
This graceful ivy twining round my hand,
  The cherished tendril of my native land;
And last, this bunch, forget-me-not, the name
  All that I covet on the page of fame.

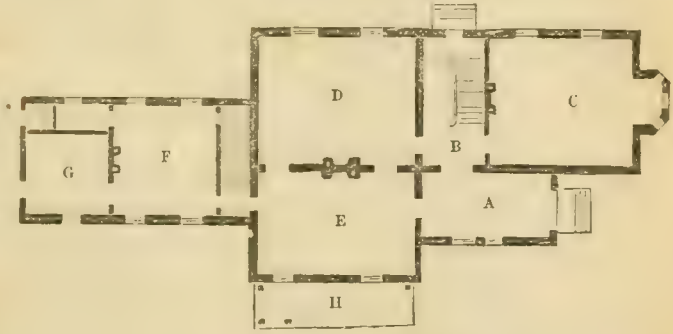
GOTHIC COTTAGE

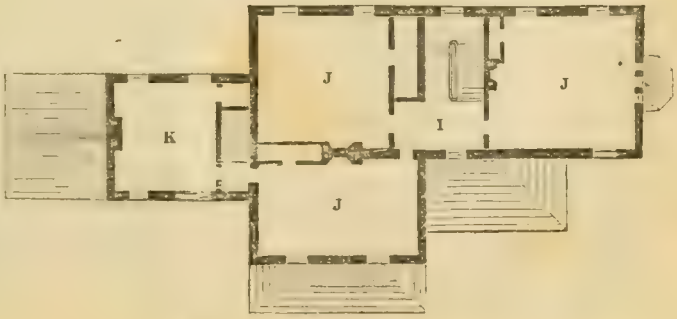
Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THIS cottage is essentially gothic in its character. Its appointments indicate its suitableness to the habits of northern life. It is quite picturesque in appearance, and would form a pleasant feature in almost any landscape.

Principal Floor.—A porch, 8 by 13 feet; B hall, 8 by 16 feet; C parlor, 18 by 16 feet; D sitting-room, 18 by 16 feet; E dining-room, 18 by 13 feet; F kitchen, with store-room attached; G summer kitchen; H veranda.





Second Floor.—I hall, J J J chambers, K bed-room

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for *three* monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. D. B. S.—Sent pattern Cordova cloak, October 16th.

Miss S. A. J.—Sent patterns 16th.

Mrs. M. C. J.—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 17th.

C. E. M.—Sent apron pattern 18th.

G. S. P.—Sent patterns 20th.

Miss S. P.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 20th.

Mrs. H. E. S.—Sent worsted 21st.

Mrs. M. C. G.—Sent floss silk 22d.

Mrs. L. G. F.—Sent hair bracelet and ring 23d.

Miss J. L.—Sent hoop skirt by Adams's express 24th.

Miss M. A. W.—Sent pattern gored dress 25th.

Miss A. M.—Sent sleeve pattern 25th.

J. M. D.—Sent hair jewelry by U. S. express 25th.

Mrs. J. P.—Sent materials for paper flowers by Kinsley's express 27th.

Mrs. S. A. M.—Sent lead comb 27th.

Mrs. G. W.—Sent headdress by Adams's express 28th.

Miss F. G.—Sent slippers 29th.

Miss M. J. T.—Sent patterns 30th.

Miss A. F.—Sent patterns 30th.

Mrs. E. R.—Sent hair ring 31st.

J. B. W.—Sent apron and waist patterns, November 1st.

Mrs. H. W.—Sent hair guard chain 2d.

Mrs. C. E. K.—Sent patterns 2d.

Mrs. W. J. C.—Sent gloves 4th.

L. H. V.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 4th.

A. S. A.—Sent patterns for working table-cover 5th.

Miss M. L. P.—Sent edging 6th.

Mrs. C. W. W.—Sent muff by American express 7th.

Mr. P.—Sent dress pattern 8th.

H. & W.—Sent pattern Natalie cloak 8th.

Mrs. P. C. T.—Sent pattern Eugenie cloak 8th.

Mrs. J. B. B.—Sent package 8th.

Mrs. E. M.—Sent pattern for Marine jacket 8th.

Mrs. J. P. M.—Sent shawl 9th.

E. P. R.—Sent articles 11th.

Mrs. J. M.—Sent chenille 12th.

Mrs. K. P. L.—Sent pattern of bonnet 14th.

A. A. C.—Sent pattern of loose sack 14th.

Mrs. E. R. K.—Sent infant's dress, &c., by Adams's express 14th.

E. L. R.—Sent working pattern and silk by Harnden's express 14th.

A. C. B.—We don't know what a person should take, but we know what they would deserve for making any experiment of the kind.

M. B. M.—We decline recommending anything for the removal of superfluous hair. Apply to a physician.

Miss E. V.—Look at Lady's Book for next month.

Mrs. L. A. H.—Send the designs that we may judge of them. If the one you refer to will do for a steel plate, we will pay you the price you ask.

Miss A. R.—Solferino is a name given to a color possessing a more lilac tinge than Magenta; it is a sort of Magenta pink.

Miss C. M. and E. C. O.—The purl stitch is explained on page 452 November number. The other question we are not permitted to answer.

Mrs. D. E. A.—There is a difference of opinion about knitting the first stitch in plain knitting. We believe it makes a more even edge to slip it; either, however, is allowable.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(*Continued.*)

452. *Nitric Acid.*—Having procured a bent glass tube closed at one end, or a small glass retort of this shape, put into it about a teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre, otherwise called nitrate of potash, and which is a combination of nitric acid and potash. Pour then in upon it by means of another tube, in such a manner that the neck of the apparatus may not be soiled, about six teaspoonfuls (a teaspoon must not be used as the measure) of oil of vitriol; append then another tube, as here represented, and, applying the heat of a small spirit-lamp flame to the mixture, distil, keeping the receiving tube cool by enveloping it in strips of wet blotting paper. The result is nitric acid, or aquafortis. The decomposition which has taken place is exceedingly simple. We *had* in the tube retort *nitrate* of potash, we now *have sulphate* of potash; in other words, the sulphuric acid has chased away the nitric acid, and has taken its place, as may easily be demonstrated by getting out the contents of the tube retort, dissolving them in water, and subjecting them to the tests for sulphuric acid detailed in 395.

453. How shall we know that the liquid which has distilled over is nitric acid? First of all, that it is *an acid* may be demonstrated in the usual manner, by means of litmus paper, which it reddens; secondly, we may know that it is nitric acid by various specific tests, [illegible] I shall select two as having already come under [illegible] In our investigations on the metals tin and [illegible], it will be remembered we proved that neither of these was soluble in nitric acid, but, on coming into contact with it, became resolved into a white powder, whilst red-colored fumes were evolved, 332. Only nitric acid will produce this result; hence if the liquid resulting from distillation give rise to a similar phenomenon, it must also be nitric acid. There are, however, other tests for nitric acid. Touch the finger, or a quill, or a piece of white flannel, with a little of this liquid, and remark after the lapse of a few hours, the yellow stain. Remark, too, how the color of the stain becomes deepened by contact with ammonia (hartshorn). This test is most valuable when nitric acid has been administered with the object of committing murder.

454. Having demonstrated that the fluid is really nitric acid, add very cautiously to it portions of liquor potassæ, in such a manner that a little acid may preponderate, a point which may readily be determined by testing from time to time with blue litmus-paper. Moisten some slips of blotting-paper with this solution; set them aside to dry, and when dry, preserve them. Put the solution into a saucer, place the saucer on a hot grate-hole, and let it remain there until dry. If the operation have been carefully conducted, crystals will be seen, which are crystals of nitre. We have given the nitric acid, that which we took from it—*potash;* and thus nitrate of potash results.

455. Touch a slip of paper just dried, with a piece of glowing charcoal, in such a manner that the paper may be ignited, but not with flame. Observe the peculiar manner in which the paper burns. It is now touch-paper. Only four classes of salts are capable of making touch-paper; they are the NITRATES, CHLORATES, BROMATES, and IODATES. That our present salt is a nitrate we know, seeing that we have made it give up its nitric acid; but we need not even have given ourselves this trouble—a much simpler plan would have sufficed. Put a little nitrate of potash along with some fragments of metallic copper into a test-tube, add two or three drops of sulphuric acid, apply heat, and observe the orange-colored vapors. Any substance capable of yielding these under the circumstances indicated, must be a nitrate.

456. Throw a little nitre, or, indeed, any nitrate, upon a piece of burning coal, and remark the deflagration which ensues. This, in point of fact, is merely another form of the touch-paper experiment; in one case, the paper furnishes the carbon; in the other case, this element is furnished by charcoal. Put a little nitre in a German glass test tube, ignite the tube strongly, either in a spirit-lamp flame or in a coal fire, and remark that, notwithstanding all the heat applied, the nitre will not burn. Now drop in a fragment of charcoal, or a chip of paper, or of wood, and remark the deflagration.

457. Mix very intimately in a mortar about twenty-five parts by weight of nitre, five of charcoal, and three of sulphur. The result may be considered as gunpowder—not in grains, like the gunpowder of commerce, for the graining operation is purely mechanical; but, chemically speaking, it is gunpowder.

Centre-Table Gossip.

FANCY WORK OF THE WINTER.

OUR centre-tables are no longer exclusively decorated with brilliant chenille, and wools, and *Broderie Anglais.* Even the inevitable Afghan has given place to the long-banished stocking; and, economy having become the fashion, shirts have taken their old place in the work-baskets of our lady readers. To give them what aid and countenance we can in this laudable reform, we have inquired as to "the latest fashion" of collars, wristbands, etc., and are indebted to the new and stylish house of Taylor & Co., in the region of the New York Hotel, for the information we are able to give.

Mr. Duescher, well remembered in the same department at Genin's Bazaar, we learn that collars may "stand up" or "turn down," as is most becoming to the wearer, and be equally fashionable. The "De Joinville" (stand up) is about two inches wide, meeting at the throat when the wearer follows the prevailing fashion, and carries a smoothly shaven chin; rounded off when there is a beard to be accommodated. "The Paragon" is about the same width, turned over on a band; but, instead of square points, the ends slope gradually back—say for three-quarters of an inch. This is a decided novelty, also; the stitching, which, *instead of being the width of the seam only* from the edge, is full *half an inch*, making a decided change. The wristband is straight, four inches or more deep, and stitched in the same manner. The button is near the sleeve, as in the old wristband, the buttonholes for sleeve-buttons at the other end of the wristband, which does not turn back at all, but falls straight over the hand, shaped in a slight, easy curve on the under side.

Fancy shirts, say a set of a half dozen, have the bosoms laid in longitudinal plaits in groups of different widths. The prevailing style is three plaits of moderate width on each side.

French flannel shirts are more worn than ever before. We were shown by Mr. Deuscher a large variety, of plaids and plain colors. They seem well suited to travellers, very soft and warm; worn with a white collar; the bosom is plain, one square plait in the middle.

For the benefit of those who make useful holiday presents to husbands and brothers, we inquired as to the fashion of neckties, and were shown small scarfs, as the most fashionable wear; black, black and crimson, black and green, etc. etc. They are made up with a narrow band to pass under the collar, and are perhaps four inches wide (double) and eighteen to twenty-four long.

"The Cardigan Jacket," a novelty of the season, may be described as a very elastic ribbed worsted shirt, in high colors. It is intended to serve the purpose of a lady's sacque, "a wrap up," to be worn under a coat for warmth.

EVENING DRESS.

OUR plate and its description give much seasonable information, but other items may not be amiss.

Simple evening dress of white muslin, the skirt trimmed with a number of narrow flounces placed on the bias, and surmounted by a headed flounce, traversed by a puffing, in which a *poncean* ribbon runs. Body gathered. Round waist. The sleeves have two puffs and four frills on the shoulder. Duchess sash of white

ribbon, bordered with *ponceau* or whatever color may be run in the skirt trimming. A simple robe of white tarletane, terminated by a deep flounce, surmounted by a full ruche of tarletane *découpée*. Corsage draped behind and before. In the hair a ruche at one side and a tuft of white violets on the other. Again, a robe of very thin Indian muslin, the flounce lined with rose-colored *taffetas*. One other: a robe of sky-blue silk, with six little flounces at the bottom of the skirt, each flounce garnished with a bias of white silk; these flounces traverse the robe to one side, where they are finished with a bow of ribbon. The corsage is a *berthé* of fulled thulle illusion, quadrilled with blue ribbon velvet; this *gorgerette* is surrounded with two little flounces to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, bordered by sprays of rose foliage, with a large full-blown white rose on the bosom and on the shoulders. Sprays of *The* roses and their foliage also decorate the ornaments that traverse the skirt. The *coiffure* is of *Thé* roses, disposed *à la* Greek.

With this very radiant toilet we observed a marvellous Arab *bournous*, of white Algerine tissue, with great glands and tassels, white and gold.

HEADDRESSES.

These are mostly of flowers, velvet and blonde, blonde and flowers, velvet and feathers, etc. Flowers alone are only suitable for full dress. We give a description of some we have seen.—

One was a black velvet coronet, on the right side of which was a large group of sweet peas. A piece of black lace, about two inches wide, was put on rather full round the back, and finished off on the left side with a black lace lappet, made into a bow and ends.

Another, very suitable for an elderly lady, worn in place of a cap, was composed in the following manner: Puffs of black velvet, mounted on a wire, formed the foundation; a black and white lace was then sewn round, full on the inside, the front lace falling over the head; on the left side were arranged two small white ostrich feathers, put on under the lace; and the other side was finished with a bow and ends of black velvet. This headdress was extremely stylish, and suitable for the purpose before named.

Another was composed of scarlet ribbon, four inches wide, and marabout feathers. The ribbon was made into four bows, with three ends, the ends different lengths, the longest being half a yard. Three small feathers, placed on the left side of the back, completed this truly elegant headdress for the back of the head.

Another was made of black and white narrow blonde and cerise velvet, two inches in width; the blonde was quilled and made into small rosettes, which were placed on a wire pointed in front. The left side was then finished with small bows of velvet laying back, and a large bow with ends half a yard long completed the back. Another pretty light headdress was made in the following manner—with blue ribbon, black lace, and white leafless roses. The ribbon, which was three inches in width, was arranged in small bows on a wire foundation, pointed in front, with a bow of black lace between each blue one, the bows all laying from the front to the back. Quite in the centre of the front was placed a large leafless rose, whilst three of the same flowers finished off the back.

Another, very pretty for slight mourning, was composed of edged black thulle, the thulle quilled and mounted on a wire as before; a white rose, with steel leaves and buds, was placed quite in the centre of the front, while a larger rose of the same description completed the back of this simple yet pretty headdress. Another was a black velvet coronet, ornamented in the front with small steel stars; two bands of velvet, one inch wide, edged with narrow lace, crossed over the back of the head, and formed two loops each side of the back; between these loops a group of roses, of a bright pink color, was placed; whilst a lace lappet was looped over them, with the ends falling over the shoulder. Headdresses are made in this shape with various materials, and are pretty and simple, made in full quillings of silk to correspond with the dress worn.

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

WHAT THE ITALIANS MANUFACTURE.

Now that Italy has once more a national existence, the country is beginning to rise in manufacturing and commercial importance. They have had an "Industrial Exhibition" of their own, which writers describe as but the commencement of what they expect to accomplish. We find that the silk-growers of Upper Italy appear to bear away the palm from all their rivals in the quality of their raw silk, both white and yellow; and that produced by the Romagna seems the most inferior, both in color, strength, and richness. Among the manufactured specimens, the furniture brocades turned out by the looms of Piedmont and Lombardy, and some of those sent from Naples, are of a splendor, both for design and quality, which halts but a little, if at all, behind the manufactures of Lyons. Gold and silver *moire*, and gold-brocaded silks for church vestments, too, are among the most advanced branches of this industry. The linens and damasks for table use, although very far behind what England can show in beauty of finish, are yet in all respects very promising, and have generally in Italy the advantage which a great number of our most plausibly elegant table-linen manufacturers have not—of containing no admixture of cotton, and of consequently enduring unfrayed the scrubbing and thumping of several generations of washerwomen, as did the household linen piled in the lavender-scented oak-presses of our grandmothers. Tuscany furnishes a great quantity of the best goods of this kind, as well as all the varieties of towelling, sheeting, etc.; less tempting to look at, but more reasonable and far more durable than ours.

Versatile Naples has contributed products of all kinds to the National Exhibition. Pianos, carriages, silks, linens, hemp cloths, and a dozen more kinds of manufactured articles, besides a very beautiful, though not very numerous display of wrought coral ornaments, which, with singular bad taste, have been crowded into two lower shelves of a sort of glazed *étagère*, where they make no appearance whatever, and where numbers of visitors never discover them at all. Nothing can exceed the elegance of the bracelets, brooches, and other ornaments of mixed red and white, or of pale rose-colored coral, worked with infinite taste into knots, posies, and cameos of rare delicacy and finish. The Florentine and the Roman mosaics, handsome as they are, look heavy and graceless beside this exquisite manufacture; and one feels quite provoked at the stores of good material wasted in cutting those massive strings of rich flesh-colored coral beads, which look too heavy to adorn any throat but that of a Juggernaut idol, when they could be turned into such elegant and becoming trinkets as these.

A WOMAN'S ANNUAL.

Among the most superb English gift-books of the year is the "Victoria Regia," dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. It is edited by Adelaide Proctor, and printed entirely by women. The typographical execution is spoken of as very fine. There are gentlemen among the contributors, however; Tennyson, and, in fact, all the best English writers appear in its list. It is a long time since a really fine annual has been published, and we hope this will be a success.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JANUARY.

EVENING-DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white tarleton, silk, or muslin; it can be made of either material. The skirt covered by quilled flowers or ruches, in a peculiar and graceful arrangement. At the back of the dress they are placed in the ordinary manner; on the front breadth they are curved or rounded on, the ends on each side passing over the back flounce, and caught upon it by a single rose with foliage. The waist is composed of similar flounces, with one placed *en bretelle* at the sides; the rose trimming is carried over it. Sleeve, one flounce, with a single rose. Simple rose wreath for the hair, which is arranged in curls. (See Chat.)

Fig. 2.—Dress of black velvet, with a tucker of white lace in the neck, fastened by a blue velvet bow or rosette. Mantle of rich black lace. For the hair a jewelled aigrette, with a blue plume laid to the left; a similar one is placed in the back of the hair, curving downward.

Fig. 3.—Costume for a fancy ball. Maize-colored petticoat, trimmed with rows of black velvet; purple *jupe* caught up by bows of black velvet; black velvet bodice laced in front. Apron, sleeve, ruffles, and *berthé* of white muslin, with a ribbon ruche.

Fig. 4.—Dress of pink *crêpe*, over pink silk. Skirt, bouffante, or puffed, each breadth being held in its place by two tongue-shaped ruches of white blonde, having the appearance of lappets, between them, on the hem, a plaited ruche of pink ribbon. The upper ornament has a spray of roses, buds, and foliage. Grecian waist; shell-shaped sleeves, edged by white blonde and caught with roses.

Fig. 5.—Full dress for opera, of white satin, with superb black lace flounces, headed by a ruche of white satin ribbon. *Sortie de bal*, or opera cloak, of white satin, covered by black lace, and edged by a ruching of white satin ribbon. Coronel of Parma violets. Bouquet of violets, with a single rose.

JUVENILE FIGURES. COSTUMES FOR A FANCY PARTY.

Fig. 1.—Greek national dress. Buff gaiters. Crimson trowsers, very full, and braided on the pockets. Full blue sash, white vest, blue jacket braided with gold. Greek cap, of crimson, blue, and gold.

Fig. 2.—Peasant dress, of apple green silk, cut square at the throat; the chemisette crossed by bands of black velvet. White muslin apron and head tire; the latter has a narrow ruche of green ribbon.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS, FOR JANUARY.

To commence with that important part of every woman's dress, the bonnet, we shall describe several of the most tasteful hats on view at the establishment of Miss McConnel (so well-known by all Philadelphians), Clinton Place, New York. We shall describe what are called "undress," "walking," or "second bonnets," by people who wear two or three in a season—which are suitable for any occasion except a full dress reception—reserving "dress bonnets" until our next.

Those favorite *piqué* or quilted hats are worn quite as much as last year, and are very suitable for young girls, or for travelling hats. At Miss McConnel's we noted the most simply tasteful one we have seen this season; the quilting in black silk, a fine diamond pattern, put on to the frame plain, of course; black velvet cape, turned up and corded with apple green. The only ornament a shaded ruche of silk, from the deepest to the lightest shade of apple green, graduated so as to be very full and wide at the top, narrower towards the ends; this is placed towards the front of the brim from point to point. Half bonnet cap of thulle; diadem of green velvet flowers arranged in black lace.

For a young girl, bonnet of drab quilting, with cape of Magenta velvet; an ornament of Magenta velvet, in close plaits, across the top of the hat. Magenta flowers and thulle cap inside the brim. Drab and *poncean* (a very bright shade of scarlet) is also a good contrast.

Plain dark blue velvet hat, with a coque (plaited ornament) of blue velvet on the top; from this extends a plaiting of blue velvet, in the fashion of a wreath around the crown. The cape is of lace covered with blonde, the under cape bound with blue velvet. Half bonnet cap, and *a double row of large Marguerites*, or field daisies inside the brim. This will give some idea of the height of the brim from the forehead—to allow two rows of flowers. This is the best shape of the season. The low brim flatted down to the head, with the flowers concealing all

the hair, so much seen on Broadway early in the season, has *never* been adopted by the best people. The shape is as we have described it previously—a low, rather small crown, and a gradual ascent to the edge of a high brim, higher than has been worn for years past.

There is a new deep brown, called *Capuchin*. At Miss McConnel's, we were shown a hat of this color in uncut velvet; it is a red brown, somewhat like the old-fashioned cinnamon. The hat was slightly full; the fulness confined by one large cord, drawn through the middle, and spreading after the fashion of a broad ruffle on brim and crown. This appearance was increased by the fulness of the crown coming over the edge of the crown a little, and showing a black lining; three short plumes the same shade as the velvet, on top of the brim; inside, a half cap of blonde, with two large "cloth of gold" roses with their foliage placed in lace across the top. Black strings.

One more, and we leave these fascinating creations for the present.

Black velvet hat. The front slightly full; puffed crown of spotted silk illusion. On the top, flat loops of scarlet velvet and rich black lace, and a beautiful plume placed so as to fall back over the crown, with a slight inclination to one side. Inside the brim, the inevitable half cap of blonde and thulle, with a diadem of half black, half scarlet roses, divided in the middle by a wave of rich black lace.

To sum up our general information on this point: the brims of bonnets are high, and the trimming mostly disposed on or near the top, but by no means so stiffly as ordinary taste would place this dangerous style of ornament. Black lace and blonde are both used on capes, which are only moderately deep and slightly pointed. A half cap of thulle and blonde comes in all the best French bonnets, the flowers being arranged in a diadem, set in lightly, and without formal stiffness as to the largest being exactly in the middle. They are usually softened by waves of blonde or black lace. Strings from five to six inches wide, and a full yard long, tied under the chin.

To go on with walking-dress, we may notice the vain attempts of Brodie to induce our ladies to wear their cloaks of the length now really the style. He has shortened them all that the popular taste will allow, and has succeeded in showing one-half at least of the lower trimming of the dress skirt. Dull as the season has been, his rooms are always well filled, and Pennsylvania Avenue displays more of his styles than ever before, as well as Broadway and Chestnut Street.

We note among the favorite cloaks a large loose sacque, much like the old Raglan pattern so universally popular, except that the sleeves are the Mousquetaire instead of the full Oriental, and not carried up to the neck, but set in to the sleeve. This may be called the most popular cloak of the season, being made in all materials, from plush to velvet. To describe one of them, in an entirely new material, a kind of Astrachan cloth, of a peculiarly soft tint, formed by diamond-shaped tufts, of pale brown and white, on a mode cloth ground. The sacque has *no seam behind*, quite loose from the figure, the front breadths have a binding stitched on, and lap over the back of the sacque slightly, being fastened by a new style of buttons about the size of an eagle; they are a silvery steel in effect, and are called *metallique*. The same buttons run along the Mousquetaire cuff and fasten the front to the waist. Collar small and neat in shape, with only a stitched binding.

Sacque of chinchilla cloth; a *thick woollen velvet*, soft gray and black, as its name denotes. It is trimmed with small *patées* of crochet and jet in place of buttons. Pointed pockets in front.

Sacque of cloth, the side seams running back, having the appearance of a flat plait (an inch wide) corded on each side, and trimmed, as are the sleeves, with *patées* of crochet, in the shape of linked rings, of flat silk, surrounded by lace or crochet.

Even in the richer materials—velvet, *piqué*, or silk Marseilles—this inevitable shape meets us, though we note a very elegant pardessus of Marseilles (a thick silk fabric, with a lozenge figure, woven like Marseilles vestings, the outside black, the lining violet), made to fit the figure, with a round cape coming nearly to the waist.

The best and newest cloak exhibited by Brodie is quite plain on the shoulders, fitting closely. The fulness of the cloak is set in at about the depth of a yoke, in three plaits, pointed at the top, and these points edged by trimming, a handsome crochet ornament on the centre one; the plaits are confined by a loop of braid at the waist. The sleeves are flowing, an excellent shape, and set into the shoulder in three plaits to correspond with the back.

One more, and we are done. A cloak with a real yoke, the fulness set in in plaits. The yoke is covered by a gored cape, scalloped on the edges; a bouquet of passementerie is the centre ornament, and *patées* are added in the scollops. The cape is tippet-shaped in front, terminating in pointed, and forming fanciful pockets.

We regret being compelled to defer completing our street dress by a notice of Genin's furs until our next.

"Worsted armor," as Dickens calls all fanciful knitting for children, was never more popular than now. At Reynold's, Canal Street, we were shown an entirely new style of knit tippet, in the shape of the fur collars so much worn, and an excellent imitation. The collar is knit of a ribbed stitch, pointed and edged with a soft ruche of worsted in colors. Their knit and woven hoods for children are in the most brilliant shades, black and Magenta, black and blue, etc., for older children, and have most comfortable capes. For very little ones, white and pale blue, white and pink, etc. etc.

For school-boys this establishment makes great use of a deep gray shade for turban-shaped felt hats, soft and warm for the season; seasoned square hats, with round brims, and flat cloth caps, half military.

At Taylor's new establishment, Broadway, we find the Godenski caps for boys, the most stylish of all the worsted caps of the season. It has a flat round crown in "orange-peel" figure on a plain ground, a ruche and ear-lappets of two colors, and a handsome cord and tassel falling low to the shoulder. For instance, a white cap for a baby boy, lined with white silk, the figures rosettes in the ruche and lappets of pale blue. Chinchilla ground, gray and white for a boy of three, dark maroon, black, or green figures, etc. The lappets are united under the chin by an elastic band. "The Godenski" is also the hat adopted for ladies' skating costume, which reminds us of the Balmoral hose, also intended for this sport. They are to be had at the same place, and are in rounds of half an inch or so, of black and Magenta, black and blue, etc. etc. Imagine the distinguished appearance of a young lady with Balmoral boots, bright Balmoral petticoats, and still brighter Balmoral hose, on a rainy day, in Broadway or Chestnut Street!

FASHION.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY 1862.

BACK OF A CHAIR.

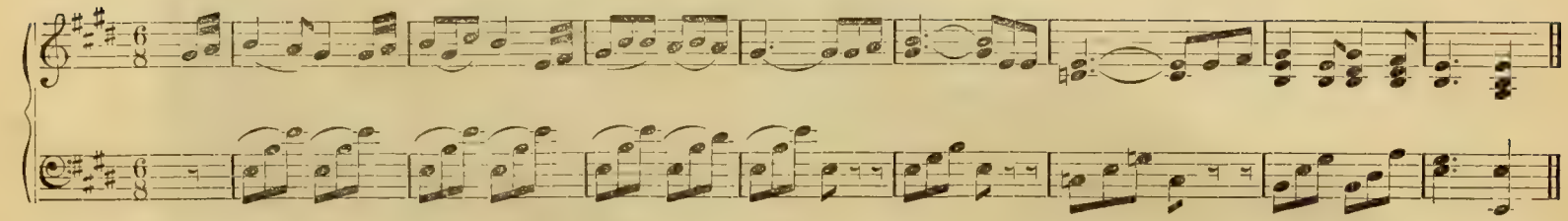
THE DOUBTFUL NOTE.

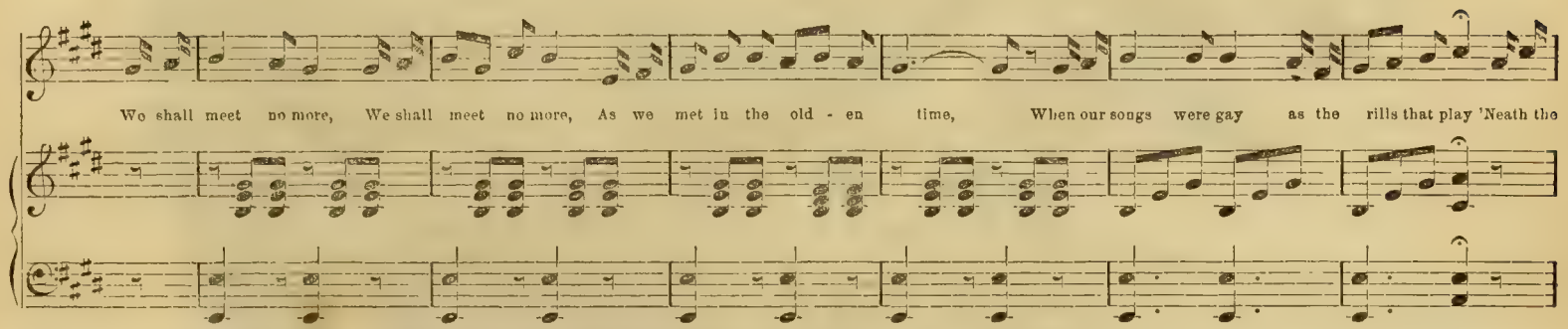
A Morning Robe, made of striped flannel, and trimmed with quilted ribbon.

WE SHALL MEET NO MORE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY JAMES G. CLARK.





clouds of our moun - tain clime. Oh! the chill - ing strife of a storm - y life Is the doom of our love be - low,— While the

heart grows cold and the young brain old, For a life it ne'er may know. While the heart grows cold and the young brain old, For a life it ne'er may know.

rit.

We shall meet no more as we met of yore,
In the gleam of our early day,—
When our dreams were bright with the golden light
Of a spell that has passed away;
But the hopes and fears of those far off years
Will smile on our path of woe,
:||: Like a laughing band from the fairy strand
Of the beautiful long-a-go. :||:

We shall meet no more as we met of yore,
With a smile on the cheek and brow,
When our cares were few and our souls were true
To the star that we turn from now.
Oh! our feet will stray on the wintry way
From the scenes of our youthful prime,
:||: But we ne'er can meet with a dream as sweet
As the love of the olden time :||:

MORNING ROBE.

Gored Morning Robe, made of dark blue cashmere, trimmed with silk. The body is cut sur plice. Linen collar and cherry silk neck-tie. Coat sleeve, with gauntlet cuff.

GORED DRESS, TRIMMED EN ZOUAVE.

NEW STYLE ZOUAVE JACKETS.

THE ALPUXERRIAN.

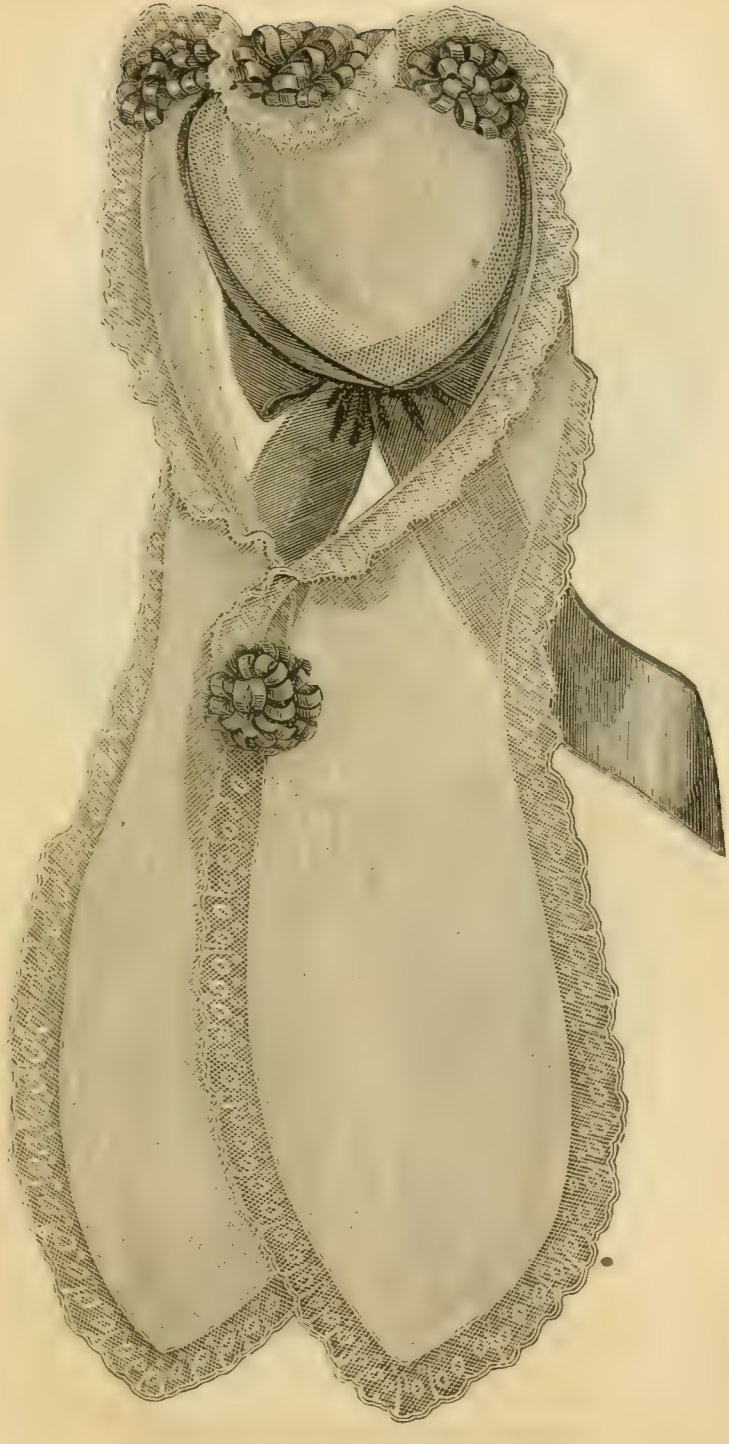
[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This style is made in any desired color of cloth, and is trimmed with galloons. Upon the back they are laid flat on the collar to afford support to the body of the garment

NAMES FOR MARKING.

Adelaide.

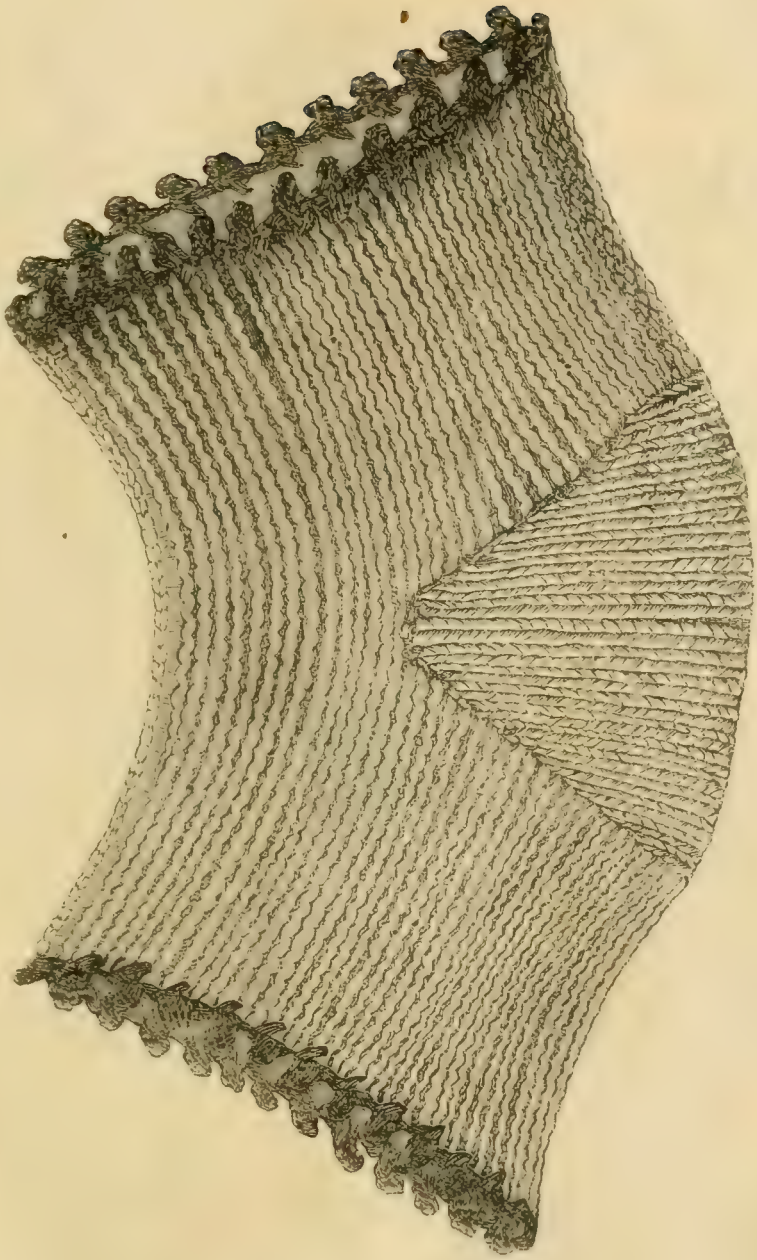
SHORT NIGHT-DRESS.



THE FANCHON BREAKFAST-CAP.

GENTLEMAN'S PURSE, IN CROCHET.

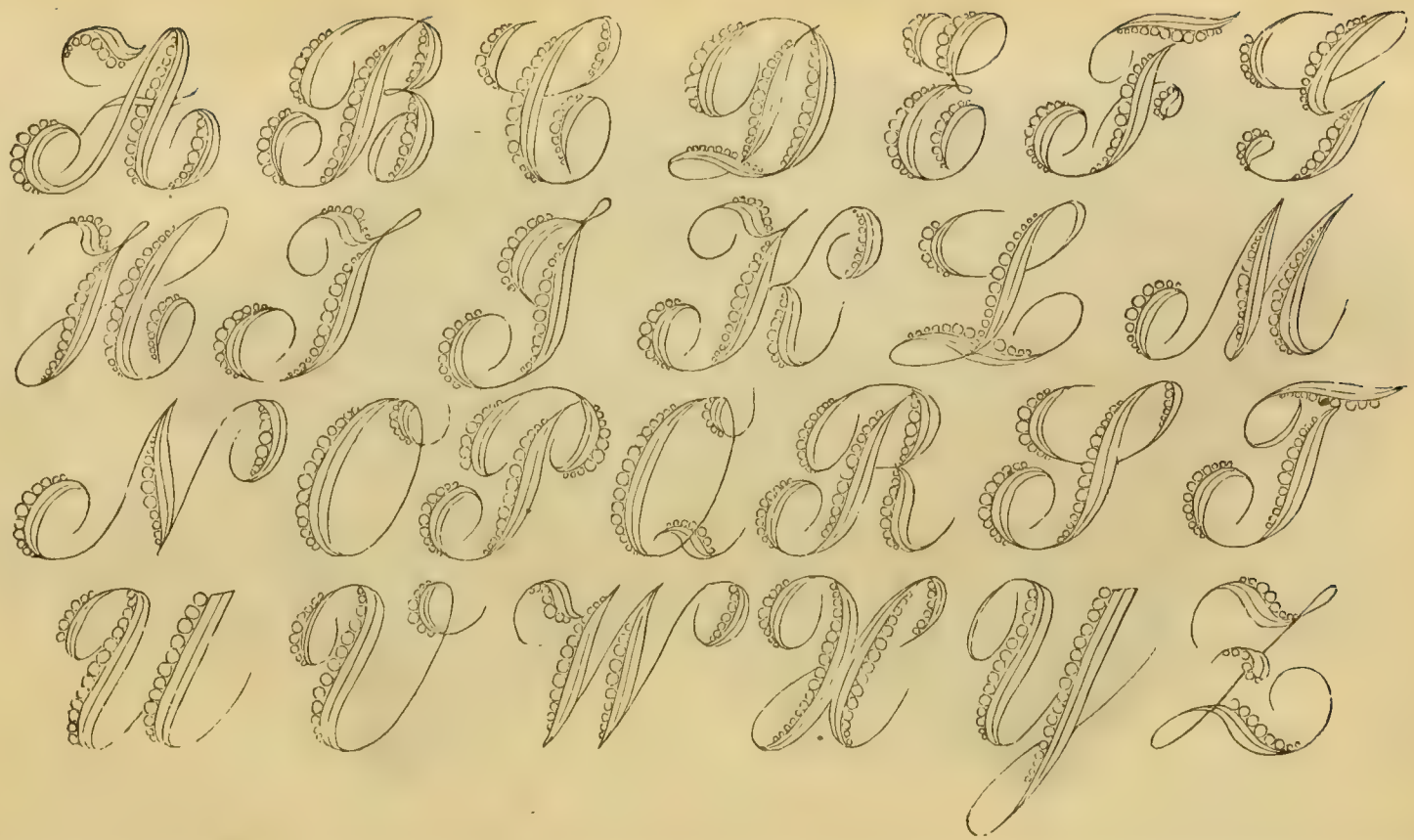
(*See description, Work Department.*)



KNIT KNEE WARMER.

VERY EASILY MADE, AND VERY COMFORTABLE.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 1862.

GENEALOGY OF JEWELS.

There is nothing new under the sun. Imagine not, therefore, dear ladies, that your most cherished ornaments have the least novelty about them—even if you can produce the newest fashioned necklace, bracelet, clasp, chain, or locket. From the beginning of the world women have always fixed their affections on these trifles: and you, also, in valuing them so highly, only follow the track made by thousands of the daughters of Eve who have gone before you. For instance, in the patriarchal tent, gold and gems were well known. Abraham's servant presented Rebecca with ear-rings and bracelets; Judith prepared for her fatal visit to Holofernes by taking off her sackcloth and adorning herself with jewels. The prophet, also, reproving the daughters of Israel with their vanity and love of finery, says: "In that day the Lord shall take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their networks, their crescent-shaped jewels, their chains, their bracelets, their spangled ornaments, and the pearls that overhang their brows."

All the surrounding nations of Israel supplied the prophet Isaiah with examples of this pageantry. The Egyptian tombs disclose to light jewels as remarkable for cunning workmanship as for intrinsic value: the golden scarabæi, necklaces, rings, and bracelets, engraved, chiselled, or enamelled in a thousand different ways. Cleopatra's famous pearl, and its fate, are remembered by every one. The women of Nineveh, Media, and Persia, lavished gold and pearls upon their garments. The Grecian women, according to Homer, were well acquainted with our golden girdles, rich clasps, crescent-shaped ear-rings, and bracelets, adorned with precious stones. All these figure in the toilet of Penelope. Amongst the Grecian jewels the ring of Polycrates is the most celebrated. Omazis, King of Egypt, having heard Polycrates described as the most fortunate of men, sent him this caution: "Your prosperities fill me with alarm; for the jealous gods suffer not that any mortal should enjoy unchanging felicity. Endeavor to bring upon yourself some loss, or misfortune, to counterbalance the dangerous favors of the gods!"

The tyrant of Samos, struck by this advice, threw into the sea a ring on which he set great value. Some historians declare it to have been an emerald, adorned, by a skilful engraver, with a lyre surrounded with bees. Pliny asserts that it was one entire sardonyx. The ring in question, having been swallowed by a fish, made its appearance three days after on the king's dinner table!

The ladies of Athens sometimes wore a golden grasshopper in their hair; and stones, cunningly carved, formed an important part of their costume. They served to clasp the tunic upon the shoulder, the mantle on the bosom, to confine the folds of the veil, and to fasten the sandal.

The Romans wore jewels even during the republic. The ring among them was a sign of nobility. It is well known that, after the battle of Cannæ, three bushels were filled with the rings of the knights. As for the Roman ladies, their love for jewels amounted to infatuation. The riches of the world, the spoils of vanquished nations, flowed through their hands in every variety of decoration. Diamonds sparkled in their black hair; their robes were brilliant with the starry gleam of jewels; their purple mantles were adorned with golden palm-leaves, and

sometimes also with precious stones: rings glittered on their fingers, bracelets of gold and pearls encircled their arms, and they wore chains and necklaces with pendents. These latter were sometimes formed of coins or medallions.

Lollia Paulina, the reputed wife of Caligula, is said by Pliny to have appeared at a simple family repast, adorned with pearls and emeralds worth forty millions of sesterces. Her head, breast, arms, and fingers were loaded with the spoils of the provinces. Precious stones were sometimes chiselled into the form of a cup and used at table.

The Roman matrons borrowed from the women of Gaul their blond tresses; from the eastern women their mitres of gold tissue and jewels. And the men themselves, when the empire was declining, gave themselves up to these frivolities. Heliogabalus appeared in public with an embroidered tiara, and a flowing robe adorned with jewels. Incredible sums were given for engraved stones, mounted as seals or rings; and the iron circlets of the Roman knights were replaced by rings set with the most costly gems. There were rings for summer and rings for winter. The women had balls made of amber to rub between their hands, as it was imagined that the friction had an invigorating effect. A few of the patrician families, remained faithful, nevertheless, to the ancient customs, and wore no other than ornaments of iron.

The barbarians had a strong appreciation for this splendor which made such eloquent appeals to the eyes. The movable huts, and tents of skins, belonging to the soldiers of Genseric and Attila, were filled with treasures. The Goths had obtained possession of no less than a hundred basins filled with gold, pearls, and diamonds—a plate of gold weighing five hundred pounds, and a table formed of one single emerald, surrounded with three rows of pearls, and supported by massive golden feet inlaid with jewels.

Charlemagne succeeded in recovering some of these innumerable treasures; for, having vanquished the Saxons and Huns, he discovered the secret caves where these grandchildren of the barbarians (former conquerors of the world) had collected the spoils of their forefathers.

Eginhard relates that the soldiers of Charlemagne entered by torchlight into the citadel of Panonia, and there found heaps of gold and silver. Armor enriched with rubies, sceptres, and ancient crowns, the heritage of a hundred nations, celebrated in former times. The chief part of this wealth was bestowed upon the churches and abbeys of France, since plundered at the time of the Revolution. The jewels from the tombs of martyrs, the wealthy spoils of the consuls, passing through many hands, are at length melted and absorbed in commerce.

Our Gallic neighbors also adorned themselves with jewelry. Necklaces and bracelets were worn by the men: they ornamented their helmets with branches of coral. The women fastened their hair with curiously-fashioned pins; and in their ancient burying-places specimens of these rough ornaments were found. The early queens of Gaul crowned their long flowing hair with a circlet of fluted gold, or a crown composed of gems and pearls. But if the material of these ornaments was precious, the workmanship was not only simple, but clumsy—as may be proved by the seal and the carved bees found at Tournay in the tomb of Childeric.

In vain did the kings enact sumptuary laws against the increase of luxury, and the rage for jewels. Nobleman and peasant alike vied in transgressing them. The women wore golden chains, jewelled crosses, rings, and purses. The men adorned even their arms with precious stones: they wore around the neck heavy chains of gold, from which sometimes a precious reliquary depended. The byzantine jewels were much sought after, adorned with enamel and frosted silver, curiously engraved.

The Crusades served to increase this love of finery, by disclosing to the Europeans the riches of the Orient. At that time, as occasionally in ours, linen was extremely scarce, though jewels abounded; and if a grand lady adorned her coronet with rubies and sapphires, the peasant's wife also had her carcanet of gold, her cross, and amulet. Louis, king and saint, presented Queen Margaret with a ring, bearing an engraven cross surrounded with lilies and daisies (Marguerite), with this inscription: "*Hors cet annel pourrions trouver amour?*"

The inventory of the rings and jewels of Charles V. proves that this king possessed forty fine rubies, nine sapphires, twenty emeralds, and one turquoise, all mounted in rings; specimens of workmanship in amber, chaplets of pearls and sapphires, talismans or stones engraved with Hebrew characters, endowed by the credulity of the age with supernatural virtues; also twenty golden crowns garnished with diamonds and rubies, ten caps of gold adorned with pearls and the balass ruby, and fourteen girdles with jewelled clasps belonging to the queen; without counting comfit-boxes, cups, and larger vessels, where jewels glittered upon the massive silver and gold.

Diamonds were well known during this age. History relates of Peter the Cruel that he gave all the diamonds he had with him to the pilot who conducted him to Tunis, when he was hard pressed by the troops of Henry of Transtamare. But at this time no extraordinary value was set upon diamonds, because the art of cutting them was not known. A young nobleman of Bruges, named Louis Berghem, first remarked that two diamonds rubbed together would polish each other; and thus he easily learned the art of making "diamond cut diamond." The first cut diamond called the "Sancy," was worn by Charles the Bold, who lost it at the battle of Nancy. It was found on the field, and sold for almost nothing to some poor shepherds; then to a priest for three florins. It afterwards passed into the family of Harlay, at Sancy, and now belongs to the French crown.

It was not until the reign of Charles VII. that women began to wear the bracelets formerly appropriated by the men. The dukes of Burgundy, who were great lovers of pomp and prodigality, had amassed vast treasures of jewels and golden vessels. The collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece sparkled with gems; and it is well known how strange was the contrast between the magnificence of Charles the Bold, the splendor of his raiment, and the jewels of his ducal crown, in comparison with the worn doublet, and the little images of lead, sole jewels of Louis XI.

The discovery of America brought treasures into Europe; by which, however, it has scarcely been enriched. In one night a captain was seen to win and lose the famous gold chain suspended in the Temple of the Sun, at Quito; and his companion paid 1,000 golden livres for a cake of Indian-wheat. Ferdinand Cortez lost, in a shipwreck, on the coast of Algiers, five emeralds of inestimable value, cut by the Indians into the shapes of a cup, a horn, a rose, a bell, and a fish. Perhaps one day they may be found beneath the sands of that shore!

The foreign influx of wealth caused the jewel-mania to increase still more. At the court of Francis I. the ladies wore girdles of wrought-gold, and shoulder-knots set with diamonds. Numbers of jewels were chiselled for them by Benvenuto Cellini.

The queens of the house of Valois are generally represented as gleaming with pearls and precious stones. Marie Stuart, in her portraits, is often adorned only with the pearls of her beloved Scotland; but Elizabeth seems to bend beneath the weight of her jewels; and even in her old age she had a passion for this kind of decoration.

Henry III. had a woman's admiration for trinkets, and wore necklaces of pearls beneath his open doublet. Queen Anne, of Austria, added to the treasures of the crown a string of splendid oriental pearls, which her son, Louis XIV., wore over his cuirass at great festivals. The ladies of the court used their jewels for embroidering their robes. The men wore jewelled shoe-buckles and garters; every button on their coat was a precious stone; and often even their hats were adorned with gems. Louis XIV. was said to be the most simply-dressed person at court, excepting at a grand festival or a marriage ceremony, when he would be arrayed in jewels worth nine millions of money. At the reception of the Persian ambassador in February, 1715, this king wore a coat of black and gold, laden with twelve million brilliants, and so heavy that he was obliged to disembarrass himself of it before dinner. A nobleman of Genoa, having offered to Louis XIV. a pearl of singular shape, bearing some resemblance to the bust of a man, that king had it set in such a manner as to represent a Roman warrior. *Apropos* of the reign of Louis XIV., we must not forget the emerald ring, given by the Duchess of Orleans, on her death-bed, to Bossuet, who, in his funeral oration dedicated to this princess, makes a delicate and touching allusion to the gift.

The system of law, which dispersed so many fortunes, gave fresh scope to luxury. The *parvenus* boasted of silver articles of furniture, and gems of fabulous value. St. Simon—who advised the Regent to obtain for the crown the famous diamond bearing his name—gives us the following description of a pearl belonging to the kings of Spain, seen by him during his embassy. "This pearl, called *la Pérégrine*, is of the finest color, shaped and marked precisely like those small, musk-flavored pears, called 'Sept-en-gueule,' which arrive at maturity after the strawberry season. Their name is intended to indicate the smallness of their size; nevertheless no human mouth could contain more than four at once. The pearl is as large and long as the small pear of this kind, and larger by comparison than any other pearl. It is therefore unique; and is indeed declared to be the companion of the identical pearl ear-ring dissolved in vinegar and drank by Cleopatra in an extravagance of folly and love."

Now we cannot vouch for the truth of this genealogy; nevertheless, all famous diamonds

have their history. The "Sancy" was found on a battle-field; the "Regent" belonged to the Pitt family before it became the most magnificent jewel of France; the diamond now adorning the sceptre of the Czars was formerly the single eye of an Indian god. But the diamonds of the fatal necklace of Marie Antoinette are all dispersed; and Napoleon I., on his marriage with Josephine, could only boast a diamond ring of very ordinary value.

In Germany, each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning; and every month of the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We furnish our curious reader with a list:—

January,	Garnet,	Fidelity to promises.
February,	Amethyst,	Control of the passions.
March,	Bloodstone,	Courage and discretion.
April,	Sapphire,	Repentance, and also Diamond, Innocence.
May,	Emerald,	Happiness.
June,	Agate,	Long life and health.
July,	Ruby,	Oblivion of grief.
August,	Sardonyx,	Conjugal felicity.
September,	Chrysolite,	Preservative from Folly.
October,	Aqua marine,	Misfortune, and also Opal, Hope.
November,	Topaz,	Friendship.
December,	Turquoise.	Success.

Thirty years ago, rings were made with precious stones, of which the initials formed a name or a work. For example: the name of Sophia would be expressed by the following jewels: a Sapphire, Opal, Pearl, Hyacinthus, Jasper, and an Amethyst. This was at once an ornament and *souvenir;* for we all like to have something dedicated to the memory of those we love.

The unhappy princess of Swartzemburg wore a necklace of medallions, engraved with the names of her eight children; and when she fell a victim to her maternal love, this ornament alone caused her remains to be recognized.

We will not enumerate the ornaments of our own day. This is a question of fashion; and the fashions are subject to change, now, as in the olden time.

Recent newspapers have made mention of a ruby ring, which forms a microscopic stereoscope; and in its depths can be distinctly seen the portraits of two of our most distinguished princes—a strange union of modern discoveries with gems dating their origin from the foundation of the world! And where are they, now, all those treasures of old? the spoils of pagan temples, of Christian churches, of the palaces of Greece and Rome? A part has been destroyed by fire, buried in earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the depths of the sea; the rest, perhaps, melted a hundred times in the crucible, pass at last into our hands under the form of money, plates, cups, and jewels of every description.

So, through manifold transformation, the hands that are now become nameless dust transmit to our keeping the gold and gems with which they were once adorned, when the pulse of life throbbed in them as now in our own, till we also—caring no longer for the gleaming pearl, the lustrous emerald, or the flashes of the keen-glancing diamond—shall in our turn relax our grasp, and consign our treasures to succeeding generations.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY AVIS OCULUS.

One of the greatest trials in a mother's life is to give up her first-born to the caresses of another; the parting with one over whom she has watched with such anxiety and solicitude from the day he first nestled in her bosom. How that fond mother's heart swells with emotion as she witnesses her son, her almost *idol* take the vows that bind him to another; no more her *own*, and hers *only!*

Is it any wonder that her heart burns with sorrow, when she knows that *another* must share with him his smiles and his tears; that *another* must be his confidante; that *another* must take the first place in that heart where she, before, reigned supreme?

We cannot blame her that she weeps and mourns, and that she has misgivings as to her idol's future; she knows that there is adversity as well as prosperity; that her son has taken upon himself a great responsibility; yet she tries hard to make herself believe that all will surely be well, and smiles through her tears as she kisses her son and new-made daughter. Thus wavers that fond, loving heart between hope and fear as to the future happiness of her first-born, in this, his most important step in life.

The congratulations are over; the mother, as in some strange, sad dream, has bidden them both—her darling and his bride—"good-by," and the carriage containing them rattles away to convey them to the cars, in which they are to commence their wedding tour. A mother's blessing goes with them. She returns, sorrowful and dejected, to her now desolate home, where *his* cheery voice and *his* elastic footstep will be no longer heard, except when, at long intervals, he visits his childhood's home. She prays for their happiness, and—these are a *mother's* prayers.

THE DOUBLE TEST.

A LOVE STORY.

BY BERYL WILLOW.

CHAPTER I.

THE exaggerated deference which once hedged in from observation the true character of the country schoolmaster has long been disappearing, until, at the present day, it is no special trophy, as it once was, in the helmets of professional tyros, to have served with *éclat* an apprenticeship in the district schoolhouse. The birch, and ferule, and the Medean laws by which the old-time pedagogue was wont to awe his pupils to submission have yielded to the milder sway of learning and remonstrance; but the rural school is still so modest in its demands of scholarship that any youth of ordinary parts may reasonably aspire to its graduating honors before stepping out into those broader fields of action where vaster energies and deeper scientific culture are essential to success.

At such an epoch, therefore, in my own experience, I found myself invested with the supreme control of a weather-worn, dilapidated structure called a schoolhouse, and situated in a lonely glen among those hills that skirt the Mohawk River for the first third of its length. This hamlet, within whose precincts I aspired to win the imperishable laurels of a benefactor to the rising generation, was a second Sleepy Hollow, in its seclusion from the busy world around it; for the swift currents of human progress shot past this isolated settlement as regardlessly as the central current of a mighty river sweeps past the little eddies near its banks. If, however, it bore in this particular a certain resemblance to that vision-breeding region which genius has immortalized, the similarity was more than counterbalanced by a wide *dis*-similarity in many other respects, for little, indeed, could one discover in the bleak site of Smalley at all suggestive of the sunny-skied, half fabulous glen where Ichabod Crane splintered his love-lance in honor of Van Tassel's daughter.

My rickety, brown old school-house was perched upon the side of a bleak northward hill, over which, in stormy days, the mountain winds roared and moaned like hungry panthers. Here it was, then, that on a windy morning in October, 18—, I opened my first country school. I need not attempt a description of the emotions with which I surveyed the motley company which thronged in at the tinkle of the bell. The stolid countenances of some, the forbidding looks of others, and the air of apathy largely predominating in all, awakened at the time no very sanguine anticipations of pleasure in my new vocation. I have said this was my first essay at teaching, and, unskilled as I was in judging character from physiognomy, I viewed the moving panorama of faces before me as one might look upon a caricature. That I was unable then to find much in the faces of my scholars calculated to interest me was doubtless owing to my state of mind, for in many countenances where at first I failed to find a single prepossessing lineament a subsequent acquaintance developed much of the lovable and beautiful.

In rural communities, however, secluded like this from the busy world of trade and speculation, physical strength is not seldom ranked highest amongst a teacher's accomplishments. Under such an inauspicious system, children generally grow up indifferent to the milder rule of moral force, only reverencing authority as symbolized in the raw hide. Such I judged truly to be the case with some of the athletic fellows, who even then stalked to their seats with a rudeness of deportment foreshadowing future insolence and defiance.

Amongst the later pupils, as they filed in to occupy their respective places, I observed a girl some fifteen years of age, who glided past with a step as noiseless as a spirit's, and, choosing a place somewhat apart from her mates, turned immediately to her books. Her short and insufficient dress exposed her naked ankles and coarsely-shod feet to the bitter wind, while the homely shawl and tattered hood which completed her attire gave scarcely more protection to her shivering frame. As she moved rapidly to her seat, I marked a complacent sneer resting on the faces of the more comfortably clad children of wealthy farmers. I had little time to analyze this demonstrated feeling, however, for what has taken some space to relate was comprehended by a momentary glance.

For several weeks the current of events ran quietly enough, and I was fast becoming conversant with the details of my calling. During

this period, none had elicited as frequent commendation as the poor girl I have referred to. I had learned what seemed to be the most that any one could tell concerning her—that her name was Maggie Fulmer, and that she lived as a dependent relative in the family of old, drunken Joe Fulmer, a miserable reprobate and sot, who had outraged every sympathetic attention which his neighbors had thought fit to offer him. That Maggie came to school was owing to the fact that she was not needed at home, and the wealthier people of the district were content to pay as a tax for the schooling of an unfortunate child what they could not conscientiously bestow upon a dissolute guardian. Dependent for her clothing, and almost for her food, upon the charity of others, she still thirsted for that knowledge which scarcely possessed a charm in the eyes of many whom fortune had more bountifully favored. Day after day, from the opening to the close of school, she bent above her desk, in unremitting application to her studies. Her sad and painful history, and the questionable treatment of her mates would have been sufficient of themselves to interest me deeply in her welfare; but there was, withal, an unobtrusive, sad timidity conspicuous in her manner, a grasp of intellect displayed even in her simple studies, and a strange unconquerable reserve about the child, that interested me still more.

I was not long in reading, in the face of passing events, the probability that, like other emperors, my reign was destined to anything but perfect tranquillity. With the rude boors under my control, unused as they had been to any government save that of force, grew up occasional difficulties. Some petty acts of heedlessness and wilful misdoing elicited condign reproof. This was at the time respectfully received, but I could not disguise from myself the fact that matters were growing visibly worse. I was compelled to administer rebukes more frequently, and the graver nature of the offences gave to my remarks a corresponding earnestness. I was, from principle, averse to harsher measures than I had yet made use of, but I could foresee no way to escape the necessity of stringent argument. The trustees were special in disavowing any interference for better or worse with my school discipline, and I was thus obliged to assume a responsibility which might not only be considered hazardous as involving the personal consequences of a struggle with several athletic ruffians none too well disposed, but as extremely doubtful in its reception by the patrons of the school. Self-respect, however, at length compelled me to resolve that, at all hazards, I would meet the culprits with an energy of purpose and a severity of discipline which, if successful, might eradicate the evil it was aimed at, and which, at the worst, could do no more than defeat itself. I was not long in fixing upon the person of one Nelson Eckler, the acknowledged champion of the school in all athletic exercises, as he with whom I must contest the mastery. He had repeatedly provoked reproof by conduct unworthy of his manhood, and, in the teeth of repeated assurances of reform, had uniformly treated my suggestions with neglect. Accordingly, at the close of a day which had more than usually exhausted my forbearance, I made all necessary preparations for the impending struggle.

The following day dawned cold, and clear, and sunny, like many a day in the good old-fashioned winter. The forenoon wore away without occasion for remark. At noon I left the school-room for my boarding-place, near by. The nooning over, I set out on my return. As I approached the school-house, I was startled by a mingled din that rose high upon the ear. Distinct above the tumult, I could distinguish the jeering tones of Nelson Eckler and another voice lifted in tearful entreaty and reproach, which I recognized as that of Maggie Fulmer.

"There!" hooted the former; "that was drunken old Joe Fulmer to a fraction! See her face when she bawls! A pretty fuss, it strikes me, all for a crust of burnt johnnycake!"

This brutal taunt was greeted with a general cheer, through which I could distinguish the imploring voice of Maggie.

"It isn't for my dinner that I care, for it's no disgrace to be poor, if one can't help it; but it's a shame for a great boy like you to abuse a helpless girl because the teacher isn't here!"

"So you think he'd take your part, do you? I guess I'd like to see him at it! I'd serve him like that johnnycake!"

I did not wait for more, but burst into the room, where the whole scene lay before me. Around the stove were collected the larger portion of the school, clapping hands and hooting loud applauses for a central group, which instantly riveted my gaze. Surrounded by three or four young men, as old and stalwart as himself, stood Nelson Eckler, grasping Maggie by the arm, while he brandished aloft a basket from which he had cast the contents—a little corncake—upon the floor, where he stood grinding it under foot, to give force to the last words I had heard him utter. A repulsive leer of

defiance gleamed upon his features as he glared with a look of brutal malice upon the face of Maggie, that was partly hidden by fingers through which the large tears trickled rapidly as rain. A glance sufficed, and the tempest of indignation which had risen as I listened at the door burst forth.

"Miserable coward!" I hissed, "your time has come at last!"

He had no time to complete the insolent sentence with which he attempted to reply, for, reaching up above the old map behind my desk, I grasped a sturdy whip, and drew it with the velocity of lightning full upon his head. He curled like a hound beneath the blow, which shivered the whip to atoms, and, cleaving the thick fabric of his coat as if it had been paper, left its scarlet sign upon the flesh. Before he could recover, I was upon him, and, beating up the sinewy arms that sought to close around me, I flung him violently upon the hard upright facing of my desk. A momentary struggle succeeded, but, overwhelmed as much by surprise as fear, the offender needed little further chastisement; and when, a minute afterward, I demanded a full confession of his guilt before the school, I was promptly obeyed. In the remarks with which I followed this example, I defined explicitly the latitude henceforth to be allowed the scholar, and admonished his comrades in delinquency that I should treat all future symptoms of insubordination as unsparingly as this. The effect of these measures was electric. Those who on previous occasions had turned a deaf ear to my words, or listened, at best, with an aspect of indifference, now attended with eager faces, and made an early application of my advice, highly satisfactory. Under the influence of such feelings, the afternoon proceeded to its close, and school was at length dismissed. One by one the pupils took their homeward way, until Maggie alone remained. I had completed some slight arrangements at my desk, and turned to depart, when I found her standing by the door with downcast eyes and a quivering but speechless lip. The rays of the gay descending sun streamed through the western windows full upon her expressive features, as I remarked the tears rolling down his cheeks and glistening in the dusk fringes of her eyes. I knew this agitation had its origin in the gratitude of a heart thankful for the part which a few hours previous I had taken in her defence. I comprehended how the heart of the sensitive child was aching to outpour its thanks, and how the incompetent voice and the reluctant tongue were able only to be silent. Sympathy with her emotion made me half fearful to trust my utterance; but, finally mastering myself, I laid my hand upon the glossy tresses of the agitated girl, and said:—

"Maggie, I understand what you would say, so do not say it. What I did for you was simply justice; and if you think I have rendered you a service, you can best repay it by laboring earnestly to become good and wise."

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "every one despises me, and I am *so* unhappy!"

The mournful sorrow of the child was deeply touching.

"You are mistaken, Maggie," I said. "There are many who appreciate virtue and industry in you as well as others; and if you persevere, the day may come when all these troubles will be forgotten. If you continue honest, and faithful to yourself, you will become a happy and respected woman. The way is a long and hard one, Maggie; but who knows what you may accomplish?"

"And how can I thank you, sir," she asked, "for all your kindness to me?"

"Simply, as I told you, Maggie, by being as you are now, virtuous, studious, and hopeful. Poverty may be hard, but intelligence robs it of half its sting. Come, let us go home."

Subsequently to this, day followed day with an unruffled regularity of discipline, almost instinctive. Reproof to the larger pupils was unneeded, and their example, tempered by some salutary laws, controlled the rest mechanically. Struck by the novelty of perfect order, all bent themselves to study with new interest, and surpassed each week the progress of the week preceding. Still, foremost of all competitors for favor during the entire winter, stood Maggie Fulmer. From the day on which I had espoused her cause, although reserved as ever, in compliance with my advice, she seemed determined to excel even her own past efforts. Her nights were spent, or partly spent, in application, and her daily recitations exhibited a depth of thought and vigor of understanding which astonished even me, and to the country bumpkins who recited with her she seemed to border on the supernatural. Nominally classified with her schoolmates, she was in reality passing far beyond them. Often were my leisure moments employed in explaining to her some abstruse problem, or in indicating more clearly the outline of some philosophic theory which her precocious intellect but dimly, yet sometimes almost, comprehended. Frequently on such occasions was I startled at the

range of her reflective experience, until I could not but wonder at the brilliancy of talents which needed but the hand of cultivation to resemble genius. From such daily associations with her I began to derive a new, indefinite pleasure in remarking the enthusiasm of this tireless scholar, which threw a charm around the dryest elements of science. By constant sympathy with the earnest rapture of the girl, I grew into a deeper admiration of herself. By degrees I forgot, in contemplating her extraordinary talents, her humble station, until I felt that she had created for herself an interest in my heart that could never be destroyed. And so she grew, by delicate degrees, through pity, interest, and admiration, up into the higher regions of respect and love.

Thus sped the term. My patrons, pleased at the beneficial change in school, extended my probation two months beyond the usual time; but the hours of that period ran goldenly away into oblivion until at last it came—the day which was to close my term—and within a short time after which I was to take my place in a law office in a distant city. The May, beautiful May, had long been in, and the breath of her greening meadows and adolescent blossoms melted in at the open windows where I was holding my last day's school session. But, not to linger, I had given the last encouragement which I was ever to offer in that humble room; the trustees and patrons had shaken my hand in rude congratulations on my success; the little ones had given me the last reluctant palm, and the larger ones had spoken the last tearful "good-by;" and I sat, resting my forehead in my hand, gazing vacantly away into the supernal glory of the western sky, with an unaccustomed sadness on my brow and a regretful melancholy at my heart. I was sad at my release from what most would have deemed an irksome task. Yet wherefore? Why should I regret to exchange this humble sphere of action for one broader and more promising? this tiresome round of petty duties for the varied and exciting scenes of active life? Why should I be reluctant to leave these barren hills, untenanted save by the brown and antiquated dwelling of the husbandman, for the gay delights and fashionable splendors of city life, where art, made prodigal by wealth, adds to the magnificence of taste the luxury of Oriental climes? Here taste was simple, customs rude; whither I was going elegance and fashion reigned, and beauty spread her thousand fascinations. Then why was I reluctant? Perhaps, as I inquired, my heart made answer to itself; but its answer was unheeded, for a shadow fell across my face and a cluster of fragrant early wild flowers dropped upon the desk. I glanced upward, and beheld the graceful figure of Maggie Fulmer. She was clad in a far better dress than common, and the masses of her magnificent hair fell round a face flushed deep with exercise, and eyes that burned with more than their accustomed melancholy splendor. As I met their searching gaze, it was in effect as if, by the sudden flame of some volcano, I had been shown the chaotic features of the passion living in the caverns of my heart. That speechless glance revealed it all, and I felt it to be *their* influence which bound me so inseparably to the scenes which I was quitting. Gazing upon the child-genius and emancipated scholar, I half persuaded myself that the preceding hour had expanded the frail figure of the girl into the ripe proportions of full womanhood. Indeed, I almost read in her mute gaze a recognition of the passion which consumed me. Rising, I took the little hand of Maggie, and led her to a western window. Winding my arms about her slender figure, I said, in tones much calmer than the heart which prompted them:—

"Maggie, I am no longer your teacher. When that sun sets, I shall have seen you for the last time, perhaps, on earth. Are you sorry?"

I read my answer in the tears that glistened in the uplifted eyes.

"Then, Maggie, you can understand why I regret to leave you. I am going very far away; but you will remember me, will you not, Maggie, and write to me that I may know you do? Will you do this, Maggie?"

How I loved to dwell on the repetition of that name, which seemed to embody all things of sound and meaning which I loved! And how I longed for something more than the convulsive pressure of the hand which answered me! A desperate desire for an affectionate word possessed me as I watched the slow-rolling tears that marked her grief.

"Maggie," I whispered, "do you understand what it is to love?"

"I hardly know," she said, mournfully. "No one cares for the love of Maggie, the drunkard's child!" The rolling tears were swelled to torrents now, and her bosom heaved fearfully with convulsive sobs.

"You must not, *shall* not cherish such thoughts," I said; "there are many who would prize your love, my girl. I, Maggie, *I* would give worlds to know you love me."

"If to think of you always, and always as a

star—pure, high, and far away—be love, I love you now," said the strange being at my side. "But you are learned and proud, and I must not bring you nearer in my thoughts."

"And why not?" cried I, passionately. "Oh, Maggie! dearest Maggie! let me come nearer to your heart, until I enter it forever. Tell me you love me now; and some time, when you shall have outlived these girlhood troubles, we may realize this dream together!"

"Ah!" said Maggie, releasing herself gently from my arms, and speaking in a tone of unutterable pain, "I am too young, too poor, too wretched to love any one. Oh, if I could only die!" And she hid her face once more in her hands, and sobbed long and fearfully.

"Nay, live, dear Maggie!" I exclaimed. "I will come back to you, darling, and if these clouds have not dispersed, I will carry my Maggie off to a land where it is always sunlight. Will you not love me ever, Maggie?" I asked, clasping her to my heart.

"Always!" she sobbed, "even in my unworthiness," she added, smiling through her tears. "And I will write until you weary of my letters."

A few words more, and I stood alone at the window, watching with tumultuous emotions the form of Maggie as she wound along the grassy highway in the distance. She looked back at intervals along the lonely road, as one might look back mournfully upon some receding hope; and when the last flutter of her dress had disappeared, I left that house forever.

CHAPTER II.

From the closing events of the preceding chapter we must stride forward twelve years. What unexpected changes these twelve years had wrought in my own fortune! Through all the grades of "lawyerdom," from that of a simple copyist of deeds up to the satisfactory condition of a legal "limb," in verity, with an extensive practice, I had passed, and had finally come into the enjoyment, whether merited or not, of a handsome reputation as an advocate. During the year or two next succeeding the season which I spent in Smalley, I sustained a regular and frequent correspondence with Maggie. In all her letters were to be found occasional passages indicating the untaught wealth of a mind struggling to pour into the moulded patterns of expression the impressive fancies so peculiarly its own; but Maggie generally failed to communicate to the lifeless letters the simple eloquence which, when falling from her gifted tongue, and receiving an added spell from her mysterious beauty, had so often startled me like an electric shock. Accustomed, while in her presence, to connect the music of her words with her striking personal exterior, I had forgotten until I came to read the irregular epistles, in which the defects of her education were apparent, that she was, after all, but a crude child of misfortune, comparatively—nay, almost wholly destitute of those accomplishments which, if not the origin of love, are about the only aliment on which it can subsist. I was not long in concluding that my humble wall-flower, which had seemed so strangely brilliant from its coarse and rude surroundings, would, if transplanted to a fashionable parlor, appear a very ordinary blossom, the essence of rusticity. By degrees this impression, at first admitted suspiciously and with self-reproach, grew familiar to my mind, and I came to contrast our different positions and the probable unlikeness of our tastes and habits, until I tacitly concluded that to look upon Maggie Fulmer in a dearer light than as a valued friend would be rank injustice to us both. I had not outlived the memory of the words I had spoken when we parted, but gradually settled into a habit of thought that looked upon it as a boyish extravagance which she as well as I would eventually forget. And yet, at times, when some vivid reminiscence fell glowing from her pen, there would steal over me a temporary shadow of the same fever-dream, always relapsing, however, into that common type of thought in which the Maggie of old was a fabulous creature—bright, but indistinct; and sweet, but most unreal. As a friend, however, I could not but do her reverence; the thought of dropping her acquaintance was never for a moment entertained. The place she occupied in my esteem, and which in former seasons had appeared to be the highest station there, seemed lower as I grew in mental stature; but it was still far too elevated to be looked upon except with feelings of respect and admiration. Thus it came that I still maintained a correspondence with Maggie, while slowly from the ragged scrawl of the school-girl and the meagre language in which her earlier written thoughts were clothed, her hand had gained a cunning with the pen, and her style had acquired a chasteness and coherency plainly an improvement on her earlier efforts, when suddenly she sank into impenetrable silence. I had already written her several unanswered letters, and many weeks had passed away before I learned,

in answer to some inquiries which I had instituted in her neighborhood, that, in company with her family, she had removed no one knew whither. All efforts to ascertain the new location of my girlish favorite were fruitless. For several months this circumstance occasioned me considerable inquietude, and formed a subject of constant speculation; but new opening prospects drew my thoughts aside, until, finally, the matter ceased to be a daily topic of thought. Occasionally, it is true, I reverted, speculatively, to the antiquated theatre on which so brief and sweet a drama of boyish life had been enacted; but manhood's stirring incentives urged me onward, forward into a partial forgetfulness of every dream save that ambition weaves. Wealth, distinction lay before me, and I entered, with a natural zest, these new, exciting fields of action.

In these pursuits ten years went by, and found me, at the age of thirty, a citizen of R———, with a comfortable fortune and a constantly enlarging professional practice. Millions are born and die to whom the higher paths of social progress are sealed forever; but for me they had no barrier; and yet, though for years I had mingled in circles where every feminine accomplishment and artifice combine to render female beauty irresistible, I had as yet escaped heartwhole. Perhaps the recollection of Maggie Fulmer was not least among the safeguards which exempted me from after passions, for it is certain that there arose at times from the unsounded gulfs of memory, where the beloved are buried, a wizard countenance, whose unique and supernal beauty resembled the beauty of a spectre, and before whose lofty charms all common fairness seemed but imperfection, for it burned with the sublime reflection of a gifted soul. However this may be, I had never, thus far, gazed on loveliness which could compare with the capricious shadow that visited my dreams.

But to return. Assiduous confinement to business was fast exhausting me, and it was with an eager feeling of relief that I accepted a professional call promising to detain me several weeks in the comparatively rural city of B——. Perhaps no summer songster ever turned from the far southland at the call of spring, to revisit its familiar groves and cleave again with willing wing its native atmosphere, more exultantly than did I speed rapidly away from the bustle of the town, and approach the haven of respite. No feeling is so inspiring after protracted bondage as the sense of personal freedom; and when I trod the pavements of B—— it was for the time with a supreme indifference to all time, past and future, and a complete absorption in the present. Society, in this retired town, possessed a genial freshness unknown to the conventional crowds of fashionable R——, and I entered with enthusiasm into every scheme which could promise enjoyment. In rambles and excursions amongst its surrounding forests, lakes, and rivers, and in cordial intercourse with its hospitable people, the brief season allotted to these unalloyed enjoyments melted insensibly away, until the necessity for my return to business stared me in the face, and revealed the unconscious zeal which I had thrown into my recreations. Not least among the many ties formed, even in so brief a period, was that of an acquaintance with one of the most fascinating women I had ever met. In the social world of B—— mingled many beautiful and queenly creatures, but among them there was one whose loveliness outshone all others; and yet the spell surrounding Mary Seymour was not simply referable to mere personal beauty. True, a world of symmetry dwelt in the tall and stately figure, the contour of the intellectual features, and a world of sensuous beauty in the lustrous hair, and in the sweet expression of a mouth as daintily and delicately chiselled as a rainbow; but it was a something not wholly tangible, that dwelt in the unfathomable, soundless eyes, and swallowed up all considerations of mere outward beauty. Accustomed as I had been long to estimate the attractions of women with the cool analysis of a critic, I at first met Miss Seymour with the indifference with which, in my opinion, all feminine charms were most safely treated. This opinion, however, was, within a little time, materially revised. I found her differing widely in all the cardinal points of character from any woman I had ever seen. It was neither the rumor of her princely wealth, the vision of her wonderful perfection, nor the magic of her countless accomplishments that set at fault my preconceived conclusions; it was something higher, more spiritual than those, which exercised at once an attracting and repelling influence upon all who entered the enchanted circle of her presence. Dazzled by the blaze of attractions that I could not analyze, it is no wonder that I yielded passively to the current of admiration by which the proud, the humble, and the gifted were swayed alike. Nor did this sentiment remain the same; the processes by which its shallowness verged nearer to the soundless depths of love, though imperceptible, were so rapid that I had scarcely

marked the existence of any feeling deeper than admiration before I awoke to a consciousness that Mary Seymour had become the arbitress of my destiny. On what a passion so absorbing had been nourished it was difficult to specify —nay, a casual observer would have denied *any* ground for hope. But at times, when I approached her, my infatuated heart would fancy that it read beneath the assumed carelessness of her demeanor a thrill of pleasure. Even of this I could not feel assured; and so, involved in perplexing extremes of hope and doubt, I lingered on until the period positively fixed for my departure was but a day in advance. Existence had become to me a problem, and upon the positive or negative solution of these passing hours its whole result depended.

In the jostling, brilliant crowd which that evening assembled in the parlors of a wealthy citizen of B—— I sought an isolated station from whence I could gaze with undisturbed delight upon the face of Mary Seymour. As I wandered for this purpose to and fro, I aimed instinctively to shun the object of my passion. She was there, radiant as ever; and as I gazed upon her eyes, which now flashed in the capricious light of humor, and then lost their brilliance in a shade of utter night, I could not but acknowledge that the umpire of my happiness, whether merciful or not, could never be other than an angel from heaven.

I have said that I aimed to shun Miss Seymour, as if there were in her presence a terrible fascination which it would be wise to avoid. In despite of this, long before the close of that portentous night, I found myself beside her, listening as ever to the sparkling or haughty utterances of her lips. Once within the sphere of her attractions, I sank at once into a creature of the wind, swayed by her slightest whim, and listening or replying to her glittering sarcasms or glowing periods, with a mind meanwhile stumbling in a maze of irresolution. Should I pin my eternal peace upon the cast of a die, and learn in one momentous instant my whole after fate? Were it not better to prefer an uncertainty, which at least *permitted* hope, to a decree which might forbid all but despair? My soul experienced a kind of agonizing pleasure in thus leaning over the precipice of doubt, seeking to fathom the intense darkness of the gulf beneath it. Then a reaction of this extreme agony suggested—"Your life at best is misery; can it be worse? And should your hopes be realized, what a heaven would earth become! Coward! who dare not stake a pain against a paradise!" I grew brave; I resolved; with the formation of my resolution a better mood came over me. I could gaze once more upon the regal beauty by my side with a soul all alive to the exquisite pleasure of the sight. At length she said:—

"Are you not weary, Mr. Fairfield, of this glitter, which so many worship as if all the jewels here were genuine, and all the rhetoric sincere? The open air is better."

She took my arm, and we passed into the gardens. The glittering moon was high in heaven, chasing a host of stars across the skies; the air was balmy as a tropic breeze, and the soft murmur of neighboring waters stole through the grounds like a whisper of invisible lips. Numbers of the guests were, like ourselves, enjoying a promenade through the spacious grounds, which stretched from the rear of the mansion, in a tasteful grove, down to the river bank, which formed the western boundary of my friend's estate. For some time we strolled vacantly along the winding paths, engaged in varying conversation, and often passing, in our irregular wanderings, others who, like ourselves, preferred the sublime beauty of the world about us to the artificial splendor of the parlor.

"And so you expect a quick release from these scenes of display," said Miss Seymour, in answer to myself. "Is it possible that you regret to exchange this life of questionable enjoyment for a path of undoubted usefulness?"

"Nature has fitted me to enjoy the social circle as well as most men," I replied; "and yet I am not Hindoo enough to worship pleasure as a deity."

"From our brief acquaintance, I should have marked Mr. Fairfield as one of her most devoted worshippers," she said, "for few attend her courts as steadily or devoutly."

"Nay, Miss Seymour," I remonstrated, "do not judge me prematurely. I am perhaps less fascinated by the mere life I have been leading than by some of those who lend the sanction of wealth and cultivation to its senseless ceremonies. Surely, one as vulnerable to social arts as I am may consistently yield to spells that have been countenanced by one as gifted and accomplished as yourself."

I thought I could detect a scornful smile upon her lip as she replied: "The drunkard has his Lethean cup, the brute his hour of repose, and these seasons of excitement answer to the same demand for rest."

"A specious theory," I rejoined, "but one that cannot be sustained. This endless round of chatter and parade excites to-day only to forsake to-morrow."

"You speak confidently; and yet few suffer themselves to doubt the power of trifles even like these to soothe unpleasant thoughts. Perhaps my own discrepancy of theory and practice may originate in a desire to fully satisfy myself whether these fleeting follies have really any potency for 'minds diseased.'"

"Let me hope that Miss Seymour cannot have encountered anything so fearful as to drive her to the waters of oblivion at the expense of reason. Indeed, I cannot conceive how such a necessity could come upon one so undeserving it," I said, with a profound failure in my attempt at gallantry.

"My hypothesis did not convey a right to speculate on what I have endured," she added, coldly. "I am not one, however, whose path has been so thornless as to give me no sympathy with sorrow, nor one so nearly an angel as to be free from error. You have gallantry enough, I suspect, to believe that what may not be readily explained may yet involve no guilt, for suffering is not limited to any corner of the globe."

"Far be it from me, dearest Miss Seymour," I said, "to revive the secret griefs which have afflicted one so perfect. Let me prove to you the depth of my esteem by avowing here the love which you must have recognized. Though I cannot claim the favor which long acquaintance merits, the briefest passions are not always the least worthy. I know my presumption in aspiring to worth so priceless; but if you knew how the thought of a future without you shakes me with dread, how the days would be sunless and the nights wretched with despair, you would look kindly on me. Oh, tell me that I may hope, and I shall be blest forever!"

As I bent above the averted head, and clasped the yielding figure to my heart, the weight of uncertainty lifted from above me, and my soul looked into heaven. Suddenly she rose from my embrace, and with her eyes flashing through tears exclaimed:—

"Henry Fairfield, you speak of time as lightly as a boy! And are you indeed one of that herd who think a week's devotion wins a woman's heart? I had thought you higher, nobler than they. But learn from me that if so brief a space of flattery wins some who wear a woman's form, it can never secure a true woman's love."

"You judge me harshly," I cried. "You do not know me if you think my love, though born in an hour, can die as soon. Name but the proof, if proof you desire, and I swear it shall be given."

"I will ask but a *little* thing, Henry Fairfield," she said, wildly, "a *very* little thing to one who truly loves. Let us separate now, never more to meet until I call you to me. Ask me not when it will be; it may be months, nay, years; but it will come as surely as that moon shall wax and wane forever."

"And will naught else suffice?" I asked. "Nothing but an age of separation for months, years, perchance forever? Oh, picture to yourself a dying heart, that withers with the very dream it cherishes; picture a life on which love's sun has set forever. Bid me perform all possibilities, but do not doom me to an infinite despair."

"No," she said; "though it scatters my heart's best hopes to the four winds of heaven, I cannot yield the trial. Obey, and you go forth fenced in from harm by the strong love of a woman whose first true heart is yours; refuse, and this side of the grave there shall be for either of us no dawn of hope."

I shuddered to look upon her radiant figure, as, with head thrown back, a countenance as pale as marble, and eyes that seemed to mock the radiance of the skies on which they gazed, she pointed to the zenith. Instinctively I bent before her, as a slave might bend before his patron saint.

"And must I be thus banished?" I moaned. "A *day* without thee seems an eternity; how can I seal myself in darkness, it may be forever? Oh, you are cold and cruel, and do not love me!"

"Henry!" she said, passionately, "you are unjust. A love like mine for you lives only in a woman's soul, and I will suffer no maiden bashfulness to blind you to your utter selfishness. Will *you* alone endure the agony? You speak as if I doomed you to a penance in which I bear no part. O God, that I *might* indeed escape the bitter tears that will flow as I recall this hour! Selfish trembler! your pillow will be roses compared with mine, whose hand thus severs the chain that may never again be linked. But, Henry"—and here her frenzied voice subsided into tenderness and solemn sadness—"hear me swear that, should we part to meet no more on earth, before the judgment-seat of God, if no other woman with her woman's love shall call thee hers, *I* will rise up beside thee, and call thee mine! But to-morrow, Henry, to-morrow decide; until then deem the love confessed which must bear so cruel penance afterward. Let us go in." And she wound her arms around my neck, and leaned her head upon my shoulder.

"Darling! adored!" I murmured, mad with passion, "I accept the trial."

"No," she answered, "not now; to-morrow I will listen."

I caught her to my bosom in an agony of love, desperation, and delight, and pressed a shower of kisses upon the smooth white forehead, the quivering lips, the tear-wet eyes; then, whispering in her ear a last good-night, rushed from the garden.

(Conclusion next month.)

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

ONE eve in summer, long ago,
There sat a fair and youthful maid,
With bowed-down head and heart of woe,
Beneath an aged elm-tree's shade;
The arrows of the setting sun
Had lodged amid her auburn hair,
While sunny brow and cheek upon
Did play the ambient evening air.

She heeded not that zephyrs mild
Danced o'er her face with gentle tread,
Or that bright sunbeams sweetly smiled
In golden radiance 'round her head;
The fragrant flowers, that kissed her feet,
Did sadly seem to grieve with her;
They missed the pleasant smiles they 'd meet
E'er from their almost worshipper.

A heavy sorrow, dark and drear,
Upon her heart that day had come,
Which her young spirit scarce could bear,
Filling with gloom her once bright home;
For a fond mother's loving eyes
Had sadly closed in death's long sleep,
And there beneath the calm blue skies
In solitude she 'd come to weep.

Shrouded in gloom her life all seemed
A dreary, dark, and lonely way;
No golden sunlight o'er her beamed,
To cheer her with its beauteous ray;
A mother's voice in counsels sage,
Or cheering words, she 'd no more hear,
Her weary sorrows to assuage,
Or make the path of duty clear.

And what though other friends should come
Around her in that trying hour,
And strive to cheer her lonely home
With friendship's true and tender power;
Yet who could hope e'er to efface
The sorrow from her heart so lone?
Oh, who can ever fill the place
Of a fond mother lost and gone?

But while upon her heart there lay
Dark sorrow, grief, and pain,
So deep it seem'd that not one ray
Of light could gild her path again;
A loving voice so sweet and mild,
In tender tones she seemed to hear,
As soft it whisper'd: "Mourning child,
Oh do not yield to dark despair!

"Be not dismayed, though life seems drear,
And thy young heart is filled with woe;
Confide in me, thy life I 'll cheer,
The yawning waves shall not o'erflow—
Through all the world thy steps I 'll guide,
Thy friend and comforter will be,
And though thy loved one now has died,
She ever lives and reigns with me."

Dark sorrow's tide then ceased to roll,
Though tears still trembled in her eyes,
A heavenly calmness o'er her stole,
While sweet hope pointed to the skies;
And though upon this earth below
She misses oft a mother's love,
Yet her fond heart is cheered to know
She 'll meet and rest with her above.

LOVE'S REVENGE.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

TALK as you will, proud Percy,
Talk as you will of me,
Dinna forget, proud Percy,
When you offered yourself to me;
Remember the eve that you sought me
At the cottage by Hawthorne Dell—
The note, denying your presence,
Delivered by little Nell.

The flowers, the gifts you sent me,
You know were nothing to me;
And attentions equally tender
Were ever repulsed by me;
And now a demon of passion,
A monster, selfish and mean,
You 'd turn a midnight assassin,
And murder for love, I ween.

Beware how you trifle, proud Percy,
With all that a woman holds dear!
You may rue the day that you sought her,
And beg for your life through fear.
Then talk if you will, proud Percy,
Yes, talk if you will of me,
But dinna forget, proud Percy,
That you offered yourself to me.

GENTLE WORDS.

BY WILLIE WARE.

GENTLE words—gentle words,
How ye linger in the mind,
Like the songs of happy birds
Swelling in the summer wind;
Like the peal of merry bells
Heard across some sunny plain,
O'er the brooks, and through the dells,
Softly sweet, then loud again.

Gentle words—gentle words,
Ye are powers sent to bless—
Richer gems than diadems—
Treasures which we all possess;
Ye are tones from brighter spheres,
Angel voices soothing pain,
Thrilling echoes that for years
In the heart resound again!

HOW FIVE BACHELORS KEPT HOUSE.

BY MARY CLARKE.

It was a warm evening in early June, and in the parlor of a pleasant house in ——— street, in the handsome city of Philadelphia, a merry party of young folks were holding a warm laughing discussion.

Susy Arnold, the young hostess, who kept house for her two brothers, Harry and George, took one side of the question, while three other gentlemen, beside her tall brothers, opposed her. Charley Grey, a blue-eyed, curly-headed man, whose fair round face and boyish air formed an apparent contradiction to the assertion he made of having five years before attained his majority; Joe Morris, who from a Spanish mother inherited jetty hair and eyes, and a pale complexion, and from his father a tall, fine figure and a frank, ingenuous expression; and Milton Dacres, whose small figure and bashful ways accounted fully for his nickname Minnie; these three, with the masters of the house, waged playful war upon the little brown-eyed maiden who sat so demurely upon the sofa.

"Say what you please," said Susy, "you will never convince me of the superiority of man in the capacity of housekeeper."

"But I maintain," cried Joe, "that men can keep house without women, but that women *cannot* do so, unless we will assist them."

"For instance," said Harry, "when your Biddy was sick last winter, Sue, how would such a mite as you are have brought up coal, kept up the furnace fire, and lifted about wood unless your two brothers had gallantly relieved you of the care?"

"Not to mention that the furnace fire went out three"—

"A truce!" said George, laughing. "That was my fault; but 'accidents will sometimes happen in the best regulated families,' as—somebody, name forgotten, once wisely remarked."

"I only wish you *could* keep house; for I would accept Aunt Jane's invitation to travel with her this summer, were it not for leaving you."

"I have an idea," here cried Charley Grey—"an idea which, if you will agree to act upon it, shall fully cure the women of the insane notion of their indispensability—ahem! that word nearly choked me."

"The ungallant sentence should have *quite* strangled you," said Susy.

"Present company always excepted," was the reply.

"The idea! let's have the idea!"

"Suppose *we* keep house here, while Miss Susy travels."

"Here!" cried Susy, aghast.

"Yes, why not?"

"But," said Susy, "I'm sure Jenny would not stay."

"We don't want her; we want *no* women."

Visions of muddy boots on her parlor sofas, cigars in the flower-vases, pipes on the centre-tables, spittoons in the best bedroom, and frying-pans in the library, flitted through the young lady's mind; but before she could remonstrate, Harry said—

"So be it! Hurra for bachelor's hall. Pack up your trunk, Susy!"

"But Harry"—

"Glorious!" cried Charley, "not a petticoat within the doors for a month."

"But"—again said poor Susy.

"No fusses about tobacco smoke in the curtains," chimed in George.

"But, brother"—

"Won't it be gay?" said Minnie.

"Gay!" groaned the little housekeeper.

"Lay in a supply of cigars, George," suggested Joe. "When do you go, Miss Susy?"

"Monday! Aunt Jane's letter said Monday!" said Harry.

"Monday, then! We will come, bag and baggage, on Monday morning."

"On an express stipulation that not a woman performs a stroke of work for us for a month."

With many a flourish, amidst the gayest jests, George wrote out a solemn contract, by which they bound themselves to ask no service of any kind at woman's hand for one month from the date of the following Monday, June —, 1860, and all put their signatures to the important document.

Susy, seeing that her brothers really were in earnest, tried to think she was glad to go, and added her laughing directions to the many schemes proposed. At a later hour, the conclave broke up, and Susy retired with a head full of plans, and a heart full of sore misgivings.

Monday morning rose fair and clear. Six

o'clock saw Susy drive away from the door in a carriage, the trunk strapped behind, the lady's pretty travelling-dress, and the shawl of her cousin and cavalier all bespeaking travel. Seven saw the servant depart, to spend a month with her mother in the country.

Nine o'clock witnessed the meeting of the merry young bachelors.

"Now then," said George, after the first greetings were over, "I, as the eldest host, will take the charge to-day. As Susy says, 'when are you going down town?'"

"I have nothing to do to-day, so I'll stay to assist you," said Minnie.

"Thank you!"

"What's for dinner?" said Joe, trying to look like the head of a respectable family, and failing most deplorably in the attempt.

"You'll see at three o'clock."

"Is that the hour?"

"Yes!"

"Remember," said George, "I wait for no one. 'Punctuality is the soul of dinner,' as somebody once said before I mentioned the fact."

Having seen the others off, George and Minnie went into the library for a smoke, to prepare them for the Herculean task before them.

"See," said George, producing a cook-book; "we are safe."

"Mrs. Hale! that's a woman!" cried Minnie.

"Whew! never once thought of that. We will stick to the contract. My dear madam, I am sorry to appear rude, but I must show you back to the book-case."

"What's for dinner?" said Minnie.

"Roast lamb, potatoes, green peas, asparagus, and strawberries."

"That'll do. Don't you have to shell peas or something?"

"Yes, that's easy enough."

"It's awfully hot," said Minnie, after a short silence.

"Horrid!"

"Suppose we shell the peas up here. It's cooler here than in the kitchen. I suppose there's a fire there?"

"Of course."

"I'll go bring them up."

"They're in a basket on the table. Just leave the rest of the things down there."

Shelling peas was rapid work even for unaccustomed fingers, but it is a matter of taste whether the thorough smoking they had from two actively-puffed cigars improved their flavor.

"Now, what do you do with them?" said Minnie. "There ain't many," he added, as he looked at the little green balls rolling about at the bottom of the huge market basket, and then eyed the large pile of shells on the floor.

"You boil them, of course," was George's answer.

"Oh! Suppose we go down."

"Well, come along," said George, taking up the basket.

The fire burned brightly; Jennie had left all in good order, and the prospect was not bad for the amateur cooks.

"What do you boil them in, George?"

"Oh, anything!"

"But where is it?"

"In some of the closets, I guess!"

Susy would certainly have fainted could she have seen the overhauling of her neatly arranged closets that followed.

"This?" Minnie dragged forth a pot large enough to boil about twenty pounds of meat in.

"Yes."

In they went, unwashed.

"Hot water, or cold?"

"Either."

"All right; that's done."

"Now the asparagus. How do you fix it?"

"I wonder if you roast mutton in this thing?" said George, holding up a large pudding-dish.

"I guess so. Put it on in the oven, don't you?"

"Y-e-e-s." George determined to find a book on cookery, written by a man, the very next day.

"You boil asparagus, don't you, George?"

"Yes; here's a tin thing that's long and shallow; I guess that's for such things." And a dripping-pan came forth from the closet.

The asparagus fitted in like a charm, as both men declared, and water was added and all set on the range.

The mutton next went, on the pudding-dish, into the oven.

"Come, let's go up stairs again; it's fearfully hot here," said George.

"But the dinner?"

"Oh, that's got nothing to do but cook till three o'clock."

"Oh, George, here's the potatoes!"

Another pot was produced, and the potatoes, with about two gallons of water to the half peck of Murphies, put on the fire.

Smoking, chatting, reading, and a little practice on the violin filled up the morning, though George declared it was "horrid slow," and Minnie wondered what on earth women did with themselves.

Half past two brought home three hungry men to dinner.

Leaving the cooks to "dish up," they all adjourned to the parlor to cool themselves. That it was rather dusty there was not noticed. Jennie had made the beds before she left, but dusting the parlors was Susy's work, and her early start had prevented her from doing it.

"George"—Minnie's voice was rather doleful.

"What?"

"The fire 's out!"

"Out!"

"I wonder if anything 's cooked!"

"The asparagus is burnt fast to the pan."

"So is the meat!"

"The potatoes?"

"Broken all to pieces, and floating about in the water."

"These peas are all mushy, Minnie!"

"Punctuality is the soul of dinner," cried Joe, from the parlor; "it 's ten minutes past three."

"Go set the table," growled George.

It was *unique* in its arrangements, that table, as the gentlemen sat down to dinner. The meat figured on an enormous dish, with an ocean of white china surrounding its shrunken proportions. The potatoes, in little lumps, unskinned, were piled in a fruit dish; the green mass which Minnie had with infinite difficulty fished from the big meat pot, was served on a red earthen plate, and the stalks of asparagus were in the salad-bowl. The table-cloth was awry, and the napkins were omitted altogether.

"Where 's the gravy?" was Joe's first question.

"There wasn't any."

"The meat 's burned," cried one voice.

"It is stone cold," said another.

"What 's this?" said a third, digging into the pile of peas.

"Faugh!" followed a daring attempt to eat some asparagus.

"Never mind," said Joe. "Rome was not built in a day. Give us some bread and butter, and pickles, George."

"No, not pickles, preserves," said Charley.

"Susy locked both up," cried Harry, laughing. "She declared a woman put them up, and that if we wanted them we must prepare them for ourselves."

Minnie produced the strawberries, and some sugar, and the gentlemen declared they had dined superbly.

"You fellows clear away," said Minnie; "we 're tired."

"You wash up, don't you?" queried Joe.

"Yes."

"Where 's the water?"

"In the hydrant."

"What do you wash 'em in?"

"Pan, I guess."

Away went Joe on a voyage of investigation, and returned soon with a tin dish full of cold water. The "leavings," as Harry termed the remains of the sumptuous dinner, were thrown from the window into Susy's flower-beds, and, armed with a bar of soap and a fine damask table napkin, Joe began to "wash up."

"How the grease sticks!"

Perspiration streaming from every pore, he rubbed manfully at the greasy plates and dishes, and if the water was cold, he certainly was not.

"I 've wet my shirt front!" Splash No. 1.

"Good for white pants!" Splash No. 2.

"*That* went in my eyes; somebody wipe them; my hands are wet. Don't rub them out, Hal!"

"Come, some of you, wipe up!"

The table was cleared at last. Five damp, greasy napkins, thrown into a corner of the room, testified that the dishes were washed and wiped. The water followed the "leavings," and the quintet sat down to "cool off." (Do cigars assist that operation?)

Spite of the superb dinner, five "inner men" called, like Oliver Twist, for more, at about seven o'clock.

"What 's for tea?" Somebody started the question.

"What 's for tea?" Four voices echoed it.

"Let 's have coffee; I can make coffee," said George.

"And a steak; I can cook it," said Joe.

"There 's bread and butter," said Harry.

George went for the steak; Minnie undertook to make the fire; Harry cut the bread; Joe set the table; while Charley "cleared the kitchen" by sweeping the pots and pans used at dinner into a closet, washing being omitted in the operation.

Minnie, blowing and puffing making the fire, was saluted with—

"How it smokes!"

"What ails the fire, Min?"

Harry discovered the cause, pulled out the damper, and a merry blaze repaid him. The coffee boiled, the steak sputtered in the pan, and the men panted, perspired, whistled, and used improper words over the heat.

It was a good supper, and, piling up the dishes which it was "too hot to wash," the five bachelors returned to the parlor.

It was involuntary, but each pair of eyes rested for a moment on the seat Susy was wont to occupy. A little music, more talk, and still more smoking filled the time till midnight, when each one yawned himself off to bed. Harry, who was always the one to "lock up," stayed the latest. The kitchen looked dreary; no fire, greasy frying-pan placed as a helmet over the coffee-pot, bits of bread lying about loose, dirty pots here, and dirty dishes there. The parlor was in disorder; chairs stood in forlorn confusion; smoke hung over all. The dining-room, with its piles of dirty cups, saucers, and plates, its unswept floor, greasy napkins, and smoky atmosphere, was worst of all, and Harry inwardly admitted that "somehow, the house *didn't* look as usual."

There was fun the next morning making up beds. The milkman and baker had vainly knocked for admittance, and finally "retired in disgust," and the bachelors breakfasted off the stale bread left from the night's feast, and coffee black and sweet.

"Every man clear up his own room."

The order given, each started to obey. Joe pulled off all the clothes from his bed, and, having laid the bolster and pillow on, proceeded to put on first a blanket, next a spread, and finally the two sheets, finishing off the whole by putting himself on top to rest from his toils. Minnie, after pulling all the clothes off one side in trying to tuck them in on the other, and then correcting the mistake by tucking them in on the other side and pulling them off the first, put his bolster on over the pillow, and concluded it "would do." Charley merely smoothed his down, sagely observing that if he pulled the things off, he never *could* put them on again. Harry and George, who shared the same room, having followed Charley's plan, put on an extra touch by sweeping their room, and leaving the pile of dust in the entry. "Excelsior!"

Three days' experience convinced them that bachelors' cookery was slow starvation. Steaks and coffee for breakfast were followed by coffee and steaks for dinner, and both for tea. Charley suggested that they should have their meals sent from a restaurant.

"All *men* cooks, so we stick to the contract," was his final observation.

The motion was seconded, and carried by unanimous vote.

By this time every dish, plate, napkin, pot, and pan in the house was dirty, and, joyfully concluding that they wouldn't want them any more, the gentlemen piled them up in the kitchen sink, on the floor and tables, and left them.

"Harry"—it was George's voice—"I haven't got a clean shirt."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"I 've got *one*."

"Nor a handkerchief, nor a collar, nor a pair of stockings, nor—"

"Stop! Two weeks since Susy went, and no washing-day."

There was a dead silence.

"Who knows how to wash?"

No answer.

"I—I 've seen it done," said one faint voice, owned by Charley. "You soap the things and rub 'em on a board."

"Can anybody iron?"

They all thought they could manage *that* part.

The kitchen was opened for the first time for ten days. One cry burst from five lips. Tables, chairs, floor, dresser, sink, were one mass of roaches, collected by the piles of greasy dishes. They overran every place.

"Shut the door. Now for it," cried George, and dashed at the invaders. Bedlam seemed to have broken loose. In reaching after one of the "critters," Charley upset the table. Crash went the crockery. Screams of laughter, cries of disgust, blows thick as hail, comments on the heat, jokes, warnings flew about for an hour, and then the panting party ceased from their labors, and viewed sternly the "cold corpuses" of their foes. A scream from Minnie—

"There 's one down my back!"

George cried—"Joe, there 's one on your hair!"

"Don't mention it. Look at the fellow on your shirt sleeve."

A general stampede for the bath-room followed.

"Let 's wash up here."

No sooner said than done. The soiled clothes were collected from all the rooms, and the boards and soap brought up from the kitchen.

Joe and Harry washed, blistering hands and streaming foreheads testifying to their efforts. Cold water required a great deal of rubbing, and somehow the things had a yellow tinge after all, as George remarked as he wrung them out. Minnie, objecting to going into the yard, hung them over the chairs in the dining-room and the banisters in the entry as fast as George and Charley wrung them out. Dinner time came, and found them still at work. Dinner

eaten, the dishes carried off by the waiter from the restaurant, they changed places, and the washers wrung and hung up, while the others washed.

Six o'clock saw the last shirt hanging in damp limpness over the parlor chandelier; the handkerchiefs waved from the mantelpiece, and the stockings dangled from the bars of the Canterbury.

"They always iron the next day, so they can dry in the night," said Harry.

After another slaughter of roaches in the morning, the fire was lighted, the irons put on, and the clothes collected, rough dry, for the final touches. Every man had visions of smooth, clean linen to repay him for his unaccustomed efforts. Such is hope!

Charley took the first step. Planting his iron on the front of a shirt, a smell greeted his nostrils, and he lifted it again to behold a large brown mark, the precise shape of the flatiron, burned on the bosom of his "go-to-meeting" shirt. Minnie's iron, being almost cold, was travelling briskly up and down his shirt, but producing no visible effect.

It was humiliating, but true, that Joe took an order to a gentlemen's furnishing store that morning for a supply of linen, and the "washed clothes" were consigned to the "pot closet" to await Susy's return.

Susy's return! How can I describe it! Every man on that day found he had an imperative engagement abroad, and the little maiden found an empty house. She went first to the parlor. Dust lay in piles. One curtain was torn from the cornice, and lay in limp folds against the window. Cigars lay about loose, some whole, some half smoked, some reduced to a mere stump; spittoons were in every corner; the chairs were "promiscuously deranged;" on the centre-table three bottles, two demijohns, a pack of cards, and about two dozen tumblers replaced her pretty book. The piano bore two pairs of boots, deposited there when the owners were too tired to go up stairs, and forgotten afterwards; the Canterbury had a dish of chicken salad reposing peacefully upon it; one ottoman supported a hat and cane, another a coat; every chair carried some relic of the departed guests, here a handkerchief, there a cigar-case, on one a pocket comb, on another a toothpick. Susy was dismayed; but, like a brave little woman, determined to face *all* "the muss" at once. The kitchen came next. As we have described it on the eventful ironing day, so it remained, roaches inclusive, meandering everywhere. The library was next in order, and it was the counterpart of the parlor, only more so; dining-room ditto; bedrooms to match.

Susy looked at the washboards in the bathroom, the market-basket in the library, the parlor chairs in the kitchen ("It was nearest," Joe said when he brought them out); the frying pan in the best bedroom (Charley broke his basin); the bread-pan in the spare room (for dirty water, Joe said); the dish-cloths in the bedrooms (towels all dirty). She contemplated the floors, unswept for a month; marked the dust, the accumulation of a similar time; and then went to her own room, the only orderly because undisturbed place in the house. A little note lay on her table:—

We own beat! It takes a woman! We beg pardon! We'll never do so no more! Clear up, and invite us to dinner.

FIVE REPENTANT BACHELORS.

COCKCROW.

METEOROLOGISTS observe that during the still dark weather which usually happens about the Brumal Solstice, cocks often crow all day and all night: hence the belief that they crow all night on the vigil of the Nativity.

There is this remarkable circumstance about the crowing of cocks: they seem to keep night-watches, or to have general crowing matches at certain periods, as—soon after twelve, at two, and again at daybreak. These are the Alectrophones mentioned by St. John. To us these cockcrowings do not appear quite so regular in their times of occurrence, though they observe certain periods, when not interrupted by changes of the weather, which generally produce a great deal of crowing; indeed, the song of all birds is much influenced by the state of the air.

It seems that *crepusculum*, or twilight, is the sort of light during which cocks crow most. This has been observed during the darkness of eclipses of the sun, as in that of September 4, 1820.

It was long ago believed among the common people that at the time of cockcrowing the midnight spirits forsook these lower regions, and went to their proper places. This notion is very ancient; for Prudentius, the Christian poet of the fourth century, has a hymn, the opening of which is thus translated:

"They say the wandering powers that love
The silent darkness of the night,
At cockcrowing give o'er to rove,
And all in fear do take their flight."

This idea is illustrated by Shakspeare in "Hamlet," where the ghost was "about to speak, when the cock crew:" and "faded at the crowing of the cock." By a passage in "Macbeth," "we were carousing till the second cock," it appears that there were two separate times of cockcrowing; and in "King Lear" we have, "he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." And in "Romeo and Juliet,"

> "The second cock has crow'd,
> The curfew bell has toll'd; 'tis three o'clock."

Chaucer, in his "Assemblie of Foules," has: "The cocke, that horologe is of Thropes lite;" *i. e.* the clock of the villages.

The disappearance of spirits at cockcrow is a frequent fancy of the poets. Herrick, in his "Hesperides," "The old Wive's Prayer," has,

> "Drive all hurtful fiends us fro'
> By the time the cocks first crow."

Spenser says of one of his spirits:

> "The morning cock crew loud;
> And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
> And vanished from our sight."

In two lines ascribed to Drayton:

> "And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,
> Play'd Hunts up for the Day-Star to appear."

Butler, in "Hudibras," part iii. canto 1, has:

> "The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
> When 'tis decreed I must begone."

And in Blair's "Grave," the apparition evanishes at the crowing of the cock.

Tusser gives the order of crowing, in his "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," as follows:—

> "Cocke croweth at midnight, times few above six,
> With pause to his neighbour to answer betwix:
> At three aclocke thicker, and then, as ye knowe,
> Like all into mattens meere day they doe crowe:
> At midnight, at three, and an hour yer day,
> They utter their language as well as they may."

Or, who can forget the allusion in Milton's "Comus," where the two brothers, benighted in the forest, implore that they may but hear the village cock "Count the night-watches to his feathery dames?" Bourne thus illustrates the sacredness and solemnity of the periods of crowing:—

"It was about the time of cockcrowing when our Saviour was born. The angels sung the first Christmas carol to the poor shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem. Now it may be presumed, as the Saviour of the world was then born, and the heavenly Host had then descended to proclaim the news, that the Angels of Darkness would be terrified and confounded, and immediately fly away; and perhaps this consideration has partly been the foundation of this opinion. It was, too, about this time when our Saviour rose from the dead. A third reason is, the passage in the Book of Genesis, where Jacob wrestled with the Angel for a blessing; where the Angel says unto him: 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"

Bourne likewise attaches much importance to "the circumstances of the time of cockcrowing, being so natural a figure and representation of the Morning of the Resurrection; the Night as shadowing out the Night of the grave; the third watch being, as some suppose, the time our Saviour will come to Judgment at; the noise of the Cock awakening sleepy man, and telling him, as it were, the Night is far spent, and the day is at hand, representing so naturally the voice of the Archangel awakening the dead, and calling up the righteous to everlasting Day: so naturally does the time of cockcrowing shadow out these things, that probably some good, well-meaning men might have been brought to believe that the very Devils themselves, when the Cock crew and reminded them of them, did fear and tremble, and shun the Light."

In the Great or Passion Week, as kept in the fourth century, the fast of Good Friday was prolonged by all who were able to bear it, over the succeeding Saturday, while Christ continued in the tomb, till Cockcrow on the Easter morning.

During Lent, so late as the reign of George I., an officer of the Court, denominated "the King's cockcrower," *crowed the hour* every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of calling it in the ordinary manner. In Debrett's "Imperial Calendar" for the year 1822, in the list of persons holding appointments in the Lord Steward's department of the royal household, occurs the "Cock and Cryer at Scotland-yard."

The Water Lily.—It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, which continual washing cannot cleanse. This is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscure life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

MY BALL-DRESS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

It was late when my ball-dress was sent home, and Lisette, my dainty-fingered French dressing-maid, whom I had brought with me from my last year's trip to Paris, had finished braiding my heavy black hair and adjusted my new headdress, an exquisite diamond *bandeau* Tiffany had just imported. So the dress came just in time. I knew Marinette would not disappoint me, for I was one of her most liberal patrons; and when the bell rang, Milly brought it up, nicely folded, and Lisette sprang to take it from its wrappings and lay it out on the bed.

"Ah, *c'est exquisite—c'est une lovely affaire!*" exclaimed Lisette, admiringly, holding up both her hands with a theatrical air. "*Une jolie robe, madame!*"

I knew as well as she that it was beautiful and in perfect taste; the rich mauve-colored silk, with sprays of gold flowers, for I had spent two hours at Stewart's over the selection, and got bored enough with it all. But it was to be worn to the opening ball of the season, at Madame Flashington's, and I, Mrs. Henderson, famed for my beauty and exquisite taste in dressing, and the pattern of my set, must keep good my station as a leader in society.

As Lisette lifted the dress and shook its rich folds, a slip of paper fell to the carpet. It was Marinette's bill, and I was a little startled as my eye ran over it—fifty-five dollars! But then the trimmings, a rich lace and cord *d'or*, were perfect. Marinette did run up shockingly, though! and these hard times, too! It was an expensive dress; one hundred at Stewart's for the pattern, and now fifty-five for the trimmings and making! I didn't think it would be quite that, and Mr. Henderson had said that money had been getting tight for some time back. I wouldn't show him the bill just yet; so I thrust it into a drawer of my dressing-bureau, and turned to Lisette, who stood with the dress awaiting me.

I do not think I ever wore anything that more became my style of dark, brilliant beauty than that rich silk, with the brilliant trimmings and the superb fall of the costly lace; and Lisette was going off into raptures, and I was contemplating my reflection in the long toilet mirror with much complacency, when the door of my dressing-room opened, and Mr. Henderson came in. For a moment I was half frightened at his pale face and grave air, and was just going to ask him if he were ill; but he said: "I only stopped a moment, Mrs. Henderson, to say that I shall not be able to join you at madame's to-night. Some business affairs will keep me down town late."

I had half a mind to ask him what he thought of my dress, for I observed his eye noting it; but before I could speak he turned, and presently I heard the street door close. It was nothing new for me to attend parties without the escort of my husband, for somehow he was always immersed in business, and there were too many gentlemen who courted the favor of the beautiful queen of society to allow Mrs. Warren Henderson to lack for attentions; neither was it new for Mr. Henderson to look grave or pale; somehow he had lost his fresh color these late years; yet I did not feel quite at ease as I finished my toilet.

Lisette's skilful fingers arranged everything. It was so comfortable to know that you might leave yourself in her hands, and be turned out more exquisitely dressed than any lady you would meet at Madame Flashington's. My little French maid had such perfect taste! I often told Mr. Henderson that I would rather part with Catherine, the cook, or with Milly, or with John than with her. Not a lady in my set but envied me my dressing-maid.

At length I wrapped myself in the soft folds of my ermine-lined opera-cloak, drew the hood over my braided hair, received my gloves and fan from Lisette's hands, and went down to the drawing-room, where the gaslight fell in softened light on rich and luxurious carpets, pictures, and statues, and the air was tempered to summer warmth and fragrance; and presently the carriage drove round, John's foot was on the steps, and I left my home for Madame Flashington's.

One ball or soiree is so similar to another in the world of fashion that to recount how the hours passed in madame's crowded drawing-rooms would subject me to the charge of taxing your patience, so I will only say that, long after the midnight chimes had rung, I was handed from my carriage to my own door by the most distinguished gentleman of my set, who had attached himself as escort to the queen of the ball, and I stood within my own drawing-room

with the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Warren Henderson swam on the topmost wave of the sea of New York fashionable life.

The atmosphere of the drawing-room was deliciously warm in contrast with the temperature of the sharp January night without; the gas was turned down to a pleasing dimness, and I left the long mirror before which I had paused to throw back my ermined cloak and meet the reflection of a Juno form, magnificently arrayed, crimson cheeks, and eyes whose flash outshone the diamonds amid my coroneted braids, and sank half wearily into the depths of the capacious velvet chair drawn up beside the open register. Sitting there, I complacently reviewed the events of the evening, and recalled all the acknowledgments of my sway. Not a lady in madame's rooms but had envied me my exquisite toilet; two distinguished senators had held me in conversation; the new star in Fifth Avenue circles, Count Le Fleum, had complimented me on my "style," which he said could only have been acquired from a knowledge of Parisian society and life abroad; and Auguste Sonnettier had whispered to madame, who, in turn, whispered to me before a half hour his intention of dedicating his new volume to the beautiful and accomplished Madame Henderson.

It was pleasant to sit there with my dainty slippered feet over the register, and the waves of lustrous silk bathing the carpet, with my white, jewelled fingers resting on the blood-red crimson of the chair, and my head crushing the soft folds of my cloak hood, and reflect that I, Mrs. Warren Henderson, in my position and beauty, was second to none in all the great world of fashion in the city around me. It was something to be a queen of your set, to know that nobody was over you; it was inexpressibly soothing to an indolent and beautiful woman; and so the chimes rang out from the church towers, and the night was gliding, and my complacent dreams and the warm air stealing up from the register soothed my senses to delicious calmness.

Suddenly, while I sat thinking, from the dim corners of the drawing-room seemed to glide out a train of figures, each dressed in unfashionable garments of bygone days; and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something that I had worn in those days; and in the face of each figure as she turned toward me I beheld my own! Round and round me, in a misty circle, the figures glided; then seated themselves in a row before me on the opposite side of the apartment, on the velvet chairs and *fauteuils* of my drawing-room, and all sat looking at me steadily and untiringly with my own dark eyes! It was strange, but I felt no shiver of fear creep over me; on the contrary, I gazed composedly at these forms, wearing, not only the clothes I had worn in former periods of my existence, but even my own identity, and awaited their errands or pleasure. And so we sat, gazing at each other in silence, until gradually the figure nearest my right seemed to invest itself with the accessories of a picture, and a thin mist hid the others from my sight. So I gazed intently, while memory glided to my side and uplifted her wand over me, and picture the first was slowly unfolded before my gaze.

A child of ten summers stood in the yard of an old brown farmhouse, with the westering light of the sunset streaming over the old house, and bathing her tiny figure in a flood of gold. Her hair is in confusion, a mass of midnight curls, damp with perspiration, matted over her low white forehead; her cheeks are crimson; her breath comes hard and quick, as though from violent running; her little hands are brown and tanned, but dimpled and plump; her frock is of gingham, but there is a large rent in it; her sunbonnet hangs over one arm by its strings, and her pretty pink apron is crowded with dandelions, violets, brake leaves, wood mosses, and last, but not least, a little bird's nest, with three cunning blue eggs! And now a sweet, mild-faced woman appears at the door of the farmhouse, and says tenderly: "Come in, Mattie; supper is ready. But what have you got there, my daughter?" And Mattie hugs her apron tighter with her little brown hands, and shows her treasures, and with crimson cheeks tells mother that "she found the nest at the foot of the great pear-tree in the orchard, not an egg broken, and that some great ugly boy must have shook it down just for fun; but she got it and brought it home; and now, wouldn't mother ask father to put it up in the tree again, so the dear old mother bird might find all her blue eggs once more?" And so mother promised, and father sent a supple-jointed hired boy to climb the pear-tree and replace the nest in the highest limb, and Mattie washed her brown dimpled hands and heated forehead, and ate her supper, and said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me" beside her mother's knee; and then laid her rosy cheek to the white pillow and slept the slumber of a care-free child.

I did not speak, even in a whisper, while the picture was unrolled before me; but thoughts like these glided athwart my brain: "Was *I*

once that happy-hearted, wild, romping child, whose greatest care was to please her parents, and whose greatest grief the loss of some woodland pet? And is it possible that twenty-five years have passed since then? that father and mother are both sleeping, and stranger feet go in and out the old farmhouse, and other children pluck the spring flowers, find the robins' nests, or play in the orchard close?" For this dimpled child, in the torn frock and with the apron crowded with blossoms, was *myself!* Even while I sat gazing, and a warm sweet breath blew out of my backward childhood-land, and softened my being, the scene slowly faded, and out from the dim mists that had enfolded the figure nearest the child rose fair and clear the second picture before me.

A slender, beautiful maiden stood in the moonlight beneath the rustic porch draped with honeysuckles that climbed over the farmhouse door. It was Mattie, but a child no longer. The days of bird's-nesting, sports, and romps were for her no more. The curls were smoothed and straightened, and lay in heavy braids about her small and shapely head; the little hands wore no shade of tan now, but, though busied many an hour in lightening her mother's household tasks, were dainty as a high-born lady's; and her throat was arched and white as the swan's. She wore a neat but simple dress of pale pink muslin—how cheaply it contrasted with the waves of my mauve silk sweeping down from my velvet chair!—and a single white rose, plucked from the bush beside the door-step, adorned her hair. But yet the cheap muslin was not unbecoming, with its low neck, from which rounded up her white shoulders, and with the sash that girdled her slender waist. What a contrast was that slender, well-turned waist of seventeen with the *en bon point* I had gained since then! No, the dress was not unbecoming to the wearer. I had once thought it a handsome thing, and it was kept for company or meeting in those days, and yet it was but two shillings the yard. My Lisette would not wear so cheap a dress now. Suddenly a firm step came up the walk leading to the farmhouse, and the girl shrank half bashfully away under the shadows of the thick matted honeysuckles, as though, if she waited for some one, she would not *seem* to be waiting. It was a young and frank-faced man who joined her; and Mattie blushed, and they went in and sat down together in the moonlight by the west room window. The furniture of that dear old west room—how different from my elegant drawing-room! A neat chintz-covered lounge, flag-bottomed chairs, a table with a few books, white muslin curtains, a pair of china vases on the high mantel, and a few of Mattie's drawings in narrow gilt frames on the wall. But rosewood, and statuary, and velvet were not necessary to love in those days; and Mattie and Warren Henderson—how unlike the haggard, grave-faced Warren Henderson of to-day!—sat long in the moonlight, and talked together. Nine o'clock struck; Warren had always thought he must leave at that hour, but he is in no haste to-night. Ten, half past ten, eleven goes by, and then they stand under the honeysuckles in the moonlight; and when they part, a tender kiss burns on Mattie's cheek, and a slender gold ring gleams on her finger. She and Warren are betrothed, and she goes to her chamber to sleep the first dream of a happy plighted love; and Warren walks down the moonlit highway with hope and love standing side by side in the vantage-ground of his heart; and on the morrow he goes back to his place in the great toiling city, where he has already laid the corner-stone to his future fortune—the fortune which he would acquire to lay at Mattie's feet.

Oh, moonlit night of eighteen years ago! oh, betrothal under the whispering honeysuckles, with the breath of the June winds and roses on our cheeks! and for a moment I stretch out my hands toward the maiden in the farmhouse, and gaze longingly after the manly figure receding down the country road; but the scene grows dim, the longings die unuttered upon my lips, the figures fade, and another picture unfolds before my view.

It was a bridal scene. Father had gone to his rest beneath the green sodded churchyard on the hill, but mother was there, paler, thinner, but calm-browed as of yore; and the old white-haired minister, and a group of young girl-friends, and Mattie, and Warren were gathered in the little west parlor. Warren had grown older and more grave-looking, for he was a business man now; and three years had added beauty to Mattie's fuller figure, and lent a glossier sheen to her braided hair; but both were trusting and beloved, and saw no clouds but clouds of gold in the long vista of their future. Mattie's dress was simple still; a neat Swiss muslin, with white rosebuds on her bosom; and, though Warren had brought a rich gift of jewels, yet she did not wear them on her bridal morn. As yet, her heart and soul were unperverted by the withering Midas-touch of the fashionable world. And so the vows were said, the kisses given and received, the good-byes embalmed

in tears; and Mattie, with a volume of love and trust unsealed in her heart, went out from the home-nest and into her new life. I gazed upon the two with hand in hand, and eye and heart answering back to eye and heart, and tried to give utterance to the longings that swept across my soul. "Come back, oh, come back to me, beautiful life of my lost youth! Oh, come again, sweet trust, rare hope, tender love!"

But the words died dumbly on my lips, across which a spell seemed to be flung. I could only sit, like the marble statues that gleamed passionless from their niches in the wall, and gaze longingly and eagerly while the phantasm faded away from my gaze. Another picture now rose before me.

I saw myself again clad in a garb which I remembered well—a pretty, cheerful morning-dress, which was Warren's choice, and my birthday gift. I sat in a nursery, and my babe, the only one God ever gave me, was playing on my lap; and Warren came in, a proud and happy father, and the baby laughed, and crowed, and stretched out his tiny hands; then a shadow fell. Three years went by, and a demon had entered our home and sat side by side with me at my hearth. It was not Want, it was not Wine, it was not Unkindness; but it was the fiend Fashion, who came and touched me with her foul breath. Business had prospered with the merchant Warren Henderson, gold had poured into his coffers, his ships rode on the sea, his warehouses were crowded with their stores; and with gold came Fashion, with Ambition, and Pride, and a score of demons in her train. It whispered: "You are young and you are beautiful; in the great world you would be an acknowledged queen. Put your husband's wealth to use! furnish a splendid home! give feasts and entertainments, attend them; let not your beauty fade out in the nursery; your child will get on well enough in the nurse's care; let the world know that you are alive, and live in it, and can shine a queen!"

And this was the beginning of the shadow which darkened the picture. I saw it all in the panorama unfolding before me; and, sitting in my velvet chair, with the waves of lustrous silk bathing my person, I groaned in bitterness of spirit as I recognized the faithfulness of the portraiture. I saw the glitter of the ball and the rout, the splendid furniture, the silver plate, the gay equipage, the costly picture-frame adorning stately apartments, and, amidst it all, through the opened door of a neglected nursery I saw a pale, pining, drugged four-year old child slowly dying! The end came. The tiny rosewood casket was closed over the features of the child who died motherless; for no mother had lived, since the first year of his babyhood, for him! I saw a strong man bend in convulsed grief over his dead boy, then go out silently, and, growing graver day by day, turn to his business again; I heard frantic bursts of grief from the stricken mother's lips; and I clasped my jewelled hands, and stretched forth my braceleted arms till every diamond struck back a blinding glow into my eyes, and cried in anguish: "Oh God, be merciful! Dash not my sin back into my face! I loved my boy—but I was mad! mad! The siren voice of Fashion drowned every other cry. Oh, if those days could but stay with me again, when my boy was alive and playing on my knees! Oh come back to me, my beautiful boy! Open your blue eyes and smile upon me again! Laugh and crow upon your mother's lap!" But even while I implored and stretched forth my clasped hands, the shadow brooded heavier, and its sable wing blotted out the picture from my vision.

A long pause fell between; and then another, and the last picture swept before me. I recognized its faithfulness at once. I had seen its counterpart daily all the latter period of my life—myself, as reflected in the long mirrors on the walls—my home, as I presided over it day by day. Was it possible that ten years had intervened between this picture and the preceding one? I had not changed save to fuller and perfected beauty. My lengths of purple black hair had lost none of their glossiness; my figure had no angular lines, only roundness of outline and dignified grace; my eye had lost none of its brightness, nor had a line furrowed my white, satin-smooth brow. But, ah, this was a magic picture, for it revealed my heart! It held a little mound, beneath which I had buried my baby, but this was all overgrown with weeds; there were other headstones there, too, upon which, in half-effaced characters, I traced dimly and blurred the words Love—Faith—Trust; and over all seemed written, in letters of gold, the words Fashion—Ambition—and Pride.

I turned from this portraiture of myself to that of the house I inhabited, for I dared not call it by the blessed name of "home." Its walls rose fair and stately, and the choicest decorations of furnishing were within. There were carpets of Persian dye, tables of costly mosaic, chairs of rosewood and velvet, statues of marble and bronze, wares of china and silver

plate; and through these halls I moved, a cold and beautiful woman of ice. In all that wide and stately mansion, no cheerful home nook, no cosy corner for the easy chair, the slippers, or the kitten on the hearth; pianos, pictures, statuary, the rustle of silks, the artificial smile of "well-bred" men and women, the sound of fashionable waltz or polka—all these were there, but not a child's gleesome laugh, or the patter of baby steps. In all that great mansion, no beat of a healthy human heart-life, no love, no household affection, no welcoming kiss and pressure of kindly hands, only two benumbed lives coming occasionally into contact, and shielded in the casing of form and ceremony—my pale, haggard, business-worn husband, toiling over his ledgers and accounts, and the woman who preserved her beauty for the admiration of her world of fashion, her love for the gewgaws and tinsels of wealth, and her soul to be laid at the altar of ambition—that woman, myself!

I shrank from the portraiture with dismay. Was it possible that the happy child, the trusting, betrothed maiden, the young bride, the proud mother, had become merged into this cold, glittering petrifaction, whose silken robes draped a heart of ice? Why had this been? It was all wrong—a bitter, bitter mistake; and I passed judgment upon the woman I saw before me, as though she were a third party, and I held her fate in my hands.

While I sat and gazed in anguish of soul, into the picture glided a pale, care-worn, haggard man, wearing the same expression I had often seen, or might have seen had I looked with wifely eyes upon my husband's face. How changed he looked from the hopeful, manly, buoyant Warren Henderson, who had stood beside me in the June moonlight, and received answering sympathy and encouragement when he spoke of the toils and anxieties of his business life! how different from the young husband of years before, who found a faithful heart into which he might pour all the troubles of his harassed life, or the successes which crowned his ventures. Warren Henderson had not used to look so careworn; but a few months had done the work of years. He had been a grave and silent man ever since his boy died; but now there is some fresh trouble, some anxiety eating away his life. He looks old, too, for one who should be still in his prime: he is but forty yet; I am only thirty-five, and my raven braids are fresh and glossy as at eighteen; but there are gray hairs on his temple locks. "What has brought this about?" I asked.

In a moment my question was answered. Into the magic picture before me came a shadowy finger, and pointed to the paper-strewn table at which my husband sat. I gazed, and beheld a revelation, and mechanically my eye ran over every paper he opened. The catalogue was fearful—a long array of bills—plate, furniture, statues, jewels, silks—a long array, in which I recognized distinctly my own agency. All these had *I* decreed that the wealthy merchant's wife must have; and I had never dreamed but that the purse of Fortunatus held enough to supply all. And, balancing this catalogue of expenditures, stood a tangled trade, depreciated stock, warehouses crowded with unmarketable goods, empty coffers, with the word "Panic!" "Panic!" written as with a pen of fire over all. While he sat and unfolded paper after paper, and laid it aside with a harassed look, I stole nearer and gazed upon one he had just taken. I recognized it ere he opened it—my latest bill sent home that evening, the bill for my ball-dress. How came it there? I had thrust it into the drawer of my dressing-bureau before going to Madame Flashington's; but here it was—and my pale, haggard husband was scanning the last price of my folly. I made a movement to snatch it from him, but he waved me back, saying, in a hollow voice: "Nay, it is too late! And, after all, what matters it when the last feather that breaks the camel's back is laid upon him? It is useless to try to keep up longer. I have done my best to keep above-board, but the crash must come! I do not care for myself—but for you, for you, Mattie!" and he turned despairingly away.

The spell was broken—he had called me "Mattie!" For years I had been to him "Mrs. Henderson."

"Oh, no! no! don't care for *me*, Warren! I see it all now—my selfishness has led you to ruin; but I can be a different woman! Oh, Warren, believe me, I *will* be different!" I cried aloud. "What do I care for wealth or station, in comparison with the happiness of my husband?"

"What is it, Mattie? You *asleep* here, and *dreaming?* It is late—past three o'clock!" I heard in reply; and I started to find myself seated in the great velvet chair, and my husband standing beside me.

Was it true! Had I indeed been asleep, and dreaming? Had my four visitors—my four other selves—the child, the betrothed maiden, the bride, the mother—been conjured from the realms of dreamland? and I looked across the

room to the chairs and *fauteuil* against the wall, to assure myself that they were not really occupied by them still. But, dream or no, it had brought its lesson to sink deep into my heart; I saw myself in my true character; and the gas-light was not turned so low but I could see, also, the careworn expression on every feature of my husband's face, and that he was pale and hollow-eyed.

"Did I fall asleep? I must; but you, Warren, *you* have not slept!" I said, for just then I noticed that he was in his coat and full dress.

"I have been up late, looking over some papers I brought up from the store—sitting down in my little basement writing-room. But I was just going up stairs," he replied. "You should be asleep before this, Mrs. Henderson," he added, half-reprovingly, his eye wandering with a sort of pained look over my brilliant toilet.

"Oh, say 'Mattie!' Do not put me so far from your heart, Warren!" I broke out, taking his hand—it was cold and trembling—into my own. "Do pity me, for I have learned to pity myself! Oh, Warren, I have had a dream this evening that has shown me myself in my true light. I am nothing, worse than nothing! A drag, instead of a help-meet—a useless toy, instead of the true wife you married and had a right to expect me to remain! You have made a slave of yourself to gratify my selfishness; you have toiled early and late, and I have scattered the fruit of your labors like water spilt upon the ground. This life is killing you, and *I* am accountable for it all! Speak to me, Warren, and tell me that you do not hate me, and think I cannot awake, even at the eleventh hour, from my insane course!"

Not a word came from my husband's lips, but he sank on the carpet by my side and buried his face in my lap, and his clasp on my hand which he had retained was like an iron vice.

"Why do you not speak to me, Warren? Are you in trouble? Though unworthy of your confidence, yet your wife asks and needs it at this hour. You are in some great trouble, Warren!" I cried, for, bending over him, I read the deep lines in his forehead and the iron compression of his lips.

"Can you bear the worst, Mattie?" he said, hoarsely, lifting his eyes to mine. "The worst?"

"Anything, anything, my dear husband! I have been blind, but the scales have fallen now. Tell me everything! Are we ruined, Warren?"

"We *are*," he whispered in a thick, unsteady tone. "The crisis has carried me down. I have dragged away the long hours of this night in trying to devise some loophole of escape; but all in vain. To-morrow sees my notes protested, and our house goes down in the crash. I do not care for myself, but for *you*—for you, Mattie!" and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.

"Not for *himself*—but for *me!*" The very words of my dream! I could not bear it without a burst of tears. *He* so thoughtful for me, and *I* so selfish, so idle of his anxieties or cares! I pressed my lips to his corrugated forehead, and said, amid my sobs: "No, Warren, not ruined; for we have saved our love from the wreck! It will prove our salvation—I feel assured of it. Let the storm come! I believe I shall bless it as the happiest event of my life, if it brings us nearer to each other, as a true husband and wife ought to live!"

Warren looked at me steadily, and a weight seemed to be lifted off his head. His cheeks flushed; the veins that had stood out like knotted whipcords on his forehead, relaxed; his lips lost their grim compression; and there was a ripple of tears in his voice.

"Mattie, you have saved me!" he said. "Maddened by the thought of the morrow, I know not but the result might have been *this*—see!" and with a shudder he drew forth a little vial, labelled "laudanum," from his vest pocket. "I bought it at an apothecary's as I came up to-night. God forgive me, Mattie—I was mad! I said, 'It would be but a dreamless sleep, and I should never wake more to disgrace.' Yes, God pardon me; I was a coward and mad! But you have saved me, Mattie!" and again his face sank upon my lap, and a passion of weeping shook his strong frame, and relieved his overcharged heart.

"Warren, we have both been mad!" I said, with pallid lips, and striving, for his sake, to subdue the terror that begirt my whole being when I realized how nigh my husband had stood to the wretched guilt of a suicide. "And God forgive *me* for my want of sympathy in all your troubles; and help me, from this hour, to be your faithful wife! Let the world be cast behind us—it will be no loss, so our lesson brings us heart to heart. Oh, Warren, we will live over again the old days, when the world and fashion had not come between us, and, God helping me, they shall never part us again!"

And, sitting there late into the night, my husband kneeling beside me, and with his head upon my lap, I bent my cheek to his; and our

tears, baptizing our reunion, fell upon the silken folds of my last folly, my ball-dress.

SUGGESTIVE READINGS.

Unhealthy Positions of the Body.—Those persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind that without constantly raising the frame to an erect position, and giving a slight exercise to all parts of the body, such a practice will tend to destroy their health. They should, moreover, sit in as erect a position as possible. With seamstresses there is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulation, respiration, and digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The head should be thrown back, to give the lungs full play. The frequent long-drawn breath of the seamstress evinces the cramping and confinement of the lungs. Health cannot be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in proportionate abundance must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in violation of correct theories of healthy physical development and the instinct of nature. Those accustomed to sit writing for hours, day after day, can form some idea of the exhausting nature of the toilsome and ill-paid labor of the poor seamstress.

Haste.—The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country, may be able, from the transient view, to tell how in general the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain; here a morass, and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it. But the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discern the rich mines, without some digging.

The love of excellent friends is one of God's greatest blessings, and deserves our utmost thankfulness. The counsel of sound heads, and the affection of Christian spirits is a staff of support and a spring of rejoicing through life.

ANNIVERSARY.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Ah Time, relentless, stern, and cold!
Why was this day to me unrolled?
Hadst thou no power to fling it back,
Or drop it on thy shining track?
Or yet, at least, have screened its flight
With the black garments of the night?
Couldst thou but bid fond nature weep
In pity for the tryst I keep?

Our bridal, love! Thy earnest tone
Is blending softly with my own;
My soul in homage kneels to thine
Like pilgrim saint before her shrine:
While thy low whispers thrill and cheer
My waiting heart and willing ear,
And future blessings gleam afar
Like the soft radiance of a star.

Twelve moons in beauty wax and wane;
Then blithely comes young spring again,
And in her lap the morn I see
That sealed my plighted troth to thee.
Twice hallowed now! returned to mark
The launching of our tiny barque,
Round whose frail spars my fond hopes twine
With love's deep anthem, "his and mine."

Again the trysting time has come—
Ah heart! why is thy deep voice dumb?
Our blue-eyed babe is on my knee,
But he, the loved one—where is he?
Why comes he not to greet me now
In token of our sacred vow?
Why talks he not of deathless trust?
Have life and love but turned to dust?

Back, back, O spring! thy balmy breath
Seems heavy with the dews of death:
I cannot see thy bursting bloom
Through the black cloud that veils his tomb.
I cannot hear thy wooing voice
That erst made kindred souls rejoice;
For, ceaseless, through yon azure dome
There rings the haunting cry of "home."

Home, where his welcome footsteps came,
Where tender accents breathed my name,
Where all the joy that earth could give,
And all the bliss true hearts could live,
Was felt when last to love's low chime
This cycle moved the wheel of time—
When last it dropped its golden hours
Upon our hearth, in sparkling showers.

But now 'tis night; the day is done;
The dying winds repeat my moan.
I sink in slumber—wild and free
My dreams are all of Heaven and thee.
I mount—I soar—the ether blue
Parts its soft haze and wafts me through;
I hear thy voice—I feel thy kiss,
And thought is lost in 'wildering bliss.

WILLMETTE WARD.

BY IOLE.

A MERRY company of visitors it was, true enough, that filled my mansion home last summer. Proud Virginia Clifford, with her royal beauty, and grand Mr. Vernon, with his noble heart and sarcastic gravity, were the "stars," of course; but best beloved in *my* heart was our little *comet*, Willmette Ward. She was a relative of the Clifford family, and as I had often heard Virginia speak of her young cousin, I urged her to bring Willmette with her when she came to spend the summer with me. She wrote me, saying: "Brother Harry has always assumed the charge of our little household pet, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade him to allow his 'little Ward,' as he calls her, to accompany me for even a *short* visit, and he would not hear to her going at all unless I would promise, first, to let her return home whenever he should come for her; and, secondly, that I would not take her into *society*. You will laugh at this, I doubt not; but if you knew how heartily Brother Harry despises *fashionable society*, you would not wonder at it. You know he is thirty-six now, and having been a great student and traveller, has seen enough of the world's fashionables to be disgusted with their heartlessness and wearied with their follies. 'Why, Vinna,' said he, 'I would rather shut Willmette in with lock and key than see her among the prattling puppets one meets in so-called *society*, which is a mere coming together of anglers, each fishing for the best partner with whom to dance away life's idle whirl.' 'Why, you grand master of impertinence,' said I, 'I consider that personal; and there you have my digit covers.' 'Ah, my dear sister,' said he, smiling, 'I grant you there are redeeming characters; but, though you are fifteen years younger than I, *you* must know by this time that what is generally called *fashionable society* is a vain and heartless show, where softness is substituted for sentiment, policy for wisdom, pertness for wit, and beauty for *all* things; and where *true* friendship and *disinterested* love are unknown.' There was truth in what he said, and I felt it; but, you know, my friend, I find an excitement in fashionable life, and a certain enjoyment, too, and I have so many true friends that I can be entirely independent of 'general society,' in the popular sense of the term, if I choose. But I beg a thousand pardons for this digression; and let me say in a few words, with the aforesaid proscriptions and restrictions, we come; that is, Willmette and I, with our waiting-maids."

One morning, two or three weeks after their arrival, while Virginia and Mr. Vernon were away for a ride upon our fiery "Jet" and "Raven," little Willmette, who, by the way, was a bewitching sprite, with slight, girlish figure, laughing blue eyes, and complexion of the sweetest rose and lily, came, and, throwing herself on the veranda steps by my side, and laying her head, clustered with sunny golden curls, upon my knee, she suddenly exclaimed—

"Dear Mrs. Arlington, who is this Mr. Vermin?"

"*Vernon*, Mr. Vernon, child."

"O yes! But who is he? where did he come from, and what makes him feel so grave and important?"

"Well, my dear, he is a wealthy English gentleman, and came from one of those splendid homes in England that Washington Irving tells us of in his histories."

"Oh, *I* never read history. Is *that* Washington the one that Cousin Harry tells me of, who fought the British, and was called 'the Father of his Country?'"

"O *no;* this is Washington *Irving*, a great author."

"Indeed! Well, I presume you think me terribly stupid; but, the truth is, I always hated history; and you see I 'm but fifteen, and my mamma died when I was twelve years old, and she had never taught me anything but how to embroider, and sing, and read poetry, and play the guitar, and dance, and write letters. Ah, when *she* died, it almost broke my heart. Soon Cousin Harry came and took me to his home."

"Allow me to interrupt you, Willmette, dear," said I. "Who is this Cousin Harry?"

"O my! don't you know? He is Virginia's only brother. She says that he is an old bachelor; but any way he is the high and mighty czar of the Clifford family, and we all think he knows *everything*. Not even a servant on the whole plantation dares *wink*, scarcely, until they know Harry approves it. And then he 's—"

"Well, that will do, darling. I am anxious to hear your story."

"Oh, I was only going to tell you what a scrape I got into about history, and how I came to get rid of the study. Well, as I was saying, Cousin Harry took me home, and obtained a governess, and was all enthusiasm about my 'intellectual advancement,' as he termed it. I suppose he flattered himself that I should learn something in process of time, and not disgrace the family by my ignorance, for I am a sort of forty-second cousin to the Cliffords; and he used to plan my studies, and praise and encourage me, and I *generally* satisfied him and Miss Jane—she was governess—in some way. But one day last summer I had a very long, hard history lesson, and Cousin Harry said if I would learn it before noon, he would take me with him to the city in the afternoon. I used often to go with Virginia and Mrs. Clifford in the family carriage; but when Cousin Harry took me in his own snug flyaway and fiery little ponies, I always had such a fine time. He always purchased everything that I asked for, and allowed me to drive, and made everything so funny and pleasant. Well, of course, my silly little head was full of *all* sport and *no* history, and after spending a half hour without an *item* committed, I lost all patience, and flung the book out of the study window, far out on the lawn, and threw myself on the floor, and cried with all my might. In a few moments I heard Cousin Harry say, 'Why, Willmette! what does this mean?' And, springing up, there, in the open door, stood my dignified cousin, with my torn history in his hand! I did not suppose that he was in the house; but he had been sitting directly beneath my window in the open door of the library. I had never seen him angry, and now he looked so frowning and astonished that he absolutely frightened me. Obeying the impulse of the moment, I started through an open window, pale and trembling, thinking only of escape, and Harry followed me. Scarcely knowing what I did, I leaped over the veranda railing. The grass was thick and soft, and the first story low, so I was not much hurt; and hopping up, sped away like the wind, for Harry had jumped, too, and was close upon my heels. Down through the garden walks and arbors I ran, scarcely eluding his grasp; then over the fence, across the meadow, and out into the woods. Before I knew it, I came right to the river's edge; he was just behind me, and without a thought I plunged into the water. Not a word had been spoken, but now I was arrested by his sharp cry—'Stop, Willmette, stop, as you value your life! The river is deep towards the centre.' Perfectly shocked at what I had done, and entirely exhausted, I fainted away, and sank down into the swift current.

"I remembered nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed in my own room, and Virginia, Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, Dr. Clark, and three or four servants standing around me. 'You must sleep now, darling,' said Virginia, 'and not speak a word, or you may be very ill.'

"After a deep slumber of two or three hours, I opened my languid eyes, and Harry was reading by the bedside. Good, patient friend, thought I, as I studied his noble countenance, how impetuous and ungrateful I have been! 'Cousin Harry,' said I, softly, my lips quivering and my eyes fast filling with tears.

"'Why, are you awake? What is it, dear?' said he, gently, taking my hand and putting back the moist curls from my forehead.

"'Am I forgiven?'

"'Yes, on condition,' said he, 'that you will in future use your best endeavors to learn history in the way I shall dictate.'

"'You are very kind,' said I, 'and I certainly will.'

"Well, the next morning at breakfast they all said that I was too pale to study, and in the course of the forenoon Harry called me to him, and told me a long story about the Creation, the Flood, the Israelites, the Egyptians, and Moses; and when he had finished, said—'There, that is your first lesson in history; and to-morrow at this time you may come to me again, and I will give you another, and also question you about what I've told you to-day. Don't you think you'll like it?' I was perfectly delighted, and told him so. And since then I have never missed a history lesson until I came here. So, you see, I may *some* day know something about history—unless, indeed, Cousin Harry gets married and leaves us before long, and when he does I shall be *so* sorry."

"Is he engaged?" said I.

"Not that I know of; but several of the planters' daughters around Clifford Pines are trying hard to *engage* him, and I suppose he will take some one of them. But I know almost nothing about love and marriage affairs, for Cousin Harry says it is not well for young girls to trouble their little heads about such things; so he would never allow me to read a novel, or to have much to say to any of those young gents who visit at the Pines. He has always been very strict with me, but I love him the best of any person in the world. And

so I ought, for I am quite sure he is the very *best* person in the whole world."

The next morning, as I was out on the porch arranging flowers, the omnibus set a stranger down at the front gate; and, as he was coming musingly up the walk, little Willmette, with her sunny curls dancing in the wind, and her hat slung on her arm, came bounding out from among the bushes, right across the path, with my great Newfoundland dog in full chase after her. She did not notice the stranger, and was flying on. "Willmette!" he cried; and, turning short around, with a cry of joy, she sprang into his open arms. The fervent kisses that he imprinted upon brow, cheek, and lips doubtless seemed very kind and *cousinly* to the child-hearted girl, but they told me plainer than words could have done where *that* gentleman's heart was. And when the little fairy came up to the veranda with his arm still clasping her slender figure, I was quite prepared to hear her gleeful exclamation—"Oh, Mrs. Arlington! Cousin Harry has come. Oh, Virginia! come out here!"

It was a pleasant surprise to us both; and a perfect torrent of questions and answers passed between brother and sister, Virginia having a world of news to tell him about the mutual friends she had met.

In the mean time, Willmette was becoming restless, and Bruno was tugging at her dress to renew the sport; and, adroitly twisting herself around behind her cousin's encircling arm, was starting off, when he called her to him, and taking her glowing face in both hands, looked steadily and sternly into her laughing blue eyes.

"Aren't you glad to see Cousin Harry, child?"

"O yes, indeed; you must *know* that I am very, *very* glad; but then you see I know nothing about all these stupid people you are talking about, and I just want to go and finish chasing Bruno; then I'll come back to you when you have a little time to spend with the *children*."

"Well, run along, you little sprite," said he.

She put up her cheery mouth for a kiss; but as he bent towards her, she threw her head down, dodged back, and sped away, shouting and flinging back kisses from the tips of her saucy little fingers.

"Pretty little darling," said Virginia. "But, by the way, brother Harry, you ought not to let the child romp so. She ought to be beginning to be a young lady. You remember she is fifteen years old this month."

"O shades of the prim!" said he. "I don't *want* her to be a 'young lady;' I want her always a child. Nature has made her near enough to perfection; why set art to spoil the good dame's model?"

After we had talked about an hour, and Willmette did not come back, Harry and Virginia walked out into the garden to seek her. After a long search, they found her. The careless little beauty had flung herself on the cool green grass in the deep shade, and was sleeping soundly, with her curly head on one arm and her other hand on Bruno's shaggy neck. They made a fine picture, the lovely sleeper and the faithful watcher. "Beautiful!" exclaimed Harry and Virginia, in a breath. "But," said he, and a shade of vexation passed over his face, "why didn't she come back to visit me? I'll play her a joke," said he. And, gently lifting her in his arms, he carried her into the house and up to the room where I had his trunks placed. Virginia and I followed to see the sport. He bolstered her up, still *apparently* fast asleep, in his great arm chair; and, stepping quickly and quietly around, he soon had his smoking-cap on her head, his meerschaum in her hand, and the little marble-topped table wheeled to her side, and cigars, wine, and refreshments on it, and the great mirror placed directly before her.

We almost laughed outright, she looked such a jolly little picture of female "Young Americanism." And I rather suspected at the time, what I found to be the case afterwards, that the little mischief was not so wholly in the arms of Morpheus as Harry thought her. When he had completed her costume, he motioned us from the room, and, following, locked the door. "Now," said he, "come out on the west veranda, and I will read aloud, and when she wakes, she will hear through the open window, and will have to call to me before she can get out, for I have taken away the bell."

"Janet! Janet!" The maid started to hear her mistress's voice from the closed door of Harry's room. "I have waited to hear your footstep in the hall, some time. Unlock this door; the key is on the outside there. Then turn your back, so that, when questioned, you can say that you have not seen me."

She told her the joke they had played, and showed her the tableau she had arranged for them. "Now, Janet, as soon as the way is clear for me to leave the house and go over into the woods, without notice, come and tell me. And I will go down and stay with old Job and his wife in that pretty little cottage room of their absent daughter. They will help me to

carry on the fun, and I won't let another person, except you three, know where I am; and I'll stay away until I frighten these friends a little. And, Janet, be sure and come to me every now and then, and let me know what they do and say."

We read and chatted for two hours.

"Well, I know she's awake by this time," said Harry, impatiently—"and is too proud to beg release. But we'll let her enjoy her silence for a time."

Noon came, the afternoon wore away, and the sun went down; but not a sound from *that* room.

"I never knew Willmette to keep still a tenth part of this time, before," said Harry.

"Let us go up," said I; "maybe she has taken a drop too much of the wine in her loneliness."

"Well, so do, Harry," said Virginia.

We unlocked the door, and stepping in all was as we had left it, except, in Willmette's place, was a very prim effigy, accoutred in Harry's best clothes, and a striking resemblance to that young gentleman's face, done in charcoal, on the pillow which helped to make up his head. We searched the room carefully, thinking that the artist must be somewhere concealed. But to our perfect astonishment no trace of her could be seen. The house and grounds were subjected to a like thorough inspection, and all the servants questioned with no better success.

"Well, Missa Willmette, ain't youse a'most repared to come home? Ef you please, I reckon you'd better; for they's mighty troubled 'cerning you, up at the big house. Now, ye receive, ye've done bin gone these four days. And I'm 'specting ebery minit Massa Harry'll hev' the house depolished to askertain if yese ain't 'twixt the walls. He would hev' the hull garrit ramsacked, 'cause why, he told Missa Arrington that you might be like some poor Gin-e-vy, that a spring lock held down forever and ever. I dun'no how deep a spring that lock might have been, but I thought it was a mighty queer idea to hunt for a spring of water in the garrit. It looked more sensible like, when he had the river raked over. But, oh laws, missus, he looks so white and anshuks, like the goses 'peared unto him at night. And all of 'em looks so sad and white."

"Well, Janet, I'll return soon now. You need not come again."

"Come out on the library porch, my friends," said Virginia, "and have your fortunes told by a young gypsy girl. I am sorry it is growing so dark, for she is very picturesque-looking. And what is wonderful, so modest she won't even raise her eyes, and has a very sweet voice."

So Virginia and I had our fortunes told, and the gypsy astonished us by her wit and knowledge. Mr. Clifford had eyed her keenly, the meanwhile, and as she took his hand to read his fate, he clasped it around hers, and drawing her towards him slipped the great scarlet hood from her head. Down fell the sunny curls! out flashed the bright eyes! and our lost Willmette stood before us!

She returned our badinage and reproach with true gypsy fire; and Harry drew her to her old time place upon his knee, and gently said, as the sad light in his eyes grew sadder, "How could you leave me, Willmette, before you had scarcely spoken a word to me?"

She had cried about this very fact every day during her voluntary exile, and now she felt more than ever grieved about it; still tried, in vain, to repress the rebel tears. But the bright young head nestled lower on "Cousin Harry's" manly shoulder, and the soft, low words were choked with sobs.

The next morning, as we—that is, Harry, Virginia, Willmette and I—were out in the garden, lo! a youth of goodly appearance advances up the southern walk. Miss Willmette steps down to meet and greet him, and presents him as Mr. Ernest Ethelridge, an artist, whom she had met sketching old Uncle Job's cottage.

"The deuce he is," thought Harry, as the youth and maiden stood in animated converse.

After a few graceful compliments, the youth requested the privilege of sketching my house and grounds. "The deuce he does," again thought Harry, as he watched Willmette, already deep in the artist's portfolio of drawings. But when young Ethelridge told Willmette that he would now like to request the fulfilment of her promise to sit for her picture, "the deuce he would," Harry growled, almost audibly, while the cloud on his brow showed the thunder in his heart. And the next morning, as I was busy in the breakfast-room, while Willmette and Harry stood in the bay-window, I heard the report of said thunder, as follows:—

"Willmette, will you go back to Clifford Pines with me to-morrow?"

"Why, Cousin Harry! and we have only been here, together, one day!"

This was all the lips said, but the eyes looked astonishment and disappointment.

"Ah," said Harry, sarcastically, and eyeing her keenly, "is it then such a hard thing to leave your new acquaintances, and go back to the old home?"

"You must be aware, Mr. Clifford, that your suspicions are unjust," said lips again, while eyes showed the offended pride of a true woman.

A very quiet smile played over the fine dark features of Harry Clifford, as he looked down upon the usually gentle, playful girl, and marked the carriage of the proud head and the little form drawn up to the perfect erect. There was much going on in the gentleman's heart the meanwhile, but hearing Ernest Ethelridge coming through the hall inquiring for Willmette, he simply said –

"Won't my little girl go home with me to-morrow, just because I ask it, and require no reason?"

"Yes," she replied, and turned to Ernest. "Mr. Ethelridge, Cousin Harry and I are going home to-morrow; so you will please excuse me from sitting for that picture."

"To-morrow! you astonish me, Miss Willmette! But, if you please, I have set my heart upon painting your picture, and must have it, even if I must follow you to your home. If you will sit for me to-day, I can take a rough sketch and complete it afterwards."

"Oh well, then, I will. For it would be a pity for you to take a long journey for such a trifle."

"Thanks for that decision. And will you be pleased to ride over to my studio now? My carriage is at the door."

"Yes, but let me first run and give Janet orders about packing my trunks."

"Cousin Harry!" But he had left the room, saying to himself, "So he 'll have it, after all. I 've not taken her away soon enough, with all my haste. Follow her home, indeed! If he should, I 'd take her to Maine."

She met him in the upper hall. "Cousin Harry, will you drive over and bring me home towards evening?"

"Yes, indeed, and early too," said he. "And I wish that you were going to spend the day here with me."

"Oh, fie!" she laughed. "You 'll see enough of me when we get back to Clifford Pines. For you know Virginia is not intending to return for six or eight weeks, and she let Miss Jane go for the summer, so there won't be any one to hear my lessons but you. Now, you know, I would not unnecessarily break my promise to Mr. Ethelridge. So, *au revoir, mon cher ami.*"

But don't think, romantic reader, that Harry let the cherry lips get away this time without paying toll.

"Thanks to my cousinly cloak," said he to himself, as he watched them drive away, "she has no idea how jealous I am of that graceful young scamp. And thanks, also, to my careful oversight, she knows too little of the world's ways to even dream that we are both desperately in love with her charming little self. Let me see, sixteen next May. Well, I must not wait long after that, unless I want rivals in the field thick as crows among the corn."

"Ah, Cousin Harry, how welcome the grand old home looks again! It is, indeed, 'the dearest spot on earth to me.'"

A few months later, and "Cousin Harry" and his little "Ward" sat together on the banks of that river into which, three years before, she had plunged so fearless, still so fearful. They had talked over those long years, and *much more besides.* The earnest blue eyes were still gazing abstractedly out among the long shadows which the setting sun was throwing over the russet brown leaves; and the still more earnest black eyes were looking intently down upon the aforesaid blue.

The *child* had been for some months past dreamily searching for her *woman's* heart; now she had found it; but lo! it was no longer in her possession. But, like the excellent Scripture example of "coat and cloak" notoriety, when she found who had taken away her *heart*, she gave him her *hand*, also.

Harry Clifford clasped the delicate gift in his own ample palm, and folded the fairy form to his own noble heart; and what was then said and done, kind reader, other authors can tell you much better than I; but I *can* tell you how, a few months later still, I was invited by Mrs. Clifford to attend the celebration of Miss Willmette Ward's sixteenth birthday, on the fourth of May, and how I had been privately informed by Virginia and Mr. Vernon both that there was to be a *double* wedding at Clifford Pines that day, and *two* brides and grooms to start for merry old England together. And I *well* remember, when Willmette was telling me somewhat of the little scene I have related above concerning "hearts and hands," her bright blush as she said: "I could not doubt but that Harry had my *whole* heart, for *his* beat *plenty* strong enough for *two.*"

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellencies of others, is a much rarer mark of benevolence than to pity their calamities.

REMAKING AND MENDING.

SHAKSPEARE tells us that "an old cloak makes a new jerkin:" and with such authority and sanction for turning old materials to new purposes, we will make no apology for giving our readers a chapter of advice and instruction on some of the most feasible plans of turning old garments to good account.

Many are obliged by necessity, or as a matter of good economy, to do this; and those who are richer, and can afford frequently to purchase everything new for themselves, will greatly add to their kindness to their poorer neighbors, if, when they give a cast-off garment, it is accompanied by a little judicious instruction as to how to make the best of it.

We will suppose a poor woman receiving the gift of a lady's dress fully trimmed all over, and so near a fit, that she might think it had been made on purpose for her, if it was not a little too tight. Would it be the wisest thing she could do to take and wear the dress just as she received it? If she did so, the probability is, that she would do those about her, as well as herself and her dress, a great injury. She would most likely be very cross in her family, for that is often one of the ill effects of dressing too tight. She might, too, begin to think that she looked so like a lady with this full-trimmed dress, that sundry unbecoming airs would be likely to creep over her. And, as to the dress, nature would endeavor to free itself from restraint, and hooks and eyes would be bursting this way and that, and the flounces. that were very suitable to a lady's mode of life, would soon be torn and soiled in the household occupations of a poor woman. And in two or three weeks this dress, that might have been made to do her good service for months, will have such a slovenly and torn appearance, that it had better be put out of sight.

We should recommend, as a preferable course, that on receiving such a gift, all conspicuous and needless trimmings be taken off, and the body and sleeves be made a comfortable fit, by putting in pieces where they are needed, for which purpose some of the trimmings will be useful. Or, if it should be a very full skirt, it might be better to take a breadth from that, which will serve to make a fresh body. If it is too long, or if it is rubbed, and a little worn at the gathers, the skirt should be taken from the body, and sewed on again at the right length, at the same time placing the middle of a different breadth to the middle of the body, so as to put the worst worn part of the gathers to the place where they will have the least wear. This will oblige running up the opening at the back of the skirt, and making a new one. All this trouble will, however, be well repaid by having a comfortable and suitable dress; and ladies are much more likely to repeat a kindness when they see that their gifts are well used and valued.

When a mother has worn a dress as long as she can, it will be strange if there is not enough which is pretty good left in the skirt, which will make a frock, or perhaps even two, for a little girl. It is well to bear this in mind in buying a dress, and to choose one of such a pattern that would not be very conspicuous or unsightly if it should afterwards be used for children.

Another good use to which to put an old dress is, by altering the body and sleeves, to adapt it for a petticoat. It is well, however, not to be in a hurry to do this. Two mothers had each a good black satin dress; in the course of time they became, as unfortunately all dresses will, too shabby or too old-fashioned for their wearers' use. One mother picked hers to pieces, washed and ironed it, and made from it two handsome-looking mantles for her daughters. The other adapted hers for a petticoat, and spent five-and-twenty shillings in the purchase of new mantles for her two daughters. The mantles made of the old material were far the best-looking, and most serviceable. Now, five shillings would have bought a petticoat; and thus the saving of twenty shillings might have been made for the pocket of the husband.

Bonnets may be lined or made from the cuttings of old silk dresses. A lady benevolently disposed can find the means of assisting a needlewoman in want of work by employing her to use up odd pieces in this manner. She will thereby give the workwoman the means of earning a few shillings, and at the same time she will, at a comparatively little cost, enable herself to rejoice the hearts of various old women by the gift of a comfortable silk bonnet.

The remaining parts of some dresses will prove suitable for making aprons and pinafores.

But what can be done with dresses that are so washed and worn as to be of no service, even for a child's frock or pinafore? Why, they may be cut up for dusters, if they will do for nothing else, and they will serve nicely for the little girls to learn hemming upon. Indeed, it only wants an active, notionable mind to discover good uses for almost anything that may be at hand, and render it applicable to some of the requirements of the possessor.

About the worst thing to do with old dresses is to carry them to an old-clothes shop, or to dispose of them at the door for something out of a basket.

Woollen garments, such as coats and trousers, offer rather more of a puzzle as to how to dispose of them. They are, however, articles to be by no means despised, as a peep into the working-rooms of some old-clothes establishment might soon convince our readers. Many a second-hand waistcoat, cap, and even child's complete suit have been contrived from the refuse contents of the old-clothes man's bag. These old-clothes merchants, however, never cut up garments that can by any contrivance of piecing and cleaning be made suitable for wear or to fetch a price in their original form. This a good home manager should also observe.

Cheap-bought slop-clothes are scarcely worth the time and trouble of remaking into anything. But a bit of broadcloth, that has been originally good, may be brought into use over and over again when its original purpose has been almost forgotten. We have seen a good velvet cloak go through the whole family; after having been worn by the mother, it was made into a cloak for the eldest girl, and, after she had done with it, into jackets for the boys.

In a family of restricted means, where the father is obliged by his line of life or connections to keep up what is called a respectable or genteel appearance, if the mother is a good contriver, very little need be purchased for the clothing of her boys until they reach their teens. The clothes that the father is, for the sake of appearance, obliged to lay aside will afford good material for clothing them. But how often pride, more than a want of knowledge, comes in here, and prevents the mother from doing what she might and could do! She is afraid that, if she herself makes clothes for her boys, she may be laughed at as "a hen tailor." And if she should employ a needlewoman, who could do such things well and inexpensively for her, she is afraid the woman will speak of it, and think her mean for using old clothes; and she will, in preference, buy cheap ready-made clothes, which will not last so long and perhaps not look any better than what she might have obtained for a tithe of the cost, by using the materials laid by at home.

To keep up a genteel appearance with only a small income is a very trying situation to be placed in, nevertheless, it is the lot of very many, and a wise woman will feel sure that she is not acting meanly while she acts in accordance with the limits of her husband's purse. Nothing can be more mean than to increase his anxieties by indulging in any needless expenses in dress.

When it is designed to make any cloth garment into a smaller one, it is generally best to look upon it merely as a piece of material, and not to attempt to bring any of the old seams into use. If it has been previously worn in the same family, and not much soiled, a good dry brush may be all that is required for cleanliness; but if it has been long worn, and made dirty, it had better be picked to pieces and thoroughly washed. Good broadcloth will bear washing just as well as a bit of calico; and so will very many other articles that are frequently considered unwashable.

Supposing the garment unpicked and brushed or washed, it should be well examined as to the thicker and thinner parts, and the smaller pattern laid on and cut accordingly, always observing to keep the nap of the cloth all one way, from the top to the bottom of the garment. Much of the secret of the neat appearance of clothes made by tailors is in their flatly placing and pressing down all their seams by means of heated irons. The seams should be opened out —that is, each side of the seam should be folded back, and damped, and smoothed by a hot iron before the lining is put in. As to a pattern, the best way to obtain one is from a tailor; and great assistance in making up may be obtained by observing how the article picked to pieces was made. All visible buttonholes should be made with silk, and not thread; and a strip for strengthening laid where buttons and buttonholes are to be. There is no reason why clothes of this description, made by women, should either be bad-fitting or the work clumsy-looking. This is not always the case, and any woman who has learnt the use of her needle and uses her powers of observation might as well rival the tailor as not.

Odd cuttings of cloth are serviceable for mending or remaking the tops of boots. Footstools also may be covered with remaining pieces, and if braided with a lively-colored braid, have a neat and ornamental appearance. We have also seen made from the tails of a coat a work-bag, which had a pattern with colored wools worked on each side, and really had a handsome appearance. Girls in a family might just as well use such materials to exercise their fancy and ingenuity upon, and so often save a good many wasted shillings.

Hearthrugs are sometimes made by cutting cloth into strips, half an inch wide and two inches long, and knitting them together with

string. This is done by inserting the piece of cloth exactly at the middle, in the loop of the knitting, and drawing it in very tight: it is rather hard finger work, and some make the rug by sewing the strips of cloth on to a piece of old carpet, or any other strong material that may be at hand. This sort of rug will in winter form a very comfortable addition to a poor man's fireplace.

But when all the best bits have been employed as use or fancy may dictate, there will still remain some rough or thin cuttings which cannot be worked up any how: what is to be done with these? Perhaps we could not easily have answered this question, had we not recently heard a girl say: "Oh, mother is very glad indeed of such pieces; when she gets any she washes them thoroughly, and sets us children to cut them up very small indeed, and fills a case with them to make a pillow: all our pillows and bolsters, and even the beds at home, are made like that, and we find them very comfortable: mother could never afford to buy proper beds for all us children." Carpet-ravellings make the very best stuffing for pillows; it is difficult to tell it from hair.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Continued from page 56.)

CHAPTER III.

"HOME at last!" said the newly-made husband, as he handed the light figure of Marie from the carriage. "Ah, how do you do, Judge?"—and a tall gentleman in spectacles came down the steps to receive her. "Mrs. Ash, Judge Lockwood."

The new brother-in-law was the reverse of Mr. Taylor, with a most ceremonious politeness, and an overwhelmingly gracious manner.

"Allow me"—and he drew the little gloved hand, extended to meet his, through his arm, and handed her up the steps as if they had been going to a court ball. Marie felt completely overpowered, and looked back for Morgan, who nodded and smiled, and said, "in one minute," as he gathered the wraps and packages together.

"My dear, allow me to present our new relative. This is Mrs. Lockwood!" and with another bow, the third since Marie's first glimpse of him, he dexterously disengaged himself, and took a position between the two ladies, rubbing his hands, and bowing for the fourth time, as if to congratulate himself that he had done the thing handsomely.

Mrs. Lockwood was Morgan's own sister, most certainly. Marie did not wonder that he was fond of her, and was sure at the first glance that she should be. There was a noble if rather severe expression on her fine face, as she looked down upon her young sister for a second before stooping to kiss her, and when she did so, it was an earnest, and not an unmeaning salute.

"I know you are tired and dusty; you would like to go to your own room at once," she said, leading the way with a steady unruffled manner peculiar to her every motion. "This is really your own room, you know; I hope you will find it comfortable."

Marie glanced around shyly; it was to be her home this room, and certainly all that order and neatness could do had been done for it. If there was any fault, it was too orderly. The folds of the muslin curtains were never to be displaced apparently, nor the snow-white counterpane to be rumpled. As for sticking pins into the immaculate toilet-cushion, with its lace frill, Marie could not think of it, after she was left alone, and extemporized a substitute from her soft travelling gloves rolled up into a little hard ball.

Mrs. Lockwood found nothing to supply as Sophie had done—no empty water pitcher, nor towel frame; which had kept Mrs. Taylor at least ten minutes trolling about the room, opening drawers and closets, and seeing Marie through with the operation of bathing her face and hands.

"I will leave you now, and Morgan will be here to show you the way to the parlor when you are ready. He does not like to be kept waiting, you know; but I suppose you have found that out."

Marie wished she had not said that last. It put her in a nervous haste, that only hindered her movements, and besides, it seemed a very little like dictating.

"I wonder if Morgan ever told her I was unpunctual; I wonder if he thinks I am? Dear

me, how can I ever keep this room in such primlico order! but everything is very handsome, certainly, much more stylish than our best room at home; and Mrs. Lockwood is very like Morgan." With which reflections she ventured to walk around it and take in details a little.

The high-posted, mahogany bedstead was massive and handsomely carved, all the furniture was *en suite*, even to the table in the centre of the floor; the carpet was handsome, the curtains, the mantle ornaments, but there was no lounge, or sewing-chair, or bird-cage, nor flowers, nothing that looked liked "Marie" herself in it. Everything looked like Mrs. Lockwood, finished, dignified, orderly. And as she arrived at this conclusion, Marie started to hear her husband's step on the stairs, and not even the first hair-pin touched.

But he was not at all inclined to be in a hurry; pulled out the hair-pins himself, when she began to say "Oh dear, I am so sorry"—declared she was never so pretty as with her hair floating over her shoulders, and volunteered the information that Judge Lockwood thought her picture did not do her justice, and that Harriet had said "she was quite satisfied."

Which disposed Mrs. Ash to meet the two with more favorable impressions than the pompous manner of the Judge, and Mrs. Lockwood's dictatorial insinuation had for the moment created. Not that Marie was in the least vain, or susceptible to flattery; we never acknowledge ourselves to be, and we never allow it in our heroines; but possibly my lady friends can understand the comfortable glow which diffused itself through her mind under the sunshine of such remarks, and prepared her to meet frequent scrutinizing looks through the gold spectacles, and to sustain the first half hour's conversation with the ever sensible and correct Mrs. Lockwood.

"Now you have come, I suppose the Fords will send out their invitations at once," said Mrs. Lockwood, as the tea equipage was removed, and she seated herself under the gaslight with her needlework. Marie felt as if she ought to be busy, too, as she watched the skilful industrious fingers stitching so regularly.

"So they really are going to give a party?" Mr. Ash's tone expressed his gratification. "Well, Marie, you will be introduced to Chester at once."

"Oh yes, all their arrangements are made, and when I found Mrs. Ford so set upon it, I gave way at once, though it was my place decidedly. I shall give a supper instead; but as Mrs. Ford has to have some alteration made in her house, she will take the lead."

"You are to be quite gay, eh, Marie?" And even at the risk of discovery from the spectacles, Mr. Ash indulged himself in taking Marie's hand in his and twirling her rings. "I suppose they will call soon then."

"I should not be surprised if they came in this evening, for we were not certain that you would come, and they will be round to inquire. You and Mrs. Ford will have to be great friends, Marie; they are devoted to Morgan."

Marie was prepared to be, but she did not fancy being told she *must;* and perversely determined not to fancy her at all. Such trifling things attract and repel us in life that we can scarcely trace the springs of some of its most important acts.

"I dare say that is Dr. Ford's ring now, Harriet," said the Judge, as a tinkling peal from the door-bell sounded through the hall. Morgan sprang to his feet in a moment, with a look of pleased expectation, Marie shrank into the corner of the sofa, wishing she could fly out of the room, and half meditating the daring step; her new-born resolve to dislike Mrs. Ford was added to her natural shrinking from "passing inspection."

Dr. Ford was not at all handsome; nor had he any of the black broadcloth splendors of the Judge. His whole dress and manner were careless yet gentlemanly, and he made his way straight up to Marie, without regarding the pompous introduction Judge Lockwood prepared to deliver, as Morgan hurried forward to meet Mrs. Ford. Marie felt cross and resentful, and when she saw her husband deliberately kiss the lady, and Mrs. Ford return it heartily, she felt her face grow very hot, indeed.

Mrs. Lockwood did not appear to approve of the proceeding either; there seemed a reprimand in her tone as she put out her hand to the visitor, and said—

"When did you two set up that custom?"

"Oh, it's my congratulation, to be sure; I couldn't help it; I'm so delighted that he has become one of us. And this is Mrs. Ash; we are very glad to see you at last."

Marie drew back the least in the world; her perverseness construed this frank greeting into putting her down as of no consequence; she resolved to be dignified and reserved, and was very stiff and as unlike herself as possible in consequence. Her husband's friends very good-naturedly placed this to the account of shyness, and the embarrassment of her new position;

but Morgan, keenly alive to the impression she was making, felt annoyed at such determined dulness on her part, which he had never seen in her before. Even the discussion of the party in her honor did not draw her out of it.

"There, we are not going to stay five minutes, for I know you are tired with your ride; it is too bad in us to come at all. Good-night, Mrs. Ash; you must look your prettiest Thursday evening. There are a dozen ladies who stand ready to pull you to pieces for running off with Morgan," said Mrs. Ford, at length starting up and tying the ends of her rigolette.

"I dare say they all think I am not good enough for him," thought Marie, resentfully, as her husband followed his friends to the door.

"Mrs. Ford thinks you are a sweet little thing," Morgan said, the first moment they were alone together; "but I wish you had been a little more cordial. Harriet spoke of it after you had gone up stairs, and said she was afraid Mrs. Ford would feel hurt, when she has been so interested, and is taking so much pains about this party."

"Indeed!"—and the little wife twirled herself away from her husband's outstretched arm with this unamiable interjection, and made herself very busy at another part of the room. She felt vexed with the whole party, and very tired, and oh, so homesick!

"What is the matter with you to-night, Marie? You are not in the least like yourself;" and Mr. Ash looked after her with astonishment at this unexpected development. He was so in the habit of submitting everything to the judgment of his favorite sister that it did not occur to him that Marie could do otherwise.

The first night in her new home was by no means as happy as Marie had pictured it. Long after her husband was sleeping soundly—so provokingly tranquil and unconscious!—she was lying with her arm thrown over her head upon the pillow, staring at the fantastic shadows made by the moonlight; and at the heavy furniture around the room, wishing she could see her own blue and white toilet-table, and the canary in the window; thinking more yearningly of her aunt's accustomed face, and Gilbert's awkward kindness, and her own home where she had reigned as a queen, than she had done since leaving them behind. We wonder if the pretty greenhouse plants feel comfortable when they are first transplanted to the open borders, even though they have a broader space and more admirers, and perhaps a new support to lean upon!

The cloud was transient, however, and by Sunday Marie began to feel settled in her new quarters, towards which her occupancy of drawers and closets, and a surprise of the dearest little cushioned chair from her husband, had done a great deal. Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood had had an engagement one evening, which had left the lovers to themselves; and the next they had taken a delightful moonlight walk, in the course of which Marie had reported to her many things pleasant to hear. How Judge Logan, Mr. Lockwood's associate, had noticed her from the steps of the court-house the afternoon they arrived, and had told Mr. Ash in court that day that he was a lucky dog; and young Fowler, whose father was one of the great men of the county, was very anxious to meet her; and Mrs. Jacobs, the most stylish woman in town, had met him in the street, and said she was coming to call on her. Very moderate sources of happiness, you think; but you forget how you felt when you first belonged to somebody, and somebody's friends admired you.

It is safe to say that Marie took some pains with her attire the first morning that she made her appearance at church, and that several heads were turned when her entrance was whispered about. She heard her lilac silk dress rustle all the way up the aisle, and thought the crimson and black carpet a very neat pattern. And then what bliss to be seated next to Morgan, and meet his proud, admiring glances now and then, and have him find the hymn for her, and sit listening to the deep rich notes of the organ, and wonder at her own happiness! All of which was not very devotional, in the strict sense of the term; but Marie did not then realize that she was violating the commandment "Thou shalt have no other God," which the clergyman read so solemnly, or how severe a chastisement her departure from it was preparing for herself. We deplore the miserable darkness of heathenism, or give a great deal of money to help enlighten the benighted creatures, "when you and I, dear madam," as Thackeray would say, bow down and worship a trinity of idols—self first, husband and children after self; and, strange to say, do not even suspect ourselves of it as we respond virtuously, "Incline our hearts to keep this law."

CHAPTER IV.

"What do you propose to wear to-night?" asked Mrs. Lockwood of her idle little inmate,

as she carefully dried the silver used on the breakfast-table. Marie had offered to assist her the day after her arrival, but Mrs. Lockwood was very particular about the breakfast things, and made a point of doing them herself.

Marie had made friends with Morgan's dog, a black and tan terrier, which, by a wonderful devotion to her brother, Mrs. Lockwood allowed about the house. She had a great bunch of lilacs in her lap, and was stringing a necklace for the graceful little animal.

"Wear? My blue silk; I have it laid out already. I wanted you to look at it, and a wreath of forget-me-nots that Morgan thinks is very handsome."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lockwood, giving an extra polish to the lid of a coffee-pot, before she looked up again. The single word said several sentences, if it did not "speak volumes." Marie had already become accustomed to reading Mrs. Lockwood's manner.

"That means 'Are you? I wouldn't if I were you.' Why not, I wonder?" thought Marie, quickly.

"As it 's a bridal party, and given for you, everybody will expect you to wear white."

Marie knew how she looked in her bridal attire; she had worn it a whole evening; and her "party dress," as Miss West insisted on calling the pale blue silk, had never been on; she longed to try it; besides, blue was her color; Morgan had always said so, and she knew he was anxious that she should look her very best.

"I don't want to 'appear in character,'" she said, playfully.

"But it 's not a matter of choice; you do go as a bride, and you ought to dress like one."

Marie had set her heart on the blue silk. It was too bad to be treated quite like a baby, and told what to put on even. She scattered the lilac-blossoms right and left in her impatient pull at the bunch.

"I wish the whole thing was over with," she said, in a pettish tone.

Mrs. Lockwood's face had its most decided expression. So here was a flaw in Morgan's idol; ill temper was a fearful domestic curse. Mrs. Lockwood herself was never ruffled; she was sorry for her brother if it had commenced already, and about such a trifle, too. Such a child as Marie was, with so little experience in society, she ought to be glad that any one took interest enough in her to save her from mistakes!

"I still think you had better wear the white dress," she said, steadily. "What is it, Jane?" in the same unmoved tone, to the servant, who made her appearance at that moment.

"The boy with the letters, ma'am."

Marie looked at the little package eagerly. She longed to snatch them from the girl, and see if there was one for her. A whole week, and no news from home!

"This is for you." She had one at last. It was Gilbert's handwriting; she knew it while in Mrs. Lockwood's hand; the clear, bold characters, as blunt, and plain, and honest as her cousin himself.

"Oh, from Gilbert!" And the unfortunate necklace was thrown to the winds. She kissed the dear familiar handwriting, second to seeing the home faces, and tore open the envelope with a face quivering between smiles and tears.

Mrs. Lockwood noted this and the tears that did come before she finished the sheet. Still, her brother's wife must not be allowed to make a mistake in etiquette, nor Mrs. Ford be disappointed of her bride; and everybody knows that a bride out of white is no bride at all to the curious multitude who come to gaze.

"I am sure you will think better of it," was her parting shaft, as Marie rose to leave the room for the luxury of re-reading the precious letter in solitude. "And wear your wedding-dress," she added, as Marie's questioning look met hers.

Mrs. Lockwood had not the least intention of being unkind, or interfering. She thought it her duty to look after Marie, and "duty," or what she conceived to be, was *Mrs. Lockwood's idol*, a concealed form of self-assertion, which the best people fall into and do battle for, as though it were really a principle.

She was pleased to see that her advice had been followed, when the family party met in the parlor to wait for the carriage that evening. She had mentioned to Morgan what she thought of the matter, before Marie came down to tea; and so the becoming blue lost its favor in his eyes, for of course "Harriet knew what was right."

"Now you can see how we looked on that interesting occasion, all but the veil," said Morgan, giving Marie his arm at the door, and leading her full under the gaslight. And a handsome, well-mated pair they were. Marie's many-flounced tarleton, with its orange spray at the waist, her white neck and arms, her smoothly braided hair, with buds and green leaves drooping from the rich coil, added new loveliness to her youthful grace and beauty; while Morgan Ash, as manly a fellow as one would wish to see, had but an ever-present

consciousness of white vest and gloves to detract from his appearance.

Mrs. Lockwood's *amour propre* was quite satisfied, as well as her sense of the proprieties. She little knew the struggle it had cost to comply with her wishes, or how rebelliously Marie's heart throbbed under the delicate tarleton; and as she followed the handsome pair through Mrs. Ford's handsome parlors, she was quite satisfied with the sensation they produced.

"How much color your wife has to-night!" said Mrs. Ford, as she looked admiringly at Marie, who was led off to dance, half an hour later, by young "Fowler." "She is as lovely as a picture."

But the scarlet lips and flushed cheeks were the token of a feverish spirit, of the first really hard thoughts Marie had ever indulged in towards her husband.

"He never treated me so like a baby at home; it 's all Harriet and this Mrs. Ford. I am to give up to them, it seems; but I will show them that I have a mind of my own." And she returned the fashionable Mr. Fowler's compliments with her liveliest sallies, and was all life and animation for the rest of the evening, when not with her husband, his sister, or her hostess. Poor child, she hurt herself the most, for her heart was strangely heavy, though knowing she was the centre of all eyes, and admired by all unenvious ones. This evening was one of the social triumphs she had looked forward to, in her far-away home, stitching into the white wedding-garments dreams of her happy future; but she would have given it all for the repose and assurance in Morgan's love that she had always felt then. Now it seemed as if something was perpetually coming between them, when she tried her hardest to please him, though then absence was the only shadow on their way.

"I hope you will come and see us as sociably as possible," said Mrs. Ford, in taking leave of her that evening. "Do remember that we are almost relations of Morgan's, and consider you quite as one."

Marie's proud determination to the contrary almost betrayed itself, for Mrs. Lockwood's eyes were on her. It was bad enough to have Harriet talking about her to Morgan; she vowed to give Mrs. Ford as little opportunity as possible.

He stayed down stairs to talk the evening over with his sister, when they reached home; natural enough, as he had been in the habit of doing so ever since he had gone into society, if it had not been his wedding-party, and his sister the nearest person to apply to for "a sense of the meeting" on himself and his choice.

Marie longed to be alone with him once more, to have him all to herself, to say, perhaps: "Oh, Morgan, I have been so unhappy, and so naughty all the evening!" to make her child-like confession with his arm around her, and to be forgiven and kissed into peace again. But he allowed her to go up stairs alone, and she waited and waited before she began to take off her ornaments until it seemed as if he never would come; and then she thought they were discussing her conduct; she was sure Harriet's "good-night" had been very cold, and her heart swelled with bitterness and resentment, until his first words, when he did come, were all that was needed to make it overflow.

"Harriet thinks Mr. Fowler's attentions were altogether too decided this evening."

He did not come towards her, but took off his watch by the bureau and wound it as he spoke; the harsh sound of the revolving key grated on every nerve, already tense and excited.

No answer from the half disrobed figure in the corner, tearing out faded buds and leaves from her disordered hair.

"And I must say"—here his tone rose to the key of "injured feeling"—"that I thought so myself; promenading the room half an hour with a person you had never seen before in your life."

No pleasant compliments on her appearance, or what people had said of her, when all she had wanted to wear the blue silk for was to look her best, knowing he was anxious about it; for her own part it did not make a particle of difference how she looked—at least she thought so.

"Mr. Fowler was very polite and kind, and *I* like him very much, whether Mrs. Lockwood approves of it or not!"

"Harriet is the *best judge* of how"—

"So it seems."

"Don't interrupt me, Marie!—of how things look; and you did not know, what she did, that he 's the gayest man in town, very much talked about."

"What did you introduce me to him for, then? Why does Mrs. Lockwood ask him to call here? I heard her tell him it was a long time since she had seen him in Elm Street."

Why, indeed? Because the Fowlers were an old county family, and had swayed the social world at their will, when Mr. Ash, the father of Morgan, was the shopkeeper at whose counter they had ordered their store-room supplies. Because the senior Mr. Fowler was given to the

law, and Morgan Ash hoped to get his business into his own hands, and thrive upon it. Not that he allowed these were his reasons for seeing as much as possible of the Fowlers; and left to himself, he would never have taken Marie to task for becoming at once an ally in this quiet little plan, and being admired by the man whose attentions, disreputable as he was in some respects, were regarded as a compliment by nearly every woman in Chester. He had felt "out" with her all the evening; he could scarcely tell why, for she had not avoided, only failed to seek him, as she had ever done in society, with her eyes at least, she had been so entirely independent of him. He wanted her to shine, but it must be in his light, and Mr. Fowler's attentions made a convenient peg to hang his private dissatisfaction on.

"Don't be unreasonable!" he said, in a disagreeable, cold tone. It is what people often fall back upon, when it is the reason of the other party they have to complain of.

"If girls only knew"—

"'Only knew' what? You have a most disagreeable way of half saying things."

"How much nicer it is to be engaged," added Marie, slowly. She had intended saying, "how unhappy they will be after they are married."

"You never spoke to me in that tone then!"

"I dare say; you never gave me occasion to; everybody finds out a difference when they are married, I suppose." Which insinuated that if Marie had, he had also.

Marie looked around the room drearily. Only one week since she had seen it for the first time, expecting to be so happy here—since Morgan had pulled her hair down, and said how pretty she looked, and teazed her so, she thought she should never be ready for tea, in his first attempts to pin her collar for her. Now as if by mutual consent they were as far apart as the limits of the room would allow, and as she brushed out her braids, a great hot tear came plashing on the rippling tresses, the herald of a heavy shower.

"You are certainly very sociable and entertaining to-night," Mr. Ash said, as the uncomfortable silence continued. He had often used sarcasm in court with great effect; he had never caught the intonation better than on this occasion. "I have heard that wives keep all their brilliancy for society and their dulness for their husbands. I shall begin to think so."

Generous, chivalrous man; but he felt perfectly self-justified when Marie had behaved so very badly to him. Certainly it was not his fault; she had been as cross as possible from the moment he had come up to dress for the party, and he had put up with it at first, and coaxed her into good humor about the blue silk; but if she intended to conduct in this way frequently, she should find she must come round by herself, and she might as well understand it first as last.

"I don't think you were any too polite to Dr. and Mrs. Ford, either, considering what pains they had taken on your account, and what particular friends of Harriet's and mine they are; you might show a *little* interest in my friends."

And when she had told him with such glad joyfulness that noon of her letter from home, and took it up, intending to read him all the little items of news, and how much they were missing her, and the fond wishes for her welfare and happiness, he had only said, "Ah?" and unfolded the weekly *Herald*, which the same post had brought; an indifference which sent all her glowing gladness back to her own heart, when she had been longing all the morning for some one to share it with!

But few men are naturally sympathetic, and forget that the disposition is to be cultivated as a household virtue, though they complain loudly when they do not meet with the mood on demand. "Women are so unreasonable," is a salve of ever-ready application; and one that Morgan Ash resorted to freely on this occasion.

"You have not so much as asked whether Aunty was alive or well, or Gilbert either!" The smothered disappointment of hours burst forth in the tone. Morgan could not see what *that* had to do with the question. They were worth twenty Mrs. Fords to her, too, with all they had done for her—all the mother and brother she had ever known!

"If you cannot show ordinary politeness to my friends on their own account, I shall beg, as a favor, that you will do so on mine," added Mr. Ash, with rising warmth, as he viewed the subject more entirely from his "point of light." Marie had certainly behaved very badly—he was disappointed in her: and he looked his disapprobation as he turned that way fully, for the first time.

How uncommonly pretty she was! and how well she had looked all that evening! and how everybody had admired her and congratulated him! Certainly Adelaide Jacobs was not half as pretty, with that large nose, and Grace Logan's bad figure spoiled her, and Gertrude Fowler had such a disagreeable haughty expression. Marie had none of these defects.

What a beautiful arm she had! how white and round it looked, glowing through her unbraided hair, as the brush moved slowly in her hand. Why the child was crying! Poor little thing! to make herself so miserable because he was displeased with her; he had no idea she would take it so much to heart. He thought of the miller's daughter they had been reading the night before from the beautifully illustrated copy Marie had received among her bridal presents.

"They have not shed as many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well."

If the provoking little witch would only ask him, how soon he would forgive her, and kiss them away; but the fuss was none of his! and so pride laid his head upon the pillow without the "kiss of peace" that would have cost him so little effort, since only self-love and not deep feeling was involved, while the great sobs that Marie could not stifle shook her whole frame.

Up to that late moment, she thought he would come towards her for a good-night kiss, and then she could have held out no longer; but this had never happened before, it would break her heart; she loved him so passionately, that coldness without anger would have made her wretched; she could never, never sleep in this miserable mood, he must speak to her, and kiss her, come what would! and she had been angry at him in her own heart for wanting to give up her way for his sister's, never mind what he had done and said, she had been to blame; but she had never asked anybody's pardon, since she had been grown, and he certainly had said dreadful things; and so she stood irresolute for a moment, and then swept across the room to the bedside, and kneeling, like a humble little penitent as she was, at the shrine of her idolatry, she sobbed out: "Oh, darling, do not be cross with me; I can't bear it, dear; it is breaking my heart!"

Generous man again, since it had cost him neither confession nor humiliation, and it was certainly very disagreeable to be on bad terms; he raised her from the floor, and assured her that she was forgiven.

"You must acknowledge that you have been very cross, not at all like yourself, the whole evening," he could not forbear saying; and her, "Oh, yes, yes, I know I have; but if you knew how miserable I have been all the while, and how I longed, even when I was walking with Mr. Fowler, to come and beg you to love me," was all that could have been desired; for if he had had any remote suspicions that he had been at all to blame in the matter, they were thus laid at rest, and he could reflect on his own magnanimity towards his offending wife, at leisure.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around—to us, so aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future use. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the material love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child: to be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it. As, rising and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile, "If I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is that little child.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children round him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.—NO. XI.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

"BERTIE is tired now; he must shut his little eyes, and go to sleep quickly," said the fair young mother, tenderly, as she laid the little one upon his bed, smoothed back the golden curls from his white brow, and, half unconsciously, it seemed, pressed repeated kisses there.

"Will mamma stay with Bertie?" pleaded the child.

"Yes, darling, if you will go to sleep so soon as to wake in time for dinner," she replied; "I will sit here and write a letter to Uncle James."

Then the sleepy little eyes, so full of a satisfied, loving look, watched the sad, sweet woman, to whose mourning robes they were not yet accustomed, till the blue-veined lids fell before them, and shut him in dream-land. Still Angie May's paper lay blank before her, save the fairly traced date, which she had readily set down. After a time she drew a letter from her pocket, and read it again and again. At length, taking her pen, she wrote a few words rapidly, then stopped as suddenly as she had commenced; and, leaning her head upon her hand, burst into tears. Just then she heard a carriage stop, and a moment later the street door close and a cheerful voice calling Angie in the hall. Hastily wiping her eyes, she stepped to the landing.

"Ah, there you are! Shall I come up?" said Mrs. Laselle.

"O yes, please do. I am right glad you have come."

"I was hoping to find you in the garden among your flowers this bright morning," said Aunt Sophie, as she grasped the extended hand, and noticed the traces of tears.

"I have been there; but now Bertie is asleep, and I promised to sit with him."

"Ah, how sweetly the little cherub looks! Shall we not waken him?"

"O no, he sleeps soundly. But lay aside your things."

"Yes, I will for just an hour; then your Uncle Charles will call for us, for I promised Emma that we would bring you and Bertie to dinner."

"Did you!"—and an expression of pleasure flashed in the dark eyes, followed immediately by a shadow as she added: "But I ought to write to brother James to-day."

"Will not this evening or to-morrow do as well?"

"Perhaps so. I had this letter from him last night, asking me to take the care of his boy while he shall be gone to Europe, and it should have an immediate reply."

"Indeed, I think he would allow you time for deliberation upon a step of such moment."

"I needed no time, for I knew instantly that I could not possibly take the child; but this morning I find it a more difficult task than I expected to tell his father, without wounding his feelings; I pity poor James so; it would kill me to have Bertie grow like his Richard, yet the child was once very lovely and winning. Poor boy! his mother died when he was so small, and I fear he has had little judicious care."

"But is not here an opportunity to do good which you cannot afford to lose? He may become a noble man through your loving care."

"You certainly would not advise me to take him!" exclaimed Mrs. May, in surprise.

"I cannot advise till I know the circumstances more fully; but, if he needs unusual care, you have plenty of time to bestow it upon him; and this interest outside of yourself will be a blessing to you."

"Oh, but you don't know Richard Warren; he is a profane, passionate boy, by whom I could never be induced to permit my Bertie to be influenced. It is too late for me to hope to lead him to good, even if I had much more confidence in my ability to govern children well than I can have."

"Too late!" echoed Aunt Sophie, incredulously. "How old is he?"

"He is only twelve, I know," replied Mrs. May; "but the character is usually so far moulded by that age that one may readily prophesy a boy's future. It would be grievous wrong to expose my fatherless child to such an evil example."

"And do you expect, dear Angie, to guard your darling's boyhood from all evil influences?"

"I hope, at least, that he may not have an evil companion in his home."

"So would I hope, too; yet I cannot see that you have a right to thrust aside this plain opportunity for doing good lest evil should come to your boy. I am not willing to believe that Richard is already so depraved that you need to fear his influence here beneath your eye, while you may be the means, in God's

hands, for leading him to a noble manhood. Do not decide upon the matter lightly; take time for thought and prayer. Remember that your own little one may be left motherless as you think of the needs of your nephew. Do not look upon the decision with reference to mere inclination; but consider your duty in the case. If you feel it to be right, look to God for aid, and He will aid you. It appears to me that you may make this larger field of duty a means for insuring growth of character. But you must see this yourself before it will be right to guide yourself by my opinion. If you are not willing to take more care and more labor for the mere sake of the good which you may do, you will do well to let your brother seek farther for a home for his child. You will not find it an easy task to teach a headstrong boy to love the right. Your patience and your faith will both be tried; but I predict that they will grow stronger by each trial. When you take this duty, fully realizing that it is for God and good that you do it, you have a new source of strength within you in your growing trust in Him. If you do all that is in your power for one of His little ones, you may well look to Him for aid in leading your own forward. Richard Warren had a Christian mother; your love for her memory and for your brother will enable you to see the good in the boy, as a stranger might not do, and thus you may hope to strengthen that good; but if you earnestly feel that you would endanger the moral safety of your child by allowing his cousin to share your care, and no prayer will help you above this feeling, I cannot advise you to risk harm to him to whom you owe a mother's duty. We cannot see our Father's guidance of others; but I believe that, if we look as we should, we may each see it for ourselves."

As Aunt Sophie saw the sad, appealing look which Mrs. May raised to the portrait on the wall, the tears welled into her eyes, and she continued:—

"Forgive me, dear Angie, if I seem to forget your grief as I urge you to be strong. We cannot yet know why in one short month you should be deprived of the strong arm and manly judgment on which you have so loved to lean, and called upon to assume a weightier care than you have ever shared; but we know that One 'who seeth the end from the beginning' has ordered it in love."

"Oh, if he were only living to aid me! But Richard needs a master," ejaculated Mrs. May.

"If you can teach him to govern himself," Aunt Sophie responded; "it will be better than any master's control. When your husband was living, you both had your hands and hearts full of plans for the good of his parishioners. Thank God for your beautiful past! and try to make the future as worthy, though you must often long for the wonted words of appreciation and encouragement."

Angie May knew that Mrs. Laselle's was no mere wordy sympathy, which could dispassionately advise another to assume a difficult duty, and Aunt Sophie well understood the earnest, conscientious nature of the pastor's young widow. She had rejoiced in their ideally beautiful union, and the good she was confident they might do. As his death had also been keenly felt as a personal loss, her real grief had enabled her to soothe the first bitterness of the grief of her young friend as no one else could do. She had seen too the almost idolatrous affection with which the young mother's heart now clung to the boy, who was so like his father; and while she felt that the education of this precious child might be the worthy work of the doting mother, she yet saw the danger to both which might arise from this undivided duty. She did not fear, as she might have done for a different nature, that Mrs. May would spoil her boy by over-indulgence. She more feared that the conscientiousness and love of goodness and purity, which were now so beautiful in her young friend's character, might become so morbidly active as to rob the boy of his boyishness and self-reliance now, and unfit him for the realities of after life. She knew that Angie would exert a more healthy and natural influence over the child, if he did not have her undivided attention, and also that a larger grasp of duties would be better for her. Besides this, her womanly sympathies had been enlisted for the motherless boy, and assuring herself that, if Mrs. May should once attempt to overcome the evil effects of previous training, she would not readily yield to any difficulties, she was almost ready to advise that the trial should be made.

A half day, amid the cheerful influences of Mrs. Laselle's pleasant home, brought to the grief-worn woman her usual hopefulness and trust; so that when at evening she was once more seated to answer the appeal of her brother, she looked upon his words in a new light. She was not now a coward, fearing every approach of evil to her child, for she saw clearly that she did not wish to rear him to such hothouse virtue as must needs shrivel in the day of trial. No, she would put those strong, selfish thoughts for him afar from her, and consider

only the possibility of her influencing her brother's son for good. She had no vain confidence in her power to do so; yet the duty had been offered her, and she could not now feel that she had a right to thrust it carelessly aside. In this mood she wrote to her brother, asking him to bring Richard himself, and promising to retain him with her, unless she should be sure that it would be better for him to be under sterner discipline than hers.

Mr. Warren was not blind to the faults of his son, for they had been often thrust upon his notice of late; neither did he wish his sister to enter, without warning, upon the task which he foresaw would require such constant wisdom and tact for its accomplishment. Mrs. May listened, with flushed cheeks, while the strong man's voice quivered as he told her of the waywardness of his child. Just now he was unusually conscious of it, since his pride had lately been keenly wounded by the boy's expulsion from school; because he could not, by any possible means, be made to retract the saucy words he had flung at his teacher in a moment of passion. "I must, I fear," continued Mr. Warren, sadly, "send him to sea on board a whaler, so soon as he shall be a few years older. I think that will tame him."

"It will be better to enlist his indomitable will against his other faults, and change his false pride for a true," mildly replied Mrs. May.

"Thank you, dear Angie, for implying that the change is possible. You can effect it, if anybody, for you will soon find that there is good in the boy. Any reference to his angel mother touches his feelings in an instant, and he is really kind-hearted. It seems to me he is a strange child, with so much of good and so much of evil in his composition; but I cannot avoid feeling very much discouraged about him, since the evil has seemed to be growing out of all proportion with the good."

"We are all strange, but we have God for a Father," replied his sister. And the simple words were eloquent to him of a trust in human nature, because of its being the work of an infinitely wise and infinitely holy God.

It is not our purpose to linger upon the daily life of Mrs. May and her young companions, or to note the frequent, welcome visits of Aunt Sophie at their cottage home.

Richard Warren had been with his aunt about three months, when one day, just after dinner, Farmer Albertson brought some early apples. The boy had already made acquaintance with the good-humored man, and had been promised a visit at the farm-house soon; so he eagerly begged his aunt that this afternoon might be the promised holiday. Mrs. May knew no objection, and when Mr. Albertson expressed the pleasure it would give him to gratify the boy, she readily consented. Then laying his brown hand upon the sunny curls of little Bertie, the kind farmer said—

"And why may not this little man have a ride, too? I wish the wagon were fit for his mamma, for our folks would be delighted to see you all."

Mrs. May smiled, while rapid, motherly feelings were reasoned away; then replied—

"I suppose mother and her birdling, too, must learn that time must bring changes." Then, after a little thought, she added, "Bertie may go with you if you like, and I will follow, when I have written a letter, for I have been wishing to visit Mrs. Albertson."

Angie was glad in the children's glee, till they drove away; then with a little sigh, followed by immediate self-chiding for her foolishness, she went to her writing. The letter was hastily written, and she was soon ready to start upon her walk. As she went out, she met Mrs. Laselle at the door. A few words explained their purposes, and assured her of Aunt Sophie's satisfaction in this opportunity for visiting with her at Mr. Albertson's. Mrs. Laselle could easily understand Angie's uneasiness in thus sending the little one away from her for the first time since his father's death, and she was less ready to blame the feeling than Mrs. May herself. "I see," said the young mother, "what exceeding danger there is of my injuring my boy by over care. I certainly wish to teach him manliness and self-dependence."

"You wish him to meet your ideal," responded Mrs. Laselle, smiling; "but I prophesy that he will not be very manly till he is old enough to cut away his curls, and put on panties. You must not expect an old head on young shoulders."

"Oh, indeed I do not! I sometimes can scarce avoid wishing that Bertie might always remain as now, my pet, my baby. I so fear that he will grow away from me. I love his childishness, and yet I wish him to be a noble man. You will be at no loss to understand my feelings."

"No, you long for perfection for him just as you long for it in yourself; yet it is well that you should be ready to love him spite of many faults and foibles. You already love your little nephew."

"Yes, indeed, much more than I expected

to; he is a very much better boy than I thought to find him. I have as yet had only glimpses of his fiery temper, and he is really a truthful and affectionate boy. I have had no occasion to try my will in opposition to his, for he has been as anxious to please me as I could wish. I must patiently help him to raise his standard of right, and to overcome the bad habits which he would not have contracted if his mother had lived."

Talking as they walked, the way seemed short to the two ladies. As they came in sight of Mr. Albertson's, they saw a sulky at the gate. Both quickened their pace, as Angie exclaimed—

"That is Dr. Holton's horse! can anything have happened?" A few steps more, and Bertie's cries of pain came to her ear. She ran forward, her quick imagination preparing her for almost anything, as she heard those pitiful cries, and then mingled exclamations of pity and encouragement. For a second, she stopped upon the threshold to recall her failing breath, as she saw her precious child with one side of his face all covered with the blood which seemed still rapidly oozing from a wounded eye, struggling in fright and pain to avoid the efforts of the doctor and Mrs. Albertson to dress the wound. It was but a second, when stepping calmly forward she said, in a low, encouraging tone, as she threw off her shawl, "Mother has come, birdling; Bertie must not cry any more; it will make his little eye worse."

That voice was like a charm to him, and for a time he lay quietly upon her breast. When the pain drew the sobs again, the mother checked them wisely and soothingly, while she tenderly washed the poor little face. As she drew back the blood-clotted curl, and gently washed away the gore, the gaping cuts in his precious flesh were terrible to her, but not so terrible as the first view had been. The tears were loosed for an instant by gratitude, and there was a quiver in her voice as she murmured, encouragingly: "Bertie must be a man, and let mother fix it just as Dr. Holton says. They are cruel gashes, but not so dreadful as we thought, for Bertie's dear little blue eye is here."

"Yes, his eye is safe," said the doctor, "though most likely it will swell badly for a day or two. It was a narrow chance for it, but his healthy flesh will heal soon. It is well you came in, for crying was bad for him. Mr. Albertson hoped you would not come till it was dressed; but I knew you were made of the right kind of stuff to do better than we. He is a nice little man, and will know that I would not hurt him one of these days; but mother is the sure help in time of trouble for little folks."

After adding some directions to prevent scars, Dr. Holton bowed himself out. Then the Albertsons repeated again and again their expressions of regret that such an accident had happened there. Mrs. Albertson said that she had kept close watch of the boys from the time of their arrival till a few minutes before Bertie's fall, and they had seemed to be playing so quietly she never thought of danger for them. Mrs. May assured the kind-hearted woman that she was confident that it had been through no fault of hers that he had fallen, and entreated her not to blame herself, since he might have hurt him when she was watching him. The ladies went to see the place where he had fallen, and their feelings of gratitude were deepened by the sight of sharp, jagged slate stone which had so cut above and below the eye without doing more serious harm. Angie folded her boy more closely in her arms as her thanks involuntarily arose to Him who watcheth the sparrow's fall. In a short time Bertie was ready to play with Richard; and though his little wounded face so strongly appealed to his mother's sympathies during the afternoon, a lively feeling of gratitude was also active for him, and for Richard's evident sympathy and tender care of him. With almost motherly pride, Mrs. May called the attention of Aunt Sophie to his unusual gentleness and patience with the little one, and each rejoiced in this new phase of his character.

When the time for leaving came, after a pleasant visit, all were cordially invited to come again soon; but Richard was urged most, since the good farmer and his wife were very unwilling that he should lose the many boyish pleasures he had anticipated by his devotion to his little cousin. Mrs. May gladly acceded to their wishes, and it was arranged that the next time Mr. Albertson went to market Richard should return with him; and Mrs. Albertson assured him that then she would see that a favorite nephew of hers should be there to introduce him to his haunts in the barns and orchard. Richard seemed embarrassed by their hearty praise and kindness, and hardly recovered his spirits during their homeward ride.

In the years which followed, Mrs. Laselle found her acquaintance with Mrs. May and her boys the source of much happiness. She saw that the domestication of the boy with her friend had been a great blessing to each. As the years rolled on, he seemed at once com-

panion and elder son to the mother, and protector and champion for the gentle Herbert. Mrs. May was sure that she loved him with a motherly love, for he was to her a child of many hopes and prayers. She guarded sacredly in her heart the trials which she had with him during the first year of his stay with her, when she had so firmly and wisely made common cause with him against his faults.

When her brother returned to his native land, he was deeply grateful to her, but willingly left his son with her still, since thus he gratified both. When Richard was fitted for college, Mrs. May removed, that she might still furnish a home for him, and there among the students her gentle womanly influence was widely felt for good. The same activity, intelligence, and strong will which had made his early boyhood so reckless, now, under the guidance of noble principles, insured his success.

When, after several years of absence, the little family returned to the cottage which was so dear to them, Dr. Richard Warren needed not to wait for the practice which is often so slow in coming; and his immediate popularity was a source of gratification to her who rejoiced still more in the sterling worth of his character. Angie also heartily sympathized in his hopes and his happiness, as, a few years later, he wooed and won a sweet young girl whom she had long loved. About the time of their marriage, Mrs. May proposed that she should again leave her cottage home that she might be with Herbert during his college course.

"Yes, Mother May," said Richard, earnestly, "I must bid you go. Emily and I shall miss you sadly, but we shall not need you so much as Herbert and his classmates will do, though his natural tastes will save him from many a snare from which I believe nothing but your strong and gentle influence could have saved me. Yes, go; and if, at Herbert's graduation, as many grateful young men shall carry remembrances of your unvarying kindness, disinterestedness, and cheerful Christian consistency into their several spheres of active life, to stand between them and evil, as when I left our Alma Mater, you may well congratulate yourself upon the good you have been able to do."

A little time after Dr. Warren and his bride were settled in the cottage, Aunt Sophie came to pass an evening with them. She found them enjoying a letter from Mrs. May. Continuing the animated conversation, Dr. Warren said:—

"You know we were so delighted that auntie could have the same pleasant tenement which we occupied. Now she tells us that she has taken a younger brother of my old chum, to complete their little family. If I were not the happiest man in the world, I should certainly wish I were a boy again, that I might be with them."

"Yes," laughingly responded Emily; "and I would not wonder if you should pick yourself up and follow them, man as you are, for I do not see how you will endure their long absence."

"I know who will love dearly to go with me when I do so," replied the young man. "Do you know, Aunt Sophie, that our mutual admiration, respect, and love for Aunt Angie were the first bond of sympathy between my wife and myself, and that the tie has lost none of its strength while so many others have been weaving?"

"I guessed as much," replied Mrs. Laselle. "You certainly have reason to love your aunt, for she has been like a mother to you."

"Yes, indeed; and you can never realize how true and faithful a mother, since you know so little how bad a boy I was before I came to her. I wonder and shudder, myself, as memory recalls those days of recklessness and false pride. Then I gloried in my freedom from restraint. I liked the name, Wild Dick, which I had richly earned, and pitied those boys who had not spirit enough to follow me in my rude career. At first I had been actuated by mere boyish love of sport, but, gradually, as I had fallen oftener among evil companions, I had gained bad habits. Those who took care of me either foolishly indulged or angrily punished me. They began to call me a bad boy, and having the reputation, I was willing to deserve it. My naturally violent temper often led me into difficulties, but I pushed my way through them, till, in a fit of passion, I was grossly insolent to my teacher at school, and could not be induced to retract. My father took me in hand, but I told him, and I meant it too, that I would not yield were it to save my life. He could not contend with such a will as mine, but, in the conversation, he chanced to refer to my angel mother, and I sobbed outright. This, at first, gave him hope for me, but though he thus saw a key to my better nature, he had not the tact to turn it. I would not believe, at his representation, that my mother would wish me to demean myself to apologize to the teacher, since I insisted that he had been unjust to me. My father was very angry with me, and talked very severely to me before he wrote to Aunt Angie in my behalf. I know that his love for

his sister so contended with his fatherly feeling as he wrote, that he did not urge her to take me, and scarcely expected that she would. Thanks to my aunt's strong love duty, and your timely sympathy for the wayward, motherless boy, which makes me owe you such an account of myself as may show you the good to which you prompted, I was permitted to come.

"On the morning of father's departure, he talked with me very seriously and earnestly. I began to realize that I should by and by be a man, and that it must depend upon myself whether I would be respected or despised. As my father closed by saying, 'Your aunt believes that you will be a good boy; do not disappoint her,' I gratified him by saying—

"'I *will* try, father. I will be just as good as I can be.'

"'You can be the dearest boy in the world,' he responded, as the tears started in his eyes. Five minutes more, and he was gone; then I loved him better than I had ever done before.

"Aunt Angie was glad to see my love for my father, as she was always glad at any sign of good feeling. With her, I found it easy to be good. I did not then realize that she consulted anything save her own pleasure in so constantly providing me with amusements which should keep me near her. I supposed she liked to have boys playing 'I Spy,' in her flower-garden, making kites in the shed, or looking at pictures in the library, for I told her I had just as soon go in the street to play, as I had been accustomed. She did not like to have me in the street, and I was not anxious to go, since it was always pleasanter at home. She played with us sometimes, and she worked with us, too, to repair the mischief we so often did. I soon loved her too dearly to willingly offend her. She treated me and such young companions as she chose for me, as gentlemanly boys, and we lost half our rudeness in her presence, but I fear the remaining half must have sorely tried her sometimes. I gained much from seeing her government of Bertie; I knew she loved him better than her life, and I saw that the most unselfish love helped her to be so firm in punishing his little faults. Thus my wilfulness was slumbering. I was beginning to think that I was, after all, a good boy, and that it was not so much my fault as my misfortune that bad words would occasionally drop from my tongue, or my heedlessness bring awkward accidents upon me. That afternoon when we visited at Mr. Albertson's came as a turning point in my life. The slumbering temper waked, and was recognized in its deformity."

"How so?" said Aunt Sophie, in surprise.

"I was angry with Bertie," the young man continued, "and pushed him down upon a sharp stone. You remember the scene that followed, though not so distinctly as I. My anger was all changed to a bitter feeling of scorn for myself, when I saw the dear little fellow's bleeding face; I had thought myself growing good, and now I had been provoked by such a trifle, and done a worse thing in my anger than ever before. You would have pitied me most, if you could have seen my suffering when you followed Aunt Angie in; but no one then remarked the quiet boy who stood by the window trying to conceal the feelings which were far deeper than sympathy. I remember thinking, when Aunt Angie took the little one so calmly, that there could be nothing else so bad to her as doing wrong. I recollected then how her tears had fallen the day that Bertie repeated some of my naughty words, and my childish heart was more impressed by its interpretation of these actions than it could have been by words. I found some relief from the remorse which tortured me by amusing Bertie during the afternoon; but the undeserved praise which was bestowed on me in consequence wounded me sorely, and so, after our return, I took my book and vainly tried to read, but soon threw it aside, and when auntie returned to the sitting-room, after putting Bertie in bed, I sat moodily upon the sofa. Seating herself by me, she drew me towards her, and, touching her soft lips to my brow, involuntarily spoke in the same sweet, caressing tone which so often soothed Bertie, saying: 'My dear Richie, auntie is very sorry that you should have lost your good time for Bertie; but we will love you better because you have been so good, and you shall have the good time soon.' I could contain my feelings no longer; but, trying to push her from me, I exclaimed: 'Oh, don't, don't love me! I hurt Bertie! I got so mad! Oh, auntie, I never can be good!' And for a few moments I sobbed violently upon the sofa arm. Very tenderly she drew me to her again, while her voice was inexpressibly full of love and pity as she murmured—'My poor, poor boy! How you must have suffered!'" Dr. Warren stopped a few moments; then said—"Yes, I do well to say that was the crisis of my life. Had I returned to my old associations that morning, perhaps my old companions would not long have noted any improvement in me; but had I been sent back to them after that evening's conversation, I should have gone with new knowledge and new purposes in my heart,

which must have borne good fruit. I cannot be too thankful that I was permitted to remain with her through my happy boyhood and carefully and wholesomely regulated college life, to fill my memory with sweet, grateful recollections of her, though that one ought of itself to have saved me."

"I remember," said Emily, as her husband finished speaking, "more than one instance when Aunt Angie manifested almost the same strength of self-control and tenderness of manner as when Bertie's eye was hurt."

"I do not doubt it," replied Dr. Warren; "but in my profession I am often reminded of her by contrast. Only this afternoon I was called in to dress a sore upon a man's hand, merely because his wife, a strong, healthy woman, could not bear the sight of it. As she laid the necessary bandages upon the table and went to another room, with, it seemed to me, an affectation of delicacy, you or Aunt Angie would have pitied her."

"And she would no more have believed or understood their pity than the East Indian prince could realize the phenomena of ice when the philosopher sought so vainly to explain it to him," said Mrs. Laselle, smiling, and the conversation was pleasantly turned upon the teachings of experience for those who are ready to learn.

Aunt Sophie still loves to visit at the pleasant cottage which Mrs. May and her talented son now occupy. The noble, pure-minded, poet-souled Herbert now fills his fondly remembered father's place as the village pastor, and loving hearts prophesy most hopefully of his future; since his blameless life will add emphasis to his earnest words. His mother, whose perfect health and constant activity make her seem youthful still, sympathizes alike in his poetic visions, and his eager hopes for the advancement of his people. The old love is also bright between the mother and son and the cousin, who might well claim a brother's name. Dr. Warren has built a large house upon the opposite side of the street, and the interchange of neighborly kindnesses is constant. The doctor, whose fame has already extended to the neighboring city, has ever prospered in worldly affairs, while his sterling integrity commands the respect of his fellows.

Indeed Angie May is blest in her two boys: the one eminently rich in all spiritual gifts; the other honest and honorable among men, full of practical wisdom, and looking with a loving faith, which shall in no wise lose its reward, to those higher attainments whose influence he is so glad to recognize in the friends who are dear to him.

THE VISION.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The vision was that of a worn out man
Who had failed through life in every plan;
Whose trembling steps, and whose thin, white hairs
And furrowed brow spoke of worldly cares;
And he rang the changes once again
On the sorrowful words "It might have been;"
Through a mist of tears and the veil of years,
What *he is*, and *he might have been*, appears;
Had the serpent coiled in the glass revealed
The sting that the sparkling wine concealed?
Had he stopped to think, as it touched his tongue,
Of the sword that over the wine-cup hung,
With a sharper edge, by a weaker thread,
Than the one that hung o'er the courtier's head?
But the buoyant heart of the youth was strong;
And the siren sang so sweet a song,
And the rainbow hues of pleasure gave
So fair a coloring to the wave,
That he launched his barque on the sunny tide,
In his wealth of health and his strength of pride.
If a still small voice fell on his ear
With his warning words, he did not hear;
For the tempter's tongue was never still,
And there came no fear of future ill
As he drifted down the stream of time
Without a thought of the truth sublime
That wine a mockery was, and they
Who yielded to it became a prey
To all the evils that in it lay;
To horrors that words could not portray.
So the years went on ere life's goal was won,
And the hopes of his youth died one by one.
The love that could charm from common harm
Dropped off, and his heart took no alarm.
The friends of his earlier years were lost,
Yet he still on the waves of wine was tost;
And he only thought, if he thought at all,
Of the drink that hastens the drunkard's fall,
Till his trembling steps and quivering lips
Were the seal and sign of life's eclipse.
And here at the end of life he stands
Awake to the work of his own hands;
And ringing the changes once again
On the sorrowful words, "It might have been"
Had he only listened in his youth
To the words of wisdom and of truth,
And walked in the path of temperance,
And stood up to battle in its defence,
Health and wealth and a well-earned fame
Would then have waited upon his name,
And the love that brings a sweet repose
Would have been his until life's close.

MR. FITZQUISITE—HIS NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

THERE 's nothing like beginning the year aright. Aw! confound it! I've singed my hair; right on the temple, too! Wish I was able to afford a valet. It 's hard for a fellah like me to have to curl his own hair. Mean to keep a valet *next* year; make my wife pay for him. Won't marry any woman that isn't able to keep a valet for me. These tongs are always too hot or too cold. It 's enough to ruin a fellah's temper to blister his fingers as I've done mine this morning. Nothing like beginning the year aright. I've got four hundred and fifty dollars capital, and it must be invested in business this very day. 'Tisn't a very big capital, but I intend it shall bring me in about a thousand per cent. profit. Going to invest in the matrimonial stocks. I must contrive to exist on that four hundred and fifty until I find a girl that 'll consider it a pleasure to take care of me—aw! Wish this mirror was a little bigger; can't decide whether the tails of my coat set just right about my heels or not. Can't see for the life of me why these cheap boarding-houses don't afford fellahs more mirror; it don't cost anything to keep 'em after they 're once got, and this confining a fellah's reflections to fourteen by twenty inches is decidedly stingy.

Nine o'clock! Haven't been up so early for six months before. Must hurry up, and get to the club-house in time to hook on to Bangs; he 's got the *entrée* everywhere; and, since "birds of a feather flock together," and it 's known that he 's as rich as a Pike's Peak nugget, I 'll get the credit of being ditto. He 'll make a wry face when he sees me coming, and he 'll give me a polite hint that he don't care about taking me round with him; but I 'm near-sighted, and unless I happen to be looking through my eyeglass I sha'n't see the hint, and of course can't take it. He told me once that if it wasn't that I dressed so confoundedly well, he wouldn't tolerate me—aw! I knew it before he said it. Fact is, I 've got a genius for dressing well; it 's my vocation, and it 's a pity it shouldn't be developed for want of means. I 've been in an agony for six weeks about my dress on this occasion, for fear I couldn't get trusted for a suit that would do. As it was, I had to pay for the coat. Too bad! but there won't be another coat like it to be seen out to-day. It 's three inches longer than the latest. I 'm in love with it; only I 'm afraid I 'll muddy my skirts at the crossings. If I do, I 'll be no worse than the women. If they can afford to soil their silks, I needn't be too particular about my coat tails.

Who 's that knocking? Breakfast? No! none of your cheap tea and codfish toast to-day. And tell the landlady not to forget to subtract it from the bill. Thank goodness, I shall have a chance to make up to-day for the privations I 've put myself to in order to keep myself in suitable gloves and cravats. This "aching void" will be filled for once. Great institution, New Year's is! The chicken-salad, and sherry, and handsome dresses, and fine parlors, and the chance to get acquainted when one goes around with a first-class fellah like Bangs.

Now, where 's my gloves? Deah, how careless! I've laid my hair-brush down on them, and there 's a spot of grease as big as a pea right on the back of one of them. What shall I do! I can't get another pair this morning, and it 'll be enough to ruin my reputation to wear these. Bangs won't have half the respect for me, if he sees it. It 'll bother me all day, that grease-spot will! I wish I could get a full-length view of myself before I set out. I believe I 'll happen into Taylor's on my way up; the mirrors there are satisfactory.

Hallo, Bangs! just in time! I'd have missed you if I 'd been five minutes later. I knew you 'd like my company, as we both visit in the same set, you know, and it 's lonesome for a fellah running round by himself. Now, Bangs, I 'll tell you, confidentially, what I want. I want you to point out all the eligibles on our route—aw! you understand. Do you notice the fit of this coat? A fellah never has a coat fit like that twice in a lifetime. If I don't make a ten-strike before this suit gets out of date, I 'm afraid I 'll never do it. Seems to me rich girls aren't as common as I used to think they were. You see, when I started in life, I had a little money and plenty of good looks, and says I to myself—"Fitzquisite, you don't like either mental or physical exertion; in short, you don't like to work. You 've got taste, you 're handsome, you 're stylish—aw! and why shouldn't you get some nice woman to agree to take care

of you, in exchange for bestowing upon her such an uncommon husband?" That's the way I put the question, you see. But somehow it's kind of hard work, after all. The girls are willing, I don't doubt; but there's always a father, or a mother, or somebody to institute inquiries about my funds in bank, etc., you see. Don't seem to consider my style as proper return for cash down. Very unreasonable—stupid of 'em, in fact. I've been thinking lately that perhaps a widow would suit me best. They're impressible, widows are; and if they take a fancy to a fellah, there's nobody to interfere, and all that. They like short engagements, too; and *I* should prefer a short engagement, on some accounts. Accounts? Yes. Ha! ha! Sly fellah, you are, Bangs.

Going in here? All right. Double front, four-story, highly expensive mansion, nice place to call. Any young folks? No? Well, there'll be good eating, no doubt, and I'm willing to attend to that first.

Hope I made an impression *there*, Bangs. Nicest lot of girls we've called on yet. Splendid dressing, furniture extra, table superb. That girl with the curls that you talked to so exclusively, she'd suit me to a T. I was provoked at your giving her such a small chance to observe me. I do believe you were envious of me—aw! old fellow, and kept me out of sight on purpose. Such eyes! and such a lace cape! S'pose she's the daughter of old Packingcase? How much is he said to be worth? Three-quarters of a million, and only two children? Haw! I'd like to keep up the acquaintance there. Of course the pretty girl with the curls is one of the daughters? No? Only a niece, and so poor that her uncle has to dress her? Don't say so! That shows how a fellah can get taken in. It would have been just my luck to have gone on with the acquaintance, and let her have married me in less than a month; and then she'd have been in a pretty fix, with a husband to provide for, and nothing to do it with. You see, I'm not as selfish as some. I don't think of my own disappointment as much as I do of *hers*. I wish you'd just take a look behind me, now we're in the street, and see if the seam in my coat is started any. That awkward person who stepped on the tails as we were coming down the stairs almost tore them off. I felt like tapping him with my cane; and he only laughed, and didn't apologize. It was just a mean piece of spite, because he could not back out of a parlor as gracefully as some others. I like New Year's calls, Bangs; you see a fellah don't have to talk much; don't try his conversational powers. It's mighty sight easier to drink a glass of wine than to think up something nice to say; and there's always plenty of cold turkey and sweet-cake. But I wish you wouldn't hurry so; it puts me out of breath, so that I can't do justice to myself when I'm introduced. I know you've got two or three hundred calls to make yet, and that if I can't keep up, I'm at liberty to drop behind: but I think it would be a little more mannerly if you'd just get a carriage, and take a fellah around—aw! If I had your money, I'd do it for you.

That was a mortal homely woman, Bangs. I'm glad we didn't stay any longer, for fear she'd spoil my appetite. You should think it would have been spoiled long ago, the way I've indulged it to-day? Never mind—New Year's comes but once a year. I guess that young lady—Miss Mudge, did you say?—chose her friend as a set-off, as people put black velvet under diamonds. Aw, what a sparkling creature she is—Miss Mudge. Seems to me she looked at you with rather a favorable eye—eh, Bangs! But that aunt of hers, in the green silk dress with the yellow trimmings, she made me shudder, positively. Can't stand to see a woman dressed in such horrid taste; haven't got the nerve. Don't say so! Really! I never should have guessed it. Dressed so plainly, too! Shouldn't wonder if that was just the chance I am after. I did hope for a little more youth and beauty; but if the bank-book is O K, that's the main point. Exactly! and of course she'll be eternally grateful for a handsome fellah like me falling in love with a plain old maid like her. Very, very rich; but knows she's homely, and has come here to pass off for Miss Mudge's poor relation, so that if she ever *does* get an offer, she'll be sure it's for love of herself, and not her fortune! Precisely! Ha! ha! And she'll be delighted when a charming young gentleman, who doesn't suspect she's worth a cent in the world, lays his heart and hand at her feet. Now, Bangs, I want you to aid and assist me in this matter. If you will, I'll give you the receipt for the hair-oil I use, which is the highest proof of gratitude I could possibly afford. I flatter myself there isn't another head of hair like mine in the city, all owing to the faithful application of that oil. I give two hours a day to my hair, on an average. It bears cultivation, hair does; labor put on that is never wasted. Some people cultivate their

brains, and let their hair run wild; but that isn't *my* way—aw! Supposing you promise to take me round there again to-morrow evening; you want to see the younger Miss Mudge, you know, and I'll devote myself to the elder. Hope she'll dispense with that green silk. I shudder yet at the bare thought of it.

Did you see those fellahs look round after us, Bangs? Everybody looks twice at me when I'm out; surprised, you see, that anybody can be so confounded good-looking. And then the way I swing my whalebone; *that* usually attracts attention; 'tisn't every one has the knack. I practise it in my room; practice makes perfect. 'Twould embarrass some folks to be admired so much, especially by the women; but I bear it like a martyr; got used to it, you see; don't feel so modest as I did at first. Naturally very retiring, but can't help being good-looking, can I?

He's got rid of me at last; just walked away and left me. Cool. I stuck to him as long as I could; but, the fact is, the wine I've taken has got into my head, or feet, I don't know which. Bangs hinted that I was drunk, and that he was ashamed of me. I'm not drunk, but I'm not accustomed to taking so much; obliged to deny myself on account of my pocket. Wish he hadn't gone off in this manner; 'tisn't near night yet, and I haven't made half as many calls as I'd like to, nor got through with the drinkables either. I don't know anybody more that I can visit, and I'm dreadfully thirsty. Hallo! I believe that was him that just run up the steps of that house on the other side. I'm going over to see. Don't know their names, but I can read it on the door-plate. Haw! so aristocratic they don't make use of a door-plate; never mind, it's New Year's.

Ladies at home? Aw, ladies, how do? how do? glad to see you looking so well. Is Bangs here? Bangs? Yes—friend of mine, and yours, too, of course; fine fellow. Don't remember my name? No, I suppose not; but you will when you've heard it once. Old family name—F. F., you see—Fitzquisite. If Bangs had been along, he'd introduce me. Thought I saw him coming in here. I'll just take a glass of sherry, and be off; want to catch my friend; he's in the next house now. By-by.

Aw, ladies, how do? Yes, remarkably fine—very! Splendid salad, the finest I've tasted to-day. Yes, thank you. Madeira, if you please. By the way, has Bangs gone? Bangs? Yes—friend of ours. Don't remember? Strange. Fitzquisite, madam, Frederic Fitzquisite—an F. F., you perceive. I presume we have never met before, but that's no reason why we should never meet again. It's fortunate in you making my acquaintance, ladies. Sorry Bangs isn't here; fact is, I couldn't keep up with him; can't seem to get along so rapidly as I did in the morning; believe the walking is getting poor. Lost my whalebone, too; dropped it somewhere. By-by, ladies. If you'll just show me where the stairs are, waiter, I'll be going. Want to overtake my friend.

Haw! Is it possible? Was that *me* that fell down stairs? Can't credit it; never did such an awkward thing in my life before. It must have been the fault of the carpet. Say, waiter, just take a look, and tell me if my coat tails are all right; and my collar—hope I didn't smash my collar. And take my apologies to the ladies. Show me the door? Yes, certainly, I'd like you to show me the door, for I can't see it without my eyeglass, and I've broken that. Time you had the gas lit, waiter, don't you know it? so's fellahs needn't be stumbling down stairs, frightening the ladies, and disarranging their coats and cravats, etc. Where's my hat? Goodness gwacious! is that *my* hat? I'd no idea I had it in my hand; thought I left it in the hall. I shall not dare to go any farther with such a hat as that. All right, did you say? Are you sure it's all right, waiter? It looks a little crooked to me; but I'll tell you, confidentially, I'm beginning to see double anyhow; and if you say it's all right, I'll believe you. I'd give you a dollah for your trouble in fixing it, but the fact is haven't got a dollah about me. Left my wallet in my room. Is this the door? Much obliged. All right.

How *are* you, my friends? glad to see the ladies looking so charming. Everybody out; oh, yes, everybody. I've been going every minute—most exhausted. Yes, thank you, I'm dreadfully thirsty. Old port? haw! don't say so? my particular favorite. Can't speak my name? Really, now, that's queer; it's an easy name to speak; never found anybody before couldn't speak it if they tried. If you'll tell me what yours is, I presume I can say it the first time trying; though I'm not certain, for I've begun to stammer a lit-little the last hour. Guess I've got in the wrong house? I should-shouldn't be surprised; for it's getting dark and there isn't any gas-lamp in front of the house. But I don't mind it, if you don't. You see I'm looking for Bangs. He promised to show me off to some of the rich girls to-day; but he got jealous of me, and left me in the

lurch. Sma-small of him, don't you think so? Can't hardly be blamed either; for, though he is deuced rich, he 's plain, Bangs is; not got the style, you see, haw, ladies! Now, this coat; there isn't another such a—ha, the deuce! excuse me, ladies; if I 'd been aware of the state of these tails I should never have ventured into your presence. Fact is, some low fellahs run against me, just before I got here, and knocked me down. Queer, about the pavement along here running up hill so! I knew this part of the city was called Murray Hill, but I was not aware it was so much of a rise. If it hadn't have been up hill I don't think I should have fallen when they run against me, but a fellah can't stand his ground as he can on a level, you see. Don't laugh, ladies, don't; I feel more like crying, myself. I intended this coat should be my wedding-coat; I can't pay for another, and I can't get trusted. I intended to make it do until my wife assumed the responsibility of my little bills. Now, if any of these young ladies should be looking for a first-rate chance—a handsome fellah, you know, aw, with an air, I 'm willing—Haw! you need not have troubled yourself, madam, to call the footman. I can find my own way, thank you. Sorry I didn't find Bangs. He introduced me to a woman to-day that he says is rich and wants to get married. I 'm go-going to see her to-morrow. Yes, yes, I 'll go without your touching me, sir. Ladies needn't feel hurt at my mistaking the house on New Year's; a person 's apt to get mixed up, making so many calls. So you don't any of you want me? can't credit it, really; best match in the city, far as looks, etc., you know. Well, take care—care of yourselves. Next time I call, I 'll bring Bang—Bang!

Bangs! Pity he couldn't have waited till I got the word out of my mouth, without shutting the door on me in that fashion. I declare I can't recollect whether it was me or the door that said Bangs. I guess I 'd better go home, if I can find the way there; for I shall ruin my market entirely if I make any more calls with this suit of clothes on. I feel a little unwell, too; and it 's inconvenient not knowing people's names. I should feel quite dis-discouraged, if it wasn't for the green and yellow silk. Must send my things to be cleaned and fixed up early to-morrow—if I 'm able to get up. That was a shabby trick of Bangs, leaving me; I 'd resent it, if I could afford to; but I can't at present. Dear! dear! I believe I 'll get into a stage, for fear somebody I know should see me with these dirty gloves on, and my hat smashed in. I wonder if the women feel as aggravated when somebody steps on their long dresses and rips the skirts off, as I do at the ruin of my beautiful coat-tails. If they do, I pity their daily trials. Wish I had a valet at home to clean me up when I get there. I feel like a damp shirt-collar. Why didn't Bangs warn me against taking so much stimulus? he knew I wasn't used to it. Wish I was safe in bed, dreaming these yellow trimmings were all strings of gold eagles hung around the ancient Miss Fudge—no, Budge—no, Mudge. There comes a stage; no, it isn't—it 's the street-lamps dodging about. I 'm so sleepy I can't wait any longer. I believe I 'll just lie down in a soft spot; maybe, if Bangs comes along, he 'll be kind enough to wake me up and see me home.

AT LAST.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

At last the weary chain is broken—broken,
  And streams of gladness o'er my spirit roll;
A presence glorifies the earth—a token
  Of the new light that breaks upon my soul.

Now blessed faith shines, like a crystal, clear
  From every star that burns; a horoscope
Of beauty bathes my soul's unbounded sphere,
  And crowns me with the diadem of hope!

I marvel at the vows dead dreams fulfil—
  Glad confirmations of my earlier faith:
Sweet souvenirs—persuasions sweeter still,
  Which draw me from ambition's dazzling wraith.

Darkness hath fled! upon the brow of morning
  Bursts the warm radiance of a vision bright.
The heart's unfathomed deeps with love adorning
  And filling all my soul with strange delight.

And would ye know the power that comes dispelling
  The rayless clouds that gathered o'er me fast—
Whose magic touch (like rainbow bright) foretelling
  The peace which follows when the whirlwind's past?

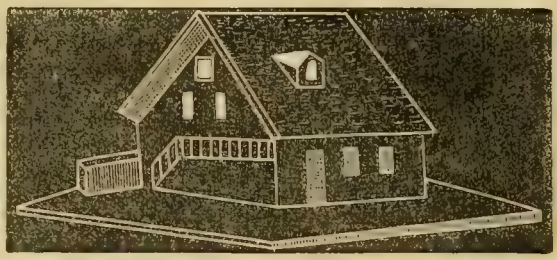
Hers is the hand, my trembling footsteps guiding,
  That up from darkness leads me on to light—
Her teaching is the faith of my confiding—
  Her deeds the origin of my delight.

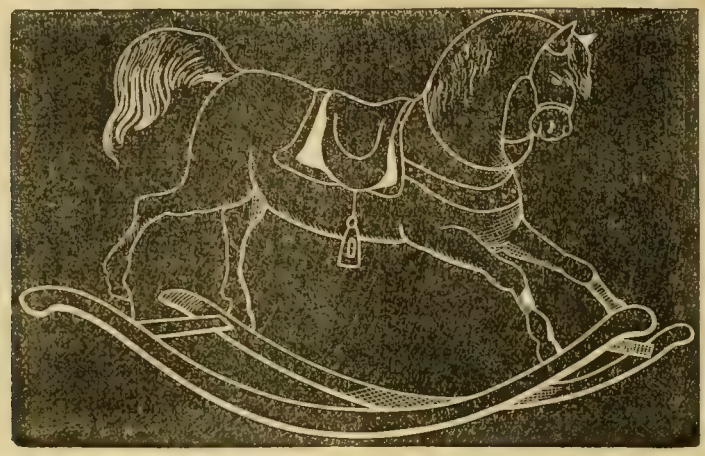
Lo, where she comes! the sunlight with her bringing!
  All things rejoicing where her footsteps press;
Unconscious music from her lips outringing—
  Unconscious blessings born in her caress.

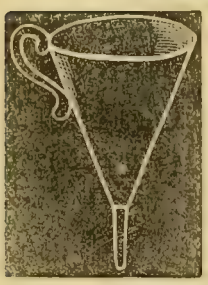
O'er my existence on life's stagnant ocean
  Her spirit breathed! Ah, what a change was this!
All joy and music, and all life and motion—
  A charm—a spell of beauty—O bright dream of bliss!

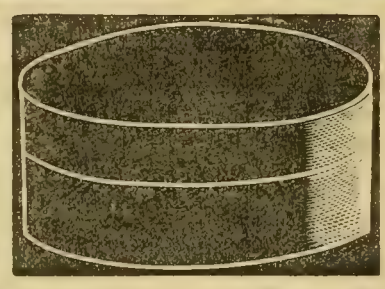
At last, at last the weary chain is broken,
  The waves are flashing fast, the wind is free;
A presence cometh, and a voice hath spoken,
  And the glad world doth sound a jubilee!

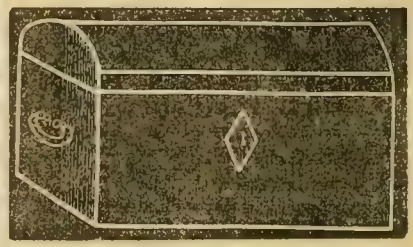
SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.

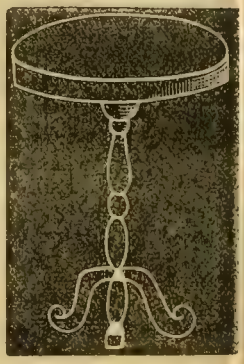












A COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR THE NURSERY DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.—Frock for a little girl between one and two years of age. The frock is made of white nansouk, and ornamented in front with a tablier formed of alternate rows of *bouillonné* and needle-work insertion. The front of the

Fig. 1.

corsage is in corresponding style. A narrow festooned frill edges the tablier in its whole extent. It passes over the shoulders in the manner of bretelles, terminating in a point at the back of the waist. The skirt is edged with three narrow tucks, above a hem of about an inch broad. The short sleeves are composed of a puff and a frill of festooned needlework. Sash of pink sarsnet ribbon, tied on one side of the waist.

Fig. 2

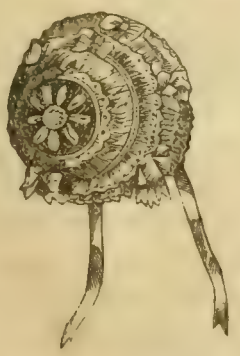
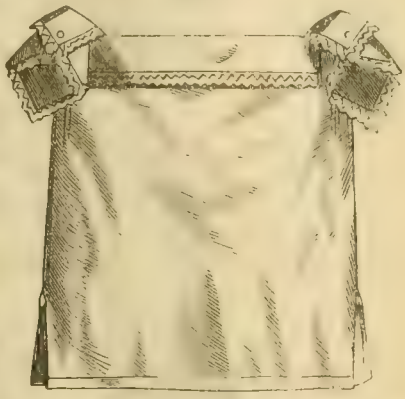


Fig. 2.—Infant's christening cap. The top of the crown is formed of a round of lace made expressly for the purpose. Attached to this round of lace there is a *froncé* of Brussels tulle. The border of the cap consists of three rows of Valenciennes, set on quillings, and intermingled with rosettes of white satin ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Infant's shirt. Material, fine cambric. The trimming consists of narrow frills of the same simply hemmed. The upper part has flaps which turn over, back and front.

Fig. 3.



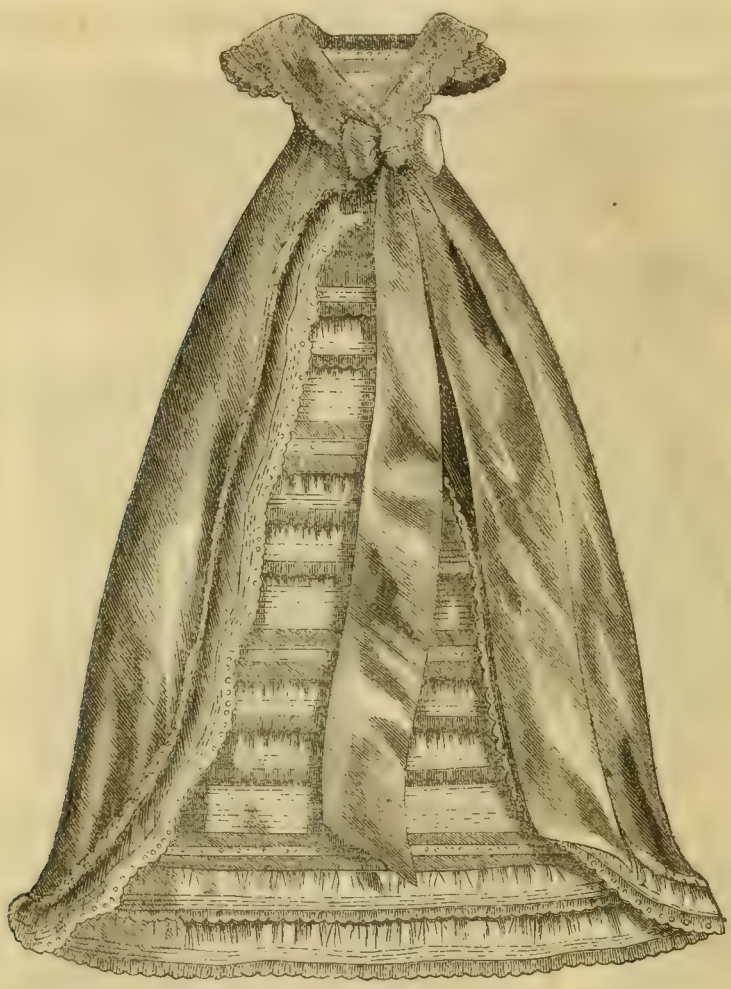
On the shoulders the flaps are shaped in points, which button down on the sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Infant's bedgown. Material nansouk. At the bottom there are several tucks above the hem. The front is ornamented with rows of needlework insertion and *bouillonné* disposed alternately. The little collar is em-

Fig. 4

broidered and edged with Valenciennes. The bedgown is confined round the waist by a band

Fig. 5.



of nansouk, hemmed and tied in a bow and ends in front.

Fig. 5.—Baptismal robe. This robe, which is of an extremely rich and elegant character, is made of very fine nansouk, and the front is so disposed as to present the effect of a skirt and tunic. At the bottom of the front there are three broad frills or flounces, edged with a row of Valenciennes, above which are three narrow tucks. Next are three rows of insertion; the middle row being of embroidery on nansouk, and those above and below of Valenciennes. Above these insertions are ten narrow tucks, and these are again surmounted by two frills, rows of insertion, and so on, till the whole front is completed. The tunic is formed by a frill edged with Valenciennes, and surmounted by narrow tucks. The front of the little corsage is composed of rows of insertion, embroidery, and Valenciennes, disposed alternately. A narrow frill forms bretelles on the shoulders; and the sleeves consist of similar frills. A broad sarsnet ribbon passed across one shoulder is fixed in a bow on the opposite side of the waist; the long ends flowing over the skirt of the robe. For a boy this ribbon should be blue, and for a girl pink.

Fig. 6.—Pelisse of white cashmere. This is suitable for a child of about two years of age. It is wadded and lined with white silk, and tastefully ornamented with white silk soutache. The pelerine and collar are edged with white silk fringe. Infants' christening pelisses may be made in the same style, except longer.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.—Capote for a child under a year old. It is usual to make the capote of the same material as the pelisse intended to be worn with

Fig. 7

it. It may, therefore, be made either of white or colored cashmere, ornamented with soutache, and trimmed in front with full ruches of tulle.

Fig. 8.—Chemisette for a little girl. This may be worn under a dress with low corsage and short sleeves, or with a little Zouave jacket. It should be made either of nansouk or jaconet muslin, disposed in small box-plaits. The band at the throat and the wristbands are formed of embroidery insertion, edged with narrow Valenciennes.

Fig. 8.

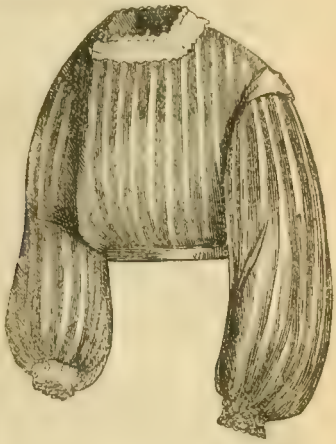
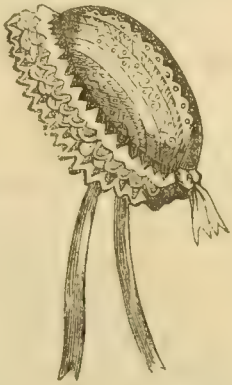


Fig. 9.—Cap for a child of from one to two years of age. This cap is formed entirely of lace insertion, between the rows of which there are narrow runnings of white satin ribbon. The border consists

Fig. 9



of three full rows of Valenciennes, and loops of narrow white satin ribbon.

Fig. 10.

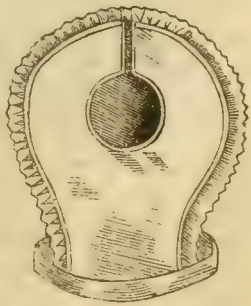


Fig. 10.—Baby's bib. Material, white pique. Trimming, a narrow frill of nansouk festooned at the edge.

Fig. 11.

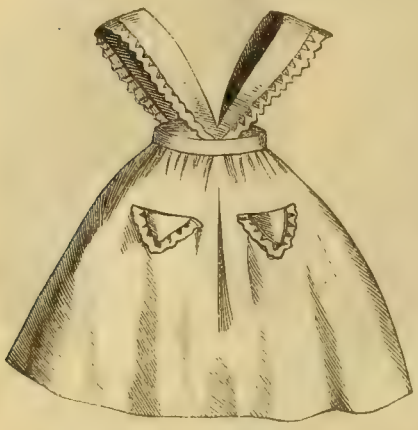


Fig. 11.—Apron for a little girl. It is made of nansouk, and trimmed with frills of the same, simply hemmed.

GENTLEMAN'S PURSE IN CROCHET.

(*See engraving, page* 124.)

MATERIALS.—Two skeins of groseille silk, and one of black ditto (French), 10 skeins of gold thread No. 1, and passementerie trimmings to match, combining all these materials.

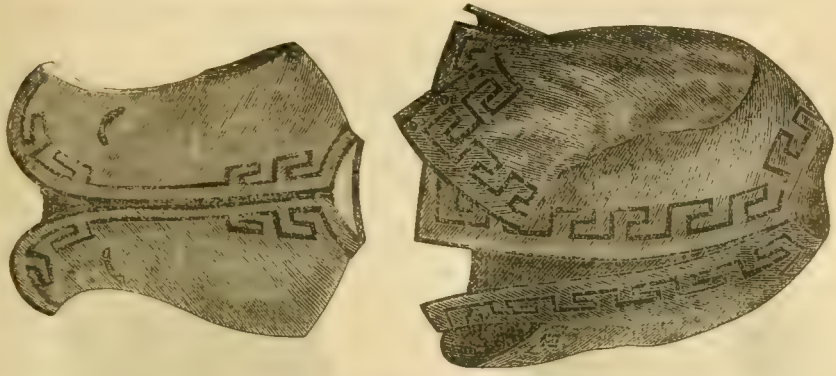
The two ends of this purse, which are exactly alike, are made separately from the centre: begin with the groseille silk, by making a chain of 120 stitches, and closing it into a round; do five rounds of single crochet.

1st pattern round. Groseille and gold. 3 groseille, 3 gold, alternately, all round. *2d*, 2 groseille, 4 gold, alternately, all round. *3d*, 3 gold, 2 groseille, 1 gold, all round. *4th*, 3 gold, 3 groseille, all round. Do five more rounds of the silk only.

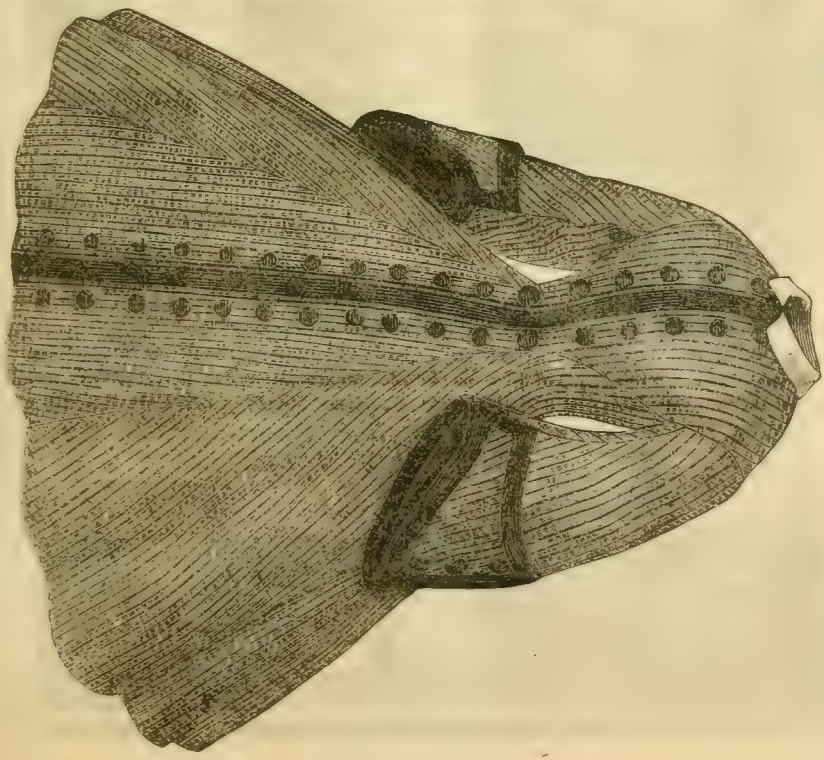
Now work from the diagram, with gold and both silks; after which eight more rounds of groseille only. Then begin to decrease. *1st round*, * 4 silk (groseille), 1 gold, 4 silk (over 5), 1 gold, 4 silk, * 8 times. *2d*, * 4 silk, 6 gold, 4 silk, * 8 times. *3d*, * 6 silk, miss 1 stitch, 1 gold, 6 silk, * 8 times. *4th*, * 6 silk, 1 black, 6 silk, * 8 times. *5th*, * 5 silk, 1 black, miss a stitch, 1 more black, 5 silk, * 8 times. *6th*, * 4 silk, 4 black, 3 more silk, * 8 times. *7th*, * 3 silk, 2 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 2 silk, * 8 times. *8th*, * 1 silk, 2 black, 3 gold, 2 black, 1 silk, * 8 times. Fasten off groseille silk. 9th, * 2 black, 5 gold, 2 black, * 8 times. *10th*, * 1 black, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 1 black, * 8 times. *11th*, * 2 gold, 4 black, 1 gold, * 8 times. Now, with black only decrease 8 stitches in every round, until it is closed. Do the centre separately, making a chain of 120 stitches, and working thus: *1st row*, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 de. *2d*, turn, 1 de, * 1 ch, 1 de, under-chain of last row. Do two and a half or three inches; then crochet to each end.

Many colors look well for the ground of this purse, but the French tint known as groseille, which is at present so fashionable, is the richest that can be conceived.

FANCY NIGHT-CAP.



BOY'S SUIT.



WALKING-DRESS FOR A SCHOOL GIRL.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—Violet velvet bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, white and black lace. The bonnet stands very high on the face, and inside are two rows of Marguerites.

Fig. 2.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with Ponceau velvet and black and Ponceau feathers. The inside trimming is composed of blonde tabs, loops of velvet, and a small feather.

EMBROIDERY.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

SILK MITTENS FOR LITTLE GIRLS OF ABOUT THREE YEARS OLD.

BLACK netting silk and bright scarlet, or pink, Magenta, etc. Cast on, loosely, *forty-two* stitches (or thereabouts) in *scarlet*.

1*st row*—*Scarlet*. Knit plainly across, and back in open work (put the silk forward, and take two together).

2*d*, 3*d*, *and* 4*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

5*th*—*Scarlet*. Knit plainly across, and back in open work, as before.

6*th*, 7*th*, *and* 8*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

9*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

10*th*, 11*th*, *and* 12*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch on the *left* hand side, in the *front* of the work in the *last stitch but one* in the 11*th* *and* 12*th* rows.

13*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

14*th*, 15*th*, *and* 16*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 15*th* *and* 16*th* rows.

17*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

18*th*, 19*th*, *and* 20*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch, as before, in the 19*th* *and* 20*th* rows.

21*st*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

22*d*, 23*d*, *and* 24*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the 23*d*, and *two* in the 24*th* rows.

25*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, increasing one at the *left* side.

26*th*—*Black*. Plainly knitting *only sixteen stitches*, and turning back *at* the *sixteenth*, with a third pin, leaving the remaining stitches (for the hand) on the pin, for the present.

Continue on the *sixteen* stitches (which will form the thumb) as follows:—

26*th*, 27*th*, *and* 28*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

29*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

30*th*, 31*st*, *and* 32*d*—*Black*. Plain knitting.

33*d*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34*th*—*Scarlet*. Knit across *and* back in open work, as before, and cast off the 16 stitches very loosely.

Returning to the other stitches, knit the

26*th*, 27*th*, *and* 28*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, beginning at the *right* hand side, and increasing one on the *left*, as before, in both the 27*th* *and* 28*th* rows.

29*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

30*th*, 31*st*, *and* 32*d*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in *each* of the two last rows.

33*d*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34*th*, 35*th*, *and* 36*th*—*Black*. Plain knitting, increasing one in the 35*th* row and in the 36*th*.

37*th*—*Scarlet*. Across in plain, and back in open work.

38*th*—*Scarlet*. Across *and* back in open work.

Cast off loosely. Knit the other mitten precisely the same, with the exception that the increased stitches are to be on the *right* hand side, and made at the *back*, instead of the *front* of the work. The thumb, of course, will then be formed at the *left* hand side. "The best mode of increasing is to pick up the *loop* of the other stitch." They are to be made up as previously described.

SASH.

EMBROIDERED FLOUNCE FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

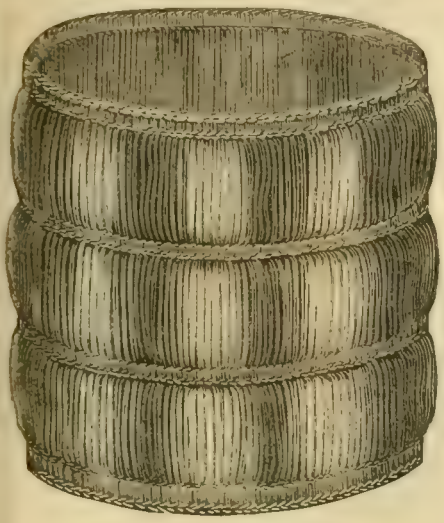
This design is intended to be worked on three flounces, and in this way to form the skirt of a little girl's dress. The muslin ought to be clear, and as thin as may be consistent with durability. The three diamonds in each scallop have their outlines of holes, and within these the central ornaments are formed of leaves worked in satin-stitch with one hole in the middle of each. The branch springing out of the centre of these three diamonds is in satin-stitch, the flower having a hole in the middle. The double holes, which go round the interior of the scallop, have a dot on each side, which is worked as a solid spot. The scallop at the edge is in well-raised buttonhole-stitch. This design is also well suited for a lady's under-skirt, in which case it ought to be worked on strong cambric muslin, or even on fine long-cloth, but in this last-mentioned material the branch ought to have the leaves cut out. If taken for this purpose the scallop must not be cut out, but the hem should be turned up, and, after the outline of the scallop has been run, the superfluous part of the material is to be cut away.

EMBROIDERY.

A NEW STITCH FOR CUFFS.

Materials.—A skein of blue shade Berlin wool, and two small skeins of pale orange, or any colors you prefer.

TAKE a flat netting mesh (about an inch and a half broad), wind the blue wool round it till



you have repeated the shades six times, then with a middle-size steel crochet work a row of plain crochet on each side of the mesh, taking the stitch in the blue wool instead of chain on foundation; work thus three bands, and join them on the wrong side with plain crochet; then work with orange wool a row of trebles at the top and one at the bottom of the cuff; sew a small button on one end of each orange line, and make a loop on the other end to correspond with each button.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

PINK GERANIUM.

THREE or four flowers are required for a nice branch, with two leaves, and five or six buds, some pink and some green.

Five petals must be made for each flower—two large, one middle-sized, and two small.

Two shades of pink split wool—one rather light, and the other deeper, for large petal.

Cast on two stitches, knit one row.

2d row.—Make one stitch and purl the rest of row. Continue knitting and purling alternately, making one stitch before and after the middle stitch (still continuing to increase also at the beginning of each row) in the knitted row, until you have seventeen stitches; then take the darker shade, and knit and purl six rows, still increasing in the middle of the knitted rows, but decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every row, beginning the decrease in the same row in which you change the wool; then knit and purl alternately without increasing in the middle, and still decreasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, till you have but nine stitches left. Cast these off. Sew a wire neatly round the petal with split pink wool, and one at the back, also.

For middle-sized petal.

Cast on two stitches with a paler shade of pink wool than used for the last petal.

Knit one row; make one stitch, purl the rest of row; knit one plain row, purl one row, and continue to knit and purl alternately, increasing* one stitch before and after the middle stitch in every other plain row, till you have eleven stitches.

Take the lightest shade used for the large petal for the darkest of this; knit and purl alternately four rows, increasing in the middle of every plain row, and decreasing at the beginning of every row; then continue to knit and purl without increase in the middle, but decreasing at the beginning of each row, till but nine stitches remain; cast these off.

The small petals are made in exactly the same manner as the above, but increasing only to nine instead of eleven stitches, and casting off with seven stitches instead of nine.

LEAF.—Cast on ten stitches of a nice bright, but rather dark shade of green (a yellow green will be found to look most natural).

Knit one row.

2d row.—Make one, knit two, through rest of row. All the back rows are purled, only increasing one at the beginning of each row, but not in the middle of the purled rows.

3d front row.—Make one, knit three, repeat through the row next front row; make one, knit four, through the row; continue to increase thus till you have about seven stitches between each increase. Then take a very dark shade of green, and knit and purl four rows without increase; join on the first color again, and continue to increase as before till you have eleven stitches between each increase; then begin to decrease by fastening off three stitches at the beginning of every third or fourth row, both in the knitted and purled rows, still continuing to increase in the centre, and thus decrease at the beginning till you have but five

* These stitches must not be increased by bringing the wool forward, but by taking up a stitch and knitting it at the back; it does not make so large an opening as the usual way.

or six stitches, which fasten off in the usual way.

Sew a wire quite round the leaf, and also bits of double up each of the divisions at the back of the leaf. The stitches must be taken deep enough to cover the holes left by the increasing.

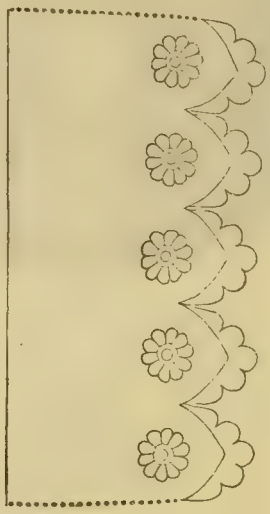
Buds.—For the pink ones take five or six bits of the different shades of the pink wool, double them over a bit of wire, double the wire and twist it very tight; bring the ends of the wool down, and fasten them round the wire, about a quarter of an inch long, or less, according to the size required; twist some; split green wool round the stem, and for the larger buds make a few long herring-bone stitches in whole green wool to form a little calyx.

The green buds are made in the same way, but rather smaller. They must be mounted on a piece of bonnet wire the length required for a branch.

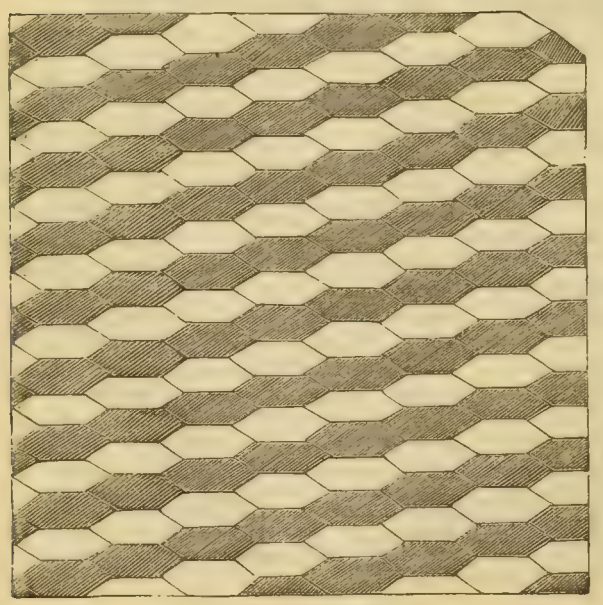
All the flowers placed at the top, the buds altogether round the stem, a little lower down, and the leaves still lower. Cover all the stems with green wool split.

EMBROIDERY.

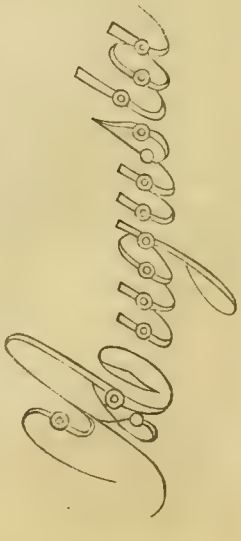
EMBROIDERY.



PATCHWORK.

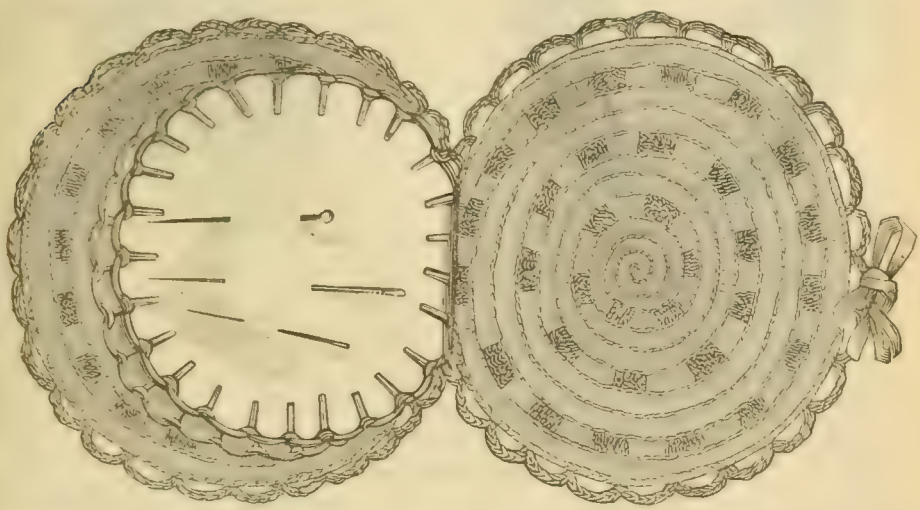


NAME FOR MARKING.



NEEDLE-BOOK IN CROCHET.

This little article, so simple and expeditiously made, is extremely pretty when seen completed, and is well calculated for a young lady to present to her friends, or to work a number of them in various colors as contributions to charitable bazaars. It is nothing more than plain crochet worked over a fine cord, and going round and round until the size of our engraving is reached, or a very trifle larger. Two threads are employed for the crochet, and when one of these is gold, the effect is greatly improved. Violet and gold, blue and gold, green



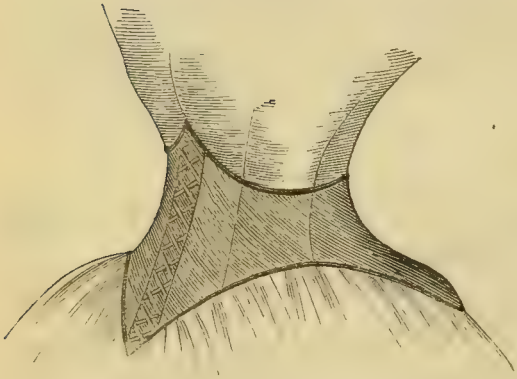
and gold all look rich and handsome: but two silks of well contrasting colors are also in good taste. Our engraving shows when the dark and light succeed each other, and we need scarcely say that where the one appears it is worked over the thread of the other, which is resumed in its turn after the proper interval. When the round has been completed, it is edged with a row of loops which form the border. Two of these fastened together form the needle-book, the leaves between being of fine cloth or cashmere, worked round the edge with a row of open button-hole stitch in colored silk.

EMBROIDERY.

BALL COIFFURE, SIDE AND BACK VIEW.

WAISTBAND, BACK AND FRONT VIEW.

TO BE MADE OF SILK, AND WORN WITH BOTH THICK AND THIN DRESSES.



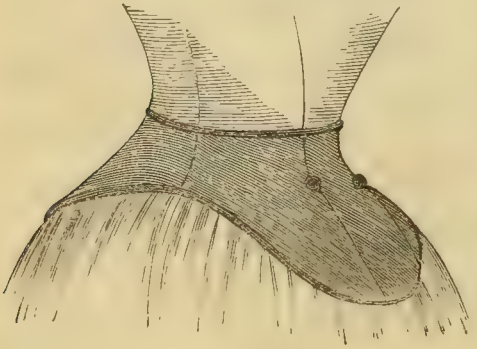
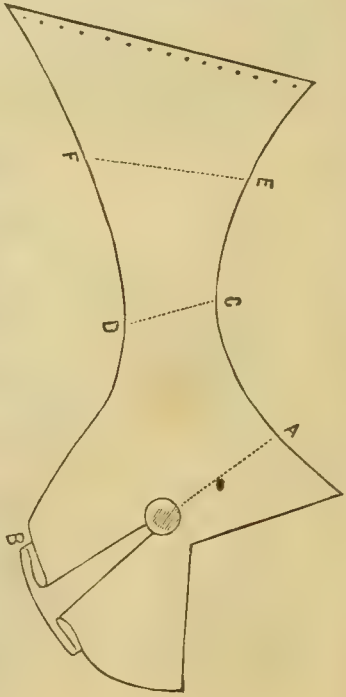


DIAGRAM OF HALF OF THE WAISTBAND, SHOWING HOW IT IS ARRANGED AT THE BACK.



Receipts, &c.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE SKIN, ETC.

BATHING.

In a state of nature, man accustoms himself to a plunge in the nearest pool or sea, and no doubt with great advantage to his health. Almost all animals are subject to the natural washing of the rains of heaven; and to a certain extent the savage has this compulsory means of cleansing his skin. But in our civilized state of society it is rarely that we get even damped by rain, and even a good and healthy perspiration is to some people a not very common mode of getting rid of the superfluous scurf skin. It becomes, therefore, doubly necessary that we should in some way supply this want of the system, and the best means of doing this must now be examined into.

The skin is not only an investment of the body, mechanically packing up its organs, and protecting them from injury by its smooth and yielding surface, and by its constantly supplied layer of dead scarf-skin; but it is also the seat of an excretory apparatus of no mean importance. This consists of two sets of small glands, one of which is destined to free the blood of a large part of its fluid in the shape of perspiration, while the other secretes an oily matter, which is intended to soften and lubricate the skin. The former of these are extremely minute, and quite beyond the scope of the unassisted eye; but the latter may, in many parts of the body, be readily seen to open upon the surface, and are very frequently full of their peculiar secretion. Both of these sets of glands end in small tubes, and in order to the due discharge of their secretions, they must be kept unclogged. There are said to be more than three thousand perspiratory tubes opening in a square inch of the palm of the hand, and the average for the whole body is little beneath that number, so that a man of ordinary stature has seven millions of small tubes opening upon the surface of his body, besides those destined to secrete oily matter. From these tubes a constant distillation of fluid is taking place, which is insensible in small quantities, but very palpable under unusual degrees of exertion, or external heat. Its object is to regulate the temperature of the body, because in becoming converted into vapor, caloric is rendered dormant, and thus withdraws a large amount from the surface. But in addition to these there are the sebaceous follicles already alluded to, which are distributed more or less closely over the whole surface of the body, being less abundant where the perspiratory openings are most numerous, and *vice versâ*. They are altogether absent in the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and abound in the face and scalp, as well as over the shoulders. Where there are hairs the sebaceous follicles and hair-tubes coalesce and emerge together, so that each hair oils itself as it grows, by passing through the course of the follicle, and this oil naturally spreads along the course of the hair. The purpose of these follicles is clearly to keep the skin soft and free from cracks, to which it would be otherwise liable when exposed to the sun and air, and hence they are very much more abundant in those races of mankind which have been long accustomed to a tropical sun. It is also supposed by many physiologists that this secretion is intended to assist in cleansing the blood; and, I believe, with truth, for it cannot be denied that when the skin is comparatively closed by disease and neglect of ablution, the health suffers in a certain degree. By mismanagement the skin may be made either to give way too readily, and thus produce exhaustion; or, on the other hand, to refuse to do its natural office and so cause fever. To promote the proper clearing of these tubes, and, while allowing of the due amount of secretion, to avoid excessive perspiration, is the office of bathing, the subject of the present article.

Bathing, as a promoter of health, may be either carried out in the open air, or in the house, or it may be confined to a mere ablution of the body. Many people may be met with whose skins have never known the sensation of water, excepting the parts visible to the eye. Hundreds and thousands have never had a bath, and a still greater number only as an exceptional case, when ordered as a part of some plan of medical treatment. Yet it is well known that health depends upon a frequent ablution of the whole body; and, though a bath is the most convenient and complete method of carrying out the process, yet, by means of a sponge or any similar object, it may be effected sufficiently to cleanse the pores. Whether by means of one or the other, this should be done at least two or three times a week, followed by strong friction by means of a coarse towel. In this way the follicles of the whole body are kept clean at their mouths, and by the towels are emptied of any thick matter contained in their extremities, while at the same time the vessels are braced, and are prevented from giving out more than a healthy amount of fluid. This effect is produced by the sponging with *cold* water; and, in addition, there is the reactionary glow resulting from its contact, and which appears to be a natural process established to keep up an average temperature of the body, but kept in abeyance when by the aid of artificial means it is no longer required. Those who use cold water regularly, either with the sponge or as a bath, are certainly able to bear exposure to the weather much better than without its aid; and this good effect is no doubt dependent upon the regular education of the heat-generating organs, whichever and wherever they may be, so that they are at once ready to act the moment they are called upon; and, almost immediately after the cold water is applied, a red blush appears on the skin, with a development of heat greater than before. Whenever this occurs it may be concluded that bathing or cold ablution is beneficial; and, on the contrary, when it is absent it is not prudent or safe to continue the practice without some experienced person to advise upon the case. Many people who naturally are disinclined to this reaction become gradually accustomed to the cold, so as at last to develop heat as well as their more robust neighbors; but some skins and constitutions can never be made to bear cold with advantage, and are even braced by the use of hot water. This I have known many times; and, in spite of a long and cautiously carried out plan of cold-bathing, they have at last been obliged to give up the attempt, and have recourse to the opposite extreme of hot-baths, or else let their skins remain in a state of impurity. But these are the exceptions to the rule, and cannot be considered as affecting the mass of mankind, though still the fact should be known, lest individuals might be induced to persevere too long in the attempt, from a belief that *all* ought to be able to bear the shock produced by the contact with cold water. It may be said that such individuals are in a state of disease; but if so, all in this country must be included in the same category, for certainly I have known some who were in all other respects free from any ailment whatever, and yet could never bear the

contact of cold water, nor could they ever be made to develop heat rapidly after it, as in the ordinary reaction of bathing. In these individuals hot water at a temperature of 105 or 108 degrees is positively bracing, and in some cases I have known it almost as great a panacea as the cold-water cure so much vaunted in the present day.

In the use of the cold bath, whether marine or of fresh water, the whole body should, as a rule, be immersed, where the object is to preserve the general health. For certain remedial purposes it may be desirable to use local cold; but as a general means of cleansing the skin, and at the same time of bracing it, the better plan is to plunge the whole body beneath the surface for a moment, and as rapidly as possible afterwards emerge from the bath. It is seldom that a continuance longer than for a few seconds in the water is of service, though in warm weather it is very pleasant, and in many cases does no harm; but that it does no good is equally clear, and, therefore, however pleasant a long-continued bath may be in hot weather, yet it is to be by no means recommended. With regard to domestic bathing in cold water, the sponging-bath is that which is chiefly to be used, as there are few people who can bear immersion in cold water in the house without too great a call upon the powers of the system. Cold sponging produces quite as great a bracing effect, without abstracting too much heat; and it also cleanses the skin quite as well as, or even better than, immersion. When regularly practised, and followed by the use of the rough towel, no soap is needed to cleanse the pores; but if only occasionally employed, this detergent is very useful. Those who take any kind of cold bath should not be slow and languid in their operations, but sponge themselves with briskness, and without delay rub themselves dry. In this way the mere activity of the process aids in generating heat and producing reaction, and avoids the tendency to chill, which is sometimes caused by a neglect of this precaution.

Where hot baths are taken on the principles previously alluded to, the temperature must be raised high enough to produce reaction, and they should not generally be taken just before getting into a warm bed, which will almost always cause excessive perspiration. Those who really benefit from a hot bath find that they feel cold after one in which the temperature is too low; but, if raised to 105 degrees, or even higher still, the skin is stimulated till it is in as great a glow as could be produced in others by a cold affusion; and when this is the case, exposure to cold afterwards is borne with nearly as great impunity as in those who use the cold bath instead, especially if after the hot bath the body is at once fearlessly exposed to a cold atmosphere or to cold water itself. Such is the Russian plan, except that in their baths steam is used instead of hot water: but the effect is the same, and the skin is stimulated exactly by the same action of high heat, though in the shape of steam instead of water. It appears in their plan to render them nearly as insensible to the effects of cold as our cold bathing does us; and there can be no doubt that there is little difference in the amount of heat-generating power produced by the two modes, however different the principles upon which they act.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

To Boil Salmon.—Salmon is dressed in various ways, but chiefly boiled in large pieces of a few pounds weight. The middle piece is considered, if not the richest, yet the most sightly; then that adjoining the jowl; the tail part, though nearly as good, being usually kept for cutlets. It requires great attention, and the boiling must be checked more than once. A piece of four to five pounds will take nearly an hour; but if double that weight, will not require more than twenty minutes beyond that time, and if crimped, still less will be sufficient; let it, however, boil quickly in the hardest water, on a strainer placed in a large fish-kettle, and be thoroughly done, for nothing is more unwholesome and disagreeable than fish that is under-cooked. Skim it well, or the color will be bad. The moment it is ready lift up the strainer and rest it across the kettle, that the fish may drain; cover it with a thick cloth.

To Broil Salmon.—Cut slices an inch thick; put them into buttered paper and place them on the gridiron; or the paper may be omitted, and the slices broiled upon the gridiron, rubbing the slices with a bit of fresh butter wrapped in gauze; sprinkle freely with salt. They will be done in a few minutes, and should be served as hot as possible.

To Fry Trout.—Scale, gut, and clean them; take out the gills, egg and crumb them; then fry in lard or oil until of a light brown. Serve with anchovy sauce and sliced lemon.

Boiled Turkey.—Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up; strain the gravy that will be found in the pan; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

Goose.—Scald four or six sage-leaves, according as they are fresh or dry, the fresh ones being the strongest; chop them fine; take one large or two small onions, chop them, and then pour boiling water over them to make them eat mild; mix the sage and onion with rather more than an equal quantity of fine bread-crumbs; season well with pepper and salt; put this inside the body of the goose; roast before a quick fire an hour or more, according to the size of the bird. Geese are sometimes stuffed with potatoes, the whole body being filled with them, either whole or mashed; but it absorbs so much of the gravy as to injure the richness of the bird. Apple-sauce and gravy are sent up with geese in separate tureens.

To Roast Pigeons.—Scald some parsley, chop it with the livers, mix them with a piece of fresh butter, season with pepper and salt; put a portion inside each pigeon; cover the breast with a slice of bacon fat; roast them; serve with parsley and butter in the dish.

Sweetbreads Stewed.—After blanching, stuff them with a forcemeat of fowl, fat and lean bacon, an anchovy, nutmeg, lemon-peel, parsley, and a very little Cayenne and thyme; when well mixed, add the yolks of two eggs, and fill the sweetbreads. Fasten them together with splinter-skewers, and lay them in a pan, with slices of veal over and bacon under them; season with pepper and salt, mace, cloves, herbs, and sliced onion; cover close over the fire ten minutes, then add a quart of broth, and stew gently one hour; take out the sweetbreads, strain and skim the broth, and boil it to half a pint; warm the sweetbreads in it, and serve with lemon round.

Veal Cutlets.—Cutlets are cut either from the fillet or the neck, but *chops* are taken from the loin. Some persons have deprecated the practice of beating meat, but it is essentially necessary in veal cutlets, which

wise, especially if merely fried, are very indigestible. They should be cut about one-quarter, or, at the most, one-half an inch in thickness, and well beaten; they will then, when fried, taste like sweetbread, be quite as tender, and nearly as rich. Egg them over, dip in bread-crumbs and savory herbs, fry, and serve with mushroom sauce and fried bacon.

Or: Prepare as above, and fry them; lay them in a dish, and keep them hot; dredge a little flour, and put a bit of butter into the pan, brown it, then pour a little boiling water into it, and boil quickly; season with pepper, salt, and catsup, and pour it over them.

To Stew Lamb.—Put it into a stewpan, with a little oil, parsley, chives, and mushrooms, or half a dozen black truffles, either whole or shred, together with some trenches of bacon. Let it stew gently in any kind of broth, and when thoroughly done take it out, strain the gravy, and serve the joint along with truffles or mushrooms only. To be well done it will require four hours in stewing.

Breast of Lamb.—Cut off the thin ends, half boil, then strew with crumbs of bread, pepper, and salt, and serve in a dish of stewed mushrooms.

Leg of Mutton Braised.—Take a very small leg of mutton, cut off the knuckle, and trim it nicely; half roast it, then put it into a stewpan, with the trimmings, the knuckle-bone broken, a few slices of fat bacon, or two ounces of butter, an onion stuck with cloves, and a bundle of sweet herbs. Shake the stewpan over the fire until there is gravy enough from the meat and the trimmings to stew the mutton, and take care to turn it in the braise. When very tender, take it up, remove the fat from the gravy, strain it, and boil it quickly until it is reduced to a glaze; pour it over the mutton, and serve it up on a dish of vegetables.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

To Make a Plain Pudding.—Weigh three-quarters of a pound of cold scraps of bread, whether crust or crumb, cut them small, and pour on them a pint and a half of boiling water, to soak them well. Let it stand till the water is cool; then press it out, and mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add to it a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, some moist sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of currants. Mix all well together, and lay it in a pan well buttered. Flatten it down with a spoon, and lay some pieces of butter on the top. Bake it in a moderate oven, and serve it hot. When cold, it will turn out of the pan, and eat like good plain cheese-cakes.

To Make a Tea-Cake.—Rub into a quart of dried flour of the finest kind a quarter of a pound of butter; then beat up two eggs with two teaspoonfuls of sifted sugar and two tablespoonfuls of washed brewers' or unwashed distillers' yeast; pour this liquid mixture into the centre of the flour, and add a pint of warm milk as you mix it; beat it up with the hand until it comes off without sticking; set it to rise before the fire, having covered it with a cloth; after it has remained there an hour, make it up into good-sized cakes an inch thick; set them in tin plates to rise before the fire during ten minutes, then bake them in a slow oven. These cakes may be split and buttered hot from the oven, or split, toasted, and buttered after they are cold.

Sweet Sugar Bread.—Put two pounds of butter in some warm place over night, where it will gradually become soft without at the same time melting. Take two quarterns of flour, and mix with it half a pound of loaf-sugar in powder, and lemon-peel and blanched sweet almonds (in quantities according to taste), cut very fine. Add all these to the butter, and knead the whole till it appears like dough; then add a tablespoonful or two of yeast; again knead it, and roll out into cakes of the proper size and thickness. Ornament the edges with candied lemon and comfits, having previously pricked the edges with a fork.

A Patna Rice Pudding.—Wash a quarter of a pound of whole rice, dry it in a cloth, and beat it to a powder. Set it upon the fire with a pint and a half of new milk till it thickens, but do not let it boil; pour it out and let it stand to cool. Add to it some cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace, pounded, sugar to the taste, half a pound of suet, shred very small, and eight eggs, well beaten, with some salt. Put to it either half a pound of currants, clean washed and dried by the fire, or some candied lemon, citron, or orange-peel. Bake it half an hour with a puff crust under it.

Baked Custard.—Boil and sweeten with fine sugar a pint of milk, another of cream, with a stick of cinnamon and a bit of lemon-peel, fill the cups, and bake for ten minutes.

To Make Apple Fritters.—Take one pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, and as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter, have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple, take the core carefully out of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin. Fry them in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

To Make a Rich Seed Cake.—Take a pound and a quarter of flour, well dried, a pound of butter, a pound of loaf-sugar, beat and sifted, eight eggs, and two ounces of caraway seeds, one grated nutmeg, and its weight in cinnamon. Beat the butter into a cream, put in the sugar, beat the whites of the eggs and the yolks separately, then mix them with the butter and sugar. Beat in the flour, spices, and seed a little before sending it away. Bake it two hours in a quick oven.

To Make Rusks.—Beat up seven eggs, mix them with half a pint of warm new milk in which a quarter of a pound of butter has been melted, add a quarter of a pint of yeast and three ounces of sugar; put them gradually into as much flour as will make a light paste nearly as thin as batter; let it rise before the fire half an hour, add more flour to make it a little stiffer, work it well, and divide it into small loaves or cakes, about five or six inches wide, and flatten them. When baked and cold, put them in the oven to brown a little. These cakes, when first baked, are very good buttered for tea; if they are made with caraway seeds, they eat very nice cold.

PREPARATIONS OF FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

One of the loveliest accomplishments of a lady is to understand how to make the invalid in her family comfortable. Food prepared by the kind hand of a wife, mother, sister, friend, has a sweeter relish than the mere ingredients can give, and a restorative power which money cannot purchase. These receipts will enable the watchful attendant to vary the food as choice or symptoms may render expedient. Jellies and meat broths,

together with the various kinds of farinaceous food, are the lightest on the stomach, as well as, generally, the most nutritious for an invalid. Milk preparations are useful when the lungs are weak. Food that the stomach can digest without distressing the patient is the kind that gives actual strength.

To Make Gruel. Mix a dessertspoonful of fine oatmeal or patent groats in two of cold water, add a pint of boiling water, and boil it ten minutes, keeping it stirred.

Or: Boil a quarter of a pint of groats in a quart of water for about two hours, and strain through a sieve.

Stir into the gruel a small piece of butter, and some sugar, nutmeg or ginger, grated; or, if it be not sweetened, add a small pinch of salt.

Indian Meal Gruel.—Sift the Indian meal through a fine sieve; wet two spoonfuls of this meal with cold water, and beat it till there are no lumps; then stir it into a pint and a half of boiling water, and let it boil half an hour, stirring it all the time. Season it as liked best.

Barley Gruel.—Wash four ounces of pearl barley, boil it in two quarts of water with a stick of cinnamon till reduced to a quart; strain and return it into the saucepan with sugar and three-fourths of a pint of port wine, or the same quantity of milk. Heat up, and use as wanted.

Flour Caudle.—Mix, smoothly, a tablespoonful of flour with a gill of water; set on the fire in a saucepan a gill of new milk, sweeten it, and when it boils add the flour and water; simmer and stir them together for a quarter of an hour.

White Caudle.—Make the gruel as above, strain through a sieve, and stir it till cold. When to be used, sweeten it to taste, grate in some nutmeg, and add a little white wine; a little lemon-peel or juice is sometimes added.

The yolk of an egg, well beaten, may likewise be stirred in when the gruel is boiling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Glaze or Varnish Drawings.—One ounce of Canada balsam, two ounces of oil of turpentine, well dissolved. The drawing should be previously washed over with a solution of isinglass.

To Make the Hands White.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft appearance. Almond paste is of use in preserving the delicacy of the hands. It is made thus: Blanch and beat up four ounces of bitter almonds; add to them three ounces of lemon-juice, three ounces of almond oil, and a little weak spirits of wine. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose-water.

To Preserve Furs.—When laying up muffs and tippets for the summer, if a tallow candle be placed on or near them, all danger of caterpillars will be obviated.

To Choose a Carpet.—Always select one the figures of which are small; for in this case the two webs in which the carpeting consists are always much closer interwoven than in carpets where large figures upon ample grounds are represented.

How to Toast well.—Stir the fire until there is a clear, glowing surface, free from flame or smoke; cut the bread moderately thick, and do not hold it close to the bars, but at such a distance as to see it when it is beginning to burn; move it gently up and down until the whole surface is a clear uniform brown: when thoroughly toasted, serve it up as quickly as possible before it has time to cool.

To Prevent Ink from Damaging Steel Pens.—Throw, either into the inkstand or the bottle in which the ink is kept, a few nails, broken bits of steel pens (not varnished), or any piece of iron not rusted The corrosive action of the acid contained in the ink is expended on the iron introduced, and which is soon covered, by the decomposition of the sulphate of copper, with the coppery hue observable on metallic pens used with common ink. The ink will not now affect the pen; or, should it still do so, it will only be necessary to add more iron, and the mischief will be entirely remedied.

To Make Cement for Metals.—Take of gum mastich ten grains, rectified spirits of wine two drachms, add two ounces of strong isinglass glue made with brandy, and ten grains of true gum ammoniac. Dissolve all together, and keep it stopped in a phial. When intended to be used, set it in warm water.

Making Vinegar.—To eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, put it into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place the cask in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney, where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days, add to the liquid a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the "mother," or life of vinegar.

Bluing for Clothes.—Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it; and put it into a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid (powdered); a teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

Delicious Toasted Cheese.—Cut two ounces of cheese into thin slices, put it into a saucepan, set it on the fire, and add one gill of fresh milk; simmer it till the cheese is quite dissolved, then take it from the fire and pour it into a shallow dish; when cooled a little, add the yolk of an egg well beaten. Then place it before the fire, and brown it nicely.

Yellow Butter in Winter.—Put in yolks of eggs just before the butter comes near the termination of the churning. This has been repeatedly tried, and makes very fine, sweet butter.

Furniture Paste.—Take two ounces of beeswax, two ounces of turpentine, and a quarter of an ounce of linseed oil. Melt them together in a slow oven, in a gallipot. It may be made red (if required) by steeping a little alkanet-root in the turpentine previous to melting the wax in it.

To make Rose Lozenges.—To a pound of finely-sifted loaf-sugar, put an ounce of powdered gum-Arabic; mix it into a stiff paste with rose-water, and grind up with the paste a little of the conserve of roses, which gives both flavor and color; punch the mass into round or oval lozenges, each containing about fifteen grains, and dry them in a stove.

Editors' Table.

THE GOOD TIME COMING: COME!

Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.—PROVERBS, *Chap* XXXI.

WE began to illustrate the motto by citing examples of what women, in this Nineteenth Century, were, in Christian lands, encouraged to do, and what generous support good men were giving to the education of their daughters and sisters. We found, however, that our dissertation would be too long to allow of the familiar introduction to our readers of one of the most charming feminine writers of the day. Have you ever heard of Madame De Gasparin, a French lady of uncommon genius and true piety? A simple picture of life from her last book* (which British critics eulogize) will be the best way of showing how the development of woman's mind is showing the true strength and honor of her soul and causing her to rejoice, because her power for good is now widely diffused, and beginning to be so tenderly acknowledged and cherished by good men. Our own creed on these subjects is well known to our readers: that the BIBLE is woman's MAGNA CHARTA; the only guarantee of her rights, and the only expositor of her duties; that under its teachings men learn to honor her; that wherever its doctrines are believed and obeyed, her influence gains power; and that all human good is founded in goodness.

Perhaps, however, few would expect to find, in the work of a French lady, these sentiments so charmingly expressed and so persuasively illustrated, that the Sketches have all the fascination of an entertaining novel united with the heavenly wisdom of the Gospel. We give one glimpse of this charming book.

MARIETTA.

"So you will not come and see Marietta? She understands French, and then you would be giving her so much pleasure!"

Thus spoke Master Schimp. Master Schimp was a shoemaker, settled in the little German town held in charge by the old General, where I had gone with the Baroness. Master Schimp had brought home my shoes. He sometimes made shoes for me; when finished he brought them home, and when he brought them, he sat down, and when he sat down he never knew when to get up again! He was a hale, thick-set man of seventy, as wrinkled as an ancient banner, with a tangled shock of hair, small, clear gray eyes, a flexible mouth, a comfortable opinion of himself, and the best heart in the world.

* * * * * * * *

Have you ever known what it is to sit in the very fever-heat of impatience, upright and smiling, with now and then a gentle inclination of the head, a *yes* and *no* repeated at intervals; while in your heart, far below this surface of affability, a voice went on exclaiming, "Provoking, unconscionable creature, do you never intend to go away? You have been here at least an hour! and no doubt will sit there for another! Oh that somebody else would want me! would come to fetch me away!"

* * * * * * * *

And who was Marietta? An invalid cousin, whom, with her sister, he had taken to live with him. And Marietta, be she who or what she might be, saved me. I blessed her, and putting on my bonnet, drew a long relieved breath and said, "We will go." Even Master Schimp, who was not easily impressed, seemed struck with my sudden energy.

A few steps brought us to his small, neat dwelling, colored with the peculiar spinach green the Germans are so fond of. Its windows shone and sparkled with cleanliness; on one side of the door was the shop where he kept his men at work. A pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, Marietta's sister, who was standing on the door-step, moved aside to let us pass. I followed him, and as he led the way through a dark passage he said—

"So you do not know Marietta? Well, then, you have something curious to see."

He opened the door, and as the light streamed into the passage, I saw indeed *something* which seemed rather to spring than rise out of a chair, and come forward to meet us. I stopped short, and but for one of Master Schimp's keen glances, I think I should have screamed. How shall I describe this something, this poor, strangely deformed creature, three feet at most in height, with a head so out of all just proportion as to recall the pasteboard monstrosities that milliners used as blocks; her hands, in the absence of arms, sticking out of her shoulders, more like fins it seemed to me than hands; without legs, almost without feet—a *maillot* set upright on earth! And yet this lived; it spoke; it had a soul: even now it was coloring deeply.

Master Schimp, who had meant to produce a strong effect, looked just a little remorseful at the extent of his success. This soon passed, and a few laughing words with Marietta set him at ease.

"No fear, cousin; 'a friend,' as one says to the patrol. Come now, we are going to have a little French." And Master Schimp began to exhibit his prodigy.

He recounted how he had brought Marietta to live with him, how he had taught her first to read and write in German, then in French; how he had followed this up with arithmetic, the two grammars, geography and history; how Marietta had taught herself knitting, embroidering, and all varieties of needlework; while he showed me her copy-books, and drew a crochet collar out of the poor girl's work-basket. Marietta, at first painfully embarrassed, began to be more at her ease. She looked at her cousin with mild eyes so full of gratitude and affection, of deep respect, of implicit confidence, that they seemed able to take in no other object.

I, too, had regained my self-possession, and ventured to look again at Marietta, and again I was shocked, so

* The Near and the Heavenly Horizons. By Madame De Gasparin. New York: Carter & Brothers. (See Literary Notices.)

pitiable, so appalling was this malformation, that the heart knew not what to make of it. It was a contradiction, an *impossibility*, one's innate sense of fitness seemed outraged by such a strange freak on the part of Nature; and when I remembered that Nature was but another word for the Creator, and that this deplorable travesty had been *permitted*, a *wherefore* of fearful import arose in my mind. It came there—and was gone like a flash; another look and the dark surmise passed away forever. This poor head could boast of its abundant hair, of fine eyes, and of regular features, but these were not the charm; it was the tender, inexpressible charm of its expression; in the joy, the peace, the purity that spoke there with such sweet simplicity—the soul looking forth so clearly, that one forgot whether the body was there or not.

After the first embarrassment of my introduction was over, Marietta talked to me without constraint; her voice had a youthful, touching tone in it that went straight to my heart. Master Schimp was called away, and the expression of her eyes changed a little; they seemed to send forth a dimmer light, as a lamp does after it has been let down.

"My cousin is so kind," she exclaimed, with animation; "so very kind; he spoils me," she added, with a smile. "He thinks I know everything, when I scarcely know anything at all. And everything is *his* doing; he has been both father and mother to me."

Her eyes filled, and I saw, too, that her heart was very full. After a short silence she went on, as if in answer to my unspoken thought—

"I am happy; the Lord Jesus has loved me—a poor little creature like me" (this was the only allusion she made to her infirmities); "my cousin loves me too; my sister and everybody; the day is not long, and in the evenings we read together and are very happy."

"You go out sometimes?"

"Not now; my cousin had a little carriage made which he used to draw, but since a very serious illness I have not been able to bear the movement of the wheels."

"And you will sometimes wish for a sight of the country?"

Marietta colored slightly. "Once I used, but not now. I look elsewhere." Then, after a short silence and because she saw me look sorrowful, she added: "There are flowers in Paradise!"

Yes, I thought—and a glorified body; but this I did not say to her.

She had lived, it was evident, in an atmosphere of kindness, and having never been exposed to those collisions that wound the heart, just when it is seeking to expand, she expressed her feelings artlessly, and just as they arose.

"My greatest sorrow is that I am ungrateful. Yes," she continued, not quite understanding my look of surprise, "you would not have believed it of me, and yet it is so. There are times when I am so cast down; everything seems so dark, and my heart is so heavy. Then I could gladly cry; but this never lasts long, and God forgives me for it. He has forgiven me all."

She began to tell me how she spent her time. Her cousin had so stored her mind with knowledge, had so built up her life in the strength of practical faith, that in neither was there room left for despair; and this poor being, disinherited even of the outward semblance of humanity, had gone on her way unchallenged by any of those desolating problems which pierce through the bones and marrow, and make the knees of the strong to bow under them.

Cousin Schimp did nothing, it was plain, by halves. It was impossible to look round the room without being struck with the exquisite keeping of its arrangements. Marietta's furniture, arm-chair, table, desk, even her vase of flowers, all were adapted to her height; everything was pretty, everything perfect in its way.

* * * * * * * *

The door burst suddenly open. Six rosy, curly little girls, basket on arm, rushed in tumultuously, and flew to Marietta, almost overwhelming her with kisses. Now it was that her face lightened up in earnest, and her smile grew heavenly.

"I teach them to read and work," she said.

It was worth something to see the happy, self-important look of the little things as they placed themselves on each side of Marietta.

I left her, and, as I went into the shop, met Master Schimp, green shade, spectacles, and snuff-box.

"Well?" he said.

I could not speak, but pressed his hands within my own.

"She is my child," he said, in a subdued tone.

Master Schimp, you are a great man; and Thou, my God, art the great God of heaven and earth!

Said we not truly that the Bible is woman's Magna Charta? What would have been the fate of poor Marietta in a heathen age or heathen land? And Master Schimp, the real nobleman of the Nineteenth Century, how could he ever have become "a great man" but through and by the Gospel that has made him woman's friend and a good Christian?

YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

An excellent plan of mental improvement has lately been originated in England. As we hope to induce many of our American young ladies to follow this good example of employing wisely their leisure time, we will give the English editor's remarks, and the Rules of the Society:—

"Fifteen young ladies, residing in the country, having formed themselves into a society, bearing the above name, have kindly forwarded to us the rules for its regulation.

The advantages to be derived from the frequent use of the intellectual faculties are very great; and when it is considered that a woman of information makes a more agreeable companion, and is on more equal terms with her husband, as a wife, and also becomes a better instructor for her children, and when it is probable that unused faculties may perhaps be classed in the same category as the 'talent hidden in the napkin,' it behoves every girl to let no rust accumulate where brightness only should scintillate—to do her best to use the gifts of appreciation, discrimination, and observation, with which she is endowed, to let no talent lie idle, to know that she is sent into the world to *do* God's work, that the sin of idleness is the great sin of omission, and that opportunities neglected are good seeds annihilated. Once reflecting on this, she would surely do her best to become a true woman, lightening the path of duty by good sense and good counsel, shining as a bright example to those around her, and leading her children by progressive steps to a higher and higher knowledge of God's works and ways. In the hope that many other young ladies may be induced to follow the example set, the Rules of the Society are given for their guidance.

RULES FOR THE REGULATION OF THE YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

	Subjects.
January . . .	*Scripture or Church History.*
February . . .	*Natural Philosophy.*
March . .	*Ancient History*
April . . .	*Science.*
May	*Domestic Economy.*
June	*Astronomy.*
July	*Modern History*
August . . .	*Miscellaneous.*
September .	*Domestic Economy.*
October .	*General History.*
November .	*Geography*
December .	*Domestic Economy.*

Rule I. The number of members shall not exceed fifteen.

Rule II Each member of the sisterhood, in her turn, is to propose a question to the other members.

Rule III The question is to be chosen from one of the specified subjects in regular rotation. Thus, if the first member takes the subject for August, the second member must take the subject for September.

Rule IV The questions must not be useless or controversial, but of a kind respecting which information may be obtained from books in general use.

Rule V. The manuscript must not exceed twenty-four half sheets of ordinary sized note-paper, must be written on *one side of the paper only.* The ink must be black, and the writing plain and legible. The sheets must be paged, also be attached together at the left hand corner with a needle and strong cotton Two or three blank sheets are to be added, so that members may have an opportunity of writing their remarks upon the subject. The whole is to be inclosed in a thick paper cover before sending it to the members.

Rule VI. The authorities which have been consulted must be given at the end of the manuscript; also the writer's name and address in full.

Rule VII. The proposer shall, on receiving the answers to the questions, choose the one she considers the best, and forward it to the first name on the list of members, after that of the writer of the accepted article.

Rule IX. Each member shall in her turn forward the manuscript to the next in succession on the list, before the expiration of two days from the time of its receipt. When all the members have read it, the last to whom it is sent shall return it to the author.

Rule X. Any ladies wishing to join the society, or if any members be desirous of leaving, they are requested to communicate with the secretary in writing; and, in the latter case, to return their copies of the rules."

TRUTH.

"What is Truth?" inquired Pilate.

Florence Nightingale gives it as her opinion that "to speak the truth" is a very difficult thing, probably knowing the truth would be more difficult. She says: "Courts of justice seem to think that anybody can speak 'the whole truth and nothing but the truth,' if he does but intend it. It requires many faculties combined of observation and memory to speak 'the whole truth,' and to say 'nothing but the truth.'

"'I knows I fibs dreadful; but believe me, Miss, I never finds out I have fibbed until they tells me so,' was a remark actually made. It is also one of more extended application than most people have the least idea of.

"Concurrence of testimony, which is often adduced as final proof, may prove nothing more, as is well known to those accustomed to deal with the unobservant imaginative, than that one person has told his story a great many times. I have heard thirteen persons 'concur' in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning.

"I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare, that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there at all; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice, at least, knelt in communion. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, if necessary."

OBSERVATION.—Miss Nightingale has some very pithy remarks on the deficiency of English women in ready and sound observation. She thinks their faculties are good, but need better training. As examples of the heedlessness of English women, she says—

"I remember, when a child, hearing the story of an accident, related by some one who sent two girls to fetch a 'bottle of sal volatile from her room. Mary could not stir,' she said; 'Fanny ran and fetched a bottle that was not sal volatile, and was not in my room.'"

Now this sort of thing pursues every one through life. A woman is asked to fetch a large new bound red book, lying on the table by the window, and she fetches five small, old boarded brown books, lying on the shelf by the fire. And this perhaps though she has "put that room to rights" every day for a month, and must have observed the books every day lying in the same places for a month—if she had any observation. Miss Nightingale says truly that "these mistakes arise from 1st. A want of ready attention; only one part of the request is heard at all. 2d. A want of the habit of observation."

These two habits or faculties—attention and observation—should be early cultivated in girls as well as boys, and also careful attention to the accuracy of description.

WOMEN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN LANDS.—We hope to have many contributions, like the one we now record, to publish during the present year. Every name sent us adds a friend to the good cause; every dollar given strengthens our plan and enlarges the limits of our charity.

From the Frankfort Baptist Juvenile Society, for the Tounghoo Mission, by the hand of Wm. L. Price, $10.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted and will appear as soon as we have room: "Two Sonnets"—"A little child shall lead them"—"Call me thine own"—"Illume my path, O Lord"—"Vesper" (the prose article declined)—"The Dream"—"What is Life?"—"The Glass on the Wall"—"Peace, be Still"—"Beneath the Pines"—"The Winds"—"Scarlet Poppies"—"Twilight Thoughts" (the other poem not wanted, we have a large supply)—and "Market Day to a Stranger."

We must decline the following: "National Song"—"There's much in the world to live for" (the other poems not wanted; the writer can do better)—"A pensive Ode"—"Little pet"—"An Indian Melody"—"Noonday Reveries"—"Watcher"—"Sabbath at Sea"—"Leviathans in Literature" (not original)—"Everybody"—"Songs for Summer Evenings"—"The War is over"—"The Quiet Woman"—"The Dawn of Hope"—"My Aunt's Lover"—"The Pestilence that walketh in darkness"—"Believe in my love"—"Self-respect"—"Song of Love"—"The Unquiet Heart"—and "Inequalities in Nature."

We have several long articles on hand to examine next month.

"My Early Home" has a few stanzas worth preserving; the young writer has poetic feelings, and, by earnest study and careful correction, may yet become a poetess.

My early home was mild and fair,
  Its summer skies were blue,
A balmy fragrance filled the air,
  And warbling music too;
A velvet lawn lay fair and bright
Before my young bewildered sight.

In winter when the fields were bare,
  And little streams were still,
When frost hung on the evening air,
  And all was cold and chill,
My wandering ear with rapture heard
The chirping of the sweet snow bird.

My early home! though distant still
  My feet are doomed to roam,
My heart recalls each sloping hill
  That peers above thy dome;
And memory fondly travels o'er
Sweet scenes mine eyes may see no more.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

Inflammatory Croup.—This is one of the most formidable and dangerous diseases to which children are exposed. And yet, as it is generally amenable even to domestic treatment in its early stages, and as it is very important that it should be recognized in its *first approaches*, we will endeavor to give a plain and pretty full description of its nature, symptoms, and treatment.

Causes.—On this point we will only remark that the immediate exciting causes seem to be cold and damp, insufficient clothing, and especially exposure of the arms, legs, and feet; and changes of the weather. But there can be no doubt that there is a peculiar predisposition to this disease, either inherited or acquired, which renders some children liable to attacks from the slightest causes. This predisposition may be said to exist only in infancy and childhood; being in greatest force up to the age of five years, and ceasing in the vast majority of cases before the age of fifteen. These facts will doubtless afford great comfort to mothers who are so unfortunate as to have children who are subject to frequent attacks of such a dangerous and distressing disease.

Nature and Symptoms.—True inflammatory croup is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the windpipe and the larynx, or funnel-shaped expansion of the windpipe which opens into the throat. The great danger in this disease is from the formation of a false membrane over the affected parts, thus causing death by strangulation, or for want of breath.

The symptoms of croup are commonly divided into three classes, or stages; and it is important to notice these divisions, as they have much to do with the treatment. 1st. We have the premonitory stage. 2d. The confirmed. And 3d. The collapsed stage, or stage of threatened suffocation.

The *premonitory symptoms* are those of a common cold, such as slight fever, thirst, cough, hoarseness, wheezing, drowsiness, watery eyes, and running at the nose. In some cases the child clutches or rubs the throat, and there is slight hesitation in swallowing. On examination of the inside of the throat, no redness will be seen, unless the disease should be complicated with ordinary sore-throat. In the majority of cases, more or less of these premonitory symptoms will usher in an attack of croup. But it should be remembered that some cases come on suddenly, most commonly in the night, without any premonition sufficient to attract attention. This, however, is much oftener true of spasmodic or false croup, than of true inflammatory croup. Mothers who are on the look-out for the latter variety will generally have timely warning of its dreaded approach.

After the continuance of the premonitory symptoms for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, the *second* or *confirmed* stage sets in. The child awakes suddenly, and almost invariably at night, with a most distressing sensation of impending suffocation, attended by a peculiar sharp, dry, ringing brassy cough, as if the cough were made through a brazen or metallic tube. The breathing is hurried, he has an alarmed restless look, wants to sit up or get out of bed, his face is full and flushed, and his eyes are watery and bloodshot. Each inspiration or drawing in of the breath is accompanied by a characteristic crowing noise. The cough and breathing in croup are so very peculiar that they can always be recognized immediately when once heard; and *one* cough is generally sufficient to indicate the difficulty to mothers who have heard it before. The above symptoms continue through the night, unless they are relieved by medicine. But often towards morning there is a marked remission; the little sufferer sleeps and appears to be better. This state of things may continue until the next evening or night, when the disease will set in with renewed intensity. In severe cases, the morning remission is only transitory, and the distressing symptoms continue through the day, becoming more and more urgent as night approaches.

The other symptoms of the second stage may be summed up thus: High fever, a quick and hard pulse, great thirst and restlessness, clutching at the throat, whispering voice, furred tongue, dry ringing cough, and a dusky livid appearance of the face.

In the *third* or *collapsed* stage, most of these symptoms are aggravated; the cough is more difficult, the voice is lost, the noisy breathing is continuous, there is drowsiness with starting fits, the skin becomes cold and clammy, the pulse grows quick and weak, the eyes are dull and sunken, and the countenance is expressive of the greatest distress. After thus struggling in intolerable agony for about twelve or eighteen hours, the little sufferer sinks in death with convulsive movements. He dies mainly *for want of breath.* How distressing!

We have been thus particular in giving the symptoms of this dreadful disease, not because it is very difficult to distinguish, but that mothers may see the great import-

ance of early and vigorous measures to arrest it in its very beginning—*in the premonitory stage.*

Treatment.—The main reliance is on *emetics*, and the *warm bath*. The plan that we have been accustomed to pursue, with the most satisfactory results, is this: We have the child immersed all over as soon as possible in a warm bath, regulating the temperature of the water according to the heat of the skin. If the skin is very hot, we have the water barely warm; if it is cool, or of a moderate temperature, the water is made warm in proportion. While the bath is preparing, we give from ten to thirty drops of the compound syrup of squills, or Coxe's hive syrup, which may be had at any drug-store, and should be kept by every family. This is repeated every five, ten, or fifteen minutes, increasing the dose each time, until vomiting occurs, or until all the distressing symptoms are relieved. After vomiting or relief, the medicine is continued at intervals of one or two hours, regulating the dose so as to keep the system moderately under its influence. And if, at any time, the difficulty of breathing returns, the doses are repeated at short intervals, as in the first instance.

The child should remain in the bath until the system is thoroughly relaxed, as will be manifested by easier breathing, a weak expression about the eyes, paleness of the face, and profuse sweating. It is worse than useless, it is outrageous to dab a child in water for a few minutes in these cases, and then take him out and expose him naked to the air for a longer time than he remained in the water. The patient should stay in the bath for an hour or more, should so long a time be required to produce the desired effect. When the bath is thus prolonged, fresh supplies of warm water should be added from time to time, so as to keep up the temperature. As soon as the child is taken out of the bath, he should be wiped quickly with a dry towel, and then wrapped up in a blanket or quilt, with no clothing on except a shirt or gown. By pursuing this course, the trouble and exposure of dressing and undressing will be avoided, while the patient will be ready for another bath, which he should have whenever the urgent symptoms return.

The warm bath should be repeated again and again, whenever the symptoms become distressing. It cannot well be used too frequently, if regulated according to the effects, and with due attention to avoidance of exposure, etc.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY: HUNTED DOWN: THE DETECTIVE POLICE. *and Other Novelettes.* By Charles Dickens, author of "Great Expectations," "Pickwick Papers," "Dombey & Son," etc. The first of these appeared a year or two since among a collection of stories called "Pic Nic Papers." The second, "Hunted Down," was published originally in the *New York Ledger*, and we have been told that Mr. Bonner paid five thousand dollars for the same. Whether it seems worth that amount we will not pretend to say. At all events it is one of the best of Dickens's short stories. "The Haunted House" is a reprint from one of his Christmas stories. The remainder are records of interviews with the detective police, miscellaneous tales, sketches, and essays, all of them most entertaining and instructive. He affords his readers an insight into the workings of the Detective Police system, and gives an account of his visits to some of the worst and most wretched quarters of London. Price 50 cents.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. *A Love Story.* From "Temple Bar." A quiet, but well written novel, rather deficient in incident, but with a plot which, though far from being intricate, is well devised and well carried out. The characters of the three sisters, Margaret, Grace, and Ethelind, are all pleasing ones, though differing totally in all respects. That of Margaret is by far the best, not only of the book in which it appears, but of the majority of heroines which we find in romances. Possessing sterling common sense, and all the attributes that belong to a truly noble woman, she is placed in bold relief in the foreground, the main figure of the group. Price 25 cents.

THANKSGIVING. *A Sermon preached in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia*, on Thursday, November 28, 1861. By Charles Wadsworth. Published by request. Price 15 cents a copy: $1 50 a dozen; or $10 a hundred.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JENKINS'S VEST POCKET LEXICON. *An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words;* including the principal Scientific and Technical Terms, and Foreign Moneys, Weights, and Measures. By Jabez Jenkins. We have been made the recipient of this work, so diminutive in size that it can really be what its title indicates, a "vest-pocket" companion. It "omits what everybody knows, and contains what everybody wants to know, and cannot readily find." The plan pursued by its author in compiling it is most admirable, resulting in compressing a vast amount of lexical information in a small compass. The definitions of each word are brief, yet convey their complete meaning; and the most common French and Latin words and phrases are introduced in their alphabetical place among the rest. It is a book that will please every one, except such as are too conceited to acknowledge their dependence on a dictionary for a complete comprehension of their mother tongue; and even they might easily consult it in a quiet corner without being observed.

—

From RUDD & CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

NATIONAL HYMNS: *How they are written, and How they are not written.* A Lyric and National Study for the Times. By Richard Grant White. Mr. White has undertaken the editorial duty of presenting to the public the decision of the Committee on a National hymn, giving the reasons why no single one of the numerous competing poems was selected as worthy of the prize offered. This he has done in eight essays or chapters, in which he has fully proved that both himself and the committee had perfectly clear ideas of what is *not* wanted in a national anthem. What *is* necessary it seems that none of the twelve hundred competitors fully comprehended, and we doubt whether the committee were much better informed. The truth is that a national

song can never be written in that manner, and if the committee had realized this fact, they might have saved themselves much unnecessary labor. When this required national air shall be written, it will, doubtless, be the offspring of chance both in its production and adoption. It will be written, because some poet, perhaps a humble one, shall feel the glow of true patriotism—not a burning desire to finger five hundred dollars; and it will be adopted because the nation will find a chord in it responsive to the loyal feelings animating its own breast. Nevertheless, this book is deserving of careful study on account of the suggestions it offers upon the subject of which it treats. It contains some of the best songs offered for consideration, any one of which is *meritorious* enough, if that were all required, to obtain the prize. And on the other hand the reader's risibles will be excited by specimens of some of the poorest, published of course anonymously, to save the feelings of the aspiring authors. Price $1 00.

—

From H. Dexter & Co., and Ross & Tousey, New York, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

TALES OF THE TIME. A collection of stories from the pens of John T. Irving, Henry P. Leland, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Miss C. M. Sedgwick, and others, which appeared originally in the *Knickerbocker* magazine. Price 25 cents.

—

From T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston, through Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. A story from "Temple Bar," and "Tales of the Day." Illustrated. For notice of this work see books published by Messrs. Peterson, the second under the head of "Literary Notices." Price 37 cents.

—

From Charles Scribner, New York:—

ELIJAH. *A Sacred Drama, and other Poems.* By Rev. Robert Davidson, D. D. Dr Davidson has manifold claims upon public estimation, as a sound divine, a careful historian, a scholar, a critic, and now a poet; for his "Elijah" is marked with the deep earnestness and delicate and suggestive touches of the brotherhood whom he "delighted to honor," in his popular lecture lately delivered. He has chosen from the wonderful history of the man of God, the stupendous miracle wrought on the heights of Carmel, and rehearsed it with dramatic vigor and classical correctness, combined with poetic feeling and fancy. We instance the fine descriptions of nature, the conception of Jezebel's character and presence, Elijah's noble stand for truth, Zabdiel's interpretation of prayer, the graceful chorus of the priests of Baal, and the closing chorus of the "Sons of the Prophets." Among the minor poems we commend, as favorites, "Too Late," "Paul at Malta," and the popular verses "Compensations." May the success of the volume be deserving of the author and publisher!

THE EPISTLES TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Valuable for the theological and Biblical student; critical, explanatory, and withal clear, as might be expected from its careful author. One could wish to see his "Parables" printed in the same good tasteful style, uniform with the present volume.

—

From Charles Scribner, New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

LESSONS IN LIFE. *A Series of Familiar Essays.* By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to the Young," "Gold Foil," etc. J. G. Holland, the author of this work, is one of the best of American writers in his peculiar school. This volume, though differing in kind from any of his previous works, yet bears upon it the marks of the same sound, practical sense that characterizes them all. He writes with the confidence of a man who knows he is entitled to a hearing; and though the reader may not always agree with the opinions advanced, or propositions declared, yet they are stated with such an appearance of honesty and truthfulness of purpose that they will win his respect. Price $1 00.

—

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

STREAKS OF LIGHT: *or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year.* By the author of "More about Jesus," "Reading without Tears," "Peep of Day," etc. An elegantly bound book, intended for our younger friends, and relating stories selected from the Bible. The book is very finely illustrated. Price 75 cents.

NOTICE TO QUIT. By W. G. Wills, author of "Life's Foreshadowings." The author of this is evidently a shrewd reader of human nature, something of a philosopher, and a ready writer. The principle which he announces as that of the "patent safety buffer," and illustrates in the tactics of Mrs. Bröm, is novel in conception, though true to the life. The story is dated back years ago, in the days when the subject of railroads was first broached, and one of its most striking characters is Mr. Gowan, who is building a pet locomotive, which he warrants will run, when finished, at the incredible speed of "ten miles an hour," and which he feels certain will outdo anything "Geordie Stephenson" can produce. Price 50 cents.

—

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston, through W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia:—

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. This author is too well known to require an extended notice of the volume which he has just issued. The book opens with a poem of considerable length, entitled "Agnes," embodying a New England romance of more than a century ago. Afterwards follow a large number of shorter miscellaneous pieces, displaying all the poetry, genius, and wit of which this talented and versatile writer is capable. Price $1 25.

POEMS. By John G. Saxe. Complete in one volume. This elegant little volume, resplendent in blue and gold, embraces all the poems included in the first volume of Mr. Saxe's productions, published about twelve years ago; and, added to these, as many more written since that period. The book is embellished by a fine frontispiece, representing the genial features of the author. It is a valuable addition to the library of standard poets published by the enterprising house of Ticknor & Fields.

—

From Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, through Wm. S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia:—

THE NEAR AND THE HEAVENLY HORIZONS. By Madame de Gasparin. We have seen few books more replete with spiritual beauty and meaning. The author's descriptive powers are extraordinary, and the delicate touch with which she evolves, from the most ordinary incidents of an apparently prosaic life, a deep moral purpose and power, and the way in which she shows the workings of the Divine Spirit with the human soul, evince a great insight into the mysteries of our being.

THOUGHTS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE. By Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. Compiled by John G Hall, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Fort Plain, New York This work, full of profound thought and clear exposition, will be a valuable addition to any one's library. It is a book to lie on the table for daily use and profit. Every sentence in it is valuable not only for itself, but for what it suggests.

OLD MARGIE'S FLOWER STALL: *and other Stories.* Another of the pretty and interesting little books for the young, valuable as impressing pure moral and religious truth, while amusing the little reader.

HARRY DANGERFIELD, *the Poacher.* By A. L. O E., authoress of "Young Pilgrim," "The Adopted Son," etc etc

ANGUS TARLTON: *or, Illustrations of the Fruits of the Spirit.* By A L. O. E., authoress of the "Claremont Tales," etc etc.

These two little books, with their beautiful illustrations, and their story so pleasantly told, would be a valuable addition to every Sunday School library The moral tone of all the works written by this author is pure and elevated, and her style is very simple and pleasing.

—

From Munroe & Co, Boston and Cambridge:—

MOUNT AUBURN *its Scenes, its Beauties, and its Lessons.* By Wilson Flagg, author of "Studies in the Field and Forest" A volume of essays and poems not only on Mount Auburn and its monuments and sacred dead, but on subjects connected with the last resting-place of mankind in all ages and countries. It is a work of interest and research.

THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE: *being that of Albert Dürer.* Translated from the German of Leopold Schefler, by Mrs. J R Stoddart Revised edition, with Memoir. This beautiful and pathetic tale, although called a novel, is so far founded on fact that we may receive it, in all its main incidents, as a true picture of the life of the celebrated artist, Dürer. Sad as it is, it furnishes a mirror for many a worldly helpmate of a man of genius and sensibility to trace in it her own picture, and to see the sad results that spring from anxious desires after earthly good.

THE MAGNET STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," Mrs. S. C Hall, etc. etc. With Illustrations. Every story in this beautiful little book is by well-known and approved writers. They are all interesting and profitable. It would be a pretty holiday gift.

—

JUVENILES.—We have received a new package of books from the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, chiefly made up of a series of little volumes from the pen of Jenny Marsh Parker, six in number.

AROUND THE MANGER—is a series of simple explanations and applications of the blessings and duties clustering around Christmas. It is admirable.

SIMPLE LESSONS—have for their text the first study of the little ones connected with the church which supports this useful publishing house—the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Parents and sponsors of such children will find this volume of great assistance in their promised religious training.

SEEDS FOR SPRING TIME Excellent in its way, but not calculated to be of such real service as the other volumes by this excellent writer, as it is devoted chiefly to "things external."

"LIGHT OF THE WORLD," and "LIFE OF SAINT PAUL," are paraphrases of the Lives of Our Saviour and "the Apostle of the Gentiles," in simple clear language.

FRANK EARNEST, a tale for boys, is in Mrs Parker's happiest vein, worthy of a place by "The Boy Missionary," and "Losing the Way."

THE ISLAND OF LIFE. An allegory, founded upon the text, "These all confessed that they were pilgrims on the earth," good in itself, and very prettily got up with graceful steel etchings.

JOAH AND LLUGWY *a Tale of North Wales*, and THE CAPTIVE CHILDREN, are the last of these little volumes. The first gives us pictures from life in Wales, of which so little is known; the other is a touching story of some German children stolen by the Indians on our frontiers, and finally restored to their parents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—On first opening the book, our subscribers will perceive the beautiful steel engraving of "The Snow Storm," and they will exclaim, "How beautiful!" Therefore it is unnecessary for us to say anything more on the subject, except to add that it is beautiful. May we also ask attention to the pretty faces of the two girls in this plate?

Our Fashion-plate is also splendid—six figures—and copied from the actual dresses, not suppositious fashions.

Back of a Chair is also another illustration for this number, printed in six colors To be worked on coarse canvas with bright colored zephyrs.

—

NOT PUTTING COUNTY OR STATE.—We have a letter from Mrs. Anna M. Anderson which we cannot answer, as neither town nor State is in her letter; and we have one from Monticello, no State given, and there are sixteen Monticellos in the post-office book. Why will not correspondents try and be a little careful? Always put Town, County and State.

—

A PLEASANT LETTER, WITH A CLUB.

Nov. 27, 1861.

The Lady's Book has given the greatest possible satisfaction to the gentlemen as well as ladies. One of the former resumed his wife's subscription unsolicited, with this remark, that "Rasher was worth the price of the book." I think it has been all we could desire; and we expect it to improve next year, not because it is not quite good enough already, but because our Godey always finds something new to improve its usefulness and appearance every year. I may add that all your subscribers in this place hope you may live long to be our guide in useful information and fashion, and all those other matters we so much need to know, and all of which we so gladly receive through the unequalled Lady's Book. Miss K.

—

THE Fort Dodge *Republican* says: "If every one who borrows our copy would subscribe for one for themselves, but few houses in town would be without one."

What a reflection upon the ladies at Fort Dodge! Let them all read this paragraph.

And here is another:—

The Canton *Ledger* says: "Our *lady borrowers* can attest to the value they place upon the book."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

OUR record for the month is a little meagre. The little that is vouchsafed us, in Opera and Soiree, lacks spirit, and is therefore deficient in quality, even full houses and a not always empty treasury failing to put life into singer and musician. Carl Wolfsohn and Theo. Thomas are giving their third season of Classical Soirees; the Germania Orchestra are very soberly going through their sixth winter at the Musical Fund Hall; Carl Gaertner's Reunions at the Foyer of the Academy are continued; there is an occasional performance of Opera—just enough to be provoking—besides a few entertainments of a more private nature; and here the record ends.

New Church Music Book.—Dr Lowell Mason has edited and compiled, and Messrs. Mason Brothers, of New York, have just published, a book which, after careful examination, we do not hesitate to pronounce the best work for church choirs and singing schools that has appeared since the same author's well-known Carmina Sacra. It is entitled Asaph or the Choir Book; a Collection of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular, adapted for choirs, singing schools, musical societies, and social and religious assemblies. The elementary portion is fuller and more intelligibly simplified than in other books of the kind, the exercises being enlivened by many secular pieces, glees, four part songs, etc., to the number of about two hundred. This feature must make the work particularly acceptable to singing schools. In the body of the volume are most of the old favorite church tunes with a very great variety of new matter, including, besides the usual metre tunes, anthems, sentences, motets, etc. We will undertake to send sample copies to choristers, teachers, and private singing circles, postage prepaid, on receipt of one dollar. The wholesale rate is $8 per dozen, purchasers to pay freight or postage.

Star-Spangled Banner.—Quite a beautiful little publication has just been issued by Mr. Jas. G. Gregory, New York, containing, first, the words of our great national song, a stanza to a page, each with an appropriate illustration, from drawings by Darley, four in all; and, secondly, the music with the words, arranged for the piano from Berg's arrangement, an additional four pages; the whole printed on heavy cream-tinted paper, in the most elegant style, with handsome illuminated cover. This little gem makes a neat table or piano ornament, and at the price—twenty-five cents per copy, the usual price of the music alone—deserves a large circulation. We can mail it to any address on receipt of price.

New Sheet Music for Piano.—Meet me Beneath the Willows, price 25 cents, is a very pretty serenade, composed by H. P. Danks. We have often had occasion to commend the music of Mr. Danks to our readers, and this is one of his most pleasing compositions. Oh, Remember, a Peasant's Song at Parting, is a beautiful composition by our contributor, J. H. McNaughton. Price 35 cents. War March is another piece by same composer. Price 35 cents. We will mail any of these pieces on receipt of price, or they may be ordered with music named in the January column. Address

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

WITH a club of $10.

OHIO, *Nov.* 1861.

Many complain that the times are hard, and they cannot afford to take the Book. I know the times are hard, and we all have to economize, but I had rather do with one less dress than without the Lady's Book. MRS. S.

MISS HALE'S SCHOOL.—Philadelphia has always been celebrated for its schools for the education of young ladies, and has probably done more for the improvement of feminine intellect than any other city in the Union. Among these, one establishment we would like to mention, with some of the commendations it merits, that of Miss Hale, 1826 Rittenhouse Square.

In some fashionable boarding-schools the lady who presides is very superficially acquainted with the various accomplishments taught apparently under her supervision, and has to rely on the competence of teachers employed. This is a very imperfect way of proceeding, as it is impossible to give a proper direction to any business without understanding it. Miss Hale is a lady of very superior attainments, and perfectly qualified, both by her knowledge, and by a long experience in teaching, to discipline and instruct the minds of those confided to her. Added to this she gives a most conscientious and watchful attention to the characters and dispositions of her pupils, and very carefully looks after their comfort and health. Her house is beautifully situated opposite a large park, which makes the air more salubrious than in the closer parts of the city. The young ladies have every indulgence compatible with improvement, and we do not hesitate to say are as happy as it is possible for children to be who are not in their parents' house.

R. SPALDING AGAIN.—In our October number we advertised this individual. Why do not the country press also advertise him, and protect their citizens against his depredations? The last time he was at Rondout, N. Y., where he promised a person a gold-stone pin for a subscription. Now he is at Easton, Pa., where he has swindled two persons out of $2 50 each; but we do not hear of any premium of a gold-stone pin, or any other bogus jewelry, but we think that portion of the business has been concealed from us. This miserable attempt to save a few cents always leads to difficulties. Both of these subscribers at Easton paid $2 50 to a person without any authority, losing the whole amount of their money; and they could have secured the Book one year by each sending us $3. We again repeat that R. Spalding, or any person, has no authority from us to procure subscriptions to the Lady's Book, as we have no agents.

WITH a club of $21 69.

MAINE, *Dec.* 2, 1861.

I send you my annual offering as a token of the high estimation in which your Lady's Book is held; not merely an offering of dollars and cents, but also of sympathy and love for all that is good and beautiful, which you send us from month to month. MRS. W.

BLITZ—Prince of magicians, infinitely superior to your Hermanns and Andersons, because he can do all they can do, and many things they cannot. Who can ventriloquize like Blitz? who can extract all sorts of vegetables from innocent bystanders like Blitz? who has such excellent birds? and who can, in fact, entertain an audience alone and unassisted like the celebrated professor? No, there is but one Blitz, and his establishment is at the north-east corner of Tenth and Chestnut, where nightly may be seen our best citizens and their families.

WITH a club of $10.

ILLINOIS, *Nov* 19, 1861.

Notwithstanding the times, our ladies think they can do without something of less value than without your magazine, for to them it is invaluable. M.

THE ROSE.

The rose still maintains its position as the most attractive of flowers, every year adds a large number of varieties to our extended lists, new at least in name, if not in character; and it shall be our especial endeavor, after careful comparisons, to point out such of them as show a decided improvement in their leading characteristics over pre-existing varieties.

A few remarks, also, about *budded*, or, as they are commonly called, *grafted roses*, may not be out of place here; there exists a most unfounded prejudice against them. Of course it is not recommended to bud all kinds, but there are numerous splendid varieties which appear to thrive only when budded on a strong growing stock; again, newly introduced varieties can at first rarely be obtained on their own roots. The greatest objection to budded roses is the "suckering" of the stock, which, if permitted to grow, naturally takes away the strength of the plant. When budded on the *manetti rose* (which is the stock now generally used), they can readily be distinguished by the pale green color of the leaves and the brownish-green of their stems, armed with formidable thorns. They should be cut away clean from the base of starting, for which purpose the soil should be removed a little around the stem. There will be little trouble after the first season.

A fresh loamy soil, enriched with well rotted cow-manure, we have found the best for roses.

Ever-blooming roses cannot be secured unless the plants are kept in a vigorous growing condition. To derive the greatest enjoyment from rose culture, the beds should be prepared exclusively for their benefit, and their fertility preserved by yearly top-dressing with well rotted manure; they should also be thoroughly pruned in the spring, removing all the old or stunted growth; the flowers also should be removed as soon as they begin to decay below the first joint.

Many of the most desirable kinds are liable to injury from severe winters, and are covered with straw, etc., to protect them from heavy frosts. This mode of protection is unsightly and only partially effective; the simplest and surest method is to bend down the stem and peg them close to the surface of the ground; then draw the earth over them, so that they will be covered about an inch deep. Where they stand so close as to render it difficult to cover in this manner, additional soil or sand should be procured to effect a thorough protection. No better mode can be adopted to secure a profusion of fine blooms.

The following roses have been selected after a careful comparison from the newest introductions, and are confidently recommended:—

New. Hybrid Perpetuals. All hardy. Price 75 cents each; six dollars per dozen.

Adolph Bosange, very large crimson, shaded lilac.
Anna de Diesbach, pure rose, beautifully cupped, very large.
Comptess de Chabrilliand, pink, elegantly cupped, large, the finest of that color.
Emperor de Marroc, very dark velvety maroon; the finest of the dark hybrids.
Alexandrine de Belfroy, brilliant crimson, very large, with magnificent foliage.
Lord Elgin, dark purple, shaded with crimson; extra.
Madlle. de Bonneure, pure white, large; fine form.
Madam Boll, clear rose, very large, and double; extra.
Imperatrice Eugenie, pure white; extra.
Montebello, velvety carmine.
Vainqueur de Solferino, full deep red; fine.
Victor Verdier, very large, full carmine; beautiful.

New Tea Roses—require protection in the winter. 75 cents each.

Madam Falcott, dark buff, yellow centre.
Madam Vatry, dark rosy crimson; the darkest of the teas.
Homer, blush, shaded with crimson; fine; very vigorous.
America, creamy yellow.

New Bourbon Roses. $1 each. More hardy than the above.

Giuletta, blush white, large, in clusters, fine foliage; extra vigorous.
Mons. Gourdoult, full deep purple.
Victor Emmanuel, dark purple, extra.

New Moss Roses. 75 cents each. All hardy.

Reine Blanche, fine pure white.
Mad. Hoche, splendid, imbricated white.

Select list of Roses of such varieties as will thrive well on their own roots.

Hybrid Perpetuals. 50 cents each; $4 50 per dozen.

Auguste Mie, rose, fine form.
Cardinal Patrizzi, dark velvety crimson.
Charles Boissiere, full, brilliant red.
Doctour Henon, creamy white.
Geant des Batailles, bright scarlet.
General Jacqueminot, large size, full, brilliant red.
Glorie de Vitry, bright rosy crimson.
Lord Raglan, large, brilliant crimson.
Madame Domage, very full, large, bright rose.
Madame Masson, large, extra fine, brilliant crimson, changing to velvety violet.
Orifiame de St. Louis, bright scarlet.
Pauline Lansezeur, large and full, brilliant carmine and violet.

Bourbon Roses.—This class contains some of our choicest ever-blooming roses. They require but a slight protection. Price $2 for the six varieties.

Dr. Berthet, large, brilliant crimson.
Empress Eugenie, large, pale rose.
Louise Odier, rosy pink, full, and finely formed.
Marquise de Balbiano, rosy carmine; extra fine.
Souvenir de Malmaison, large blush.
Hermosa, bright pink; free bloomer.

Bengal or Daily Roses.—This class is particularly desirable for their ever-blooming qualities, and require but a slight protection during the winter. Price $1 50 for the six.

Abbe Moiland, reddish purple.
Archduke Charles, pink, changing to crimson.
Eugene Beauharnais, deep crimson, globular.
Citizen of two Worlds, purplish crimson.
Louis Philippe, dark crimson.
Indica Alba, pure white.

Tea-Scented Roses.—To the free blooming habit of the Bengal section the tea-scented roses add the delicious perfume which gives them their title. While they are not so hardy north of this latitude as the classes already noticed, covered in the manner already described, they will stand the most severe winters. The following are desirable. Price $1 50 for the six:—

Amabilis, clear rose; Devoniensis, creamy yellow, magnolia perfume; Gloire de Dijon, rosy buff, large, and fine; Madam Bravy, pure white; Madame Melanie Willermoz, creamy white; Saffrano, dark sulphur and buff.

Noisette Roses.—These are free-blooming, flowering in clusters, of taller habit than the foregoing classes. Some of them are very fragrant, and many of them quite hardy. The last three are adapted for training to trellises and pillars.

Amie Vibert, pure white; Caroline Marniesse, creamy white; Cinderella, salmon pink, dark centre; Champney, pink clusters; Superba, blush pink; Triomphe de la Duchess, light rose.

Perpetual Moss.—These are of comparatively recent introduction; they are quite hardy. The following three choice sorts for $1 50.—

Alfred de Dalmas, very double, rose; Madam Edouard Ory, full rosy crimson; Salet, rosy pink, free bloomer.

Common Moss.—The following are select varieties of the favorite moss-rose. Four varieties for $1 50:—

Etna, brilliant crimson; Lane, dark rosy violet; Princess Adelaide, rosy lilac, large clusters; Unique de Province, white.

Hardy Climbing Roses.—The following are hardy, and desirable for covering trellises, walls, etc. 30 cents each:—

Baltimore Belle, blush; Queen of Prairies, rosy pink; Grevillié or Seven Sisters, changeable; White Microphylla, very hardy, glossy foliage.

Our limits will preclude the possibility of extending

this article, or we could add many other choice roses; for these, as well as lists of *New Verbenas, Fuchsias, Lantanas, Heliotropes, Salvias, Geraniums, Phlox*, and other plants, suitable for bedding out or for pot culture, we must refer to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1862, which will be forwarded to all applicants by inclosing a three cent stamp. This little work will be found to contain a great variety of useful and practical information for the *vegetable, flower, and fruit garden*, with select lists in the various departments. We cannot close without acknowledging the many kind letters received from our correspondents during the past year, testifying their satisfaction with the articles received from us. The usual care in packing and forwarding will be observed; yet we do not profess to be infallible, and in the hurry of business errors will sometimes occur; in such cases we shall esteem it a favor to be promptly informed in order that it may be satisfactorily adjusted. Any information on the subject of horticulture that it may be in our power to impart will be cheerfully communicated by addressing the undersigned.

H. A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist,*
327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MISSING NUMBERS.—Those who do not receive a January number must write for it at once, and so with every other number of the year; if they do not, we do not feel obliged to supply them. A club will be sent for 1862, we will say, and we are then informed that certain numbers in 1861 never came to hand. This may be so, and then again it may not; they may have lost the numbers by lending them, and then call upon us to supply the deficiency. Now let it be distinctly understood that we will only supply missing numbers when they are written for at the time. When you receive a February number, and the January number has not been received, then write.

DODGE, OSSIAN E., has sent us a copy of his biographical, historical, and incidental sketch. The stories are very funny, and it is just the book to take up when you have a fit of the blues. Scott's Dime Library, No. 10, is the book to ask for. A spirited likeness of Dodge is on the cover. Price only 10 cents. F. Scott, New York, is the publisher.

GOOD NEWS for boys who are anxious to get out to play.

A SKEIN HOLDER.—Maxwell, corner of Eleventh and Chestnut, has this article, and very neat it is. Two little instruments can be screwed on a table or stand; they have rollers on them, on which the skein is placed, and thus the use of a pair of arms is dispensed with. Of course lovers will not use them, as the operation of winding a skein is a very pretty way of conveying certain little love-passages; at least it used to be so in our time.

A BEAUTIFUL little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called "The Parlor Gardener," has been lately published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called "Art Recreations," which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, $1 50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

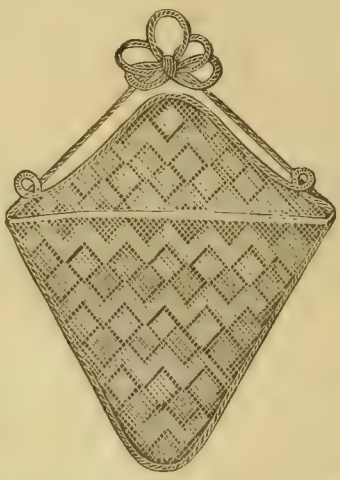
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

HARLEQUIN WATCH-POCKET.

Materials.—Black filet, fourteen skeins of gold thread, any crochet silks you may have by you, a little black satin, stout card-board, and two and a half yards of colored cord.

THIS pretty watch-pocket is in two parts. The front, which is embroidered entirely over; and the back, of which the upper part only is worked.



The vandykes are done in gold thread; the spots in silks of as many different colors as possible. The card-board, cut out in the shapes seen in the engraving, is covered on both sides with a piece of dimity, under the black satin. The netting is sewed over, and the edges finished with a handsome cord, which also serves to suspend the pocket.

The silks used for darning the spots should be as brilliant and as varied as possible.

WE also give one or two little games for the entertainment of our young friends.

BUFF WITH THE WAND.

Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands in a circle around him, he holding a long stick. The players then skip round him once, and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand and directs it by chance; and the person whom it touches must grasp the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognizes him they change places, but if not, he must continue blind, till he makes a right guess.

THE ELEMENTS.

In this game the party sits in a circle; one throws a handkerchief at another and calls out, "Air, earth, or water?" and the person whom the handkerchief hits, must name a creature native to the element called, before the caller can count ten. If a wrong one is named, or the person does not speak quickly enough, a forfeit must be paid.

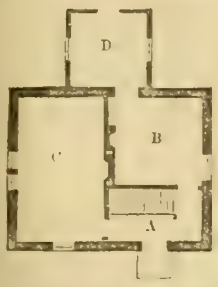
OUR NEEDLES.—We can now supply everybody. Some had to wait; but we are now in possession of 500,000, and as long as that number will last we can send. But it will not be long, as the demand is incessant.

A WORKINGMAN'S COTTAGE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

We present to the readers of "Godey" for this month another of those designs by Mr. Sloan, which it has so often given us pleasure to publish. The accompanying engravings are intended to represent a small but compact house, in fact a house in which use is made of every

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



available foot of space consistent with comfort to the inmates; and while it may be erected at the quite moderate cost of $800, if of brick, it has the other advantage of being quite ornate in outward appearance, while its wide projecting roof and protected windows give it that air of comfort which often is not to be found in more pretentious mansions. The *first floor* contains a hall 6 by 6 wide, marked A; a parlor, C, 12 by 16; living-room, B, 12 by 12, and kitchen, D, 10 by 10; while the *second floor* has three chambers of good size, and strictly private, all being easily accessible from the stair landing.

LET it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

THE Fashion Editor desires us to say that she receives orders from those who are subscribers and those who are not; in fact, she never stops to inquire whether they are or are not subscribers to the Lady's Book.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp, and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

A. M.—Sent cloak pattern, November 15th.

Miss M. S. J.—Sent bonnet, dress, &c., by Howard's express 16th.

Miss S. M. T.—Sent cloak by Adams's express 18th.

Mrs. C. H. L.—Sent pattern Natalie cloak 19th.

Miss S. C. R.—Sent pattern Clotilde cloak 19th.

Mrs. S. M. J.—Sent patterns 19th.

Miss H. S. T.—Sent pattern of Garibaldi shirt 19th.

Miss M. E. T.—Sent buttons 20th.

H. R.—Sent Marine jacket pattern 20th.

Miss H. Y. H.—Sent worsted 21st.

H. W. L.—Sent hair ring 22d.

M. E. C.—Sent article 22d.

Rev. W. L. P.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 23d.

Mrs. D. R. H.—Sent Marine jacket pattern 23d.

H. W. C.—Sent pattern Natalie cloak 25th.

Mrs. S. E. McA.—Sent pattern Eugenie cloak 25th.

Mrs. H. E. S.—Sent gimp for silk dress 26th.

Mrs. A. H. T.—Sent zephyr 27th.

Mrs. M. E. P.—Sent pattern Andalusian cloak 29th.

Mrs. C. L. F.—Sent pattern Andalusian cloak 29th.

Mrs. Dr. A.—Sent patterns, &c., December 2d.

Mrs. T. H.—Sent pattern bed pocket 3d.

Mrs. G. E. E.—Sent black feather 4th.

Miss J. T.—Sent your braided jacket pattern 4th.

Miss W. H. F.—Sent pattern of Lancer jacket 4th.

Mrs. Dr. C.—Sent cloak and dress by Adams's express 5th.

Mrs. A. R. B.—We can send you a jacket pattern with braiding patterns fitted to it for fifty cents.

Mrs. S. V. P.—Sent Garibaldi shirt pattern 5th.

Mrs. J. L. H.—Sent hair bracelet 6th.

A. M. S.—Sent trimmings for cloaks by Adams's express 7th.

Mrs. H. M.—Sent pattern Andalusian cloak 7th.

Mrs. A. W. S.—Sent pattern Aissa cloak 7th.

Mrs. M. H.—Sent patterns of cloak and gored dress 7th.

Miss V. O.—Sent pattern Garibaldi shirt 7th.

Mrs. M. H. L.—Sent Clotilde jacket, 7th.

Mrs. A. G. W.—Yes, braiding will be very fashionable, particularly for little jackets.

Mrs. J. L.—Sent the new style of crochet sack for your infants 7th.

Mrs. C. G.—The Garibaldi shirt is made of flannel or merino, and worn as a morning costume for ladies, and for dress by both little boys and girls.

Miss J. X.—Sent drawers, lace, and hair net 9th.

Miss A. X.—Sent chemise 9th.

Mrs. S. P.—Sent crochet scarf for little son 9th.

E. J.—Sent furs by Adams's express 10th.

Mrs. F. F.—Yes, the Clotilde jacket is a new style; it resembles the Zouave.

T. V. H.—Sent pattern Aissa cloak 10th.

Mrs. J. M. S—Sent pattern Andalusian cloak and waist pattern 10th.

Mrs. G. H.—Sent Godenski crochet caps. They are worn by both boys and girls, 10th.

Mrs. H. T.—Sent Garibaldi shirt pattern 11th.

Mrs. S. P.—Sent Marine jacket 11th.

Mrs. I. M. P.—Sent hair ring 11th.

Miss M. C. V.—Sent hair breastpin 12th.

Mrs. H. S.—A crochet sack would be decidedly the prettiest thing for your infant. You can also have a cap to match.

Mrs. H. C.—Sent Godenski cap for your little son 12th.

Mrs. J. H. H.—Sent jacket pattern 13th.

L. B.—Sent pattern Zouave vest 13th.

Mrs. P. D. C—Sent Shetland wool 13th.

Rev. C. M—Sent nubia, &c. by Adams's express 13th.

J. P. C.—Sent materials for paper flowers by Adams's express 14th.

Mrs. L. C. G.—Sent hair vest chain 16th.

Miss A. M. P.—Sent pattern Garibaldi shirt 16th.

Mrs. J. C. T. B—Sent pattern Marine jacket 17th.

Mrs. T.—Sent pattern Marine jacket 17th.

Mrs. R. T.—Sent skating caps for children 17th.

Mrs. E. R.—Sent Marine and Lancer jackets 17th.

Miss E. W.—Sent silk 19th.

A Subscriber, Canada.—We published a portrait of Her Majesty and the royal children, then in existence, some years ago.

Mr. L. V. A.—Many accidents have occurred from the explosion of gas emanating from coal oil, or what purports to be that article. In one case, a person filling a lamp in daytime, at a distance of several feet from a stove, was dreadfully burned from the gas emanating from the oil-can, which ignited at the stove and caused a terrible explosion. In this case the oil had been kept in a closet near the fire, and was warm, but not hot. It seems that coal oil evolves an inflammable gas at a temperature which does not exceed the ordinary temperature of a room heated by a stove in winter. We should consider the use of this oil for household purposes as highly dangerous.

B. G.—Write to Fashion editor, and inclose a stamp to pay return postage, and she will give you the information.

Mrs. L. O.—Whether you do or not is a matter of perfect indifference to us. The Fashion editor attends to her own business, and we to ours. There is no connection between the two departments.

Mrs. A. W. S.—Address Fashion editor, care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

L. V. C.—Read Mr. Dreer's contribution in this number. He can supply all flowers and seeds that you may want, and he can be relied on.

V. R.—Consult a Doctor.

G. W.—Registering a letter is simply saying, "There is money in this letter; steal this in preference to any other." That is our opinion of registered letters, and the late Postmaster-General, Holt, was of the same opinion.

Mrs. L. B.—Cannot be a subscriber. We have published at different times at least a dozen patterns.

S. D. A.—Write to Musical editor, J. Starr Hollaway, Philadelphia.

Miss H. E. M.—The articles can be furnished. Send drafts on this city or New York. We only send if the money is received, and take no responsibility.

H. A. DREER'S—SEEDSMAN—ANSWERS TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. C.—The buds dropping off your camellias is probably caused by too high and dry a temperature. Camellias require a cool, moist atmosphere. Sponging off the leaves occasionally with water will be found beneficial. The best soil for them is a mixture of three parts fresh loam and one part each of leaf mould, sand, and rotten manure; where peat soil is obtainable, substitute it for the sand. The best time to repot them is as soon as they are done flowering.

L. D. M.—You can obtain your flower as well as vegetable seeds by mail. By a recent Act of Congress, they can be sent any distance under fifteen hundred miles for one cent per ounce, in packages not exceeding eight ounces. We are now sending out assortments of twelve new and rare, or twenty-five choice, popular, free flowering varieties, for one dollar each.

K. H.—Cuttings of all plants are most readily rooted in pure sand; as soon as they are well rooted, they should be potted off in small pots in good, light sandy soil. Be careful not to over water.

SOLVENT BANK NOTES.—We advertise that we will take solvent bank notes in payment of the Lady's Book. We thought that the word solvent would be well understood, but we are mistaken, as two letters lately received will prove. We give one of them.

"I inclose five dollars for two copies of the Lady's Book. The note has been pronounced a counterfeit here, but as you advertise to take *solvent* bank notes, I presume it will answer for you."

Now what does this person suppose "solvent" means? Will anybody explain?

THIS IS FAME.

This magazine is too well known to require any praise from us. There is scarcely a home in our country where it has never been; we have seen it in the rude log cabin by the banks of the Arkansas, and in the not less rude abode of the pioneer in the forests of the North, and in all localities, and under all circumstances; whether in the land of the snowy cotton, or in the lumber forests of a less genial clime, it has been a universal favorite. We have not been able to repeat all the good things promised for the coming volume; subscribe for it by all means.—*Mercury*, Rochester, Indiana.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(*Continued.*)

458. *Chloric Acid and Chlorates.*—We obtained nitric acid by distillation of a nitrate with sulphuric acid. Chloric acid cannot be obtained by a parallel operation, nor is it necessary that we should obtain it; an examination of the *chlorates* will suffice for our purpose.

459. Procure some chlorate of potash, a salt now extensively employed in the manufacture of lucifer matches. Drop a crystal of it on burning coal. Make a solution in water, and form touch-paper. It follows that the substance under examination must be a nitrate, chlorate, bromate or iodate. It may be demonstrated *not to be* a nitrate by repeating the operation detailed (445, latter end). It may be demonstrated *to be* a chlorate as follows:—

460. Put a few crystals of chlorate of potash (as many as will lie on a threepenny piece) into a test-tube placed upright in a perforated cork, thus. Pour upon it two or three drops of oil of vitriol. Remark the deep-colored gas which rises; it is called the peroxide of chlorine, and is explosive—dangerously so when prepared in large quantities. If, when the gas has risen nearly to the mouth of the tube, it be touched with the end of a bent wire, previously heated, the gas at once explodes. If, instead of heating the wire, a very minute bit of phosphorus, not larger than a mustard seed, be attached to the point and dipped into the gas, explosion again takes place. The operator will do well in either case to attach his wire to a long wooden handle, and stand as far removed from the tube liberating the gas as possible. A safer and more elegant way of conducting the experiment consists in bringing the gas into contact with the phosphorus under water, which may be accomplished as follows: Take a deep

conical wineglass, and proceed according to these directions: first, throw some crystals of chlorate of potash, then some phosphorus, cut small, *under water* (367); finally, having thrust down through the whole a glass funnel with a long neck, pour into the funnel a little oil of vitriol, which ultimately, coming into contact with the chlorate and phosphorus, liberates the explosive gas and sets the phosphorus on fire under water.

461. Put a few crystals of chlorate of potash into a German glass test-tube, apply a strong spirit-lamp flame, and demonstrate that the gas evolved is oxygen, by immersion of an incandescent though not flaming slip of wood.

462. Having powdered some lump sugar and some chlorate of potash separately, incorporate about equal parts, by means of a card slip, on paper. When incorporated, touch the mass with the end of a small glass rod, previously made wet with oil of vitriol: the whole bursts into flame.

463. Place in a strong Wedgewood mortar, a crystal of chlorate of potash; add about an equal amount of sulphur, rub both together with the pestle, and remark the series of explosions which result.

464. The preceding experiments are not devoid of amusement; they are not given, however, with precisely that object but for the purpose of displaying characteristics by which we may always recognize a chlorate. Generalization on this point will be made presently: meantime remember (*a*) that any body which evolves a red-colored explosive gas upon contact with oil of vitriol, *must be a chlorate*, *i. e.*, a combination of chloric acid with a base; (*b*) that any body which deflagrates when thrown upon red-hot coals, or the solution of which converts paper soaked in it, and dried, into tinder paper, must belong to one of four classes of salts; and if it also yields a red-colored explosive gas when brought into contact with oil of vitriol, it *must be a chlorate*.

465. For the purpose of completing the series, the student may procure a little bromate and iodate of potash, make touch-paper with each, throw a little of each on burning coals, and thus demonstrate that the salts in question belong to one of the four groups. Iodates may be tested by affecting a watery solution, adding a cold solution of starch and watery solution of sulphurous acid or sulphite of soda. If the salt be an iodate, the color developed will be blue; if a bromate, orange-colored.

Centre-Table Gossip.

HOODS AND WRAPS FOR EVENING.

For ladies desiring something more stylish than a knit hood, or something more novel, at least, there is a pretty fashion this season of capelines, like the open cloak, of cashmere satin or whatever it may be. For instance, a capeline and cloak of white satin for a bride; the capeline projects in front, and forms a slight point on the forehead. The curtain is quite deep, and is pointed at the back. The edge of the front and the curtain are finished by a rouleau of swansdown. The cloak is very long and wide, and at the back it is set on to the neck-piece in three large plaits; in front it hangs without fulness. It has a pelerine and very wide sleeves, open in front. The pelerine, the sleeves, and the cloak are all trimmed with swansdown. On each side there is a pocket with the opening made longitudinally, and edged with swansdown. This cloak is wadded, and has a quilted lining.

Swansdown is quite in favor again, we might remark, a wedding-dress having been trimmed with it. It is always suitable on fine white cashmere and satin. Large capes are made of it for evening wear.

The Jenny Lind Sortie de Bal is made of white Venetian cord. The trimming consists of a broad flounce of Spanish lace falling over a deep border of colored silk. The flounce is headed by a ruche of the same silk, and is set on in a festoon with a bow of ribbon at each angle. The flat hood is trimmed with Spanish lace over a band of colored silk, and fastened by a bow of ribbon with long flowing ends. The coiffure consists of a gold comb confining the plaits of hair at the back of the head, and in front a wreath of azalia.

A capeline of pale drab satin, or corded silk, is made full to admit the hair, and turns back at the face with a broad border of quilting in pale blue or cherry-color. The cape is very deep, to protect the uncovered neck and throat before and behind, with a point both ways, though rather narrow on the shoulder, showing scarcely more than the bordering, which is continued all round. This very comfortable capeline is wadded lightly with wool, and brighted by bows of ribbon, the same shade as the quilting, on the top, at the back, under the chin, and at the points of the cape, meeting in front. In plainer materials it will be found very serviceable for sleighing, skating, or any out-of-door exercise in the country.

FASHION ITEMS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Gold combs are, as we have said, very fashionable this winter as ornaments for the hair in evening costume. Some of the newest have tops either plain or set with pearls; others are ornamented with Byzantine and Greek design in burnished gold on a dead ground. Combs have also been made in coral, diamonds, and pearls, with pendeloques attached.

The fashionable fans consist of lace. White and black lace is manufactured expressly for these fans, and is placed over colored silk. Fans of white lace are mostly lined with pink, lilac, or orange silk. White silk is generally used for fans of black lace, but for these colored silk is also often employed. The handles of these fans are formed of mother-of-pearl, and many of them are

very richly set with jewels. A fan of black lace over white silk, and mounted on a handle of mother-of-pearl, unadorned with any ornament of gold, is in the best taste. Several very pretty fans, though less *recherché* than those just mentioned, are composed chiefly of white, pink, or black crape, spangled with gold or steel, and fringed with marabout.

Headdresses for ordinary wear still continue to be made of ruched silk, which is finished off sometimes by a row of lace; for the *cache-peigne* behind, a fanchon, or bows, or rosettes are used. The following are a few of the many which we have noticed:—

A wreath of silk bows, coming rather forward in front, and finished off behind by black and colored bows. This headdress may be made in any color, and ought to match the dress with which it is worn.

Another, a diadem of black and lilac silk rosettes, placed alternately on a ribbon foundation, with a large lilac bow at the back.

Another composed of black and white rosettes, mixed with yellow roses.

All these headdresses should be made rather pointed in front.

Waistbands continue to be worn in the Medicis form, rather wide, pointed upwards and downwards, either striped or embroidered with jet; some present flowers in colored silk; others again are tied at the side with long embroidered ends and an edging of narrow lace or fringe. Some have points behind as well as in front, and fasten at the side.

A new *ceinture*—the *ceinture dragonne*—is very graceful, whether of silk or ribbon. It has behind two little ends, fastened with fancy buttons, which may be as luxurious as can be desired, and forms a corselet in front, fastening at the side with two ends encircled with lace or quilted ribbon. This *ceinture* is made in two shades, which may be black and violet, cerise and white, mauve and white, according to the shades of the robe or that prevail in the toilet.

Chemisettes of white and colored cashmere have been prepared for wearing with the Zouave jackets still so fashionable in morning costume. These chemisettes have wide sleeves, closed at the wrists. Some pretty caps to be adopted with Zouave jackets, in morning *negligé*, consist of muslin and guipure, and are somewhat in the Mary Queen of Scots form.

Morning-dresses of white plush, lined with blue or gold-color, are very elegant and becoming.

Some of our fashionable dress-makers occasionally employ bands of plush for trimming out-door dresses. We have seen a dress of brown reps, trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with narrow bands of plush crossing each other, and in front a tablier formed of rows of plush. The sleeves of this dress are shaped to the elbow, and are terminated by a pointed revers of plush. With this dress a casaque of black velvet is worn. It has the form of a paletot in front, and is trimmed with chinchilla. We may mention that the last-named fur is regaining the fashionable favor it formerly enjoyed.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

Albums have once more claimed their place on "the Centre-Table;" not those of the persecuting order, that made the visitor tremble as he surveyed the touching tributes of affection therein recorded, lest he should, in turn, be bored for an "original" contribution, and which robbed Moore and Byron of much of their well-earned fame; but the album photographic, which all delight to honor, inasmuch as few people are averse to seeing their faces or their names in print!

At Appleton's crowded counters, during the holiday season, these graceful volumes, in all their styles of binding and gilding, from expensive Turkey antique, with gilded clasp, to simple cloth, with its spray of "forget-me-nots" on the cover, were the chief centre of attraction; and, in the midst of home demands, a succession of telegraphic orders were flashed from San Francisco—a duplicate, then a triplicate, until the amount reached nearly $1000. This shows the unprecedented popularity of this new phase of the Heliographic art, which has surprised even the fortunate suggestor of the plan. It would pass belief, if we could gather the number of thousands of *carte de visites* exchanged in the holiday season. Appleton's gallery is never without its waiting visitors, and the new and handsome establishment of Root, so long a favorite with all Philadelphians, is another which attracts the "Flora McFlimseys, of Madison Square," being situated in that aristocratic neighborhood, just below the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

In fact, one can scarcely pass a square in any of our large cities without being arrested by the cases of rival photographers, filled with distinguished people in military, literary, artistic, and clerical life. As the London correspondent of the *Evening Post* wittily says—

"We see Patti as 'Lucia,' Patti as 'Amina,' Patti as 'Rosina;' Patti standing by a big white vase, Patti seated intently looking into a book, Patti about descending a marble staircase, Patti served up in every style. Indeed, the photographers' windows are becoming a most attractive feature of London, Paris, Vienna, and the other European capitals. Only it is rather confusing to see so many lifelike portraits of so many and such diverse people; and, after a long stare, you go away somewhat dazed, wondering why Louis Napoleon was a rope-dancer, what Blondin was doing with a crown and coronation robe, what President Lincoln meant by dancing the Redowa with the Empress Dowager of Russia, why Taglioni wore a black cloth coat and carried a scroll in her hand, why Grisi and Mario were performing gymnastic feats, why the wondrous Leotard was playing on a guitar under a lilac bush, why the Prince of Wales was performing the part of the Wandering Minstrel, and what under earth Robson, the comedian, was doing in company with the Prince Consort, the Queen, Count Cavour, D'Israeli, the King of Prussia, Arabella Goddard, Spurgeon, Garibaldi, Prince Alfred, Franz Joseph II., Duchess of Sutherland, Earl Russell, Count Persigny, Queen Isabella, Louisa Pyne, Sam Cowell, Jeff Davis, and the gorilla."

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co's., mourning goods from Besson & Son, cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York, bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are selected, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchaser, therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.—Visiting or home dress of gray Irish poplin. The corsage plain and round. Skirt sewn in moderately wide plaits; the skirt is trimmed by seven bands of raspberry-colored silk on the bias, alternating with rows of narrow black velvet. These bands grow extremely narrow above the knee, as they rise in an easy curve to the waist, and are spread out on the corsage above it, narrowing again near the throat. The sleeve has a cuff faced with the same shade of silk. Bonnet of drawn silk, velvet, and thulle, with a white plume; bow and edgings of raspberry-colored silk.

Fig. 2.—Dress of plain silk, a light shade of mauve, in fact the true mauve, or "mallow-color." The dress is cut in the Beatrix form, that is, without a separation at the waist. The skirt is so trimmed as to give an appearance of being double, the upper part having broad shallow scallops of silk, slightly full; the lower part has a Greek trimming, very popular in all its varieties the present season. It is formed by a two inch velvet, barred by narrow velvet, and defined by several black velvet buttons. A corresponding trimming is on the revers of the waist, the side ornament, or *patée*, and the peculiarly shaped sleeve.

Fig. 3.—Apple green silk; round waist, with revers waistcoat fashion (*en gilet*). The girdle, sleeves, and revers are trimmed by latticed ornaments of narrow black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Beatrix dress of light *tan d'or* silk. From the shoulder to pocket, three narrow lines of braiding extends—a deep shade of brown in good relief; these terminate in a diamond-shaped *patée*, or crochet ornament, with pendeloques of silk and jet. A row of ornamental buttons extends from the throat to the trimming of the skirt, which consists of a band of the silk bias, trimmed on each edge by a narrow braid pattern, and edged on each side by a pointed fluting of silk. The narrow cuffs on the sleeves are formed in the same way, and ornamented by a *patée* with pendeloques. A narrow plaiting of the silk encircles the neck, a popular style the present season. This is considered one of the best varieties of the Beatrix or gored dresses. There is less of stiffness on the corsage and laps. Braiding patterns done with silk cord, in which gold thread is often intermixed, are very popular, also done with narrow flat braid.

Fig. 5.—Dress of lobelia blue silk—the upper part of the skirt having the effect of one deep flounce, edged by deep points, which are bound with the silk; on the bottom two flounces, five inches wide. Shawl of the new spring style of striped *cachmere*, very rich and stylish. Bonnet of drawn black velvet, piped with deep scarlet; a peculiar arrangement of quillings crosses the brim; the same is repeated on the inside. Strings of deep scarlet.

Child's tunic dress of black velvet. Sacque of black velvet faced with scarlet. Tudor hat, with black plume. This is decidedly the most popular shape of the winter, and in great demand at Reynolds' Bazaar, under the direction of Mr Myers, who is preparing many novelties for the opening season.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

We learn from Mr Letson, who so kindly furnishes reliable information of the new orders and importations of A. T. Stewart, that there is nothing new in dress materials this month; the poplins, drougets, ottomans, and reps of various kinds already described will finish the winter season. It is noticeable how entirely these serviceable materials have replaced silks in walking-dress—a sensible change. We except black silks of various styles and quality, which are always lady-like and quiet. There is a novelty in the making up of reps material; and, as at the present, each particular style has its name ("the Beatrix," "the Gabrielle," etc. etc.); this is known as "the Alpine." It consists of a shirt and jacket, and is particularly suited to young ladies, and for a travelling-dress. The front breadth of the skirt is trimmed in this way: In the middle, from the point of the waist to the hem, and on each side at the seam. There are two rows of velvet, the inner one an inch in width, and the outer one half an inch. A row of black velvet buttons extends along the wider velvet, inside. On each side of this tablier, at the top of the skirt, are two tabs, like the ends of a scarf *ceinture*, trimmed around with velvet. The jacket is closed in front, cut away towards the hips, and is quite short below the waist line. It is trimmed with velvet and buttons. The sleeves are moderately wide, with two plaits on the top, on the forearm, there is a fulness at the bottom, confined by a lozenge-shaped *patée* edged with velvet. A similar *patée* is placed a little higher up on the seam of the sleeve. To be worn with full cambric undersleeves and narrow linen collars and cuffs.

While we are on this subject, we may describe the trimming of several stylish dresses, some of which are made up by Madame Ellis, of Madame Demorest's up town establishment, and by other modistes in our own city and New York, from French designs.

A dress of azurline blue silk, the corsage round, and turned back from the throat in a revers. This revers meets in a point half way down the front, and the trimming carries it to the waist line. It is faced by black velvet and edged by a rich blue ribbon slightly quilled. The sleeves are loose, with diagonal ornaments, an inch or so apart and four or five inches long, set from the edge of the sleeve, which is lined with white silk and has a white ribbon quilling. Or, in plainer terms, lengths of velvet are trimmed round with quillings of blue ribbon, and placed flat and slantwise on the sleeve. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed in the same manner, the stripes being placed a few inches apart. Habit shirt and collar, with closed sleeves of embroidery, to be worn with this dress. The bonnet selected with it is for carriage dress, white uncut velvet, with a knot of blue flowers outside, a little to the right of the top; a bandeau of blue flowers fills up the space of the brim left vacant by

the bonnet cap of blonde. Broad white ribbon strings, with a velvet cord.

A black silk, trimmed by a ruffle, four inches deep, on the bottom of the skirt, headed by a double ruche of pinked silk; this ruche has rosettes of violet pinked silk or ribbon, at intervals of nine or ten inches. The bretelle and sleeve trimming is a ruffle of the silk, drawn through the middle, in which a ruching of pinked silk with purple rosettes is placed.

Dress of plain mauve silk—a deep shade, intended for a wedding reception. Skirt plain, with a tablier front; one deep flounce to the knee; smaller ones, of four inches, placed one above the other, follow the front breadth to the waist, and the corsage to the neck line, widening as they ascend from the waist. Across this line on the bust, to the top of the sleeve, and thence following the tablier front of the dress to the bottom flounce, where it sweeps around the whole skirt at the height of the knee, is a double pinked ruche of the same silk. Sleeve in three puffs of graduated width, the last being the deepest, and terminating in a pinked flounce, which is headed by a ruche. Full lace sleeves, closed at the wrist, with a frill of rich point falling back; small point lace collar. Bonnet of uncut velvet, a pale mauve tint; superb white plume drooping to the cape on the right; bandeau of mauve ribbon, ruched; strings of white ribbon with a mauve stripe on the edge.

Dress of reps, black watered ground, with a dark green brocaded leaf. Corsage round and plain. The front is trimmed from the throat to the hem of the dress by a plain fold of the material, two inches wide, with two rows of rich dark green ribbon quilling laid flat, one beyond the other, on each side. Green velvet buttons through the middle. Loose mousquetaire sleeve, with pointed cuff trimmed by a double quilling of ribbon. Ceinture of thick black silk, the ends slightly rounded, and trimmed with a handsome netted fringe in green. Small collar of French cambric embroidery, full cambric sleeves, with puffs to correspond.

We give, to redeem our promise, a description of some of Miss McConnel's bonnets, intended for full carriage dress—that is, for receptions, etc., which fortunately our readers outside of gay city life have not the trouble and expense of preparing for.

A hat intended for a young lady "just out." The crown is of white silk shirred; the front or brim is formed by Magenta ribbon, puffed on the top and brought down in straight folds on the side. On top of the bonnet, between crown and brim, loops and a flat bow with ends of a two-inch black velvet ribbon. Lace cape, bound with Magenta and covered by a ruffle of white silk. Magenta strings. Inside a bonnet cap, the bandeau being half of Magenta flowers, with a dust of gold, and half of black velvet ribbon.

Bonnet of uncut Solferino velvet (a shade of pale Magenta); *the sides* only are of this velvet drawn; the whole top of the bonnet, brim, and crown of drawn thulle, crossed by extremely narrow velvet ribbon. Deep blonde cape, with a band of the Solferino velvet showing beneath the edge. Blonde cap; in the centre of the bandeau a cluster of buds the same tint as the velvet, with large velvet leaves turning each way from it.

Hat of a lovely shade of pink, the purplish tinge of the rose just before it withers. Crown of silk, crossed with a barbe of blonde arranged in a bow, with broad drooping ends; ribbon front, brought around behind on the cape; across the top a soft plume of the same shade, with marabout tips. Inside roses set in blonde.

One more, and we must leave the by no means exhausted treasures of the show-room in Clinton Place. A quiet lady-like bonnet of uncut velvet, arranged to have precisely the effect of white chip, from its smooth bands of the same material. Its chief ornament is a soft mauve plume. The bandeau has a rosette of blonde in the centre, from which springs a mauve tip; on the other side large veined leaves in mauve velvet.

We have not had space this season heretofore for a word on the subject of gloves and shoes, though there is novelty and variety in both. The stout Balmoral boot, laced in front, the jaunty buttoned boot of cloth, with high heels and fleecy lining, or silk, if the wearer chooses, lightly wadded and quilted, are extremely well suited to the street in this icy weather; carriage boots of velvet, fancifully trimmed with fur, are among the novelties; for house wear congress boots with a half double sole and moderately high heel; and for morning a slipper called the *Marquise*, of red morocco trimmed with black lace, with black heels and bound with black velvet; and kid slippers of every shade, with velvet binding, and flat velvet bows, and a broad, square steel buckle. Black satin slippers are the only really suitable things for evening dress; and, if ladies only knew it, by far the most becoming, reducing the size of the feet and adding to their "dainty twinkling" in the dance. A real Frenchwoman always profits by this knowledge. The black satin slippers this year are brightened by gold cord.

Gloves are worn to match, *and not to contrast* with the color of the walking dress as heretofore. The best have three rows of stitching on the back, and two narrow borders of pinked kid at the wrist; they are fastened by two buttons. The stitching is in black, or some color contrasting with the glove. Black, purple, dark brown, and green are among the best shades.

Furs are even more worn than heretofore, and Genin's selections and manufactures are quite as tasteful and novel as when we first spoke of them in our Chat, twelve years ago.

For children, cuffs and victorines of chinchilla and "squirrel lapt"—that is, the gray and white fur united in one—are most generally worn. The chinchilla sets are more worn than for several seasons past; capes warmly lined and quilted, of the mixed squirrel fur, are also favorites; they are reasonable in price and very comfortable. Siberian squirrel is made up for elder people; a handsome set, of half cape, cuffs, and muff, to be had from $25 to $30. Mink, sable, and ermine are made up in the same way. The ermine muffs are no smaller than last year; the others a little decreased in size. These sets cost according to the quality of the fur. *Collars rather than capes or tippets* are by far the most generally worn this season, and are sold with muff and cuffs as a set. They are round behind and pointed in front, or pointed both before and behind. In ermine particularly these are very stylish, and add to a handsome cloak, instead of detracting from it, as the full capes did. The full capes have no tippets this year, nor are they the rather awkward round cloaks; they are slightly pointed before and behind, and form a sleeve on the arm by the breadth of the front; this shape is called *the Palatine*.

We were shown at Genin's a novelty in the shape of a fur *sacque cloak*, with sleeves. It is of the softest seal skin, with a border of chinchilla, and warmly lined and quilted. It is intended for riding, and is quite expensive. Arctic hoods of fur are also to be found at Genin's, intended for skating or sleighing. FASHION.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH 1862.

DRAWING LESSON.

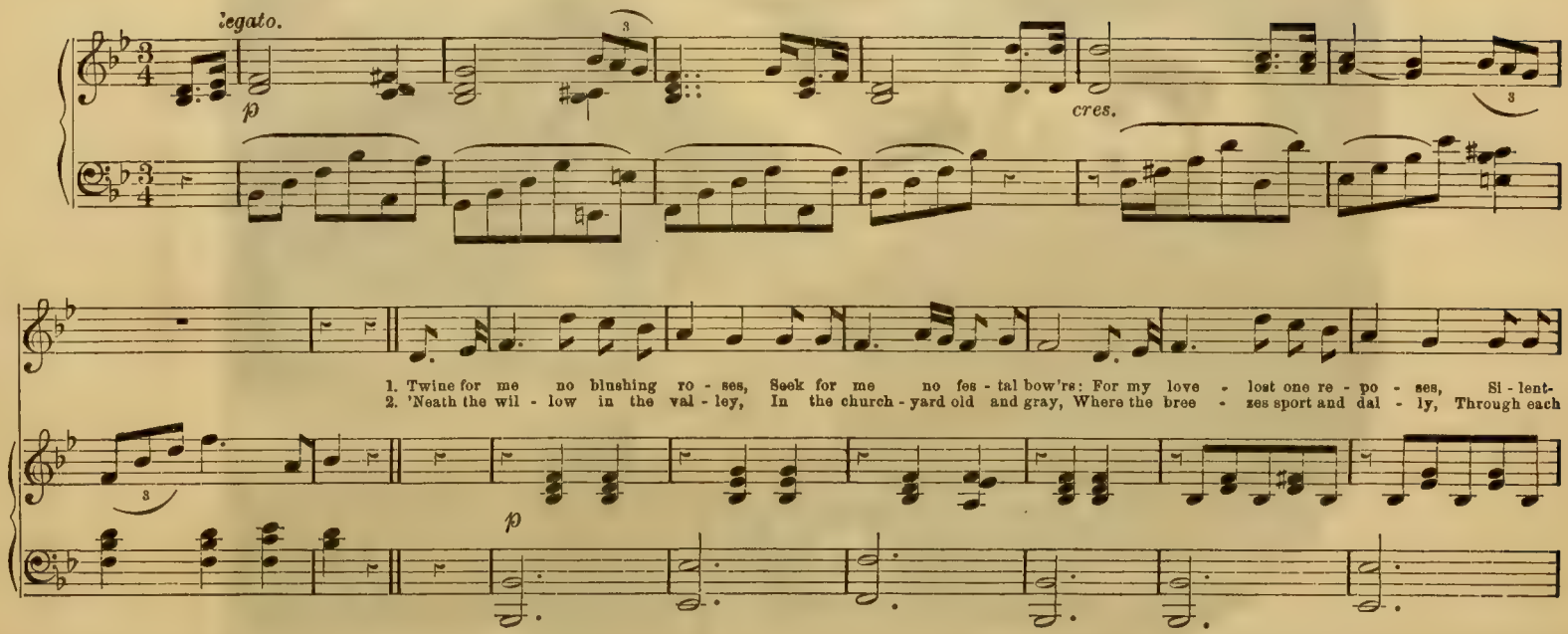
LIFE AND STILL LIFE.

Twine for Me no Blushing Roses.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

POETRY BY D. HARDY, Jr.

MUSIC BY WM. O. FISKE.



ly beneath the flow'rs. Gath - er up each hal - low'd to - ken, Cease those sa - cred songs of yore, Half my
long bright summer day, Half my heart in si - lence slumbers, With a lov'd one gone be - fore, To that

heart is dead and bro - ken, And can thrill to joy no more, And can thrill to joy no more.
land where count - less num - bers Sing sweet an - thems ev - er - more, Sing sweet anthems ev - er - more.

rit.

rit.

MANTELET ISABELLE.

Made of black silk, and trimmed with deep green and black fringe.

THE MIGNONNETTE.

is made of fine black Thibet, or Canton crape, embroidered with silk and bugles, and trimmed with two rows of deep Guipure lace.

THE NATALIE.

Made of black silk, with black lace inserted at the sides, crossed with very narrow colored velvet.

THE "RIO VERDE."

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

Made indifferently of light woollen goods or silks, as an intermediate paidessus. Its character is so easily perceived from the illustration that no description is required.

Fig. 1.

BONNETS.

Fig. 1. *The Italien.* White chip bonnet, with a long green feather, which forms the face trimming, and passes over to the outside, and with the green velvet cape is the only outside trimming.

Fig. 2. *The Alceste.* White silk bonnet, covered with white crape, and trimmed with black lace and white feathers. The inside trimming is of lobelia blue velvet and black lace.

Fig. 3. *The Seville.* Bonnet of violet silk, with a bunch of white roses, with foliage and grapes on one side. The cap is of white blonde, and the inside trimming is of blonde, roses, and grapes.

Fig. 4. *The Cimarosa.* The front of this bonnet is of rose-colored silk, the crown of figured illusion, the cape of white blonde, and the trimming is of rose-colored ribbons and black lace.

Fig 2.

A PRETTY SASH.

THE LANCER JACKET.

(Front and back view.)

Made of black silk, and braided with scarlet velvet.

NAME FOR MARKING.

SPRING WALKING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of lobelia blue silk, gored and trimmed with narrow black velvet and blue fringe.

Fig. 2.—Black velvet blouse and white pants.

Fig. 3.—Black silk sack trimmed with chinchilla cloth. White felt hat, with plume, and a violet silk dress.

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE GARIBALDI SHIRT.

(*Another pattern.*)

These shirts are worn with or without a Zouave jacket. Some of them are made with a band at the waist, whilst others are merely tucked underneath the skirt, like our illustration. They are made of various materials, such as velvet, flannel, merino, cambrics, lawns, etc.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

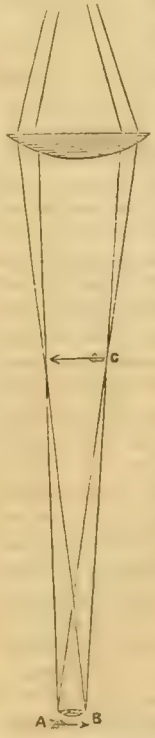
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1862.

AN HOUR WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

BY A YOUNG GIRL.

Not long ago, a little boy whom I know and love dearly, had a birthday. He was ten years old, and as he always loved to examine carefully everything he found, especially insects and flowers, and to know all he could about their habits, his papa promised him that on this birthday he should have a microscope, which would show him more in half an hour, of all he longed to know, than he could find out in a year by his own eyes alone. The day came, and in the morning, at breakfast-time, there stood a neat little mahogany case, directed for my little friend. "Hurrah! here is my microscope; now how am I to put it together, dear papa?" We set to work, and on opening the mahogany box, drew out, first, a neat brass stand, and then a long brass tube, which fitted on to it. Two very small brass boxes, on being unscrewed, were found to contain the lenses, or object-glasses, as they are called. "Now then, let us look at something!" "Stop," said papa; "before we begin to look at anything, we must try to understand the nature of the instrument, and the difference between this beautiful invention and the little hand-glass which you saw mamma using yesterday to count the stamens in a flower. That glass was simply a magnifying lens which she held in her hand, and in order to see through it, she had to place it close to the flower, and to put her eye very near the glass. The early kind of microscopes which were used were like this glass of mamma's, only, in order to see more by their aid, two or three such glasses were placed together and fixed in a frame, which moved up and down with rack-work. Underneath the glasses was placed a little plate of brass, or a *stage*, as it was called, on which the object to be looked at was put on a slide of glass. This arrangement was called a simple microscope, and many of the greatest discoveries, especially about plants, were made with this kind of microscope. Now, however, we have what is called a *compound* microscope; and I want to explain to you wherein is the difference, for this microscope of yours is a *compound microscope*. We find that the glass lens, B, which is screwed on to the end of the long brass tube, produces an image of any object placed underneath it (A), which image exists in the air, some way up the tube (C) (see Fig. 1). When, therefore, we look through the glass at the top of the tube, we look at the *image*, not at the object itself; and the glass through which we look being a powerful magnifier, brings the object in a very enlarged form to the eye. The eye-piece, or glass at the top of the tube, consists of two lenses, which magnify the image of our object to almost any extent. The great expense of a microscope consists in the careful preparation of the object-

Fig. 1.

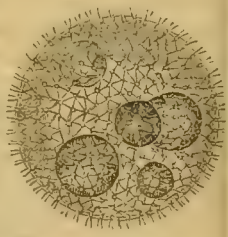


glasses, which have to be cut with exquisite nicety, so as to enable the sight to come within a hair's breadth of the object, and yet to give a clear, distinct image of what is there. Without the eye-piece at the top, which magnifies this delicate, perfect image, it could only be seen by us as in a simple microscope, with the eye very close to it, and its apparent size would not be nearly so large. Besides the invention of this arrangement of glasses, so as to secure a perfect image, the microscope has been greatly improved of late years by other discoveries. 'Rome was not built in a day,' and you may be sure that many years of deep thought, and frequent experiments and trials, have been necessary to bring it to its present state of perfection. Every invention which now seems to us so simple, because we see it in its perfect condition, has been arrived at by degrees; and it is seldom that the original inventor of any great benefit to mankind lives to see the full and perfect growth of his thought—it is by the united efforts of many minds that perfection is attained."

"And now," said my little boy, "I think I understand why the microscope is like another pair of eyes, and I shall be able to find out all sorts of things which I cannot see without it. Let us begin at once. I read somewhere that a drop of water contained creatures which we cannot see, and dirty water has all sorts of fun in it. Here is some capitally dirty, green water out of the flower-vase. I am so glad James forgot to throw away my buttercups and grasses which I brought in last week. They are all quite dead; but let us see what the water is like where they are." A tiny drop of the dirty water was put on the glass slide, and covered with another bit of very thin glass which came with the microscope; and after bringing down the tube to within a very little distance, papa, looking through the eye-piece, exclaimed, "Dead, indeed! the life is all in the water now! but we must set some of these fellows free, and put them into our cages, where we can better see them." Another drop of water was then put into the little glass box called an animalcule cage. There, in a fresh and beautiful green confervæ, was a curious shrimp-like looking creature (Fig. 2), with two wheels on his head, the edges of which are surrounded with a delicate sort of fringe, which keeps constantly moving, and so makes a sort of current in the water. At his tail he has a pair of nippers, by which he can hold on to anything when he pleases; and he moves about very rapidly, either by swimming with his wheels fully out, or by using first the head and then the tail, so as to form a kind of step. Our little friend could hardly help laughing to see such a funny fellow as this, but he thought it beneath the dignity of science to do so, and only exclaimed, "Why, I can see quite through him! He is as transparent as if he were made of glass." "Now let us feed him," said papa. A tiny morsel of bright crimson paint was put into the water, which this active little fellow instantly swallowed down his mouth, which is between his wheels. Very soon we saw a bright red spot appear in his body, so by this means we found out the position of his stomach. The name of this little creature is *Rotifer vulgaris*, and when we tried to find him in the cage without the microscope, it was impossible. After looking at the Rotifers, we put a drop of clean fresh water from the pond into our cage, and there lay in one corner a little green ball, which began slowly to roll itself along under the microscope over and over. "Let us find his mouth, too, papa," cried the boy. Wait a bit. Oh, wonderful to tell, this is not an animal, but a plant, and has puzzled wiser heads than ours by his rolling propensities. The delicate green network incloses a number of smaller creatures like itself; you can see the dark spots produced by those nearly ready to escape. The whole is composed of a network, each filament of which proceeds from a number of green spots. From each little spot come numbers of hair-like bodies, or *Cilia* as they are called, which keep constantly moving, and act as oars to move the whole along. In course of a little time, this ball will break asunder and set all the little ones free, which in their turn roll along and burst asunder to perpetuate their species. This is called the *Volvox Globator* (Fig. 3), and is to be often found in ponds and ditches in the spring of the year.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



Presently we saw one of those beautiful plant-like objects which can only be seen under the microscope, known as *Diatomaceæ*. There are very many species described, and those who have a microscope cannot do better than observe them, and draw what they see on a piece of paper, so as to be able to recognize it again.

On this occasion we fell in with one of these diatoms, shape almost like a little boat, or rather two little boats, and known by the name of *Navicula* (Fig. 4). It is of a pale yellow color, and glides backwards and forwards in the water, appearing to feed, and to turn aside from any stray bits of stick or dirt. These pretty little diatoms are always composed of two parts or valves, exactly alike, as seen in the drawing. Some of the species form chains or bands, and their colors are various—brown, and some few of a golden yellow. Any description of mine could give you no idea of their beauty, or of the singularity and symmetry of their forms. They may be found in any pond or river, living among the large plants which grow there.

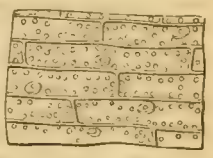
Fig. 4.

Closely connected with this family of diatoms are the *Desmids*, which are even more attractive and beautiful objects under the microscope. You may know them from the diatoms by their bright green color. The shapes are much alike in both families. A species of desmid, called *Closterium* (Fig. 5), has a sort of crescent shape, and is marked with light green dots. One great peculiarity in all these curious forms of plant life is the regularity of their form; they all consist of *two* halves, and the point where they unite is distinctly marked, either by a dark line or by a sort of contraction, or drawing in. When you once see these forms under the microscope for yourselves, I think you will not easily forget them, and great is the variety and beauty with which you may become acquainted. A young observer can hardly be persuaded that these moving objects are in reality plants, not animals. At present, however, you must take my word for it, and by and by you will be able to read and to experiment for yourselves, the surest way of arriving at the truth.

Fig. 5.

You may believe that this first peep into the microscope only made my little friend more anxious than ever to use it, and for many days he did nothing else in his spare time but examine everything that he could get under his darling microscope. It was fine summer weather, and he used to sit in the garden in a little summer house in which was a fixed table. Together we examined the leaves of plants, the petals or colored parts of flowers, and thin slices of fruit, and soon found out that they are all composed of little roundish, hollow bodies, sometimes pressed very closely together, and sometimes loose, assuming various shapes. These hollow bodies are called "cells," and it is well to remember that every part of a plant is built up of cells. Sometimes these cells become so changed from their original round form that we can hardly recognize them. *Cells* they are, however, whether they be elongated—that is, drawn out and formed into tubes—or pressing upon each other so as to become many-sided. Numberless interesting objects constantly occupied us in this little arbor while the fine weather lasted, and one great charm of this new world to my companion was the never-ceasing variety of forms which we saw. The hairs of plants, the white juice which comes from some of their stems, and the beautiful fine dust, or pollen, which may be shaken out of the stamens of most flowers; all these, differing in form and interest, afforded us ample food for our microscope. The habit of drawing all that he saw was a great pleasure to my boy; he could recognize his old friends by their likenesses many a time. Occasionally the good papa would come and help us to examine objects requiring a little skill in the management. Thus the circulation of fluid in the cells of water-plants we saw very clearly. He took a growing leaf of *Vallisneria spiralis* out of the aquarium in the greenhouse, or a portion of the new water weed, *Anacharis alsinastrum*, which infests and blocks up our rivers and ponds, and with a sharp penknife made a very thin slice of either (Fig. 6). On putting it on a slide with a little water, and covering it with a piece of glass, in a warm room, or in warm weather, the movement was seen very distinctly. The down from the butterfly's wing no longer appears like dust under the all-revealing microscope; each particle is found to be a scale of a very definite form and structure. The hair of animals, and certainly our own hair, is a ready object for study and observation; but, in order to see its structure fully, some trouble must be taken with it which a beginner had better not attempt.

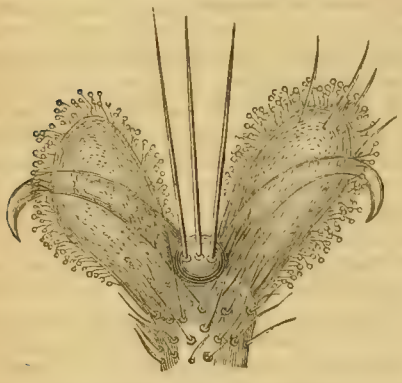
Fig. 6.



The wet weather came at last, and our pleasant garden meetings were stopped; we had to remove ourselves and our microscope into the house. At first James began to think he should get nothing to look at under his favorite instru-

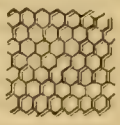
ment indoors, and sat gazing out of the window very sorrowfully, while the rain was pelting outside. The wet weather had driven indoors numbers of insects, and the common house-flies were crawling up the window-frames and on the ceiling of the room. "How do these fellows manage to walk straight up, and with their heads down in this way, without falling, I wonder?" said James. "Won't your microscope tell you?" was the reply, which quickly brightened up his face. An unfortunate fly which had fallen into a glass of water on the table was soon fished out, and his leg put under the never-failing brass tube (Fig. 7). There, at

Fig. 7.



the side of each claw, of which there are two on a fly's foot, is a pad or cushion, which acts as a sucker, just on the same principle that the leather-suckers by which boys raise stones are made to act. This is one cause of the fly's power to walk anywhere and in any way, as he does. Added to this, each little pad gives out a sort of sticky secretion, which makes a smooth surface such as glass, no uncomfortable promenade for him. No doubt this accounts for the great amount of polishing and cleaning which flies' feet always seem to require; it is very likely that little hardened bits of this gummy substance require frequently removing, and the fly is by no means neglectful of his personal comfort and appearance. Insects' feet generally are formed on this plan, but many are suited peculiarly to the habits of the species. Having well examined the feet and legs of this fly, whose tumble into the water we could not regret, we next looked well at his head, and especially his eyes, which seemed like a beautiful piece of network or a piece of honey-comb (Fig. 8). The fact is, the eyes of insects are compound, or consist of many eyes so put together

Fig. 8.



as to point in every direction without moving. We can move our heads about, and look all round us; but if you observe a fly, you will see that he never turns his head, and yet he can see when your finger comes near him on any side. All the parts of this little creature are worth looking at under the microscope; his gossamer wings, which so throw the rays of light as to bring out all sorts of beautiful colors, should be held in the forceps just above the slide; in this case the slide should not be of glass; use the dark slide, and with a little management you will see the delicate vein membrane of the wing imbued with the most beautiful hues of color. There are always so many insects dying around us that it is very seldom necessary to kill one for the purpose of examination, and it always seems to me that one great lesson we learn from the microscope is that objects which are so wonderfully made should not be lightly destroyed. No one would think of wantonly breaking up a watch or any other piece of complicated machinery; why should we be less afraid of destroying an organism far more perfect, and which all the skill of man can neither imitate nor replace? By care and knowledge we need not, however, confine the use of our microscope to dead objects, nor even to the lower forms of animal life, such as the animalcules and polyps. Of these latter I have not been able to tell you much, although we saw some exquisite creatures of flower-like animals, with stalks and lovely living cups in our animalcule cage.

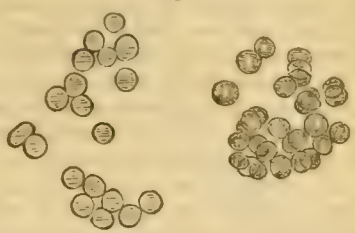
I am writing now of the time when my boy was young, and of his beginnings with the microscope. Every month gave him more facility in using it, and fresh objects were never wanting. One day we looked at the circulation in the foot of a living frog, which was so placed as not to injure the creature at all, but by stretching the web of its foot over a piece of wire gauze, or perforated zinc, and securing it there by passing threads over its toes. The body of the frog was wrapped in a piece of wet calico, and the one extended leg tied on to the slide by a piece of tape, not too tightly pressed upon it. At first, the alarm of the frog on finding himself in such a new position stopped the action of the heart, and consequently the circulation; but after a little time he seemed to become quite reconciled to his devotion to science, and patiently resigned himself to his fate. We were greatly delighted at the beautiful appearance of his web under the microscope. The circulation of the little globules of blood were distinctly seen, and we could dis-

tinguish between the arteries and the veins (Fig. 9). After our observations on the good patient frog, the boy's sympathy for the poor thing, which had to be kept still so long, induced him to exclaim, "Now let us set the

Fig. 9.

poor fellow free!" Taking out his pocket-knife to cut the tape which bound him, he gave himself a sharp cut on the finger. Although my boy was now beginning to feel himself a philosopher, he had not quite lost the baby tendency to pull a long face at the sight of his own blood. He could bear a good knock without crying, but he always looked to see "if it bled" before he made up his mind not to cry. This accident caused sad looks and white lips, until, seeing a tiny drop of blood, I got one of our little glass slides, and catching it on the surface, I said, "Let us see what your blood is made of?" Away flew all thought of pain or sorrow. There, instead of the bright red blood which caused all the fright, were the beautiful round globules called blood-corpuscles (Fig. 10).

Fig. 10.



They are of two kinds, red and white. The red globules, which are by far the most abundant, are in the shape of a flattened round disk in man and in the class of animals known as mammals, while in birds, reptiles, and fishes, they are oval. Other distinctions are made between the blood of different creatures by careful observers, with the microscope, and, as you may imagine, it is sometimes very important to find out whether certain spots are those of some coloring matter or of blood, and if of blood, to what animal they belonged. Impositions are frequently practised by artful people, who imitate human blood, or use that of birds or of other creatures, for the purpose of exciting pity or getting money. The microscope would soon make known the truth, and put an end to their deception.

For the present, young friends, farewell!

THE DOUBLE TEST.

A LOVE STORY.

BY BERYL WILLOW.

(Concluded from page 139.)

CHAPTER III.

My steps, on leaving Mary Seymour, were bent towards my own abode. In the retirement of my chamber it was that the pride which would have scorned to show its weakness before men gave way; and, casting myself in agony upon the sofa, I wept out something of the surcharged tempest of my feelings. It was neither anger, misery, nor injured pride alone that prompted so fierce a torrent of tears; it was a compound of them all, and something more; yet I scarcely knew the reason of my agitation. The one whom of all the world I most worshipped had confessed she loved me, and what could I—who but a few hours previous would have considered that happiness cheaply purchased by years of suffering—what more could I desire? Alas for human foresight! Who ever acknowledged Fortune's favors, though his coffers overdripped with an abundance? Thus I, who but an hour before persuaded myself that, knowing the heart of Mary Seymour to be mine, I could calmly look ages of probation in the face, now wept un-

manly tears at prospect of a brief delay. "Perhaps this trial may end to-morrow," whispered hope, as I lay pondering the strange demand. "No," murmured doubt; "those bitter tears, that stern and mournful face, those chilling words could only herald some unending trial. Oh that I might see its justice!"

And thus agitated by conflicting moods, I alternately paced the floor with heated and indignant tread, and then anon paused to muse upon the transcendent loveliness which had so enthralled me. In this way passed the hours; far, however, from subsiding into quietude by the lapse of time, as the more violent first symptoms of my passion wore away, they were replaced by a feverish vexation, which seemed to find a sort of fearful pleasure in torturing itself with contradictory and false conclusions.

"Is this the eloquence," I muttered, "that has melted justice at the bar and wakened pity in a heart of stone? and a weak woman yet unmoved by all! By Heaven, it shall not be! I have pleaded less earnestly in behalf of human life, with more effect; and is not this a case of life? or more than death? Ah! death were a glad alternative to a life of fruitless pain. Who can count the chances of a minute? Yet she dooms me to an age of chances! And for what? A whim! a woman's idle caprice! Yes, it *must* be caprice! a cruel jest, to test the power of her charms, to lure me as a trophy in her train, and then, it may be, to cheat me in the end. Shall I submit to such a palpable deceit? And yet, wherefore this whim? She said she loved me; she did not lie; that tear and tone of agony were never counterfeit; she suffers more than I. I shrink from contemplating the reason of such sacrifice! What dark, unfathomable mystery yawns beneath this dread decree? A mystery—a shadow? Yes, it may be—what? Can any honorable secret thus compel a woman to shroud herself in darkness? Can such a woman, angel as she seems, be linked to some concealed and terrible event? I shudder to admit it may be. Lucifer was the star of the morning, and yet if she were, after all, unworthy!"

A sudden ring at the door arrested my attention. A moment afterward a card was handed me, on which I read the following:—

"Paul Devereux would see Mr. Fairfield on matters of great interest to both, and hopes that the nature of his business will excuse all want of ceremony."

Though in no very fitting temper for the transaction of business, I concluded to learn the nature of this strangely unseasonable visit, and directed the servant to admit the stranger, who proved to be a gentleman of prepossessing exterior, and who, apologizing for his untimely call, seated himself with a graceful self-possession, indicating unquestionable birth and breeding. For a minute or two succeeding his entrance he sat quietly fixing his eyes upon the carpet, evidently thinking how best to introduce the subject of this interview.

"Whenever you choose to impart the nature of your business," said I, at length, "I shall be pleased to listen. It must be indeed a subject of importance that demands attention at so late an hour."

"You speak truly, sir," he answered; "but before proceeding, let me inquire if you are not laboring under some deep intellectual excitement? My profession—that of medicine—will excuse my inquiry, for I would not willingly increase a flame already serious."

"Sir," said I, ashamed that my weakness should have been perceptible, "what excitement I may labor under will affect the thread of your remarks but little, and I beg you will proceed."

As I finished speaking, I flung myself into a seat, and surveyed the features of the stranger with a scrutinizing gaze. The examination was quite satisfactory; the high cylindrical forehead, shielded somewhat from the ardent suns that had embrowned his cheeks, was pale and noble, and the hair that curled above it was black and glossy as a raven's plume. The keen dark eye and firm but pleasant mouth gave an air of decision to a face otherwise too feminine, for the close-cut beard could not conceal the almost womanish beauty of his chin and throat.

He broke the silence thus employed by asking permission to refer to some events having a connection with myself. I assented, and he continued:—

"Twelve years ago last winter you taught school in a secluded corner of Herkimer County; twelve years ago, on the twenty-third day of last November, you struck a blow in behalf of a poor, despised, and wretched orphan child; twelve years ago, on the fifth day of April last, you closed your school, and when all was over a loving hand laid a cluster of wild roses in your palm."

"Stay!" I interrupted, startled from my self-possession by the stranger's knowledge of the past. "Can you tell me anything of that precious child?"

"You are too hasty," said the stranger, with a quiet smile. "Were your fancy not distempered by some late excitement, you would have

udged that I do not appear to recapitulate hese facts without a knowledge of the actors and an intention to communicate it."

I bowed impatiently, and he continued:—

"I need scarcely say to you, who know what ollowed, that the shadows fell that night upon t least *one* happy heart—the heart of Maggie Fulmer. In that wide world which had hitherto accorded her but scorn and coldness, she had found one heart of tenderness, one being who professed and promised an unalterable ove. Is this true?"

"It is," I replied, "and God knows how eligiously I kept my promise. Not a day, not n hour was she absent from my thoughts, until—"

"Until you found that the world pays little need to pretty flowers, unless they bloom in choice and cultivated gardens; until you began o fear that, were your blossom of the hillside transplanted to a fashionable parlor, its owner would become ridiculous, and itself unhappy?"

"You have guessed shrewdly, but rather side of the mark," I said. "I never suffered myself to compare the child of poverty with he favorites of fortune, for a generous heart nd noble spirit are themselves the best estate."

"I have no need to learn of the generous soul f Mr. Fairfield," observed the stranger, "for am not ignorant of his past singularly upright career."

I bowed in acknowledgment, and he proceeded:—

"However thoroughly you sought to drive uch difficulties from your mind, even your ost cautious tenderness could not blot their hadow from your letters as the months succeeding your departure from Smalley gradually idened into years, blending your memories of Maggie and her merits, as they grew dimmer, ith new and brighter visions, which sadly npaired the older ones by contrast. Think ou that an over-sensitive mind, like that of Maggie Fulmer, could fail to trace the outlines f a fear that had once darkened the page while was written? Your letters, it is true, were ery, very kind, and would have satisfied many n ardent mistress; but the doubt which grew arger and larger in your soul could not escape e eyes of Maggie; and then, Mr. Fairfield, ou received no more letters."

"Thus far," I said, as the speaker eviently paused for a remark, "thus far you eem to know all. What constant but ineffecual attempts I subsequently made to discover e retreat of her who had been so long the moving element of many a dream you must surely know, since you know so much."

"*Something* of that I know," he answered; "but my business here to-night is not so much with the past as with the future."

"Proceed, sir," I observed, "and you need no assurance from me that if any means of mine can benefit Maggie Fulmer, I shall need no prompting."

"Let us follow for a moment further, then, her fortunes," he resumed. "You need no minute narration to imagine her constant application of your advice, after your departure as before; and her unceasing aspiration after the prizes you bade her struggle for—wisdom and goodness. Had wealth lain at her command, which could smooth away the fearful difficulties in her path, the task would have been easier, though many, even with such advantages, esteem it hopeless; but for that unaided child of sorrow to climb the steeps of life, in poverty and hunger, destitute of friends, of means, and almost of books, was a task which few can appreciate who have not done the same. Can you not realize, Mr. Fairfield, the long and weary pilgrimage, the secret tears, the uncomplaining toil, the unwearied study, the hopeful trust which witnessed and sustained the struggle? And if, indeed, it might be said at last that her fortunes assumed a brighter aspect, as she rose by slow gradations from the dependence of the girl to the independence of a woman, it is none the less a truth that her guiding stars along the toilsome journey were the counsels of Henry Fairfield, the noble future he mapped out for her unfledged ambition, and, more than all, the memory of—himself. Such, sir, is the history, in part, of the school-girl Maggie Fulmer, now grown into a woman whom experiences sad and bitter have made wise, and who is in all things but wealth and adventitious rank your equal. And my errand here this night, sir, is simply to inquire how, after so many years of cruel privation and brave endurance, you would meet her?"

There was something in this question, or the emphasis conveying it, that stung me strangely. Full as my heart already was of pity for the unhappy child whose servile lot had never blossomed but with hope to welcome me at last, his words seemed to imply, "Mr. Fairfield, your integrity has withstood many trials, but here you will act the coward." Perhaps the contrast which I had drawn while he was speaking, between the gentle nature of Maggie, who had, through years of suffering, looked only to my love for a return, and the wayward, capricious

coquette, Mary Seymour, who a few hours previous had met me with a cold condition which must separate us perchance forever, had originated the suspicion, for I could find no such expression as I looked again into the penetrating eyes before which I felt the secrets of thoughts unfolding like the pages of a familiar book. In my present irritable mood, I was vexed at the cool superiority of the stranger, and made a powerful struggle for my dignity.

"Sir," said I, "if I have thus far submitted to be catechized by one of whose authority to speak in this matter I know nothing, I am scarcely so forgetful of our relative positions as to discuss with him my probable conduct under any supposable circumstances. If your business be to trifle with my feelings, your errand, sir, is perilous. If you have any definite purpose, it were wise perhaps to state it."

The fine face of the stranger was overspread with a look of haughtiness as he replied: "My authority for this interview, sir, is Miss Margaret Fulmer, and my specific purpose is to learn how much the Henry Fairfield of thirty has changed from the Henry Fairfield of eighteen. The picture which I drew is not a fancy sketch, but wholly true. You may think, as many might, that the end scarcely warranted such disproportioned sacrifices; but love only can estimate the power of a woman's will, and her solace during all has been a hope that the one who gave a color to her whole existence is the same as when he said to her, twelve years ago —'Tell me that you love me, Maggie, and some time, when you have outlived these girlhood troubles, we may realize this dream together.' As I have said, sir, she has lived years upon the anticipation of this hour. She has at last become, what you taught her was worthy of the love of all men, a being of intelligence, respectability, and virtue, and in this position desires to know if you have forgotten and ceased to love the Maggie of your boyhood. Sickness, poverty, and the vicissitudes of misfortune have failed to erase your image from her heart, and she now offers you the boundless affection of one who, if poor, is virtuous and respected; who, if she has suffered from misfortune, has not wrecked therein her nobleness of soul; and who, though she has forgotten volumes from the past, still wears in her bosom an image which bears your name. And now, Henry Fairfield, decide," said my guest, calmly rising and folding his arms—"decide whether you will reject the offer of this being, dissever all past ties, and cheat the promise of her youth."

This unexpected and direct appeal, so calculated to recall the image of my boyhood's idol, affected me most powerfully. Rapidly, as I paced the floor, the outlines of later things grew indistinct, and the half forgotten features of Maggie Fulmer strengthened into distinctness in my soul, where old associations were powerfully working. What should I do? I had thought this dream long faded out; but as I reverted to the poor and loving girl to whom I had once plighted my affection, all the circumstances of the brief season in which she figured came in their beauty back. Singular to tell, old fountains of feeling were unsealed, and therewith something of the fascination which the presence of Maggie Fulmer once held over me returned. I could recall the slowly falling tear, the last fond, timid glance at parting, and could see that entire weary struggle which succeeded to make herself deserving my regard. The constant toil, the submissive patience, the weary brain, the unexampled self-denial, all ran through my mind like lightning; and at that moment, the stranger, as if guided by an intuitive perception of my thoughts, placed in my hand a miniature, which revived in sudden strength the spell of her bewildering beauty. There, almost incarnate, were the strangely lustrous eyes, the pale, reflective forehead, masses of luxuriant dishevelled hair, the haughty mouth, the graceful oval of the face, and over all brooded that mysterious expression of a gifted soul which was worth them all. Yielding to the sudden impulse of the moment, I flung myself upon the sofa, and wept like a child. By degrees my calmness came again, and with it a conviction that, if my whole life were laid as an offering at the feet of this wondrous creature, it could scarcely repay the worth of such devotion. A moment served to fix my resolution, and, seating myself hastily at the table, I penned a hurried note to Mary Seymour, in which I cancelled all past ties, and declined her conditional favor. I cannot now recall the phraseology, but it was curt and cold. For my refusal of her requirement I offered no apology; I did not at the moment deem it needed any, so worthless seemed the woman who could distress a loving, trustful heart, in comparison with her whose constancy years could not discourage. As I cast the completed note upon the table, I said, calmly, with a feeling of relief:—

"Now, sir, conduct me to her. She shall see that the years which have changed my fortune have not changed my heart; what I then promised I will fulfil, if at the termination of our interview she still desires it."

"I cannot conceal from you," said the stranger, "the esteem and admiration with which your honorable conduct fills me; but I am likewise instructed, in event of this decision, to clear her conduct from all mercenary suspicions. The changes of a capricious fortune have blessed her with wealth superior to your own."

A blush of embarrassment was hot upon my cheek as, while I perceived that my own hesitation might be imputed to mercenary motives, her own were placed above suspicion; for, had fate denied her this equality of means, she would never have claimed a fulfilment of my promise.

"I have further to add," he continued, without pausing, "that, some eight years since, accident developed the fact that Maggie Fulmer, the supposed drunkard's daughter, was the orphan child of wealthy parents. I need not say that her relatives, who reside in England, have spared no expense to supply the earlier deficiencies which cramped her girlhood; and all that art could suggest or wealth secure has been brought to the accomplishment and refinement of a mind naturally of a lofty order. Affluent, accomplished, beautiful, and respected, the Maggie Fulmer of your boyhood offers to release you from your pledges, if you desire."

"I will at least see her once more," I replied.

Throwing around my shoulders a light mantle, to shield me from the night air, I mechanically followed my conductor through the deserted thoroughfares. The moon had set some hours before, and but a few faint stars twinkled indistinctly in the sky. Notwithstanding the obscurity, my guide moved forward with the alacrity of one familiar with the route, while I followed silently, bearing in my bosom a tempest of conflicting emotions. Our journey was no very brief one, and led into the suburbs of the town. At last the stranger halted before a building whose lofty gables lay in dusky outlines against the darkened sky. It was evidently a situation which I had never noticed, and the hall into which I was immediately ushered presented nothing familiar to my eye. A single pendent chandelier displayed the costly decorations of a room which might have served as a fitting entrance to a palace. Throwing off my cloak, I was conducted into a lofty and extensive chamber, when, having motioned me to be seated, he simply added "Wait," and disappeared.

The room into which I had been ushered was singularly luxurious in its equipments. The upper ceiling was carved in beautiful devices, and bordered with rich mouldings, gleaming with arabesques of gold. The carpet glowed with more than living flowers, and never whispered of a footfall. On tables of rare and curious workmanship stood vases of strange flowers, and ornaments suggestive of impossible handiwork. Around the walls were suspended several paintings, and above a mirror which, at the upper end of the room, doubled all it looked upon, reposed a marble statue of Minerva. The apartment was unoccupied, save by myself, and I was at liberty to sink into a seat and prepare for the approaching interview. Not a sound disturbed the impressive silence of the building, and, as minute after minute glided away, I lost myself in contemplating the singular events of the last few hours. How suddenly and unexpectedly had fate linked the earlier with the later period of my life! The spring flowers of that age when all the brightest dreams of boyhood are springing in the heart were mingled strangely with the sterner creations of manhood. It was as if by some magical illusion a sudden undergrowth of flowers had obliterated every footpath in a grove of giant oaks. By what slight incidents, and yet how naturally had the thread of my existence been woven with the destiny of another! Could she who, years before, seemed doomed to a life of misery and want, have become the mistress of this regal splendor? And yet, through all—woe that would have worn away such memories from many minds, years that would have withered all faithfulness in the hearts of most, and fortune which would have addled the better judgment of thousands—through all this she had kept her eye upon one steady hour—the hour of our meeting. As these reflections hurried through my mind, I rose and paced the apartment with hasty strides. Busy with the past, I scarcely noted the lapse of time until I suddenly recalled the fact that nearly an hour had passed since I entered the building; and, raising my head with sudden impatience, I found myself facing two portraits hanging side by side. I stood wonderstruck at the vision, and rubbed my eyes to assure me of my wakefulness. In one portrait, with the loosely flowing hair, the mystic eyes, and the supernal beauty of expression, I could not fail to recognize the likeness of the school-girl, Maggie Fulmer, with her half developed form, her olive cheek, and air of desolation. In the other, ripe and full in outline, yet wearing a strange resemblance to the first, as I saw them thus contrasted, I beheld

one whose beauty thrilled me with intolerable anguish—the peerless Mary Seymour.

"Can it be possible," I said, half audibly, "that these two beings, both strangely connected with my fate, are relatives? are sisters?"

"Nay, even nearer," said a soft voice at my side, "for the form and features of Mary Seymour are but the development of the once unfortunate Maggie Fulmer, a name which is now a myth, that serves to chasten one who was born to better fortunes."

Startled at the interruption, I turned and beheld the stranger, holding in his the hand of Mary Seymour.

"Paul Seymour, late Paul Devereux, can have no fears," he said, smiling, "in resigning to the charge of Henry Fairfield the reality of his long-worshipped dream, for she who has been twice won may well be worth cherishing."

So saying, he disappeared, leaving me, in the unutterable emotions of that moment, to realize, if possible, the enchantment which had so divinely blessed me.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

I HEAR the raindrops dripping
From the crumbling old stone wall—
And I hear the night wind sighing
Through the elm-trees, dark and tall—
And my thoughts go straying backward
To the distant days of yore:
To the forms that now are sleeping,
And the years that are no more.

I sit in the silent darkness,
And list to the raindrops fall,
And the ceaseless ticking, ticking
Of the old clock in the hall—
And I think of the many footfalls
That have echoed to and fro,
In time to the beating, beating
Of hearts in the long ago.

Oh, where are the feet that wandered?
And where are the hearts that beat?
Oh, where are the smiling faces?
And the voices low and sweet?
They are gone! they are passed forever
From the hearthstone and the hall:
And their graves are among the willows
That wave o'er the crumbling wall.

There was one with a fairy footfall,
As free as the young gazelle,
And a wealth of golden ringlets
That over her shoulders fell,
And a glad heart, young and happy,
Till there came a fatal hour,
When a stranger guest was welcomed
To the magic love-bound bower.

Oh low where the words he uttered,
And sweet where the songs he sung,
And his glance was kind and tender,
And his face was fair and young;
So they wandered back and forward
Through the long moonlighted hall,
And he told her how he loved her,
And the angels heard it all.

Oh, were there none to whisper
To that trusting heart "*Beware*"?
Were there none to warn the birdling
Of the wily sportsman's snare?
None, none! The stars shone dimly
Through the twilight curtain's fall,
And the old clock still kept ticking,
But the angels heard it all.

And those vows have been recorded
Where they cannot fade away;
He will hear them at the coming
Of that great and dreadful day,
When the King shall judge us, justly,
By the deeds which we have wrought,
By the words which we have spoken,
By the thoughts which we have thought.

The spring-time came and vanished,
But her young heart still was strong,
For she said he would be coming
When the summer days grew long:
But when the flowers had faded,
And the leaves began to fall
On the grass before the doorway,
And into the broad old hall—

There came for her a letter,
In a well-known writing bold,
But her cheek grew paler, paler
At the tale that there was told:
And her trembling hand grew colder,
And the sheet it held let fall:
We do not know the writing,
But the angels saw it all.

They saw, and at the coming
Of the mighty judgment day,
It will witness there against him,
It will banish him away
From the flower-clad fields of Eden,
Where the pure in heart shall dwell,
Where none but the just and holy,
The songs of the saints shall swell.

The raindrops still keep dripping
From the crumbling old stone wall,
And under the weeping willow
On a grassy grave they fall,
Where a fair young form lies sleeping
In the snowy grave-robe dressed,
With her cold hands folded lightly
On her still and pulseless breast.

But the angels watch around her:
They will wake her from the sod:
We shall look upon her beauty
In the paradise of God.
Oh, we yet shall hear her singing
With the white-robed band above,
And her heart shall know no sorrow
In the cloudless land of love.

EDITH.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Two ladies were seated at a window, and one whispered to the other a love-tale. The scene and the hour suited the subject of conversation. It was near sunset on a mild evening in May; the soft, cool air fanned from the window curtains of costly lace, and opened a view of parlors richly furnished and lighted by shaded lamps. The ladies were both fair to look upon; the eldest was a blonde, whose forty years sat lightly upon a tall figure, and beautiful, though haughty face; the younger, whose low, sweet voice stole caressingly upon the air, was very lovely. Soft dark eyes, now beaming with happiness, a fair complexion where rosy blushes contrasted well with the white open brow, a tiny rosebud mouth, dimpling with smiles, regular Grecian features, and a graceful slender figure, were Edith Lawrence's claims to admiration.

"And you would leave me, Edie?"

The smiles left the girl's face at the question; she looked sad, perplexed, and then softly whispered—

"Mother, I love him!"

"Better than your mother?"

She bent as she spoke over the young girl, drew her gently into her arms, and, smoothing back the soft, dark curls, said, softly—

"My treasure, my child, my Edie! Have I not been kind to you, little one? Try to forget this, darling!"

"Mother!"

"Hush, gently! Yes, darling, try to forget!"

"I can never forget Horace, mother. Why—"

"Why? Because his father is one of our proudest millionaires; a man who would sell his soul rather than let his only child marry—What am I saying?" she muttered, interrupting herself. "Edith!" A world of tenderness of love was thrown into that one word, as Mrs. Lawrence spoke it.

"Yes, mother, I am listening."

"Did I ever ask of you a sacrifice that you repented granting? Look back, my child! Through your childhood and girlhood, have I not granted every reasonable indulgence?"

"Always, dear mother."

"And if I ever crossed your will, was there not ever some good reason why you were denied what you requested?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then trust me now. This marriage with Horace Arnold can never be."

"Never!" The young girl shuddered as if the chill of the words had stricken her to the heart. "Oh, mother, he loves me! It will break his heart if I refuse his love now."

"And *you*?"

"I have told him that I love him." The sweet smile came back as she whispered the words.

"Yet you must forget this day. Edith, I never threatened you in all my life, and what I say now is a warning only. I tell you, if you do not heed my words and forget Horace, that he will—what can I say to her? Edie, trust me, trust me, your mother. This marriage cannot be."

"I cannot understand."

"Nor can I explain. I only ask, by the love I have given you, by the long years of care I have shown you, to obey me in this one, my first urgent request."

"Must it be so, mother?"

"My child, it *must*."

"Then tell him. In an hour he will be here. Send him away, mother; but oh, let it be final! I cannot bear to meet him again, coldly, or indifferently. Let us part, since it must be, forever."

She rose, as she spoke, and went with a slow step from the room; once or twice she reeled as she mounted the wide staircase, but it was not until she reached her own room that she fell, and then she lay, in an agony of grief, weeping, as only a young, pure heart, smitten in its first love, can weep.

Mrs. Lawrence sat quietly watching the slight graceful figure until it was out of sight, and then she bowed her head on her hands, shuddering at the task before her. All the love of her life was centered in that young girl; and all the pride of her haughty spirit was roused to combat her marriage. Motherless herself, she had been married at sixteen to a man thirty-five years her senior, who wedded an heiress, too young to resist her father's stern will. At twenty, orphaned, widowed, and childless, Amy Lawrence had still shut in her heart a wealth of love, longing to burst its prison and spend its strength on an answering heart. It was in her first year of widowhood

that she met the mother of Edith, a widow like herself, but, unlike her, poor, starving indeed. With a promise that she would never reclaim the little one, the mother gave it up to be the adopted child of her benefactress, who settled upon the true mother a large sum of money, and, taking her treasure with her, moved to another city, that none might ever whisper to the babe the story of her parentage. She had watched herself over every line of the child's education, made her the companion of every hour, and so showered the wealth of her heart's love upon her that she forgot that she was not actually the parent which Edith believed her to be.

This love-tale troubled her, for her pride scorned to conceal from the young lover the true story of Edith's birth; and she well knew that his father would never consent to his son's marriage with the daughter of a porter and a seamstress, however richly dowered she might be. She thought of the low room, the coarse, uneducated woman, the narrow streets, from which she had taken her darling, and she resolved that never should she learn the secret of her birth, yet never be thrust unknown into another's keeping.

The interview with Horace Arnold was short and decisive. She positively refused, without giving any reason, to consent to Edith's engagement. A letter written by the young girl only confirmed Mrs. Lawrence's decree, and in the first excitement of his disappointment the young man left home for a European trip, railing at woman's inconstancy. With wealth, talent, a good reputation, and an honest manly love to offer, he could see no reason for his rejection, save in the idea that Miss Lawrence was an arrant flirt, and had allowed his attentions from a mere wish to add one more to her conquests. Poor Edith! the knowledge of this opinion was spared her, for his farewell letter was only a frank manly regret for his error in supposing his love returned, a prayer for her welfare, and a dignified apology for having mistaken her feelings. And Edith folded it and put it away, with a weary sigh over her lost dream of love.

She was a gentle, winning girl, this heroine of mine, of that pliable, clinging nature that makes the object of its love an idol, and none suspected the depth of character shielded and covered by the timid, quiet manner. Her various masters had spoken highly of the intellectual powers of their docile pupil, and Mrs. Lawrence herself keenly appreciated the powerful grasp her mind could take of any given study; yet even she, with all her tender love, looked upon the fair girl as the creature of her will, and the total submission which followed her demand upon the young girl's love, strengthened her in this belief, while it added to her affection. Hers was an imperious nature; and the entire freedom of her actions since her husband's death had fostered her love of rule into the strongest passion of her life. Woe betide the luckless one who crossed her will, for she never yielded, and only by entire submission to her control could her goodwill be gained.

It was only a few weeks after Horace Arnold's dismissal, when one forenoon Mrs. Lawrence and Edith were seated in the parlor, chatting over the dresses of some visitors who had just left them. The younger lady was a shade paler, and there was a sadness in her large eyes, yet such was Mrs. Lawrence's control over her that no other outward indication was given of her sorrow. Such added tenderness from her mother, such a loving watchfulness for her comfort had rewarded her for her sacrifice, that she would have felt it a base ingratitude to show by any outward token the depth of pain the separation from her lover gave her. So, hiding her sore heart under a cheerful face, she fell into the trifling talk which her mother led. They were interrupted by the servant, who came in followed by a woman neatly but plainly dressed, whose coarse red hands and sunburnt face gave evidence of a life of toil.

"The woman insisted upon coming up," said the servant, in answer to her mistress's look of inquiry.

"I want to see yourself, ma'am," said the woman, respectfully. "I come from Mrs. Campbell."

Had a thunderbolt broken at Mrs. Lawrence's feet, she could not have turned more ghastly white, or shrunk more from the contact than she did from this woman.

"Go up stairs! Leave us alone," she said, hoarsely, to Edith.

The young girl obeyed wonderingly, and went to her own room. An hour passed before her mother joined her. Mrs. Lawrence bore upon her pale face marks of the deepest agitation. Her hair was pushed back from her face, and in the rigid features, the deathlike whiteness, and the fixed look of her large eyes might be read a stern determination, which was evidently the result of a terrible struggle.

"Only for a little while," she muttered, as she crossed the entry. "If I am resolute now, there will be no more danger from *that* source."

It was in vain that she strove to hide from Edith that she suffered; but such was her power over the child that one word of command to leave her unquestioned was sufficient, and Edith wondered in silence. She was not to wonder long.

The next day, late in the afternoon, she was lying in her own room, half sleeping, half waking, when the door opened, and the same woman whom she had left with Mrs. Lawrence the day before came in.

"You are hard to see, lady," she said, bluntly, closing the door behind her.

"You have only to inquire for me at the door," said Edith; "I am not accustomed to receive any visitor in my bedroom."

"I have been here six times since yesterday to see you, and have been turned from the door each time. To-day I came in through the kitchen, and I have found you. Only from your own lips will I take a message to your dying mother."

"My mother!" cried Edith, springing to her feet.

"Stay! I am not talking, child, about the fine lady you call mother. I have come to-day from your own mother, who has travelled hundreds of miles to see her daughter before she dies."

"You are crazy!" cried Edith, with white lips. "I have no mother." Then there flashed over her memory the half finished sentence which her mother—her supposed mother—had spoken when she told her of Horace Arnold's love. With a pale cheek, but a clear, steady tone, she said: "Who is this mother, of whom I never heard before?"

"It's your own natural mother, as true as I am here. She was a poor, weakly body, when she took in sewing, before she married, and her husband was the porter in Mr. Lawrence's store. He died, poor man, of heart disease, before you were born, and your mother was in bitter want. Mrs. Lawrence took you, a wee baby, and I'll not deny she left your mother very comfortable; but sickness and shiftlessness wore through the money, and now she's far gone in consumption. She won't live long, and you can come back to your fine home, but she wants to see her child before she dies."

At this moment Mrs. Lawrence came hurriedly into the room, having just heard of Edith's visitor. One glance told her that she was too late.

"Mother," said Edith, coming to her side—"more than mother, if this woman's tale be true—you will come with me to see my own mother before she dies."

"Nonsense! she will not die. This is the third time the same tale has been brought to me, though she never dared before to come here."

"I tell you she is dying," said the woman.

"I must go," said Edith. "You will not deny me this, mother."

"Edith," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a firm yet tender voice, "from your earliest childhood I have been to you, in all things, a mother. You have known no other; I have given you a parent's care, and you have been to me an obedient, good child. Never, with my consent, should you have known of any other mother. You have never seen this woman; she has not a shadow of claim upon your love since she gave you up—"

"She was starving, and could not see her baby starve, too; so she gave it up for bread, for its own bread as well as hers," said the woman, in a hard, cold voice.

"She is dying, and calls me; I must go," said Edith.

"You shall not go," said Mrs. Lawrence. "It is a pitiful tale trumped up to excite your sympathies. What is her claim compared to mine?"

"But you will come, too."

"Never! I will have no other love to draw your heart from me; you must choose between us."

"No, no! You cannot, you will not task me so far. I have given you my obedience for eighteen years; do not demand this of me." The tears rolled down Edith's face as she poured out her passionate appeal.

Mrs. Lawrence saw in her agony the hope to break this new tie forever. One moment's wavering now, she thought, would lose her child; resolute now, the chain of obedience was riveted forever.

"You are free to go," she said, coldly, yet gently, "but you must make your choice. I will have no second place as mother. If you go now, you can never return."

The struggle in Edith's mind was terrible—to leave forever this home, where every tie of her life was bound, the mother whom she had idolized for a woman whom she had never seen.

"Do you hesitate? Ungrateful girl, is this my reward for the years of love I have lavished upon you?"

"Not ungrateful! Heaven knows I am not that. It is by your love I judge of hers. If you called me, could I hesitate? She is my mother; she is dying; I am her child; give

me God-speed on my errand. Let me remain with her till she dies, and then, if you cannot take me home when the world knows me as the porter's child, at least give me your love still."

"If we part now, it is forever."

Tears, entreaties, prayers were all vain to move the proud woman from her resolve. The gentle, timid girl, whose whole soul seemed bowed to the will now opposed to hers, became in the cause where *right* was on her side fearless and resolute. A dying mother called the child who had—unconsciously, it is true—made her life solitary and sad, and she dared brave all to follow what she felt was the call of duty. Pale, trembling, almost fainting, she made her decision; and, refusing even her parting caress, Mrs. Lawrence left her.

It needed all the firmness of Edith's nature to act upon her resolve. A message sent to her room from Mrs. Lawrence to take away her clothes, all that could remind her adopted mother of her ungrateful child, made the poor child's soul sick. She chose only the plainest of her ample wardrobe, packed a small trunk, and, sending the servant for a carriage, her last act of authority in her old home, left the house with her mother's messenger.

It was almost dark when, after a long drive, they reached the entrance to a narrow court, where the hot summer air was laden with the close, foul smell of decaying vegetables and crowded dwellings. A shilling induced a man lounging near the entrance to shoulder the trunk, and the trio entered the court. Faint with conflicting emotions, stunned with the terrible contrast to her whole life she now saw was before her, Edith followed her conductress mechanically. They entered one of the houses, mounted two flights of dark, narrow stairs, and then turned into a small room. Motioning to the man to put the trunk down, the woman paid him, and, drawing Edith from the doorway, waved him out and closed the door.

"Wait here," she said, softly; "I will tell her you have come."

The dim light still served to show the door leading to an inner room, through the chinks of which the light of a candle gleamed. When this was opened, Edith could see the whole of the small apartment. It contained a bed, a small chest, washstand, and one chair.

"Has she come? Ellen, is my girl here?" And the occupant of the bed tried to sit up as she asked the question.

"Lie down, Mary," said Ellen; "she will come presently."

A violent fit of coughing followed the mother's question.

Edith threw aside her bonnet and mantle, and went to the bedside. A pale, thin woman, prematurely aged by want and sorrow, lay on the narrow bed. Her gray hair was lying loosely round a haggard face, where sickness had obliterated every trace of beauty, and suffering stamped it with deep wrinkles. The air was close, and the room hot almost to suffocation. Edith bent over the bed, and raised the sick woman in her arms. The change of position eased the cough, but she lay panting and exhausted against the bosom of her child.

"Do not try to speak, mother," said Edith, in a low, sweet voice. "I am here to nurse you and care for you. I shall not leave you again." A weary sigh followed the words, for excitement and sorrow were telling heavily on the petted child of luxury.

"You are a good child, honey," said the woman called Ellen. "I 'm your aunt, your father's sister, and I moved here soon after Mrs. Lawrence took you. It 's little I 'd have ever troubled you, if your mother hadn't come here to me, wearying to see you; but now you *are* here, you sha'n't want one woman's love to comfort you. I 've no book learning, but I can earn my bread; and since I 've lost my good man and all my babies, I 've laid by a wee sum that 'll do for a while. Don't cry, honey," for Edith's tears were coursing fast down her cheeks.

"Mary, dear," said the sick woman, faintly.

"It 's you, honey, she means," said Ellen. "Your own name was Mary, though your new mother changed it."

"It is better so," said Edith, forcing herself to speak cheerfully. "Edith Lawrence ceases to exist to-night; but to-morrow, aunt, Mary Campbell will learn of you how to earn her *own* bread, and not bring you two new mouths to feed."

An hour passed in such talk, and then Ellen gently insisted upon her niece's lying down upon a sofa in the outer room, while she took the care of the invalid for the night. Worn out with the afternoon's excitement, Edith sank to sleep on the rude bed her aunt prepared for her.

I should weary my readers to tell them in detail of the trials of my heroine's new life. Her mother, although far beyond any hope of recovery, lingered on week after week, suffering intensely at times from oppression and a racking cough, at other times sunk in stupor. Aunt Ellen's funds were taxed for the

medicines the doctor ordered, more to alleviate pain than from any hope of permanent relief.

Beyond her own conscience Edith had but little comfort in her new home. Her mother could speak but little, only showing her love by the anxiety with which she watched the young girl's slightest motion, and the desire to have her ever near her. Night watching and the close rooms soon struck the rose from Edith's cheek, the light from her eyes, the spring from her step; yet her voice was always gentle, her smile ready, and her caress tender for her mother.

Finding that she was resolved not to be dependent upon her, her aunt allowed her to do the sewing by which she lived, while she herself took the house-cares, or rather room-cares, and the heavy work of washing, ironing, and cleaning. Nimble fingers and a willing heart soon penetrated the mysteries of the needlework by which Ellen Campbell lived, and she often declared that Molly, as she called Edith, did more work in one hour than she could accomplish in three. After a few weeks, she applied for finer sewing, with, of course, higher wages, and, obtaining this, many little comforts were added to the invalid's store. It was a strange scene; the small rooms, with three small cot-beds neatly made, their poor furniture, the suffering woman propped up by pillows, the rough but kind-hearted hostess in her coarse dress, working at the washtub, the cooking, or cleaning, and in contrast to all this the bread-winner at her work. The fair, delicate girl, in her pretty morning wrappers, with her golden curls and lovely face, sitting hour after hour at her sewing, was in this new home, as she had been in her old one, the centre of love, the idol of both relatives. Ellen would often take the tiny white hand of her niece in her own coarse red one, saying—

"No wonder they work fast; they are fairy fingers. Stiff, hard, clumsy ones, like mine, are for scrubbing and sweeping; but such tiny things as needles are for baby hands like yours, Molly."

Three weeks passed, and then Mrs. Lawrence made one more effort to regain her child. Confident that the coarse fare, hard work, and uncongenial companionship must have disgusted Edith, she wrote to her. It was an eloquent letter, painting the desolate home, the longing love, the ready forgiveness awaiting the wayward child; threatening the entire alienation a refusal to return *now* must cost; appealing to the young girl's gratitude, reminding her of kindnesses which were only too indelibly impressed upon her memory. Bitter tears she shed over it, and with an aching heart she put it away.

"If you will not return now, leaving forever this woman who deserted you in infancy," the letter said, "do not write. Your answer must be to come to me, or to remain with her. No appeal will make any alternative beyond this. Come now, or we are separated forever."

And Edith looked into her mother's loving eyes, kissed her wasted cheek, and vowed to be faithful to her until death should part them. She knew, too, that without her work it would be difficult for her aunt to earn enough for herself and the invalid, for the added cares of sickness occupied every hour now, and she could not think it right to desert them.

Winter was coming on, and still Mrs. Campbell lived. Her daughter, in spite of the daily walk which Aunt Ellen made her take, was becoming weak and pale with the steady, unaccustomed work, and every cold day made her tremble at the prospect of the coming months. Steady sewing had only sufficed to keep the two comfortable through the summer, and when full, extra light, warmer clothing, and the other expenses of winter were added, Edith knew that her present earnings would not be sufficient. Her mother, too, coughed more, suffered more as the air grew chill in the mornings and evenings, and the work had to be thrown aside, sometimes for hours together, while Edith raised her mother up, and by every expedient a loving heart could suggest tried to ease the struggling breathing or sharp pain. Over-work, anxiety, and the sorrow of separation from her old friends were all acting upon the delicate frame of the poor child; shrinking from notice, dreading to meet her former acquaintances, she had taken her daily walks at a very early hour in the morning; but now, after nights of painful watching, she felt unfit for the exertion, and gradually the habit of walking was given up; the fair skin became sallow, the round arms very, very thin, the bright eyes sunken, and the step languid and feeble. In the more dangerous sickness of Mrs. Campbell, Edith's weakness was overlooked, even by her aunt, and while the two elder women deeply felt the influence of her pure Christian heart, her loving devotion, and uncomplaining patience, they did not realize how she was sinking under her unaccustomed burdens.

The first snow fell early in November; and on the day when the city was shrouded in its winter's mantle, Mary Campbell died. She closed her eyes on this world, lying in her

child's arms, her last words a prayer for the gentle nurse who had sacrificed so much to come to her death-bed. It was sudden at the last, this parting of the soul from the frail body; for the invalid had rallied for a few days previous, and Edith, who loved her mother with that pure affection which the generous give to those for whom they sacrifice much, felt the blow keenly.

Although she tried, for her aunt's sake, to still bear up bravely, the physical strain had been too great, and she became very ill. Want now stared them grimly in the face. The doctor's bill and funeral expenses were a heavy drain on Ellen Campbell's savings; and now, deprived of Edith's work, with the prospect of a long illness, she became very anxious.

She was standing over the ironing-table one morning, dampening the clothes, rather freely it must be confessed, for heavy tears fell on her work, when some one knocked. It was the doctor's hour; so she merely said, "Come in."

"Good-morning," said a strange voice; and she turned to face an old gentleman, with a pleasant, cheerful face.

"Good-morning, sir!" she said, courtesying.

"Dr. Hall is out of town to-day, so I called to see your daughter."

"My niece, sir."

"Ah, yes. How is she? No worse, I hope," and he looked kindly at the red eyes.

"Indeed, sir, I hardly know. She 's been in a stupor like all night, and when she took the drops a while back, she never roused, only moaned a little when I tried to wake her."

"Asleep?"

"Her eyes only half shut themselves, sir; we 've killed her, that 's it!" And the hot tears fell again.

"How long has she been sick?"

"Only in bed a week, sir; but I 'm mistrusting she 's been sick a long while, though she never said so. It 's an angel she 's been to her sick mother for six months, sewing all day and scarce sleeping all night, working and sorrowing, and never a word of complaint, she that 's been brought up like a princess. Always with a comforting word of the Good God for sorrow, yet never a bit like teaching or preaching, only like as if her heart held it for a time of trouble."

The doctor had listened kindly, for he saw how it eased the woman to talk, but now he said:

"Can I go in?"

"Yes, sir; this way," and she opened the door of the inner room.

"Edith Lawrence!" cried the doctor, going quickly to the bedside.

The old name fell pleasantly on the sick girl's ear, for she smiled, though without opening her eyes.

"How did she come here? They said she went with her mother to Paris."

Ellen was only too ready to tell of her niece's sacrifice, and the doctor was an attentive listener. Mrs. Lawrence's family physician, and fully acquainted with Edith's delicate health and luxurious life, he was at no loss to account for the illness he was now called upon to tend. The hot, close room, the rough fare, and the constant interruptions which Ellen was obliged to endure in her nursing duties, all told their own story. The hot hand, quick pulse, flushed cheek, and heavy stupor all urged him to instant decision. Promising to return in an hour, he left directions for the interval and went hastily away.

Everybody called Dr. Grey eccentric, everybody loved and respected him, and everybody was ready to oblige him; yet the good folks did open their eyes when they heard that the doctor had opened a room long closed because his wife had lived in it until her death, and that he had taken into his house a young lady, very sick, and an elderly woman, who was installed as nurse forthwith.

The housekeeper pshawed, blessed her heart, goodness-gracioused, threatened to leave, and finally turned her wrath into kindness, and nursed the patient as devotedly as her own aunt. It was a stubborn case, but the doctor was resolute, the nurses prayerful, the invalid tractable and patient, and Edith began to get better.

"So, then," said the doctor as he sat beside her arm-chair one morning, "not content with the experience you have had already, you want to steer into the world in quest of new adventures."

"I only want to tax your kindness still further by begging you to get me some scholars among your friends, and finding me a quiet boarding-place."

"Ain't it quiet enough here?"

"But I cannot remain here dependent upon you."

"Bless my heart, what an obstinate woman you are! Suppose, then, by way of compromise, you pay your board here; not in money, you know, but in singing for me, playing backgammon for me, and—well, we can make up the difference in kisses. I 'm old enough for your grandfather, and Mrs. Goodwin can play

propriety, and there 's your aunt, she is willing to assist Mrs. Goodwin in the housekeeping, and—"

"Stop, stop!" said Edith, laughing. "How many people does it take to make you comfortable?"

"Just as many as there are here now; one less will make me miserable. Now, my dear, to be done with jesting. You are very young, and when you have taken the tonic I ordered a little longer, and get some color in your face, you will be by no means ugly. Well, as I was saying, being young and pretty, you will suffer from a thousand annoyances from contact with the people in—pardon me—your aunt's sphere of life. I see that you will suffer if I urge you to stay here as my child; but I do beg you will remain as my ward, boarder, any name you like. I will endeavor to put you in a way to earn your own living, but I hope you will let an old man's experience convince you that you are better here, protected by him, than thrown unprotected and defenceless on your own resources. Think it over, my dear, and to-morrow we will talk of it again. In the mean time, here comes Mrs. Goodwin with a piece of chicken and a glass of wine, which I, your physician, do command you to eat and drink." And with this parting injunction the old doctor walked off.

It was hard for Edith to resist his kind invitation, but she felt that there she was in a false position. She owed it to her aunt to remain with her, and there was no place for *her* in the doctor's family, so she adhered to her first resolution. Although he grumbled, Dr. Grey did not again press the point; he found a quiet place for his *protégée*, and then exerted himself to procure scholars in German and music. Many of Mrs. Lawrence's old friends, who knew of Edith's careful instruction, were glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure her services for their children, and she soon had a full class of scholars for each day. Her aunt was easily persuaded to take the housekeeping cares of the little house which the doctor had rented in Edith's name, though Edie insisted upon also securing the services of a strong Irish girl.

It was no holiday life; unused to any demand upon her time, save for her own gratification, Edith found regular hours irksome, long walks wearisome, and idle pupils tiresome. Now began to be developed the strong mind which her gentle, quiet manner covered. No complaint passed her lips; resolutely, though quietly, she conquered the sedentary habits which she loved, yet she made her health a care, because she had experienced the effects of too great devotion to work. While she earnestly prayed for strength and guidance in her responsible life as teacher, she was drawing in herself new powers for the task before her. Every lesson to a pupil became, in the high character in which she regarded it, a lesson for herself in patience and care. All the higher attributes of her mind were developing under the pressure of sorrow and responsibility; and if her face had been lovely in her timid, trusting girlhood, it was now invested with the higher, nobler beauty of a working intellect adorned by a true Christian spirit.

Two regrets were ever present—she longed for her adopted mother's loving voice, and she wished most earnestly that Horace Arnold could know why he was sent from her. She writhed under the idea of his regarding her in the light of a coquette, yet she knew that she had betrayed her love, believing as she did in his. She did not wish to see him, only to let him know that his confidence was not misplaced.

Four years passed away, and then came a new sorrow: Aunt Ellen, her kind, affectionate aunt, died, and Edith felt that she was indeed alone in the world.

She was sitting in her own room one warm evening, somewhat wearied with her day's labor, and letting memory range over happy days, when her servant came in with a letter. It was directed, not to her name as she now bore it, but to Miss Edith Lawrence, and her heart beat rapidly as she recognized the hand of her adopted mother. She opened it to read—

Edith, my child, for the last time I call you so, ere this meets your eye, you must pray for both mothers, for my soul will have passed away, even as the soul of her I would have wronged. She is revenged, Edith, for in my long sickness I have wearied for my child's voice with a longing unutterable. I am dying now—they admit that at last; and one act of justice I will perform before I go. Horace Arnold has been here since I have, and until to-day I have allowed him to suppose you married and in the home of a more fortunate suitor. To-day I told him the whole truth, for I know all the noble conduct of the child I cast from me. Death breaks all barriers, and has melted even my pride, and in its presence I can beg Horace's forgiveness and yours. You will learn how I wronged him by supposing that your birth could alter his love. May God bless you both! Edith, forgive your MOTHER.

Dead! dead without one caress, one spoken word to break the pang. Edith forgot even Horace in her first burst of sorrow. All the old love, the tender memories which separation had been powerless to dull, rushed over her heart, and she sobbed with uncontrollable emotion. The heavy grief of unalterable sorrow was not new to her; death had taken her dear ones before, but there was no love-tie like this broken. It was the only real mother of her life, the mother who had filled babyhood, childhood, girlhood with sweetest proofs of holy affection, and the thought that she had not been near her at the last, to soothe the dying hours, made Edith's grief still heavier.

An hour passed, and then she was roused from her abandonment to sorrow by the servant.

"The gentleman, Miss Campbell, can ye see him the night?—him as brought the letter."

She rose and went down stairs. Her heavy black dress, which she wore for her aunt, her red eyes, and sad face were all appropriate greetings to his news, though she thought not of that.

Horace was impatiently waiting for her; but there was no rapturous greeting, no love-talk; with tender yet respectful sympathy, he went forward to meet her.

"My poor Edith!" This was his greeting. The sad heart bounded at his voice, and Edith knew that rest for her sorrowful life was to be found in his care. Softly they spoke of the dead.

"She knew all, dearest," said Horace; "and knowing it she said that you were *right*. That, had you acted as she wished, it would have destroyed her love, for she would always have feared that interest might win you from her. Only her pride kept her silent, and she hoped that you would seek a reconciliation."

"Oh, if I had dreamed of that," said Edith, "how gladly I would have humbled myself to win her forgiveness!"

Mrs. Lawrence had left in her will only one token of love for Edith. An exquisite miniature, painted after she became ill in Paris, she left to her "dear adopted child, Edith Campbell," that others might know she died loving her daughter still. She well knew that Edith's noble soul would be pained by any legacy of money, so she only left her the picture and the letter I have quoted.

Tried by affliction, and unscathed by the ordeal, Edith Arnold is a noble woman, generous in impulse, kind in heart, noble in soul, a woman who, when sorrow and trouble met her, *fell* not before the storm, but *rose* to meet it, not defiantly, but with a pure Christian heart as her shield.

HINTS TO LADY EQUESTRIANS.

What I write is the result of large experience, much thought, and close attention to the subject. It may seem trite—even needless—to those who have carefully studied it as I have; but there are, I presume to think, many to whom these "hints" cannot be but useful. Those who have practised little, or not considered much, will, I believe, thank me for them and profit by them.

The art of horsemanship does not consist merely in knowing how to mount, how to hold the reins, how to sit with security and grace, nor how to compel the horse to walk that canters or gallops at the will of the rider. All these are indispensable. But there is also to be acquired the art of drawing forth the *willing* obedience of the animal. This is to be obtained only by a kind, temperate, and uniform treatment, and by a thorough knowledge of his habits and instincts. How different is a ride on a well-kept, well-used horse, who feels that he carries a *friend*, from one on a broken-spirited or timid creature, in whom ill-usage has produced many defects! In the former case, the exercise is as great a pleasure to the horse as to his rider. He sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he throws forward his feet with energy. Life has to him delights beyond his stall and his corn. The horse is naturally gentle, intelligent, and affectionate; but these qualities are not sufficiently studied or appreciated. He is usually regarded merely as a means of health and pleasure to his owner, and not often is either gratitude, kindness, or sympathy extended to him in return.

Occasionally horses are found vicious and unmanageable; but defects of temper may generally be traced to the ill-treatment of some reckless master, some cruel trainer, or some ignorant groom. Even in these cases, mild, but firm treatment, may render him gentle and tractable.

Saddling.—In saddling, the groom very frequently flings the saddle on the horse's back,

and at once proceeds to tighten the girths to the extent required. This causes the animal great inconvenience, which he resents by throwing back his ears, and trying to bite or kick his tormentor; for which he is corrected in very strong language, if not by a blow, and his temper ruffled, to the discomfort of his rider. The horse, being accustomed to such rough treatment, endeavors, by puffing himself out, to lessen, in some degree, the distress experienced from this mode of saddling; and, in consequence, when the rider has been on the road some half hour, she finds her seat becomes loose and unsteady. Should the horse start or shy, and the rider be inexperienced, she may lose her balance (in which case the saddle will turn round), and be precipitated to the ground.

The humane and experienced groom will place the saddle lightly on the back of the horse, patting him kindly as he does so. Then, drawing up the girths to within two holes of the required tightness, will so leave it for a quarter of an hour. By this time the saddle will be *warm*, when it may be tightened as much as necessary, without pain or discomfort to the animal, and, moreover, greatly lessening the chances of a wrung back or withers.

A lady's saddle should be placed more backward on the horse than a gentleman's, to keep the heavy weight of the iron as far from the withers as possible.

Mounting, and Use of the Reins.—In mounting, place the left foot in the hand of the groom, resting the right hand on the pommel of the saddle. Spring lightly, but surely, into the seat, neither throwing too much weight on the hand of the assistant, nor pulling at the saddle; both are ungraceful, and, after a little practice, unnecessary. Let the groom arrange the habit carefully between the foot and the stirrup. If well arranged at first, it ought to remain so during the ride. The habit should never be pinned under the foot; it is sure to tear the skirt, and prevent it falling gracefully and easily. Seat yourself rather backward on the saddle, taking care that the figure be erect, and the shoulders perfectly square with your seat. Take the reins in the left hand. If you ride on the curb, raise that first, leaving the left rein outside the hand, or between the third and fourth fingers, the right side of the rein between the first and second fingers. Then raise the snaffle, leaving the left rein outside the hand, and the right with the curb, between the first and second fingers. Leave the snaffle looser than the curb, so as to hang gracefully in a festoon from the bit. Double all the four reins together over the forefinger, placing the thumb firmly on them.

Should you prefer riding on the snaffle, which to an inexperienced rider is perhaps safer, and certainly, in such a case, preferable for the horse, reverse the instructions above given, taking up the snaffle first, etc.; keep the elbows close to the body, not in young-lady fashion, so as to form a triangle with the waist, by which rounding and stooping of the shoulders are produced, and all power over the horse lost. The hands should always be kept low, as near the saddle as possible. In guiding the horse by the rein, use the hand only from the wrist downwards. Never use the arms. If you wish your horse to move to the right, bend the hand slightly inwards towards the body, so as to tighten the right rein, and loosen the left. If you wish him to move to the left, depress your hand slightly, which will tighten the left rein and loosen the right. In both cases, keep the wrist unmoved. It should be done by the hand alone, and imperceptibly—a slight balancing motion of the body, so slight as to be *felt*, not *seen*, should accompany the action of the hand.

The management of the reins is the greatest difficulty in horsemanship, and, by some persons, it is a difficulty never altogether overcome. Do not pull at a horse's mouth. Work the reins continually very gently and easily, but let there be no strain on him, or he will certainly learn to pull, and lose the graceful easy carriage of his head. A thorough-bred horse should have his mouth so light, that he may be ridden with a piece of packthread. But a bad rider may teach him to pull in a very few lessons. By working the mouth, I mean a light wavy motion of the hand, not tiring to the rider, and pleasing to the horse—to be acquired by practice and attention only.

The reins should never be required to assist the seat; I mean that perfect balance that enables the rider to do what she will, without interfering with the action of the horse. The perfect rider should be able to bend her body down to the stirrup on the left side, or down to the girth on the right, to throw her arms overhead, and yet her horse not swerve in the least. A lady who has a perfect seat may throw her stirrup aside, and her reins across her horse's neck, and yet be able to guide him by the mere balance of her body, whether in walking, cantering, trotting, or galloping. I had almost forgotten to mention the whip. It should be carried in the right hand, and simply as an ornament. A good rider never requires it; a kind rider will never use it. The man who

strikes the willing creature that carries him through heat and cold, through rain and wind, in spite of fatigue or thirst, degrades himself by the act. A lady—a *lady*, uses the hand that holds the whip but to pat and encourage. "Poor fellow! Good horse!" will do more with the noble animal than the blow.

Cantering.—On first setting forth, the horse should be allowed to walk a short distance. Some riders gather up their reins hastily, and before they have secured them properly, allow the animal to trot or canter off. Such a proceeding is often productive of mischief, sometimes of accident. A lady's horse should canter with the right foot. The left produces a rough, unpleasant motion and ungraceful appearance. The whole body is jerked at every stride. Should the animal have been trained to canter with the left foot, a little perseverance will soon teach him better. Hold the rein so as to tighten it slightly on the left side of the mouth, touch (not hit) him gently on the right shoulder with the whip—sit well back in the saddle, so as not to throw weight on the shoulder. The horse will soon understand what is required of him. But if he does not, try again after an interval of a few minutes. Straighten the reins immediately he throws out the right foot. Pat and encourage him with kind words, but repeat the operation should he change his feet, which he may do before getting accustomed to his new step. The considerate rider will not compel him to canter too long at a time, for it is very fatiguing. That it is so, is easily proved by the fact that the steed of a lady too fond of cantering becomes weak in the forelegs, or what is commonly called "groggy."

Trotting.—Trotting, if well performed, is very graceful, but is more difficult to acquire than cantering. The rider should sit slightly more forward than for cantering, on, but not more forward than, the centre of the seat, pressing the knee firmly against the saddle, and keeping the foot perfectly straight (rather turned *in* than out) in the stirrup. She must rise slightly with every step of the animal, taking care to keep the shoulders quite square with the horse. To lean over one side or the other, be the inclination ever so slight, or to bring forward one shoulder more than the other, has a very bad appearance. A good horsewoman will avoid the common error of leaning forward when trotting. It is not only very ungraceful, but in the attitude nearly all power is lost. The arms are comparatively useless. Should the horse stumble, the rider risks being thrown over his head. Her position deprives her of the power of assisting her horse to rise, whilst the additional weight thrown on his shoulders prevents him from helping himself. At all times, the broad part of the foot only should rest on the iron of the stirrup.

Shying.—Should a horse shy, he does it generally from timidity. The common practice of forcing a horse to approach very near the object of alarm is a foolish and useless abuse of power. He should be encouraged by words and patting on the neck, and above all by the fearlessness of his rider. A horse soon learns to depend greatly on his mistress. Should she start, or feel timid, he perceives it immediately, and will prick up his ears and look about him for the cause. On the other hand, I have known many real dangers encountered with safety, through the rider having sufficient presence of mind to break out into a snatch of song (all horses like singing), which has diverted his attention from the object of fear.

Rearing.—Should a horse rear, lean the body forward, loosing the reins at the same moment; press both hands, if necessary, on the mane. Should, however, a horse rear so as to endanger the safety of the rider, loosen well the rein, pass the whip from the right hand to the left, double up the right hand into a *fist*, and hit him between the ears. *Show no fear*, but trot on as though nothing had occurred. Turn his head towards home, and he will be certain to repeat his feat on a future occasion! The above is rarely necessary, and should only be done in a case of urgency.

A lady rode a spirited, thoroughbred horse. She had been ill for a short time, and the groom had been ordered to exercise him every day. Recovered from her indisposition, the lady again mounted her favorite. She had not proceeded far on her ride before she encountered one of those high trucks often seen in country towns. At sight of this the horse reared fearfully. His rider pressed all her weight on him, and he descended, but only to rise still higher. As she cast up her eyes, she saw his forefeet pawing the air above her head. He stood so erect that she almost fell backwards. The bystanders screamed, the groom rode up: "Drop off! ma'am, oh! pray drop off!" he exclaimed, adding, in the excitement of the moment, a truth he might have concealed, "I always do." The lady fortunately preserved her presence of mind: she shifted her whip and struck the horse with all her force between the ears. He descended instantly. Then (it was the first and last time she ever struck him) she beat him with her whip, and rode on as though

nothing had happened. On inquiry, it was discovered that the groom had taken the horse out for exercise three times, had each time encountered a truck, and had each time dropped off behind when the horse reared, which he did at first through fear, but afterwards through "trickiness," for the purpose of getting home.

Kicking.—Should a horse kick, take care to keep him well in hand. He cannot kick unless he throws his head down; and he cannot do that if the reins are not held carelessly loose. A practised rider can always tell when a horse is about to kick, by a peculiar motion of his body. It is instantaneous, but unmistakable. The best-tempered horse may kick occasionally, from a rub of the saddle, or pressure on the withers. The animal should not be beaten, but the cause of his misconduct inquired into.

Dismounting.—The ride being over, the horse should stand in the stable with the girths loosened, but the saddle untouched on his back, for at least twenty minutes, until cool, when it may be removed without inconvenience. Should the animal, if usually quiet, have misbehaved in any manner, the cause will generally appear as soon as the saddle is removed. Snatching the saddle from the horse's back while it is still heated, often produces swellings, particularly if the skin be at all irritated by friction. The saddle should be sponged and dried, either in the sun, or by the harness-room or kitchen fire, before being put away. This precaution prevents the stuffing from hardening. A humane rider will always attend to the lining of the saddle, for a wrung back must be sad pain. A horse will shrink from the slightest touch of a finger on the injured part: what must then be the torture of the weight of a saddle and rider? We owe much pleasure to our saddle-horse: should we not do all we can to preserve him from pain?

I cannot conclude without dwelling a little farther on the *power* of *kindness* over the horse. I believe, from experience, that almost anything can, in time, be done by gentleness and consideration—not the consideration of weakness, usually termed "spoiling," but the consideration prompted by admiration and love for God's creatures, pity for helplessness, and that true generosity which should always accompany power. I once saw an instance that will exemplify what I say. A beautiful Irish mare, almost thoroughbred, had been ridden as a hunter, and afterwards by a lady. Being somewhat too high in her paces, it was intended to put her with another into harness. Immediately the coachman attached her to the carriage (an open one), she threw herself down on the stones of the stable-yard; she was whipped up, and again attached to the carriage, and again threw herself down. While the second course of whipping was being administered, a compassionate housemaid ran into the drawing-room, and informed her mistress of what was going on. The lady immediately walked round through the garden, ordered the horse to be conveyed to the stable, and, on the following day, stood by the creature, feeding her with bread, and patting her silky neck while she was being attached to the carriage. Then, taking the reins in her own hand, slipping them through her fingers as she passed the animal, stroking and caressing her as she went, she drove out of the stable-yard to the great astonishment of the coachman. This creature in a few days became a perfectly trained carriage horse. She was, of course, awkward at first, but never obstinate.

THE TREE.

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

'Tis a very dark and dreary day,
And the rain is falling fast;
The gloomy sky hath a leaden dye,
And the mist is driving past.

There 's a tree that looks at my window in,
A naked and leafless tree;
That looks, as it grieves for its summer leaves,
As sad as a tree can be.

For every twig and every branch
Is dripping with ceaseless tears;
And it stands alone, while the cold winds moan,
As it wept with the grief of years.

They gather and fall, and gather and fall,
The tear-drops evermore,
As they gather and fall in a human eye,
When the heart is with anguish sore.

Still the sad tree looks at my window in,
While the bleak March winds do blow;
It standeth there in the chilly air,
And rocks with its weight of wo.

And they gather and fall, and gather and fall,
In my eyes the tear-drops fast—
For the hopes that wither'd like autumn leaves,
And were whirl'd by the storm-wind past.

Ah, foolish tree, and more foolish heart,
To be crush'd by a low'ring day;
For the sun will beam with a loving gleam,
And the clouds will be furl'd away.

And the drops that fall from the stormy sky
Will sink in the naked earth;
And quaff'd by the tips of myriad lips,
Give blossom and beauty birth.

And the tide of grief from the heart's deep fount
Will return in sweet soothing tears;
Still bringing back to its dry waste track
The bloom of its early years.

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Idleness, vice, and intemperance had done their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and stark amid her wretched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the springs of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, scoffed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation. Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which she had secured little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cold: some with grave-clothes for a decent interment of the body; and some with food for the half-starving children, three in number. Of these, John, the oldest, a boy of twelve, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer. Kate, between ten and eleven, was a bright active girl, out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hands; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before, a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bed since, except when lifted in the arms of her mother.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The dead mother would go under ground, and be forever beyond all care or concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been looking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of Katy, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

"I could do much better, I know," said Mrs. Ellis; "but, as no one seems inclined to take her, I must act from a sense of duty. I expect to have trouble with the child; for she 's an undisciplined thing—used to having her own way."

But no one said, "I 'll take Maggie." Pitying glances were cast on her wan and wasted form, and thoughts were troubled on her account. Mothers brought cast-off garments, and removing her soiled and ragged clothes, dressed her in clean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bedridden child?

"Take her to the poorhouse," said a rough man to whom the question "What 's to be done with Maggie?" was asked. "Nobody 's going to be bothered with her."

"The poor-house is a sad place for a sick and helpless child," answered one.

"For your child or mine," said the other, lightly speaking; "but for this brat it will prove a blessed change. She will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of her past condition."

There was reason in that, but still it didn't satisfy. The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbors were at the miserable hovel, but none followed the dead cart as it bore the unhonored remains to its pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the coffin was taken out, placed John in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Mrs. Ellis spoke to Kate with a hurried air—"Bid your sister good-by," and drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. She was alone! Just beyond the threshold, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest—

"It 's a cruel thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the poor-house; she 'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away, and leaving Joe behind.

For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back and went into the hovel again. Maggie, with a painful effort, had raised herself to an upright position, and was sitting on the bed, straining her eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed. A vague terror had come into her thin white face.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson!" she cried out, catching her suspended breath, "don't leave me here all alone!"

Though rough in exterior, Joe Thompson,

he wheelwright, had a heart, and it was very tender in some places. He liked children, and was pleased to have them come to his shop, where many a sled and wagon were made or mended for the village lads without a draft on their hoarded sixpences.

"No, dear," he answered, in a kind voice, going to the bed and stooping down over the child, "you sha'n't be left here alone." Then he wrapped her with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes which some neighbor had brought; and, lifting her in his strong arms, bore her out into the air and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Now, Joe Thompson's wife, who happened to be childless, was not a woman of saintly temper, nor much given to self denial for others' good, and Joe had well-grounded doubts touching the manner of greeting he should receive on his arrival. Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you there?" sharply questioned Mrs. Thompson.

Joe felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply, except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then stepping back, he shut the door and stood face to face with his vinegar-tempered wife in the passage-way outside.

"You haven't brought home that sick brat!" Anger and astonishment were in the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame.

"I think women's hearts are sometimes very hard," said Joe. Usually Joe Thompson got out of his wife's way, or kept rigidly silent and non-combative when she fired up on any subject; it was with some surprise, therefore, that she now encountered a firmly set countenance and a resolute pair of eyes.

"Women's hearts are not half so hard as men's!"

Joe saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife, and he answered quickly, and with real indignation: "Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick child's face, and when the cart went off with her dead mother, hurried away, and left her alone in that old hut, with the sun not an hour in the sky."

"Where were John and Kate?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Farmer Jones tossed John into his wagon, and drove off. Katie went home with Mrs. Ellis; but nobody wanted the poor sick one. 'Send her to the poor-house,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go, then? What did you bring her here for?"

"She can't walk to the poor-house," said Joe; "somebody's arms must carry her, and mine are strong enough for that task."

"Then why didn't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I 'm not apt to go on fools' errands. The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained."

There was no gainsaying this.

"When will you see the Guardians?" was asked, with irrepressible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off until to-morrow? Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off of your hands to-night."

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife, "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little children. How the Saviour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; how he took them up in his arms and blessed them; and how he said that whosoever gave them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night; to make her life comfortable for a single night."

The voice of the strong, rough man shook, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Thompson did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart.

"Look at her kindly, Jane; speak to her kindly," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that her state had changed, and

felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labor. A light shining through the little chamber window was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house; it was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay, a little raised on a pillow, with the lamp shining full upon her face. Mrs. Thompson was sitting by the bed, talking to the child; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen. From Maggie's face, therefore, Joe must read the character of their intercourse. He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, as if in answers, from her lips; that her expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness or pain. A deep-drawn breath was followed by one of relief, as a weight lifted itself from his heart.

On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, nor to manifest any concern in regard to her.

"How soon will supper be ready?" he asked.

"Right soon," answered Mrs. Thompson, beginning to bustle about. There was no asperity in her voice.

After washing from his hands and face the dust and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen and went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him from the snowy bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! With what a quicker motion came the heart-beats! Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the lamp light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said, as he sat down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a low strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What a sweet patience was in her tone!

"Has the doctor been to see you?"

"He used to come."

"But not lately?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any pain?"

"Sometimes, but not now."

"When had you pain?"

"This morning my side ached, and my back hurt when you carried me."

"It hurts you to be lifted or moved about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your side doesn't ache now?"

"No, sir."

"Does it ache a great deal?"

"Yes, sir; but it hasn't ached any since I've been on this soft bed."

"The soft bed feels good."

"O yes, sir—so good!" What a satisfaction, mingled with gratitude, was in her voice!

"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

Joe glanced from his wife's face to that of Maggie; she understood him, and answered—

"She can wait until we are done; then I will bring her something to eat." There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Thompson; but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed. Joe waited, after sitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject uppermost in both of their thoughts; but she kept silent on that theme for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said, abruptly—

"What are you going to do with that child?"

"I thought you understood me that she was to go to the poor-house," replied Joe, as if surprised at her question.

Mrs. Thompson looked rather strangely at her husband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal. At its close, Mrs. Thompson toasted a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea, she took them in to Maggie, and held the small waiter on which she had placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

"Is it good?" asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with the cup in her hand, and answered with a look of gratitude that awoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in her heart for half a score of years.

"We'll keep her a day or two longer: she is so weak and helpless," said Mrs. Joe Thompson, in answer to her husband's remark, at breakfast-time on the next morning, that he must step down and see the Guardians of the Poor about Maggie.

"She 'll be so much in your way," said Joe.

"I sha'n't mind that for a day or two. Poor thing!"

Joe did not see the Guardians of the Poor on that day, on the next, nor on the day following. In fact, he never saw them at all on Maggie's account, for in less than a week Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up her own abode in the almshouse as sending Maggie there.

What light and blessing did that sick and helpless child bring to the home of Joe Thompson, the poor wheelwright! It had been dark, and cold, and miserable there for a long time, just because his wife had nothing to love and care for out of herself, and so became sour, irritable, ill-tempered, and self-afflicting in the desolation of her woman's nature. Now the sweetness of that sick child, looking ever to her in love, patience, and gratitude, was as honey to her soul, and she carried her in her heart as well as in her arms, a precious burden. As for Joe Thompson, there was not a man in all the neighborhood who drank daily of a more precious wine of life than he. An angel had come into his house, disguised as a sick, helpless, and miserable child, and filled all its dreary chambers with the sunshine of love.

THE LOSS OF THE HECTOR: OR, THE TRANSFORMATION.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

ONWARD, swiftly over the waters sailed the ship Hector, onward, and the waters foamed and dashed against her bows, then, leaping aside, hissed and foamed for a moment, till they were left behind. Every sail was set, for the wind was fair, and the flag which waved far on high pointed straight forward to America.

The captain was upon the quarter-deck, sitting upon the railing, around which his hands were wound, to hold himself tightly. He patted the deck with his foot, and occasionally looked up at the sails which, spread out there, were filled with the rushing wind. The helmsman stood at the wheel, sober and steady, now glancing at the compass, and then turning the wheel swiftly around. There were two others on the quarter-deck—passengers; one was a young lady of not more than twenty years of age, who, to keep herself upright, held the arm of a gentleman. He was young and handsome, with a face expressing fearlessness and daring; and as they conversed, he looking fondly at her, and she glancing confidingly up to him, they seemed formed for one another.

"Where is your aunt, Emma?" said the youth, looking mischievously at her.

"She is sleeping. Is she not kind? You do not know, George, what a fancy she has taken to you."

"I am glad of it, then; she affords me the means of being with you all the more. But, Emma, I cannot help continually thinking how fortunate I was to come out in a ship instead of a steamboat."

"Why so?"

"As if you don't know, little witch that you are; asking with such an artless air! Why so? Why, how could I have ever met with Emma?"

"Oh, when we arrive at Boston, you will think differently. It is very well on board of a ship at sea."

"Think differently? Wait, then, till I wait upon a certain Mr. Randolph, merchant—to ask him for—for the hand—"

"Never mind what for," she replied, with a smile and a beautiful blush. "Let us talk of something else; the captain, there, may hear you. See, the sun is beginning to set yonder in the west, and oh, how glorious, how magnificent! Look at those clouds! While I gaze at them, I fancy I am looking at some other world; I fancy I am in heaven."

"As for me, I can truly say that I am," said George Pentonville, pressing her arm gently.

"Oh, don't," she replied, half laughingly, with a bright glance of her eye. "Do look."

"Now, Emma, speak reasonable. How do you expect me to admire it? Suppose one had a diamond in his hand, would you expect him to be in raptures about a crystal? Suppose—"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"No, I am in earnest; but I will look with you at yonder glorious scene, though, believe me, I think of one object nearer and still more beautiful."

It was indeed a magnificent scene; it was a sunset on the Atlantic, where evening comes upon the sailor with the ushering of glories such as none can describe. It was a glorious scene, for mountains of dark clouds lay piled up in gigantic heaps upon the western horizon, half encircling it, and rising far into the sky. It seemed like the shore of some land of Titans,

whose borders were wild and rugged, the abode of inhospitable monsters; but far back, possessing heavenly loveliness. There small clouds lay like islands, while the distant blue sky seemed like lakes of water, and rivers, and countless bays. The rays of the sun tinged all with burning colors, illumining them all, setting off the edges with glittering borders, and casting upon the midst of each cloud colors of richest purple. The ocean which lay between, whose waves careered onward in their wild sport, and dashed tumultuously together, caught the declining rays, and seemed transformed to molten gold. The sky received the last gleams, and far over its mighty concave appeared the glow of countless colors, and the clouds which lay separately received the same effulgence.

The captain looked earnestly at the scene, and even the helmsman seemed at times to be attracted; but upon the master's countenance there dwelt no admiration, no appearance of any inward feeling, except deep anxiety. He rose from his seat, and went over to the other side, still gazing up.

"Ha, captain," said Pentonville, quickly, "you can admire that sunset. I should think it was a common sight to you, and therefore incapable of interesting you."

"Admire it? No, sir; I don't stand gazing that way to admire it. I am looking for a storm; for, by all that 's sacred, there 'll be one soon——a regular roarer."

"A storm? Whew! it 's just what I've been wishing; we have had none yet."

"You will wish this one was over before long, I can tell you."

"But how do you know there will be one? Are you sure?"

"Certain of it. I noticed a great change in the barometer two or three hours ago. I have been watching the weather ever since, and now there is no chance of its keeping off. Ha, there it is now—a regular old-fashioned nor'-easter."

And a strong blast of wind came rushing heavily over the waters. The sails caught it, and the ship was jerked violently forward.

"All hands on deck!" yelled the captain, leaping forward. "Aloft! down with the royals and top-gallant sails! reef the topsails. Halloo, there, quick!"

Instantly there was excitement all over the ship. Up ran the sailors, climbing like cats, far up, and soon every one was busy. The upper sails were taken in, the topsails reefed. The wind came on, increasing more furiously, and blew in fierce gusts, which drove the waves with great force against the ship. Clouds which had hardly been noticed before were now seen hurrying along the sky, where they gathered together, all uniting in one thick, black canopy; but as yet the tempest was only beginning, and the wind which came on howled in dismal tones as it vibrated through the tightly strained ropes.

"What a glorious scene is this!" cried Pentonville to Emma. "See how the storm comes on. How dark the sky is! and the sea, with its black water, in part covered with boiling foam, how fearful!"

"Dreadful!" said Emma, clinging more closely to him for support. "The wind is mighty, and I feel as if I should be blown away if I stay here much longer."

"Not while I am with you. But are you afraid of the storm?"

"I care not for myself; I should enjoy it, but my poor aunt will be terrified almost out of her reason. She has been fearful all along that a storm would come on."

"Would you rather go below? But—what—why, it is going to rain. Then you must go, for it would not do for you to have the rain beating upon you." And Pentonville departed for the cabin with Emma.

It soon became dark, and Pentonville, after remaining below till about ten o'clock, went up again on deck, and Emma lay down. Lay down she did, but not to slumber, for the waves now beat in thunder against the ship, which trembled in every beam to the awful blows, and, without, the wind howled and moaned terrifically.

"How is the wind now?" said Pentonville, gasping for breath, for the storm raged furiously.

"What?" said the captain.

Pentonville shouted to him in his ear.

"Fearful! I never saw such a storm in my life, and I have been twenty years at sea. It will get worse still."

"Worse! How can it be worse than this?"

"You will see."

Pentonville looked around, and the scene was one which might well fill with dismay the most courageous. The sea was all lashed into foam by the enormous waves which rose and fell about the ship, now careering by, now striking her with the force of an earthquake.

"You will see," said the captain; and scarce had he spoken when a blinding flash of light burst from above all around. Before his eyes could recover from the dazzling effects, the ears of Pentonville were struck by a loud peal of thunder which came forth in long, deafening

rolls, booming and rumbling through the heavens. Then came down the fury of the tempest! It burst upon them all tumultuously! A loud crash and a wild fluttering told that the foresail had been torn to ribbons.

"All hands there take in sail! Take in every stitch!" roared the captain through his trumpet.

"We will have to run under bare poles."

"How far are we from the nearest land?"

"Mr. Pentonville, that is our danger. We are going straight toward Sable Island."

"Can't we avoid being driven there?"

"The sails won't hold. Our great hope is that we may run by. I think we will."

The ship was driven wildly on. Wave after wave dashed across her, pouring along the decks, and carrying everything away. The smaller boats were swept overboard. Then came a mountain wave from out the gloom, and Pentonville for a moment felt dismay as it rolled on, directly to the ship. It struck, and every timber groaned. The decks were filled; the bulwarks were broken, and the huge long boat was borne away, as though it had been a straw, off into the waste of waters.

"Now, good heavens! another wave like that will finish us," cried the captain, as the ship, all staggering and trembling, righted herself.

There were two men at the wheel.

"How does she head?" said the captain.

"South-west by west!"

"Can't you put her south-west by south?" said the captain.

"No, sir."

Still the wind blew, and the tempest raged. Above was the dark sky, over which the lightning flashed, and through which echoed the incessant peals of thunder. Beneath was the sea, dreadful, threatening, all lashed into foam and spray.

Pentonville stood and gazed. "What may happen," he muttered, "I know not. What I shudder to think of may meet us! Now is the time to prepare." He went below, and opened his trunk, where he found an India-rubber life-preserver. This he inflated, and left it there.

"Captain," said he, returning to the deck, "have you life-preservers on board?"

"I never believed in having them. I have none, but if I live through this, I will get as many as I can. What a terrible storm! You had better"—

A loud crash interrupted him. The foremast had swayed before at the blasts of wind, but now as one came rushing on it shook, and then, with a noise like thunder, it fell. The ship for a moment ceased its quick motion; the waves behind, driven on, broke in fury upon her stern.

"Cut away the rigging! clear the ship!" shouted the captain.

Soon the mast was cut free, and the ship went on as before. Hours had passed away. It was four o'clock in the morning. Through that long night Emma had not slept, and Pentonville had been watching, occasionally coming down to cheer her. Suddenly above the roar of the water around a deep sound arose, striking bodingly upon the ear.

"The surf! the surf! we are lost!" cried the captain. "Set the maintopsail!"

It was spread.

"Starboard the helm!"

But nothing could withstand the fury of the tempest. The sail was torn to ribbons before ten minutes had passed.

"It 's no use; we 'll go ashore."

The land could now be seen ahead, through the darkness, or rather the spot where the land lay; for it was low, and all that appeared was a large sheet of snow-white foam, formed by the waves which dashed against the shore.

"Captain, what will you do?"

"Nothing. I can do nothing. We 'll go ashore, and I will meet my fate."

"What kind of a shore is it?"

"All sandy."

"May not the ship be saved?"

"She cannot be; but some of us may escape. Look after the women, Mr. Pentonville."

"Trust me," he replied, and went below.

Emma had risen, and was out in the cabin. She saw Pentonville's look of alarm. "Are we to be lost? Speak the worst. I have been expecting it every moment," said she, calmly.

"Brave girl! I fear all will soon be over. We must prepare"—

"For death?"

"No, for seeking safety. Rely on me, for not till breath leaves me shall I forsake you, Emma. I will bind this around you," said he, taking the life-preserver.

"No, not on me, on yourself."

"I will be near you, and you cannot swim, while I can. See, then, you must put it on"—and Pentonville fastened it around her.

"But, my aunt, my dear aunt, will you leave her? Hear her; she is groaning now with fear."

"No, I will also take care of her."

Emma went and brought her out, telling her

the danger which threatened them. "Be calm, now, aunt; death is near, but try and meet it."

"Then suspense is over," she replied, with fortitude; and a smile came over her serene countenance.

"Come up on deck. You must prepare to leap with me into the water. Here are two oars; I have fastened them by a rope, so that they may not be carried too far from each other."

The ladies spoke not, but bravely kept up their spirits. The elder one stood pale yet steadfast, her noble countenance showing no fear. Pentonville fastened one oar to her by a loose rope. "We must commit ourselves," said he, "to these howling waves. Let us breathe a prayer to Him who rules them, and they may show us kindness. It is our only hope. The shore yonder is sandy; we may be saved."

After a moment of prayer, they ascended on deck, and Pentonville stood between them, while Emma leaned against him, thinking mournfully that this was their last interview on earth.

"Be ready, and when I prepare, do you also, so that we may fall together. This rope, Emma, holds you to my oar."

"Farewell, dearest love!" sobbed Emma. "Farewell, till we meet in another world!"

"Farewell, my own Emma!"

With clasped hands they awaited their fate. The ship sped on rapidly. The sailors stood in a state of immobility, each clutching something near him; some lashed themselves to the mast. The captain stood near the helm, which was now forsaken, with a countenance like marble. The shore was now not more than five hundred yards away, and they saw the low land, and the fierce waves which beat upon it.

The ship was raised on the back of a tremendous wave; for an instant it hung in the air; and all held their breath awaiting some fearful catastrophe, and then down came the ship, striking with a terrific shock against some rocks beneath, among which she was rolled with a harsh noise, which sent a thrill through all who heard it. There was a rushing, a gurgling of water in the hold—"Now, now!" shouted Pentonville, as a huge wave approached; and taking each lady he raised them with Herculean strength, and leaped far out into the bosom of the coming billow!

Borne onward on the crest of it he held tightly to Emma with one hand, and holding one of the oars in the other, the strong man struck boldly out to reach the shore with his precious treasures. But useless were his efforts. The waves, rolling on, bore him swiftly along. Now mounted on the summit of one, he could see the shore which he approached, and again sinking down into the hollows, all would be shut out from view, and the rushing wave behind would fall on them to overwhelm them in its depths. As each one rolled over them, he would prepare to rise again; and after the conflict he would cry to Emma, to see if she were alive. The last billow had dashed upon them, and now from the summit of another he saw the beach, upon which this wave would throw them. It was smooth and sandy.

"Emma, are you alive?"

"Yes, and strong yet," she replied, courageously; while the other answered as bravely as ever.

"Now, then, be strong!" cried Pentonville. Winding his arms around them both, he held them in a mighty grasp, and then in the next moment they were thrown far up on the shore. Pentonville clutched wildly at the root of a gnarled tree which grew there. The wave retiring drew them with fearful force, but the oars were fastened to him, and he held the tree. They were saved! Hurriedly he raised them, and they ran up the low bank, beyond the reach of the water; when with one impulse they fell on their knees, and lifted their voices in thankfulness to Heaven.

It was dawn, and the first faint light of morning came to them. As with one impulse, they looked toward the water to see if there were any vestiges of that ship which lately had borne herself so gallantly through the ocean waves.

"Good God!" cried Pentonville, "they are all lost!"

Alas, they were lost! all in that proud ship—the strong and brave-hearted, the weak and cowardly, all had passed away! A few vestiges of the wreck appeared on the face of the deep, but that was all; and the wind, as they gazed, took to itself a solemn sound, as though it moaned a requiem.

"Peace be to them!" murmured Emma's aunt. "Peace be to the victims of the sea!"

Upon this island the government of the neighboring province of Nova Scotia had built sheds and huts for the succor of the shipwrecked sailor. Pentonville, as he looked around, saw one of these close by, and there he led the shivering forms of the ladies. The one which he found was built strongly to withstand furious hurricanes. In it were articles of food and clothing, for men and women. A stove

also was there. Pentonville gathered some wood, kindled a fire, and then left them. After an hour he returned, and found Emma dressed in some rough clothing, while her own was drying.

"My aunt is sleeping," said she. "Oh, George, I owe you my life! You have saved me from a horrible death."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" murmured George. "But are you not weary and cold, Emma?"

"O no; the room is warm. But are we to remain long on this desolate island?"

"I hope not. Many ships pass here continually."

"Is not the storm abating?"

"Yes, quickly. By mid-day it will be warm and pleasant. But now, Emma, do as your aunt did, retire; I will go to look for ships."

Pentonville left, and going to an eminence he gathered some wood and kindled a great fire. Then he took a long pole, which he saw near the hut, and hoisted his handkerchief as a flag. The hours passed away, and the storm ceased. The sun came out, and all was pleasant. Pentonville had sat beneath the shelter of a rock, and overcome with fatigue he yielded to it and fell asleep. All were in quiet slumber. The fire, replenished carefully by Pentonville, burned brightly, and his flag waved on high as before. Mid-day came. The ladies arose, and found their garments dried. Emma sat musingly by the door, looking out and wondering where her lover was.

"Where is Pentonville?" said her aunt.

"I suppose he is watching for ships."

"The noble youth! the brave youth! We owe our lives to him, Emma."

Tears stood in her eyes while she spoke, and in Emma's also a drop sparkled.

"He has lost all his property; he is ruined, Emma."

"Ruined! How?"

"The captain said that he was a merchant, and that the cargo was all that he owned in the world."

"And he is ruined. Ah, how I pity him!" And the gentle girl heaved a sigh of sympathy.

Suddenly there sounded a loud report, the report of a cannon, which reverberated all around. They started and ran to the door, and, turning the corner of the hut, looked out towards the sea.

"A ship! a steamboat!" they cried. "We are saved! O joy!"

The sound awakened Pentonville from his slumbers. Starting up, he saw the steamer now coming towards the shore. He ran quickly to the hut.

"Get ready, get ready; we are saved, and a boat is lowered. We will be taken on board at once."

"We are all ready," said Emma, smilingly; "we have no preparations to make."

Pentonville walked down to the shore with the ladies, and arrived there as the boat landed.

"When were you thrown ashore here, sir?" said the captain, who had come in the boat.

"Last night."

"Last night? Whew! What ship, pray?"

"The Hector, of Boston."

"And are you all who were saved?"

"All; we alone out of all on board have been preserved. Strange fate!"

By this time they had entered the boat, which soon arrived at the steamboat. It was one of the mail ships which touch at Halifax. She was on her way from that port to Boston, and, seeing the fire and the flag, had stopped to take off those who might be ashore.

That evening Emma and Pentonville stood on the deck as before. What things had happened since last they stood there together! What sufferings in soul! What pangs of bitter sorrow! They had met death in his most terrific shape, yet had not quailed. They had been witnesses of each other's fortitude.

"We will be in Boston by sunrise to-morrow morning, Emma. You will then be home."

"And you will be alone and penniless?"

"O no! I have friends in Boston who can assist me."

"You know of one, if all others fail. But wait till we arrive there."

"Emma, you cannot forget me."

"Never, never! my preserver! Oh, what do I not owe to you! what cause have I to bless you! and my father will thank you, and do all in his power to reward the noble preserver of his only child."

"If he wishes to reward me, there is one way for him to do it; there is one reward."

"What is that, dear George?"

"Do you want to know? I am gazing now upon that reward. You, Emma, you."

"Tell me all about this wreck, and this youth who saved you," said Mr. Randolph, in the evening after their arrival, to his sister.

"We were wrecked on Sable Island. Mr. Pentonville, by means of oars and a life-preserver, brought us to the shore."

"And were all lost?"

"Every one. The property of Mr. Pentonville

was also lost. But about him I have something more to say—about him and your daughter."

"About him and my daughter? What? Has anything been going on between them?"

"Yes, during the voyage."

"During the voyage? Sister, you should not have permitted it. You should have done your duty better."

"Was not that my duty?"

"No; for I have another destination for Emma; and how can I fulfil my wishes if I find that she is already fond of this Mr. Pennington?"

"His name is Pentonville; and you, with your desire for a rich connection, will not find his equal anywhere, let me tell you. I honor Emma's love for him."

"What? And do you suppose I will permit my daughter to give herself away to an adventurer?"

"When he wooed her he was her equal in wealth. How did he know that he would lose it? If he were poor, he would be too noble to give you an opportunity of saying that he was capable of meanness."

"Sister, you are enthusiastic! I think I should like to see this gentleman who has won the hearts of both of you so easily!" said the brother, scornfully.

"If he were rich, would you object?"

"I cannot say that I would. But you know that, as a careful parent, I must see that my daughter is made comfortable, and that she does not throw herself away; and as a man, I do not wish to see my property going into the hands of a needy adventurer."

"Brother, you are cruel. Why will you speak so?"

"I will tell you the true reason, sister. It is not because I despise Mr. Pentonville, but the fact is that I have intended Emma for another. Long years ago when in England, I formed a friendship with Lord Henry Eglinstone. His son is the man whom I intended for Emma. I expect he is already in town. Did you not hear of him in the steamer?"

"No; and I would not care to hear of him. What lordling can equal the chivalrous, the noble Pentonville?"

"Well, you may talk on thus, but you must see that it is hard for me, as a wise parent, to break up so good a match; Emma herself, when she grows older, will see the folly of this. Suppose I were to consent. Why, in five years, yes, in two, she would bitterly lament my conduct—and justly she might."

"I tell you, brother, she will never consent to be the wife of any but Pentonville."

"Wait until she sees Eglinstone. If he is half as handsome as his father, she cannot resist him."

"He may be here to-morrow."

The morrow came; Emma and her aunt sat in the parlor, and Mr. Randolph was there too. Emma's face was gloomy, and her heart was sad; for since her arrival she had not seen Pentonville. Her father had told her all his intentions; and she hated the name of Eglinstone.

"Ha! there he is now," said her father, starting from his chair as a carriage rolled up to the door. "There he is."

Emma's eyes sank to the floor. "I cannot look at him," said she to her aunt.

"Lord George Eglinstone," said the servant, announcing him.

The noble entered. He was a tall man, with dark hair clustering about his head; his eyes were black, his nose Grecian, and altogether his appearance was most striking. And there was an air of frankness and open-heartedness about him which won the heart at once.

"Lord George Eglinstone, welcome! Good Heaven, how like your father! Were he not dead, I should take you for him." And Mr. Randolph shook his hand warmly.

But his sister had started from her chair with an exclamation of wonder as soon as he had entered the room. She spoke not a word, but seemed spell-bound.

As to my Lord Eglinstone, he shook warmly the hand of Mr. Randolph, and did not say anything, but looked toward Emma, who sat by the table with her head leaning on her hand, looking down.

"Emma," said he.

She started. "George—George Pentonville! Oh, can it be?" and Emma suddenly overcame her aversion to noblemen; for she ran toward him, and scarce knowing what she did or where she was, took his hand in hers and cried for joy.

"What, why, how, how is this?" stammered Mr. Randolph.

"Mr. Pentonville, I beg your pardon. How do you do?" said the aunt. "But how can you be two persons at the same time?"

"I am not two persons," said he, smilingly, taking her hand. "I am, if you please, Lord George Eglinstone, or Mr. Pentonville. You knew me by the latter name. May I hope, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Randolph, "that

you will know me by a nearer name than either."

Mr. Randolph spoke not, but with tears in his eyes pressed the hand of Lord Eglinstone; and then placing the hand of Emma within his, "Heaven bless you!" he cried. "Noble youth! You have saved her life; she is yours."

Ah, how soon Emma's smiles returned!

"But how were you a merchant?"

"I was not; the cargo belonged to some Liverpool house. The captain thought I was their partner. I came out in a ship because I wanted to enjoy myself, and found you, Emma. I took the name of my mother's family and won you as a simple merchant—plain Mr. Pentonville. May I hope, dearest Emma, that Lord Eglinstone will be as welcome to you?"

A LITERARY STAR, AND HOW IT CULMINATED.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MRS. F. H. OAKES, AUTHOR OF "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT," "BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE," ETC.

I HAD long been under the conviction that I was born to achieve literary greatness, that mine was a name and fame that would descend undying and undimmed to a grateful posterity. In fact, I thought I was smart, and, like Miss Gilbert, had a "career," and my friends seconded the motion. I was surely born to fame; it was my fate, my destiny, and I, of course, must accept it. It would never do to falsify the predictions or disappoint the reasonable expectations of these wise and prophetic friends. I resolved to show them that they had not reckoned without their host in my case; I would be *all* their highest ambition and fondest wishes desired. I felt that it involved no sacrifice on my part; I had only to say, "Genius, shine forth," and forthwith the world would be flooded with light from my effulgent intellect. And yet, strange to say, I had thus far hesitated, halted, as it were, upon the threshold of the temple of fame; not from fear, or that I felt a sense of unworthiness, or doubt as to my ability to hold a place there; it was none of these, but from a mere habit of procrastination, that weeks, and months, and years rolled around, and I had done nothing to warrant the continued assertions of my friends that I was destined to mount the ladder of fame, and they had conscientiously declared that I would only be in my proper place when enthroned on the topmost round; and I believed them, for this was the lowest seat my self-respect allowed me to assign myself; even my native modesty would not hear to an humbler position. I was a self-elected candidate for the highest honors, and yet here I was, at the age of twenty-eight, not even set out on the journey which was to conduct to this pinnacle of greatness. The fact is, I was both a drone and a dreamer. I had always meant to be famous, and had as often dreamed I was; but, alas! I was not the first one to discover that dreams and realities were as different as day and night; and, although I was fully aware that dreaming away an existence was a delightful manner of spending the time, I at last, by some process of reasoning, arrived at the sage and not very original conclusion that it was not a very profitable one; and that I must act, and not dream, if I desired to fulfil my destiny. So, after continued hints and repeated urgings on the part of my well-wishers, I at last "put my shoulder to the wheel," with what success I will endeavor to relate.

I am, as I have said, no worker; indeed, I might be said to have a hereditary or constitutional aversion to anything that could come under the catalogue of labor. I had always considered myself a sort of queen bee in our domestic hive, which claim was most readily allowed by my parents and sisters, and I really think it was the tact with which I transferred all household burdens upon their devoted shoulders that first led my acquaintances to discover such unusual marks of talent in me, and I, from constantly hearing the words "sharp" and "cute" applied to my individual case, began to think the terms synonymous with "genius," and to comfort myself accordingly, deeming myself amply sufficient for any enterprise I should see fit to undertake.

But, to proceed, I concluded that I would make my *début* in the literary world as a poetess, never doubting but that I should shine a star of the first magnitude; indeed, I expected to be treated as was Joseph in his dream, and have all the other stars make obeisance to me. So certain was I of success, that I settled upon a mode of conduct consistent with my new-fledged greatness. How dignified, and yet how calm and affable! The world should see I was to

the *manner* born, and the homage they so generously bestowed upon me was my right, my just and lawful inheritance; and my condescension was such that I even arranged how, when, and where I should hold certain social levees, so that ordinary minds and mortals might be gratified with a glimpse of the master mind of the day. After settling all these preliminaries to my satisfaction, I fixed on a trip to the Old World, for of course I would be a hadji, and be quoted at home and feted abroad. I would frequent all the haunts of the great intellects of the past and present age, for was not I to tread the paths they had trod? And, as they had left footprints that time had not effaced, so should my name and deeds be landmarks which the most ignorant and careless could not unwittingly pass by. Not only did I commune with choice spirits, living and dead, but I also prepared for visits of ceremony which I supposed would be required of me. I had a programme ready for Buckingham Palace. I constructed high-flown but dignified sentences in very original French, wherewith to reply to the compliments of the emperor at his receptions. I reversed the usual order of things with the pope; a foot was saluted, 'tis true, but it was mine. I hobnobbed with the most illustrious "pig-tails" of Pekin; and "Poverina" was my familiar title for the Queen of Naples; and I—but why recapitulate? Suffice it to say the most minute circumstance was not omitted. I knew almost by intuition *what* and *how* to do everything that would be expected of me when I should have become the theme of every tongue. What though it should be imputed to me that I had built a house without counting the cost? I could afford to do so, for I had ample means within myself, and I might surely rear a stately superstructure at my own expense.

Having arranged a line of procedure to be acted upon when I should have attained the summit of greatness, I became so enamored with the picture that I began to be anxious to enter into a realization of my dreams, and resolved to delay no longer, but press forward at once to the goal.

As I before stated, I had determined to be a poetess; I would rival Mrs. Hemans and Sigourney, and other great lights, and at one fell blow I should lift the laurels from their heads and transfer them to my own, with many new additions to the chaplet, for I could never be satisfied to bring my fame to anchor alongside of theirs. Excelsior was my motto. Accordingly, I procured the necessary implements, and sat me down to write "immortal verse."

Then for the first time did the idea penetrate my brain that there might be something very like labor required for the perfection of all my visionary schemes, though I had always felt that my fertile imagination and active brain would, like a sugar-tree, when tapped, pour forth its strength and sweetness involuntarily, just as a pent-up stream will, upon a slight vent being given, rush forth with terrific violence, sweeping everything before it, till at last it is exhausted by the strength of its own efforts. But before my brain should wear out, for give way it must—and as this was a catastrophe which could not and ought not (consistently) be averted—I heroically determined to immolate myself to the god Fame. However, before this last act of the drama should be played out, I would have drunk the cup of applause, not to the dregs, but till I was surfeited with its sweets; then it would be wise to die; the world could do no more for me; I would seek another sphere, where my immortal longings should be satisfied.

But lest you may begin to entertain the idea that my wits have gotten into the "circumlocution office," I will recall them, and endeavor to confine myself to my self-appointed task.

I knew I must decide in what character and style I should appear, for I felt competent, Jupiter-like, to give birth to wisdom equal to Minerva, and that, too, without the aid of Vulcan's axe. Should I, I deliberated, give the world ponderous ideas, big with wisdom and all knowledge, and thus overwhelm them with my massive intellect? Or should I, comet-like, appear suddenly in the literary heavens, and startle and overshadow all other planets, and astonish them by making an erratic but brilliant cycle through their midst, approaching so near them (in their fancied security and elevation) as to terrify them with fears for their personal safety, and only leave them to soar far above them, even if I disappeared the next instant from the horizon—no, not disappeared, for surely the sun of my genius should never set?

But on second thoughts I feared such a course might involve a slight loss of dignity, and I might be incomprehensible, but never familiar. So I resolved what brilliant and sparkling wit I possessed should be safely hid in some dark corner of my brain, where, after many years of dust and cobwebs had been allowed to accumulate, I would ostentatiously bring it forth, and dust and uncork, that a few dear and congenial spirits should see its sparkle and taste its quality. But now I would be heavy, massive,

grand, and as incomprehensible and transcendental as the veriest Bohemian in existence, and as such I would of course excel. Did I not even here give evidence of my superiority, for what are the first, and last, and principal elements that enter into the composition of the successful Bohemian? How does he start? Does he not begin at the root of a matter, by knowing nothing, and continue just so till he has reached a place in the clouds, either so misty and obscured or else so thin and vaporish that none wish or dare follow him?

I find I shall never be able to bring the results of my attempt to immortalize myself to a successful issue unless I plunge at once into the subject. I have hitherto hesitated and halted, faltering upon the brink of disclosure, desiring yet dreading to take the fatal leap. Like the "Maid of the Mist," I have often started out, boldly resolved to stem the tide, and resist the overwhelming current that opposed me; but ever, just as I was on the point of accomplishing my object, the ship aboard of which were my inclinations irresistibly veered round and slowly put back to the starting-point.

Reader, will you spare me the humiliating confession, or must I make it? Well, I will only say *I tried it;* the grand thoughts did not come forth. I commanded my brain to give my ideas birth; my head was perverse, and did not obey. I adjured, I supplicated, I tried to cajole, and, failing in all these, I instituted a search; I swept, I dusted, I sifted the refuse, but all of none effect. Alas! I too late found out there was naught in my hapless head but g-a-s! Pity me, but do not imitate.

Moral (the old one)—Never count your chickens till they are hatched.

THE SECRET OF A CHARMING MANNER.

There are two sorts of fine manners—the one which expresses an easy sense of fitness for every company, lofty, a shade supercilious, but really good—the manner caricatured in *Punch's* portrait of "swells," and only serviceable to the owner; the other of a cast which confers benefit on others, and which must proceed from deeper and kindlier sources than self-appreciation, self-respect, and the habit of good company. One which, if it does not imply a more excellent nature than common, shows a nature whose best qualities are now within our reach, a gift to society, the manner which conveys to us the idea that we are worth pleasing, that we have inspired an interest, and waked sympathy. We rise in our own opinion in such a presence; we feel ourselves appreciated, our powers are quickened, we are at ease, and show ourselves at our best. What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? What quality that diffuses an aroma, an influence as of rose-leaves about them? that manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender—in the general radiance of reception? What a benignant sunshine of welcome! how soothing to be cared for! how easily the time passes! And what constitutes this charm? for we are not supposing it to arise from any deep moral or intellectual superiority, which, truth to say, does not often exhibit itself in this way. Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—pervading rather than deep—acting upon a desire to please. There are some persons on whom society acts almost chemically, compelling them to be charming. It is part of themselves to meet advances, to labor in their graceful way, to create a favorable impression, and to give pleasure; and yet, perhaps, our arrival was, after all, ill-timed—our approach at least was not welcome—we interrupted, we necessitated an effort. If at night we could overhear our friend's summary of the day, we might find ourselves classed as one of its troubles and hindrances: and, as we have said, we might unjustly feel a twinge of ill-usage. But is it not something not to have been made uncomfortable at the time—to have spent a happy hour instead of sitting on thorns, as with certain of our acquaintance we should certainly have been made to do? They are not necessarily more sincere because they take no pains to conceal that we are in their way. The kindly welcomer has been as true to his character all the while as our surly friend has been to his. It would have cost too much; it would have been impossible for him to be ungracious. Thus he is neither insincere, for he has sincerely wished to please, nor, what might seem the other alternative, affected, for he has been acting according to nature.

Night.—How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half sound, a half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature; decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending: the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hourglass of time!

MET ON THE CORNER.

BY YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT.

READER, do you want to hear a love-story? Of course you do; for when was the time, since Eve had the question popped to her, now a great many years ago, that folks *didn't* want to hear love-stories? It is a branch of human nature, I tell you, love is; a branch which is apt to grow pretty large, too, by the way, and the more you lop it off and trim it down, the larger it grows. "Bet yer life," as Artemus Ward would say.

There is a delightful little village out West, named Mohecan. Of all country villages in the great West, Mohecan is the model. Every *pater-familias* in Mohecan is a model. Never does *mater-familias* have occasion to curtain-lecture *pater* for coming home with a longitudinal solid of baked earth in his *chapeau;* never does *pater* go into a rage over old love-letters from other masculines, accidentally found in *mater's* writing-desk. I tell you the very pigs in the streets—for, like said animals in other western villages, the Mohecan pigs have adopted the free and independent style of living in the streets—the very pigs in the streets give such a gentle, proper grunt, that it would seem to be only the last dying sigh of a fainting porker.

It was June, about dusk in Mohecan. On a corner of the principal street stood a young lady, *not* sweet sixteen, but about twenty-two. She was evidently waiting for some one. She could stand there perfectly at her ease, for Mohecan was a quiet place, and the said young lady was not at all sentimental, and would not be likely to screech and tumble over in a swoon, even if she *should* see anything unusual. She wasn't thinking of seeing anything of the kind. however; on the contrary, she was only waiting for her respected papa, who was in the habit of coming home every evening of his life for that matter.

Our heroine, for this *is* our heroine, no mistake, reader, was as healthy, cheery a young woman, city girl though she was, as you ever see in these days. She was tall, well developed, with a clear, merry blue eye, and a broad, fair brow. Her hair did *not* fall in raven ringlets over alabaster shoulders, but lay in massive brown, silky braids around her head, which was perfectly Grecian, as far as that is concerned, but which *didn't* droop timidly down, but held itself straight up, firm and independent. Her teeth were the prettiest imaginable, as her *devoteds* plainly saw when she made sport of them, and laughed in their discomfited faces. She was considered a great "catch," speaking matrimonially, and also, alas, absolutely uncatchable! This young lady was named Jenny Dale. She could skate, shoot, and ride horseback equal to Di Vernon. Moreover, she never spelled her name with an *ie*, which, I take it, was the most remarkable of all.

Reader, do you like my heroine? Her friends did, at any rate, for they knew her great true heart, her unbounded love and generosity. The poor blessed her, for all her life had she been to them a fast friend and benefactor. Her father, a respectable widower, very rich, pompous, and fat, idolized her, and thought he beheld in his daughter Jane, the *ne plus ultra* of womankind. And her husband, if she were ever to take such an appendage, what would he think of her? Oh, doubtless he would at once make up his mind, conceited dog, that he was a most magnificently good fellow to have a life-interest in such a piece of property as that! he must have been perfection, or *she* wouldn't have fallen in love with him.

Jenny and Pater Dale were spending the summer months with a friend here in Mohecan, and Miss Jenny found it altogether to her liking. She had just been out horseback riding, when we saw her on the corner, and had her whip still in her hand, as she stood there waiting for the rich, pompous, and fat papa. She was looking intently down the street, when suddenly she saw coming towards her a stranger, a tall bandit-looking young fellow, with a slouched hat, and black, bushy beard all over his face. A villanous-looking scamp, Jenny thought, as she saw him through the dusk. But what was Jenny's extreme surprise and disgust when the villanous-looking scamp suddenly called, "Jenny, is that you?"

Involuntarily she answered "Yes;" and the next moment he had thrown both arms around her tightly, and was kissing her with his ugly, black-bearded face on both cheeks. Did she scream "Murder," fall in a fainting fit? Not Jenny. She coolly raised the riding-whip in her hand, and gave the wretch a cut with all her force, right across the cheek. He howled with pain, and well he might, for the blow was

no weak one, stared at her a moment, and then set off at full speed, disappearing very soon in the gathering darkness. Jenny was very much disturbed, and Pater Dale, who just came up in time to catch a glimpse of the performance, without interfering in it, was outraged. He was in a towering passion, fairly fuming.

Well, next morning, this model village of Mohecan was thrown into the wildest excitement and dismay. A young lady—a city heiress—had been insulted, grossly, shamefully insulted in the streets of Mohecan. Since the memory of man, no such thing had ever happened before. Mohecan would go down to after generations as a place where innocent young women were seized and kissed in the open street by villains in slouched hats and black beards. The very hairs of the Mohecanites stood on their respectable ends. The town was searched from Washington Street to Jefferson, from garret to cellar. *Cui bono?* No villain with a black beard and a slouched hat was ever found. Meanwhile, Pater Dale would not stay another hour in such a Gomorrah of wickedness. He left town that very morning, with Jenny, in the stage for the city.

Gradually Mohecan became quiet. Once in a while prudent mothers would tell the story to their wild daughters, in a tone of solemn warning, but by degrees it was forgotten by the rest.

Nothing unusual happened after that dreadful evening for a long time, except that, next day after, a Mohecan family was made jubilant by the unexpected return of their only son from California, where he had been for three years. The Altons had been one of the wealthiest families in Mohecan, but the "times" kept growing harder and harder, until one day Mr. Alton's "times" had become so hard that they broke very suddenly, leaving him without a dollar in the world. He did not make over his property to his wife, but gave it up, every cent, even to selling his handsome dwelling-house on the corner, his house and all the furniture. They had enough to cover liabilities, but nothing more. So when all was over they removed to a little house in the outskirts of Mohecan. Mr. Alton worked in his little garden; his daughter Jenny, a calm, gentle girl, who had withal plenty of quiet force about her, found employment in a fancy store, and so the Altons obtained a subsistence, in other words, earned their bread and butter. They lost their place among the *élite* of Mohecan, but were cheerful and contented, nevertheless; and now that William, the adored brother, the faithful son, had come home, they had scarce another wish.

"But wasn't it lucky, though," said Jenny, when the welcomings were all over, and she and her brother were sitting together in the little parlor—"wasn't it lucky that father happened to be down town when the stage came in? If he hadn't, you'd have gone straight to our old home, wouldn't you, Will?"

"I don't know," said Will. "Perhaps so."

"But what is that great strip of plaster on your cheek for?" pursued Jenny.

"Oh, I guess I was wrestling with the devil in my sleep, and got the worst of the battle; at least I don't account for it in any other way," said Will, with a very grim smile.

Jenny didn't smile, but she said nothing more about it.

Meantime we'll take a look at this immaculate brother Will. He didn't *look* immaculate, at least not just then. He was tall, tanned as brown as mahogany, with hair closely cropped, beard ditto, except a short, stubby black moustache; and his eyes, you could make everything and nothing out of them. They were very black, and had in them a "cloudy splendor," as a sensation novel would say—soft, clear, gentle, or diabolical, just as you wished. They were neither, just then, however; they wore a vexed, and yet an amused look.

Jenny was looking at her brother, too, all the while that we were taking his "points," and she took the liberty of saying to him—

"Will, you know we are all overjoyed to see you back; but really you look ugly enough to scare any civilized woman out of her senses. If I didn't know you were my own brother, I should take you to be a cannibal."

The vexed, amused look in Will's eyes showed itself a little plainer, and he involuntarily put his hand to the strip of plaster on his cheek. Reader, can you guess what he was thinking of?

Two months make a vast number of changes sometimes; they did to you, my dear Arabella, who just two months ago met for the first time your adorable Augustus, you being then still

> "In maiden meditation
> *Pfansy pfree!*"

and now, as the discreet wife of said adorable, taking matri-*mony* quite as a matter *of course*.

Well, two months made a wonderful change in the fortunes of the Altons. The Mores, who had bought their house at the time of the failure, were readily induced to sell it to Will Alton; and, after making preliminary arrangements thereto, went back to the city the first of September, Will telling them that he would soon

be in the city, where they could complete the final bargain; and so the Altons were restored to their fine old home. Will had come back rich; Will bought back the house; Will did everything for his family, who again became the *crême de la crême* of Mohecan; Will was the idol of the Mohecan belles, albeit they worshipped said idol always at a respectful distance, for not one of their offerings ever propitiated the grim savage in the least, not one of their innocent little man-traps could ever decoy him to within a mile of them; he seemed entirely devoted to his family, and to give not a thought to anything else in existence. Two months had quite civilized the bear, outwardly. He was considered by the young ladies a model of manly beauty, with his short black curls, and that moustache and those whiskers of his were "*too* pretty."

You remember he was to go to the city soon, to see the Mores on business. Accordingly, late one afternoon, behold the idol of the Mohecan young ladies in the city. He was hurrying along the street about as fast as a good active pair of pedal extremities could carry him, for he had yet some business to transact for Jenny before he could go to the Mores, and it was then late. He was just rushing round a corner, when whack! he came broadside against a young lady, and that young lady was our heroine, Jenny Dale. Fate had brought them together, but a force no less inexorable—namely, the force of gravitation—brought them both sprawling flat on the pavement. Will sprang up, and endeavored to raise the young lady; but Jenny Dale was on her feet in an instant, and with a look of awful dignity, without giving him time for a word of apology, walked off. It was evident to those who witnessed this ridiculous scene that Will was terribly mortified, but he smoothed his ruffled pride and his ruffled plumes as best he might, and went on his way.

Finally, then, our hero (I forgot to mention that Will Alton was my hero) found himself at the Mores. Yes, her master was in, the girl said. Would the gentleman walk into the parlor? The gentleman would, and *did*. The first thing that greeted his vision was the young lady with whom he had had the collision on the corner seated there as quietly as though she had never knocked a stout young gentleman down in the street. She recognized him, too, and at first started up as if about to run away; but she suddenly remembered her pride, and sat down again very freezingly, and went on reading desperately—with her book upside down.

Will Alton ought to have been embarrassed, perhaps, but he wasn't. He looked at the young woman very coolly a moment, and then sat down just as freezingly as herself, with the same look in his eyes, half amused and more than half vexed, which we observed there two months ago. Mr. More came in, and then our Jenny had to make a beginning of melting, and be introduced to Mr. Alton, and finally she thawed out completely. They mutually apologized for the encounter on the corner, for it was useless, as each one very well knew, to pretend not to know and to be known. Jenny was coming to see her friend, Mrs. More, when the tragic scene on the corner occurred; and, as she expected to stay all night, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should be there when Will came. Mrs. More joined them shortly, and they didn't transact very much business *that* evening. They spent it most delightfully, all together there, and Mrs. More informed Jenny confidentially next morning that Mr. Alton was terribly fascinating. Jenny played and sang, not those silly, *frosty* songs which of late years are so vitiating and ruining all fine musical taste, but the rich, sublime music of the great masters, whose melody is a foreshadowing of that which we all hope to hear some day in another land; and, last of all, she sang one of those sweet old ballads which our grandmothers sing to us in our cradles, and which steal into our hearts and memories so softly that we can't remember when we didn't know them, and the room grew very still while she sang. Will Alton rose, without a word, to go, when the song ceased; and the black eyes were very soft and moist as they bade the blue ones good-night.

William Alton, it 's all up with you now! Jenny Dale, my vigorous, strong-minded heroine, it 's all up with *you*, too! and you will have to own it before long.

And now, dear reader, I 'm coming to my love-story. Been long enough about it, do you say? Well, I wanted to get everything ready—oil all the hinges of my machinery—and then let my lovers *go it*, in classic phrase. But maybe you think I 'm going to write down all the small details of the courtship of Jenny Dale and Will Alton. You never were more mistaken in your life, sir, or madam, as the case may be. I will not write it; it would make me feel like a downright sheep to do it—would make me sentimental; and the one horror of my life is, lest I grow sentimental. Sooner than be sentimental, I assure you on my honor that I would eat my own head off; without taking the trouble to

mention that I should probably make a most scanty and unsatisfactory meal.

I'll only tell you about one particular evening which Will and Jenny will remember all their lives. Jenny had been out riding that afternoon, and had thrown her whip down on the sofa when she came in, and it was still there, when, an hour later, Will Alton came in to bring her a new book which he thought she would like. At least he said that was what he came for, and we will believe him, though it took him a very long time to give it to her, somehow. They sat there together on the sofa talking until the sun went down and the stars came out, Jenny all the time playing with her riding-whip, and then they suddenly became very silent.

Ah! lovers know what that sweet silence means. They know full well how busy the heart is beating—beating away all the while that the tongue cannot speak a word through very fulness of sweet thought.

"Jenny," at last said Will, very softly, "I have been very happy since I have known you."

Not a word from Jenny; but her head drooped very low, and her hands twirled the little whip more busily yet.

"Very happy," continued Will, speaking lower and more softly still. "And, Jenny"—then he broke out passionately—"Jenny! Jenny, I love you better than my life; I shall never be happy again away from you. May I stay with you always?"

Jenny let fall the riding-whip very suddenly, the head drooped lower yet; and Jenny only said—

"Dear, *dear* Will!"

And Will caught her up close to him and held her very tightly, as if he was afraid it wasn't Jenny after all, only some fair spirit, he was holding there and kissing. That sweet silence again; and the two hearts beating faster and faster. It was Will who spoke first—

"Jenny, Jenny Dale! Why don't you cut my head off again with your riding-whip?"

Reader, I'm wofully afraid I've been sentimental. I won't write another word, except just to tell you what Will told Jenny on that memorable night while they sat there by the window in that blessed darkness with the happy little stars looking in at them.

Didn't they have the blinds closed, and the gas lit? Not a bit of it.

What? Not proper to sit there in the dark? I tell you it *was* proper, they sitting there in the pure and gentle night. They couldn't have been so entirely happy with the coarse glare of the gas in their faces.

But I was about to tell you something when you interrupted me; how Will told Jenny that it was he who had so unceremoniously kissed her that night in Mohecan, mistaking her for his sister, very naturally, as she was standing by the yard of his old home, and answered to the name Jenny; how he had not come in the stage, but walked from Brookville, the better to surprise his friends. That he had hardly seen a lady in three years, and consequently had grown somewhat bashful; and was so mortified at his blunder, that he walked all the way back to Brookville that night, had his huge beard cut off, and endeavored to change himself in other respects, so that no one who might have seen him the night before would at all recognize him, and he then came in on the stage next day. He told her, too, bending his head down close to her, how he had resolved, that very night, that the girl who had given him such a delicate little blow with her riding-whip, should be his wife, if she would be; even though he had to search the world over for her. How he had found her now, and—and *so forth*. I won't tell the *so forth*, for fear of being sentimental.

Jenny heard all this with Will's arms around her, sitting there in her own dear place. And it is her place still.

MY YESTERDAY.

BY MINNIE MAY.

BREATHES each passing breeze upon me
Far more rudely than of yore,
While the shadows deep and thicken
Where a sunbeam strayed before.

Dreams of future flitted o'er me;
Robed in beauty one there came,
E'er remembered, ne'er forgotten,
Though 'twere censure *now* to name.

Young love-visions deck'd my pathway,
Dew-drops kiss'd the waiting flowers,
While low fountains played where rippled
Forth in silvery sheen the hours.

Wailing winds and breath of even
Woke the same sweet strain for me;
Now they hush to mournful measure,
Like the dirge-waves o'er the sea.

Oftentimes they call me happy,
Cheerful though I am to-day;
Ah, they ne'er may know how brighter
Far than this—*my yesterday!*

Breathes each passing breeze upon me
Far more rudely than of yore;
While the sunbeams pale and sicken
Where they danced so free before.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Continued from page 166.)

CHAPTER V.

"How could I ever have been so disagreeable and quarrelsome, and give myself so much misery, when Morgan loves me so dearly, too? It never can happen again—that is one comfort." And Marie involuntarily pressed closer to the arm on which she was leaning. The pressure was returned, and the brown eyes, seeking her husband's face, met as happy and loving a look as they craved in their fond beseeching.

It was the day after the first quarrel, and Morgan had hurried home from the office to take Marie to a nursery, on the outskirts of the town, to choose some flowers for the corner she had begged from Mrs. Lockwood's large grass-plot, at the back of the house. She had wanted some plants in her room, but Mrs. Lockwood had considered them unhealthy; however, this little border Morgan was to lay out for her, would be under her window, and that was almost as nice. He had allowed her to indulge her own taste freely, for he was rather lavish than otherwise in disposition, and her monthly roses, and heliotrope, and fuchsias, and brilliant verbenas made quite a handsome collection, as they were set aside by the gardener.

The man was very polite, for even he seemed to know that she was a bride, and he quite won her heart by his respectful attentions to herself and her husband, to whom he had been indebted in some little way. He cut among his greenhouse plants very freely, and when they were coming away, gave her the flowers, as many as she could conveniently carry, saying—

"You 've got the nicest mon in town, lady, and he the bonniest bride." At which Morgan laughed, not displeased, and her cheeks rivalled the most famous tea-rose in the collection.

So altogether she was as happy as she had ever expected to be; delighted with her walk and her flowers; very proud of her husband, and of being his wife. As for behaving so unreasonably again—never, never! The fair blue sky of spring ever smilingly disowns the showers of yesterday, and the storms of tomorrow!

But they have been, and are again, and will be, so long as the elements are in conflict; and thus it was with Marie's married life. But the storms came more frequently, and the clouds rolled away more slowly as the months went by. Sometimes it was entirely the fault of her over sensitive disposition, jealous of a wife's privilege, sole rule in her husband's heart; then, again, it was clearly his fault; but more frequently there were long explanations to be made, which never quite reached the truth; that neither was entirely unbiassed and unprejudiced in judging the actions of the other.

"If we only had a little home of our own," Marie ventured to say, after one of those long, long talks, which had commenced in tears and bitterness to end in reconciliation, that *almost* repaid her for having been misunderstood and unjustly blamed. Not quite, for her head was throbbing with pain, and she felt weak and ill from her mental suffering; she noticed it herself, sometimes, how physically exhausting these miserable disagreements were—particularly on this evening, when she lay extended on the sofa, with her head on her husband's shoulder.

She had thought and planned so much about this little home, all by herself, that it was a great venture to speak of it to Morgan. It would be a painful disappointment if he did not approve of it; she felt they needed to be alone more to understand each other better; why they should never have had this mutual explanation with this happy ending if the Judge and Mrs. Lockwood had not gone out to a tea company, from which Marie's headache had excused her; and even then Mrs. Lockwood had said pointedly that "Marie's headaches came very conveniently."

"If you could only afford it—we should not want a large house—only ourselves, and by-and-by—" But a kiss filled the pause, for a happy secret was whispered, and just at that moment her husband could deny her nothing.

Certainly he could afford it, if that was all. He was doing the best business of any young lawyer in town, and steadily increasing. Old Mr. Fowler had come in that afternoon, and put the business of the disputed mill privilege

with the Hawley farm into his hands; a dispute that had been going on three years, at least, with no prospect of a settlement. His income was all of sixteen hundred that year, and he might easily say two thousand next, which was equal to five in New York. Dr. Ford, with their four children, did not have that to depend upon, so many people shirked their doctor's bills, and the Fords lived quite well enough.

"How would you like that three-story brown house with green shutters, three doors from Ford's? It 's in one of the prettiest squares in North Street, I think."

But delightful as the prospect was, brought so near as actually to think of selecting the home, Marie did not choose to be so near the Fords'; she did not give her reason openly, though—one seldom brings forward chief motives, even to one's husband or wife, that is, in the early days, before "face answereth to face."

"It would be too large, more room than they would need." And here the animating discussion was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Lockwood, who informed them that they had missed "a most agreeable evening."

"And the best tea-table I ever sat down to," added the Judge, coming in from the hall with the usual fluidless ablution of his large, carefully kept hands.

"*Did* you notice the remarkable delicacy of that ham, my dear, and the delicious flavor of those broiled oysters? Really, you must instruct your domestic in this new style of serving them. I assure you, Ash, broiled oysters and stewed oysters are two distinct—ah—dishes!"

"Marie will have to learn the secret, too," said Mr. Ash, rather quickly. He thought Harriet might as well know their plan at once; he wanted to have it over with, supposing she did not approve of it. He had fancied it from the first, and it would not do to thwart Marie just now, she seemed to have set her heart upon it so.

A weaker woman than Mrs. Lockwood would have said, at such an unlooked-for proposal, which she had no voice in making—

"Oh, very well; if you and Marie are not contented here, with all I try to do for you, why go, of course; oh, certainly!"

That was not Mrs. Lockwood's way. She held her hand quite as steadily to screen the heat of the fire, for it was midwinter now.

"You will find it much more expensive," she said, in her quietest tone.

"Oh, I dare say, but I need not stop to think of that, you know." Mr. Ash was elated by the prospect of Mr. Fowler's whole business, if he once got a foothold. "Marie thinks she would not have her headaches so often if she stirs about a little more, as she would have to in a house of her own;" which was true. It was a lack of interest, as well as exercise, that had made her so drooping since the winter commenced. Her own sewing had all been done the year before, and Morgan needed nothing; she had made slippers for him, for Gilbert, and Judge Lockwood, and had knit Harriet and her aunt a Sontag, but morbid fancies have plenty of room to creep through the meshes of "fancy work," if it is made a business, and not a recreation.

"I agree with you so far; Marie does not exert herself sufficiently." And, to their mutual wonder, this was all the objection Mrs. Lockwood made. She intended to have talked Marie out of it, as the "weaker vessel," in the morning; but Marie had a reason that Mrs. Lockwood submitted to on personal grounds. She was too regular and orderly in her habits to wish children of her own—they would have interfered with them—and the prospect of being annoyed with those of others, even Morgan's, was unpleasant.

"A child crying about the house would disturb us both," she said to Judge Lockwood. "It would be worse than Bijou; and what I have gone through with that dog, walking over my carpets and stretching himself on my rug, I never would have endured for any one but Morgan."

Not for her husband, certainly. In his wildest moments—that is to say, after the annual dinner of the district legal dignitaries—he would never have contemplated the introduction of a canine member to the household.

"And really I don't know that I shall be sorry to be by ourselves again. Morgan was no trouble at all, but a woman is always about. I 'm sorry for Morgan, though; he will regret it; he has been used to everything comfortable, and his wife will never make a housekeeper."

"I don't know, my dear; she seems a kind, agreeable little creature." And the Judge contemplated the toes of the slippers she had worked for him.

"But I do; men are no judges; she will be almost as bad as Sophie."

Her husband might have retorted that he was one at least, by virtue of his office, but he contented himself with saying—

"Well, as to comparing her with Sophie, well, I think she is very devoted to your brother; she is constantly consulting his opinions

and inclinations." And the Judge's tone had a shadow of reproach, if his wife had chosen to see it.

It was very hard that what afforded so much sunshine in prospect should be the occasion of so many storms; but the house was not selected, and its furnishing completed, without nine distinct disagreements between Marie and her husband, and much hard feeling on her part towards Mrs. Lockwood, who acted the part of an adviser on all occasions. She was very kind about it too, putting off her own engagements, at a moment's notice, to go with them to look at a carpet, or a tea-set; but while Marie always had grace or tastefulness in view, Mrs. Lockwood's decisions were made on the basis of utility, and we all know that the most substantial things are not the most elegant usually. When the house was finished, all the carpets would turn, all the furniture outwear its fashion by at least five years, and the paper show soil as little as it is in the nature of paper-hangings to do; you could discover Mrs. Lockwood in every arrangement connected with economy and convenience. In the kitchen she fairly shone—for there she had it all her own way; but Marie had managed to modify the Lockwood element in the parlors and chambers.

Happy little woman when she had finally entered upon possession of her Canaan, and stood with beating heart, at the dining-room window, awaiting her husband for the first time, in her own house.

Mrs. Lockwood had labored untiringly, and, thanks to her help, which Marie had never been so grateful for before, every nook and closet was in thorough order. The dining-room, which was also their sitting-room, was brightened by a cheerful fire, and faultlessly trimmed solar lamp; the tea-table, for their first meal, had been spread by Marie herself, and furnished thoughtfully by Mrs. Lockwood's kindness. The neat tea equipage shone from the burnished tray—the tea-set had been entirely her selection; her own cushioned-chair, Morgan's gift, stood on one side of the pretty rug, with which she had brightened Mrs. Lockwood's utilitarian carpet; her husband's slippers were lying upon it, guarded by Bijou, who made himself quite at home already. Could they ever be unhappy in that dear, lovely little house, all by themselves, with nobody to interfere or misinterpret her? No, indeed; all that miserable time was over with; nothing but happiness, such as they had at first anticipated, lay before them.

"Only think—our own, own house—your own tea-table, Morgan—isn't it nice?" And kneeling on the rug before him, she put on his slippers with her own happy hands.

"Splendid!" And, "the monarch of all he surveyed," his kneeling wife included, Morgan Ash looked around the room with pardonable pride and satisfaction. "Oh, here's a letter from Sophie; don't read it now—let's have your tea, Marie; I'm as hungry as a hunter."

It was next to unalloyed happiness to sit there seeing Morgan enjoy everything so famously. If she could only entertain Gilbert at this snug little table, and have her aunt see how delightfully she was settled, she should have nothing to wish for.

"I do wish aunty and Gilbert were here," she couldn't help saying, out of the fulness of her heart, though experience had taught her not to expect a very enthusiastic response. That was one of the quicksands of their married life—her husband's indifference to those that she loved next best to him so often drew her into tears and reproaches.

"I'd rather be all alone with my dear little wife," said Mr. Ash, quite pleasantly. She could not quarrel with a preference so affectionately expressed. "By the way, I wonder what Sophie has found to write about? Her letters are few and far between."

Marie volunteered to see. The letter was addressed to herself—Morgan had dropped all family correspondence into her hands since their marriage. Mrs. Taylor's chirography had not improved in the year that had passed since Marie had first tried to decipher it.

"She's delighted to think we are going to housekeeping."

"Read out, when you come to anything interesting." And Mr. Ash applied himself to the sardines leisurely. He had just reached them through a round of cream toast and cold tongue.

"I am *delighted* to think you are going to housekeeping," read Marie. "It will be *so convenient* for me to come into Chester now, and do my fall and spring shopping." Marie made no comment on the openness of this congratulation.

"To tell the truth, I never cared to visit at Harriet's; she was so particular, and her husband so *dreadfully pompous!*"

Marie glanced at her husband with a smile. Sophie had said what *she* never should have dared to, but had thought a hundred times.

"Well, the Judge is, rather," said Mr. Ash, with an answering smile; "he gets in the way of it, you know, in court."

"I wonder you *stood it* as long as you did"—

here was sympathy for Marie from an unexpected quarter. "Mr. Taylor said to me, only *the week before* your letter came, I should think Marie would be about *worn out* between the two."

"Sophie always was blunt," said Mr. Ash, this time without a smile, "and gave her opinion about everybody right and left. She never could appreciate Harriet, though; it isn't in her."

"I am sure I should enjoy a visit to *you*. I knew we should *agree elegantly*, for I liked you from the first, so did Mr. Taylor; he said you seemed *so fond of children*, and could make *allowances* for them. I *long* to see Morgan in his *own house*, too; and now that he has one, I shall expect to see more of him than I have for *the last five years*. As it is almost time to begin on the *children's things*, and as Charlie's teeth need attention, and we want Morgan's daguerreotype taken, you may expect to see me *before long*. As you don't mind children, and seemed so fond of Harriet, I shall bring her, too; she is *crazy to come*, and I don't think it would do to leave her *alone* with pa. Of course I must take baby, as he is not yet weaned, and his teeth are beginning to *trouble* him; he is *quite troublesome* at night, and I could not trust him with a girl."

"Well," said Mr. Ash, with more annoyance than amusement in his tone, "what are you going to do about it?"

It had not crossed Marie's mind to do anything but endure the coming infliction. Of course Morgan would be glad to see his sister in his own house, and she should never dream of saying a word against it; but the prospect was far from agreeable.

"I suppose I had better write and tell her we should be glad to see her."

"Oh, if *you* want her." And Mr. Ash felt a little relieved; Marie did not think it such a bore, then, and the children would be in bed by the time he came from the office; he should not be expected to entertain them.

And so Marie found when the party from Groton Mills arrived. Neither did Mrs. Lockwood take much of the trouble from her hands; an invitation to tea, with the children left out, was all the hospitality she tendered, and she seemed rather to blame Marie for not discouraging Sophie's proposal at the outset. It was a very hard fortnight, for housekeeping was new to her, and she had undertaken to do with one servant, as there were but two in the family. Mrs. Taylor's nurse had her hands full with the children, and did not so much as gather up their playthings after them. Then there were various mortifications from having calls of congratulation on getting into her own house, with the visitors shown into the parlor, which the children had been made to vacate at their approach, leaving a peculiar arrangement of furniture, in the shape of "teams," "tents," and "store;" and, this not being enough, Mrs. Taylor always expected Marie to be ready to go with her, and show her the best shops, or to hunt up bargains. Marie did think Morgan might have taken Sophie off her hands, and allowed her to rest evenings; but he stayed at the office as late as possible, and when he did come home, brought out a newspaper the moment the tea things were removed, and remained absorbed in it till bedtime, while Sophie, entirely unconscious of shortcomings on his part, talked on to poor Marie, with intervals of rushing up stairs to soothe the fretful baby. These talks, coming when her physical strength was exhausted, were most fatiguing of all. Sophie did not rattle, neither did she converse, but poured forth a steady stream of words on subjects of no earthly interest or consequence, at least to Marie, chiefly connected with past illnesses of herself and her children, which she detailed at length; her husband's business relations, and the past history of their family, particularly dwelling on what she called Harriet's selfishness. This last topic she instinctively reserved for Morgan's absence, for, as she said to Marie: "Morgan never would hear a word against Harriet, or see a fault in her; they were always as thick as peas in a pod, even before mother died and he went to live with her."

This free discussion of Mrs. Lockwood's character did not tend to improve the state of Marie's affections towards her at the moment, and on her own part she made several confidences of her experiences and opinions which she could have bitten her tongue for the next moment, knowing that Sophie would never be judicious in her application of facts thus gained.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," and the visit came to an end with ten days of Mr. Taylor's presence, which did not add to the agreeability of the previous company, the children becoming more noisy and clamorous than ever, teazing their father for "cents," to ride on his foot, and to purchase unending supplies of "candy."

But the last child and the last basket were packed into the capacious two-horse vehicle which Mr. Taylor had brought, and Marie had time to nurse a two days' headache, and endea-

vor to restore order to her house again. The soiled curtains, the dented furniture, the stained carpets, and fractured china made a discouraging review; and her husband's namesake, proud of his first suit with brass buttons, had slid down two stories of banisters repeatedly, scoring the newly varnished rail, as he had done the mahogany bedsteads and bureau in the room his mother had occupied.

Marie could not help a few tears of vexation; but it was Morgan's own sister, and she had almost romantic ideas of forbearance towards one's husband's relations, which had helped her to endure with Mrs. Lockwood's unconscious dictatorship. Now that she knew them both, the balance was in Mrs. Lockwood's favor. She had many noble traits, certainly, and a high sense of honor, which appeared to be entirely wanting in Sophie. She had never heard Mrs. Lockwood detail the unpleasant points of any one's character, not even Sophie's, and there were enough of them. Now that they were separated, and Marie had her own way a little more, she thought she could really love her eldest sister-in-law, if Harriet would only let her!

But the yearning desire to see her own family was only the stronger with every such review; after all, no one else could understand her or make allowances for her so well, not even Morgan; he always expected so much of every one, just as Mrs. Lockwood did, and was so quick at seeing faults in other people. It seemed a great while since she had seen aunty, and by and by it would not be pleasant to have Gilbert, so she ventured to bring the subject up again.

"Don't you think June would be a nice time to have Aunt Pierson and Gilbert here?" she suggested, with great apparent carelessness, the first evening they were alone again.

Poor little dissembler! she had been an hour coaxing him into unqualified good-humor, and waiting for the propitious moment to arrive; but for all the petting and smiles of the moment before, Mr. Ash's face clouded, and he said, coldly:—

"I did not know it was decided to have them come at all! You seem bent on filling up your house with visitors"—as if she had invited Sophie, or the Taylor family were *her* relations! It was too bad, after all she had gone through with, and for his sake, too!

But she would not quarrel if she could help it; it cost her too much to make up again. So she choked down the indignant retort, and said a little tremulously—"It seems ages since I have seen aunty! Only think—a whole year!"

"You talk as if *I* had prevented your going to see her whenever you liked," said Mr. Ash, sitting erect, and drawing his arm away from her as she perched upon his knee.

"But you never have been ready to go with me, Morgan; you know yourself how disappointed I was last fall. You would have made time, if you had cared to go!" And here the morbid sensitiveness on the subject of home got the better of her prudence. Morgan hated reproaches, but reproaches and tears are a woman's only weapons.

"I dare say I should have," the withering court tone now, and he moved so impatiently that she stood up. It was the commencement of two days of miserable coldness and estrangement, and Marie felt as ill as if she had endured bodily suffering, before she could make up her mind to say, "It was my fault;" a concession which was always expected of her, and thus far always conceded, sometimes at the expense of truth.

"But if you knew how I long to see aunty; there is so much that I want to talk to her about." The concession, and Marie's employment at that moment, a little bit of embroidery, destined for the first little bit of a garment, overcame any distaste to the plan.

"Would it make my penitent little wife, very, very happy?"

"Oh, so happy, you don't know." And the wan face took up its old brightness. "I *knew* you would consent! you kind, good, darling husband!"

When we reflect that the individual to whom these endearing epithets were applied had not spoken to her, except it was absolutely necessary, for the last forty-eight hours; had eaten his meals and read his newspaper in the most ungracious silence, had studied ways and means of making her feel his displeasure, and that the cause was a natural inclination on her part to have a visit from the friends she loved best in the world, it may be considered a question as to whether he deserved them. But the granting consent was a favor now, and a favor conferred disposes one favorably towards the recipient.

"If you only knew how to take me, Marie; but you do say such provoking things."

"I dare say." The very words he had used the night of the altercation, but in such a very different tone; so humble, so self-accusing.

So Mrs. Pierson and Gilbert arrived in course of time; but poor Marie had been too nervously anxious that her husband should show them

due attention, and had been "hurt" in the morning because Morgan would not meet them at the station, and was so fearful he would betray any lack of warmth or interest towards them, that her joy in the meeting was sadly clouded. Instead of the happy evening she had pictured, she was constantly preoccupied in diverting the conversation to indifferent channels, lest Gilbert should happen to stumble on some of his pet theories, which her husband would dispute, or Aunt Pierson's sharp eyes should detect the alteration in Morgan's manner towards her, which was so painfully evident to herself; and this was a type of the whole visit. It brought about one thing, though; with Mr. Ash's forced civilities, and Mrs. Lockwood's formal hospitality, Mrs. Ford's evident recognition of Aunt Pierson's good points, and the Doctor's cordial admiration of Gilbert's unusual self-cultivation, opened her heart towards them as nothing else had ever done.

She was doubly watchful over every word and action towards her husband. It was bad enough to have those constantly recurring unpleasant scenes in secret, but it would kill her to have her aunt guess the truth, that she was not perfectly happy; and if Morgan happened to find fault with anything, she knew Aunt Pierson would take her part, and that Morgan never would put up with.

The explosion came, for all her care, and just as she expected it would. Gilbert fortunately was not present; having gone on a morning's rounds in the country with Doctor Ford. Morgan had been out of temper in the morning at some trifling neglect on her part, growing out of her constant occupation with her aunt; and to conciliate him, Marie had taken unusual pains with the dinner; she had selected his favorite joint, and made the pudding with her own hands, but the lamb was "roasted to a cinder," and the pudding "heavy as lead."

"I do wish you would look after that girl of yours, Marie; that 's the second time this week the meat has been spoiled. You know very well how I like it—neither too rare, nor too well done—just as Harriet always had it."

To be found fault with in that ungracious tone before her aunt was bad enough, but to have Harriet's skill and management perpetually held up before her was more than she could bear, added to her own disappointment, when she had taken so much pains.

"You were so late to-day, Morgan; the lamb was just right at two o'clock." He had never taken such liberties with his sister's dinner-hour, and if he or Judge Lockwood was detained in court, the meal was served all the same.

It was not in human nature to look into that dear face, so changed since it had left her own roof, and see the tears forced back from the heavy eyes, without speaking, when she knew her to be unjustly blamed.

"I don't think you ought to scold her, Mr. Ash; she 's been in the kitchen the whole morning." Aunt Pierson's tone rather than her words conveyed reproof.

"I am the best judge of my own actions." Marie's deprecating look from one to the other was unheeded. Oh, if her aunt would only not mind! she did not know Morgan.

"She 's all overdone now," continued Aunt Pierson, warmly; "and shaking like a leaf, she 's so tired out. She works altogether too hard all the time; she never was used to it."

"I never allow any one to interfere in my house, or in any of my affairs!" said Mr. Ash, with the flashing eyes Marie knew too well. "Those who don't approve of what they see are at liberty to leave!"

"Oh, Morgan," groaned Marie, as the harsh, insulting words fell upon her ears, "how can you? to aunty, too!"

Mr. Ash pushed away his almost untasted dinner, and left the house. He had said more than he intended, as all angry people do; but he excused it to himself, as he walked rapidly back to his office.

To be told that *his* wife was making a slave of herself, when he could afford to hire twenty servants; and to be taken up at his own table for speaking as he chose! It was a little too much for any man to take patiently. And Marie always in tears, always pleading sickness—it was just what he hated. No, it was just as Harriet said, she was no housekeeper, and did not know how to manage.

"Oh, Aunt, if you had not noticed it!" sobbed Marie, as the dining-room door closed heavily. "Morgan can't bear to be found fault with!"

"I never saw the man that could," said Aunt Pierson, decidedly; "and I see just how it goes all the time. You, poor child, you! I knew, the minute I saw you, something was wrong. You give up to him too much; you spoil him. I should have liked to hear Gilbert's father speaking so to me—guess I should! No, he knew better. He could have had the house to himself the second time; but Mr. Ash needn't think he 's going to get me out of the way so soon. I came to see *you*, and I 'm going to, in

spite of him. No more than I always said though. I said, that very first time he entered the house, he 's a selfish man; he wants his own way in everything."

"But, aunt, you don't know how good and kind he is sometimes. He loves me dearly—indeed he does!"

"Pretty way of showing it, and in your state of health, too! I guess the Judge never talks to Mrs. Lockwood in that style; no, nor Dr. Ford to his wife either!" Which suggestion was sympathizing, and relieved Aunt Pierson's excited feelings, but it was far from wise.

"I can't bear to think of going back, anyhow," said the good woman, rising, with a sweep from the table, and dropping into a rocking-chair, which was soon in full career. "Going away, and leaving you with that man! Why I never saw such a temper! He looked at me as if he was going to fly at me with the carving-knife. I don't know how to forgive myself for letting you marry him, knowing so little of him as we did, and coming way off here. You, poor child, you!"

And with these sentiments on both sides it is not strange that Marie was almost relieved when the long-talked-of, long-hoped-for visit came to an end. She was so afraid that there would be another outbreak; and thought that, if they were only alone again, Morgan would come out of the mood he had been in ever since the unfortunate dinner.

"We shall never be happy unless we are alone," sighed the little wife to herself. "I wonder if aunt is right, and I do give up too much. O dear! Why do girls ever get married?"

And to see Gilbert, who knew nothing of the affair (she had made her aunt promise not to tell him), and who was as blind to everybody's failings as her husband was sharp-sighted—to hear him urge Mr. Ash to visit them, and thank him for his hospitality, in Gilbert's old-fashioned, ceremonious way, Marie could not bear to see such kind feeling so utterly thrown away. She half wished her cousin knew that they had been there only on sufferance; and yet Gilbert went the more happily through life, for this very blindness to disagreeable points in other people.

Marie took out her work-basket and sat down by the window from which she had seen them drive away. We do not like weeping heroines, but it is undeniable that Marie, at this time in her life, cried a great deal too much for her own or her husband's happiness, or for the good of her eyesight. Her tears fell on the little robe she was shaping.

"I wonder if my dear, precious baby is going to be a disappointment?" she said to herself. "It seems as if everything I depended on does disappoint me; and I expected to be so very, very happy!"

THE IMPERIAL CROWN OF ENGLAND.

The Imperial State crown of her Majesty Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold: it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5dwt. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band, a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, and in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by his Majesty King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A. D. 1337. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant

diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliants, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper two hundred and fifty-four brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.

WOMAN'S GRAVE.

We can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference, but when we survey the grave of a female a sigh involuntarily escapes us. With the holy name of woman, we associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. We think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend. There is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellences of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as we now feel for her.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

BY ELLA C. SLOAN.

A tenantless wreck on that lonely shore
  Stood the old house battered and brown,
The surf dashed in at the open door,
  And the lattice was broken down,
While through the chinks of the crazy roof drifted the wine-red rain,
And drenched the torn curtains that ever beat on the broken window-pane.

They say when the thunder-cannons rent
  The ramparts of the maddened sky,
When the giant billows in fury went
  Down where the treasure-caverns lie,
They struck the abode of the demons who dwell on the ocean floor,
And bore them up with their mighty arms to the house upon the shore.

And marvellous tales were told to me,
  Of the friends from the ocean flood:
How they drowned with yells of horrid glee
  The voice of the wind, and their eyes of blood
Peered from the broken windows throughout the restless night,
While the old door creaked on its hinges, and the dwelling shook with fright.

If the house *was* the haunt of the tempest,
  It was loved by the sunshine as well!
And the sun never set in the red west,
  Where his ensign imperial fell,
But he played in her nooks and corners, and gave her his parting light,
Ere he wound her up in his rosy veil to kiss her a sweet good-night.

I have often sat in the low door-way,
  To listen to the wail that the waters gave;
I have seen from the old house, many a day,
  The white sails ploughing the ocean wave,
And longed to know the fate of those who loved the sounding main,
Who came to live on that lonely shore—yet no trace could I obtain.

It had been a frowning, perilous night,
  But the gate of the sky let the dawn in fair;
The ocean was sheeted with silver light—
  But where was the old gray ruin? where?
The blue waves sung their morning hymn to the sand upon the shore,
And the sun looked sad and lonesome, for the gray house was no more.

MR. FITZQUISITE—HE MARRIES A FORTUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

BANGS must be a sincere friend of mine, after all, or he wouldn't have been so good about taking me to see Miss Mudge. I passed an excruciating evening, showing myself off to that frightful old creature, and secretly watching Bangs making himself agreeable to that handsome Miss Maud Evelyn Mudge. They seemed to enjoy themselves mightily; that Miss Evelyn was highly tickled about something. I wish I knew what it was! It was probably at the expense of her aunt; thinking how the poor thing was going to be taken in by my making love to her. I've no doubt Bangs confided to her that he had put me on the right track.

It's hard work, this hunting up a rich wife to take care of a fellah. Sometimes I think I'll give it up, and go to clerking, or something. If I could get a situation, now, in some of these big retail-stores, where the ladies would have plenty of chance to admire my hair, and where my clothes wouldn't be thrown away, I might possibly contrive to exist. I should charge my employer five hundred a year extra for my style-aw. Think they ought to be willing to pay me for just standing around and showing myself. It'll be time enough to think of such a step if this affair should fall through.

Live in good style, them Mudges do. Wonder how they'd like a look at my room! Faint away to come into such a vulgar street, I suppose. I don't like it any better than they would; but at present I don't know of any way to better the mattah unless proposing to that antique lady will do it. I shudder to think of it; but how else is a fellah to get along? Only four hundred dollars; and it'll take that to keep up appearances, buy my intended a present, and pay the minister. Sorry I spoiled my coat on New Year's—puts me to extra expense. If I hadn't have had sense enough to lay one of my *carte de visite* on my hat, so that Bangs would know me, when he came along, I don't believe the policeman would ever have got me home. Hope the Mudges hav'n't heard of that scrape; but of course Bangs wouldn't tell 'em; he's anxious to help along the match.

What a nice fashion this of *carte de visite* is. I'd like to have a large circle of lady acquaintance, just for the pleasure of sending up my card—gives a favorable impression in advance-aw! I always imagine the dear creatures admiring my picture while I'm sitting in the parlor waiting for them. Now, for plain fellahs like Bliss and Bangs, it's unfortunate; but for me, there couldn't be anything bettah.

Meant to have made a surreptitious call on the ancient to-day; for I heard Miss Evelyn saying she was going to the matinee, and Bangs promised to meet her there; but it's so rainy I hardly think they'll go, and the dampness will take the curl out of my hair. I've a great mind to do the business up by letter; it will spare her blushes, and it must be distressing to see her try to blush with that complexion of hers; and I could never bring myself to attempt to press her hand with those black-lace mittens on; besides, I might wait a month for an opportunity to speak, unless her niece went out of the room on purpose to give me a chance. Somebody else will be before me if it once gets a-going that she's an heiress in disguise. I know at least six young fellahs who'd throw themselves at her feet without delay; they'd lead her to the altar if she was eighty instead of forty. Ugh! the last time we went there, she had on a green merino dress and a blue sacque, and something in her hair that looked like a steel-bead purse.

It's so long since I've written a lettah that I hardly know how to proceed. I wish I'd saved a copy of a few of those I've got upon similar occasions. I shouldn't be put to all the trouble of composing a new one now. I must send out one of the girls to get me some fashionable papah and envelops; in the mean time, I can be getting up the rough draft on this piece of wrapping-paper that came around that bottle of "Hair-Tonique"—splendid, that Tonique is, best I ever used.

Now, then, to begin: I wonder whether she likes the style respectful, or the style impassioned-aw; probably the latter. These elderly ladies usually do, I've found—

"Miss Mudge," (formal).

"My dear Miss Mudge," (respectful).

"Adorable Lucinda," (impassioned).

Too much so, I'm afraid; she's rather sharp, that woman is, and she may see through it; this is bettah.

"Miss Mudge; or, may I not say? *My* dear Miss Mudge," (unites the tender with the respectful—)

"Prompted by feelings which I cannot explain (of course not; 'cause if I did, I 'd get myself in a nice box), I sit down, this rainy afternoon, to throw myself (figuratively) at your feet. There may be those who prefer the fleeting beauty of extreme youth, but I have always resolved to choose a woman for her worth (in solid coin, or stocks and bonds). Such a woman I believe I have found in you (or I shouldn't be making up a wry face over the cruel necessity); you are rich in all that makes your sex most precious (unless Bangs lies). What care I that you are poor, as I am told you are? that you have no fortune to bring to increase my own? (That 'll bring her to terms, if it 's disinterested love she 's after.) All that I have is yours (in welcome). It is true I have not much to offer; but hearts that are devoted to each other feel not the want of this world's goods, and I presume that by industry and close attention to business, I shall merit, as the advertisements say, a fair share of the public patronage. (That means never to neglect my clothes, nor lose an opportunity of exciting the envy of the other fellahs.) I know that you admire me—I mean you know that I admire you; you must have seen it in my looks, my words, my actions. Dare I hope that you may be induced to reciprocate my feelings? to yield your happiness into my keeping (with a deed of all your real estate)? Do not hesitate on account of your poverty (I don't on account of mine), nor the brevity of our acquaintance. Bangs will tell you that I am O. K. I need not hint that you will not be likely ever to have another such a chance; there are not many that can discover the diamond in its plain setting (I rather guess not, unless they 're told), as I have done, and I 'm called the best-dressed man in the city. Can you resist such inducements? My heart assures me that you cannot. Let us be married on the same day with Bangs and Evelyn. What do you say, my sweetest Lucinda? I shall call for your answer, in person, to-morrow afternoon. (I 'll have to squeeze the black lace mitten.)

Yours, in expectation (of a hundred thousand dollars), FREDERIC FITZQUISITE."

Aw, Dora, got back with the paper and envelopes? All right! that 's the style. I would give you a dime, Dora, seeing that you 've got wet, but I haven't any about me. Unlucky, reawlly. Wish I had—do, reawlly. What 's that? A quarther would do as well? Oh, to be sure—would it, now? How funny you are for a creature moving in your sphere of life—aw! Can't understand how you came so. Let me see—haven't any small change at all, positively. Shut the door, Dora; the air from that cold hall makes me shuddah.

Engaged! haw! distressing, very, but has to be submitted to. I almost felt as if I 'd rather go to work for a living when she met me at the door, and threw her arms about my neck in that demonstrative manner. Crushed my collah and disarranged my hair! If it had been Miss Evelyn, might possibly have stood it, in onsideration of youth, beauty, etc. Bless my soul! I believe she 'd stand any amount of that kind of story that I 'd a mind to tell her. Reawlly thinks I 'm dead in love with her own charms, and that I haven't the most distant idea of the delightful surprise which she has in store for me. Shows how insufferably egotistical people can be! as if a fellah that half the girls in the city are dying for—aw! could be induced to make such a choice, if there were not some stronger attraction! It 's lucky for me she has deceived herself. I shall be quite ready to be surprised with the brilliant revelation. Won't I throw up my hands and eyes, and then tell her that I 'm almost sorry she 's turned out rich, because it spoils my chance of proving my devotion—ugh! and my unselfish passion—aw! She 'll swallow anything, after that story I told her last evening. I was bound Bangs shouldn't see what hard work it was, after the trick he played me, peeping through the glass door of the dining-room, with that saucy young lady, and tittering over the hug that old she-tiger gave me. I knew he was listening, and it induced me to pile up the agony a little higher than I otherwise would. I was extremely provoked at Miss Evelyn, for looking so confounded pretty and well-dressed, and laughing every time she caught my eye, in that sly, bewitching way. Bangs will be a happy dog. Heigh-ho! I've half a mind to back out; but if I should, she 'd sue me for breach of promise, and the fellahs would make fun of me. She could prove it by those two witnesses, if she wanted. And then, after all, when I've once got her money, I needn't be bothered much with *her*. I can contrive to pass the most of my time away from home. Sometimes I think I 'd like a nice little wife—handsome, and gay, and all that; but to have to work to support one would be paying too dear for the whistle. She 'd have to have bonnets, and

dresses, and things, and I should be so bothered of mornings, with the baby crying, and all that, I shouldn't have time to comb my hair nor pay proper attention to myself. I might even have to go to the butcher's or the grocer's, or some such coarse place. Couldn't stand it—nevah!

I think, if I had the right kind of a horse—one that *looked* spirited, but wouldn't run away with me—and a nice light sulky, and a splendid pair of driving gloves, and one of those fancy caps, and a perfect stunner in the way of fancy pants, and it wasn't too breezy on the Bloomingdale Road for my health, that I could contrive to get along and be tolerably happy; if the atmosphere was stormy at home, I'd just try the weather out-doors, you see.

And in the summer I'd have a yacht; yes, I would. If Mrs. Fitzquisite didn't give it to me, I'd stay away until she was glad to come to terms. I wouldn't go to Newport with her, and let her show me off as her husband, if she didn't buy me a yacht to swell around the bay in. A horse and sulky, a yacht, and a set of those new-style diamond buttons at Ball & Black's; never any more trouble about my washerwoman's bills; dress-coats, gloves, and perfumery, *ad infinitum;* a cweature to black my boots, and an endless supply of hair-oil; these will satisfy all the longings of my nature; these will justify me in sacrificing my good looks upon the altar of Miss Mudge. The fellahs may joke me, if they want to; they'd do the same, if they only had the chance. I was afraid I should have to degenerate into the shabby-genteel after my little means were exhausted; I could bear any fate better than that, to have to go without gloves, and button up my coat to hide my want of fresh linen would kill me. I should expire, reawlly, of mortification!

Bangs told me on the way home that Evelyn had promised to marry him as soon as the *trousseau* could be prepared; they wanted to have the affair over before Lent, so as to enjoy a little gayety. We'll be married at the same time, and I shall step right into the same set with the Mudges. I used to think Bangs tried to shake me off and keep me out; but he's been good-natured enough recently. S'pose he'll want to be borrowing money of me after I come into my fortune. Ha! ha! Somehow I don't feel quite easy about him; he's always playing off his practical jokes, and it seems to me he has a queer kind of a look whenever he speaks of my matrimonial prospects. I hope he won't be so mean as to blow on me, let that romantic antique know that I am pursuing her from interested motives, just in time to break off the match.

If I thought he'd do anything as mean as that, I'd hurry up affairs without his knowledge; I'd persuade the old lady into a runaway match without loss of time. She'd be delighted, take it as another proof of my ardent and romantic disposition. Really, I've a great mind to do it any how; it will make matters sure; and another thing, it will save the display of a public wedding. I've been dreading the ordeal of standing up with that ancient dame. How do I know but she'll take a fancy to be married in yellow satin with black trimmings? It will be a great loss to society not to see me in my wedding-suit—aw; but they will have to submit to it, I'm afraid.

I believe we're going to have a fall of snow; looks like it. It's beginning to come down thick and fast. There'll be capital sleighing by to-morrow, if it keeps on. Heigh-ho! I wish I could afford a sleigh-ride. If ever I feel more keenly than usual the want of a rich wife to give me what I desire, it's when I see these fast fellahs driving off in their splendid sleighs, looking as if they could afford to pay thirty dollars a day for an establishment, and consider it fun. A stylish fellah like me looks out of place walking when every one he knows is driving a handsome turn-out. It's queer how fortune deals out her cards. There are some who seem to have rattans and mint-juleps rained upon them; they can get credit to any amount with the tailors and livery-men; but somehow I never could. It can't be because I haven't sufficient impudence; if I thought it was, I'd make a business of cultivating more. I thought I'd graduated in polite impertinence some time ago. No, I'm convinced it isn't that; it's my ill-luck. Fate has fastened upon me Miss Mudge. If I am to have the fortune I deserve, I must have it with—Miss Mudge. Oh, Miss Mudge! why couldn't you have been Maud Evelyn Mudge, and still have been mine and an heiress? But no! *that* pretty piece of good-luck was reserved for Bangs; his bread is always buttered twice! Well, well, well, there's no use groaning over a special dispensation of Providence. Can't expect the sweet without a little bitter. O gwacious, a *little!* She's bitter as tansy, Miss Mudge is!

Yes, there's going to be sleighing. All last winter I never had a ride. My life is one of extweme privation. Minus sulkies, gigs, cutters, sleighs, horses, suppers, champagne, and sometimes almost a scarcity of Lubin's Extracts, handkerchiefs, and hair-oil. I can't stand it

much longer—nevah! I did wise in proposing to that enamored being, and there 's no use in indulging in doleful reflections. I wish Bangs would quit tormenting me; he has some joke at my expense constantly. Evelyn was asking him last night his opinion about wedding-dresses; if she should have a silk or satin dress, with an over-robe of lace. He said he should prefer satin, but he 'd no doubt Fitzquisite would prefer the *moire-antique* article. He said, also, that he had observed a new style of bridal veil, the peculiarity of which was that it completely covered the face of the fair wearer, and that he thought it would be immensely becoming to Miss Mudge, if she should have occasion to need one—on account of her timidity, of course.

Never mind. "Let them laugh who win." I don't look upon Miss Mudge as a woman or a wife—aw! I regard her with the eye of a professor of fortune-hunting, and in that professional light she simply appears to my vision as the incarnation of the aforesaid horses, buggies, suppers, yachts, etc. She is the goddess of liberty stamped upon unnumbered golden coins, which accounts for her complexion having such a yellow cast.

There 's an idea strikes me!—if Bangs was here, he 'd ask me if I wasn't astonished at anything so uncommon, when everybody 's heard that before! This prospect of snow has put the idea in my head. If I 've got to run away with that scarecrow, why not invite her to take a sleigh-ride? We 'll drive out to King's Bridge or somewhere, and on the way there I 'll urge the romance and the delight of an elopement. I 'll persuade her to have the ceremony done up before we return. We 'll order supper, and send for the clergyman, and have this affair off my mind in time to have some jolly drives yet this season, with a wife to foot the bills. I 'll take her back home as soon as the ceremony is over, under the pretence that it 's necessary to keep the match secret for a few weeks. But of course she 'll lend me a little money to meet a contingency. "Hard times, men won't pay me, money don't come in, all be right in a short time, will have to look up something that will insure a proper subsistence to my precious Lucinda!" Then she 'll come down magnificently with the needful, surprise me with her fortune, delight me with her generosity. "Her Frederic shall never be compelled to exert himself; she has enough to gratify his lightest whim!" Aw! affecting, very! That 's the way we 'll manage it. The expense of the ride, supper, clergyman, etc., will be more than saved by the seclusion of the affair. I 'll outwit Bangs for once, if he has any idea of giving her warning. So, now that it 's all settled, I may as well compose myself, and order something decent to eat. I don't know but on the strength of my prospects I 'd be justified in treating myself to that set of buttons I want so much, and a dozen of those new-style ties.

Hallo, Bangs! walk in. Reawly, quite surprised to receive a call from you. Came pretty near not discovering my lodgings? Well, they *are* rather obscure for a stylish fellah like me; hard times, you see. Hope to change to better before long—ha, Bangs, you understand! Take a seat. Aw, beg pawdon—my curling-tongs; didn't observe they were in the chair. How do you like my new waistcoat? stunner, isn't it? I think we shall have sleighing if it keeps on snowing till there 's snow enough. Think you might invite a fellah to take a seat in your slashing cutter. Otherwise engaged? haw, I s'pose so. Came to suggest that I get a sleigh to-morrow and run away with Miss Mudge? Why, old fellah, what on earth put that into your head? I was just thinking about that very thing myself, and you 're the last person I should have confided in—meant to have given you the slip. Oh, you think it 'll be a good joke, and you 're afraid she 'll change her mind if she has to wait very long—suspicious of me, and making inquiries about me? Don't say so! thank you for giving me due warning. But do you think she could be persuaded into such a hasty affair? Not the least doubt of it; crazy to marry, and affects the romantic. You 'll send a clergyman out to unite us, and we can return immediately to avoid suspicion? Oh, yes, I've no objection to that. And then I 'll be sure of her, and it will be convenient to have somebody to cash my drafts? Thank you, my boy; but reawly can't see why you should take so much interest in me. Don't want to borrow money, do you? 'cause I tell you beforehand, that when I 'm provided for, I don't intend to borrow nor lend. You have no other object than my welfare? You say that as grave as a judge, Bangs; and that 's enough to make any one suspect you of a trick—the more solemn you look, the more tricky you are—but as your advice agrees so well with my own judgment, I think I 'll try it for once.

Very fine dinnah, Mrs. Fitzquisite. They get up things in good style out here. Favorite resort of fashionable young fellahs. Rather expensive, though. I think, my dear, you 'd

better resume your cloak and bonnet; I've ordered the sleigh to be at the door by four o'clock, and it's nearly that now. Don't see why we need to be in such a hurry? Well, there isn't any particular reason, except to avoid suspicion. Aw, you impede my respiration, you do, upon my honor, and if you should crush my collar, somebody might take notice of it. Is this your bonnet? here, let me tie it for you. Believe me, I shall be as impatient as yourself to rend the veil of secrecy which for the present must keep our marriage from the world. If those who owe me would pay up, I could satisfy my creditors, and all would be clear again. A few hundred dollars would answer, for the present, to make things right. I wish I had a friend of whom I could borrow it. ("*I wish you had, my precious Frederick!*" Why, in conscience, then, doesn't she offer to do it, herself?) Yes, if I had, say, a thousand dollars down, I could square accounts, and say to you, "Mrs. Fitzquisite, come to the home I have prepared for you; it is poor, but our love will make it rich." ("*Oh, I wish you could say it to-day!*" Why, in thunder, then, doesn't *she* offer *me* a home?) There, there, my deah, you are bending your bonnet all out of shape; that must do for the present. As soon as fate places it in my power, I will claim this hand which is bound with the marriage-ring to me. As it is, I must settle the bill, and go. I see the sleigh has come round, and your friends will wonder what has become of you. My sweet Lucinda, do not *you* know of some one who would advance the necessary means? ("*Ah, no, I wish I did!*" Well, I must say, that wasn't exactly what I expected. How much longer is she going to keep this thing up? I 'm getting tired of it.) Well, then, my dawling wife, I shall have to confide to you that I 'm very bad off—actually suffering, as it were, for the necessaries of life. I shall be compelled to ask you, as my wife, to bestow upon me enough funds to keep me going for the present. *Funds?* Yes, Mrs. Fitzquisite, funds! I take it you know the meaning of the term, a woman as accustomed to handling them as you are. "*Do I mean money?*" Why, yes, what else could I mean? "*I am willing to give you all I have, my precious Frederick, if that will be enough.*" Enough? Oh, I don't want it all at once! As I said before, my dawling, a thousand dollars will be as much as I absolutely require to-day. If you could write me a check upon your banker for that amount, I should be much obliged. Wedding presents, you see, Mrs. Fitzquisite, haw! "*A thousand dollars!*" I said so, madam. "*All that I have is yours, Frederick; every cent that I have in the world is in this purse; take it in welcome.*" Three dollars and fifty cents! Not enough to pay for the wedding-dinner. Come, Mrs. Fitzquisite, hav'n't you carried the joke far enough? "*No joke?*" You never said you were worth anything? No, you never did; but Bangs told me you were, or what do you suppose I married you for, Mrs. Fitzquisite? "*For love.*" Haw, love! haw, love! Well, actually, now, if that isn't the coolest joke of the season! There, there, restrain yourself! Don't try to scratch or bite, angelic creature, don't! Love! ha, ha. Tie on your bonnet, and pull down your veil, and we 'll finish this delightful sleigh-ride, Mrs. Fitzquisite.

Awkwardness.—Women have a permanent advantage over men. Not only does timidity in them naturally find more graceful expression, but they can generally find something legitimate to do with their hands—some little occupation with the needle, the shuttle, or the fan—to mitigate the pains of embarrassment, from which men's hands have no safer refuge than the pocket, most other expedients proving a worse, and often mischievous alternative. And if hands are a difficulty to the shy man, what can we say of legs, which, we presume, women never think of as an incumbrance at all? Where is he to put them? How is he to keep them in order, so that they shall not betray the perplexity of his soul? What an infinite variety of bad tricks, with these particular members, does not the demon of sheepishness suggest to its victim in the hour of trial! What postures! What oscillations! Who does not remember the curate immortalized in Shirlet, who, in the critical moment of courtship, contrived with his own hands to tie his legs so firmly together with his pocket-handkerchief, that he could not set himself at liberty when retreat from the scene of discomfiture became essential!

Maxims for Parents and Teachers.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If a child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

NOVELTIES FOR MARCH.

We give this month various styles of dress and breakfast-caps suitable for ladies from twenty-five to fifty.

Fig. 1.—A headdress rather than a cap, may be worn by a person still younger, any one who desires to conceal, as much as possible, thinness or loss of hair. It is made with a

Fig. 1.

bandeau of black velvet ribbon, which has a flat bow edged with blonde over the forehead. At the side, a blush rose with pendent bud and foliage. The *câche peigné* is of blonde, with loops of velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 is of black lace, roses without foliage, and black velvet ribbon. It is pointed in front.

Fig. 3.—Dress-cap, with a mob crown of thulle. The front, which terminates in long lappets, is of blonde; bow of black velvet ribbon, trailing half wreath of leaves, flowers, and berries.

Fig. 4.—Mob-cap of figured thulle; the front

Fig. 3.

is of blonde, with clusters of berries placed at intervals; lappets of blonde; black velvet loops.

Fig. 4.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Breakfast-caps for ladies of middle age.

Fig. 5 has a crown of muslin puffs; the top

Fig. 5.

is a fanchon of muslin, edged by a muslin frill; a double frill of the same forms the front. Ribbon bow and strings.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 6 is of muslin and inserting, without strings or lappets.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 7.—Square chemisette of narrow muslin plaits, edged by inserting and lace around the neck. To be worn with a low corsage by those who cannot uncover the neck in the present cold season.

THE PAGE.

This is exceedingly simple, being made of ribbon, cord, or velvet.

Fig. 1.

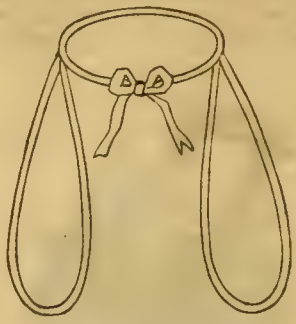
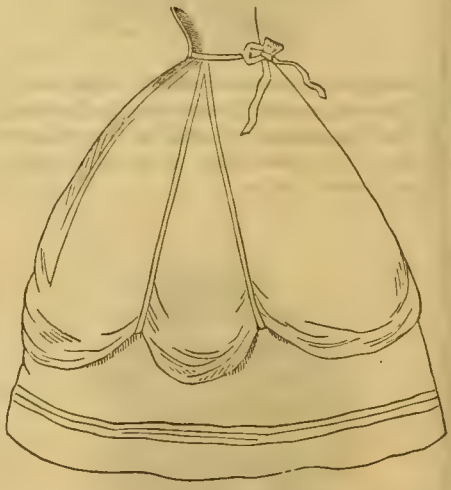


Fig. 1 represents the Page alone, and Fig. 2 as it looks on the dress.

Fig. 2.



It is a very nice contrivance to raise the dress in muddy weather, and at the same time quite pretty.

CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

NEW STYLES FOR SPRING.

Fig. 1.—Dress of black silk, body made with a point in front. The trimming is a bias piece of rose sublime silk, put on to give the appearance of a Zouave jacket. Coat sleeve, with a gauntlet cuff of rose sublime silk.

Fig. 2.—Spring suit for a boy.

Fig. 3.—The Gagelin dress, for little girls. Made of a light-colored spring silk, and trimmed with rose sublime, azurline blue, or green silk.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

Fig 2.

NIGHT-CAPS.

EMBROIDERY.

COIFFURES.

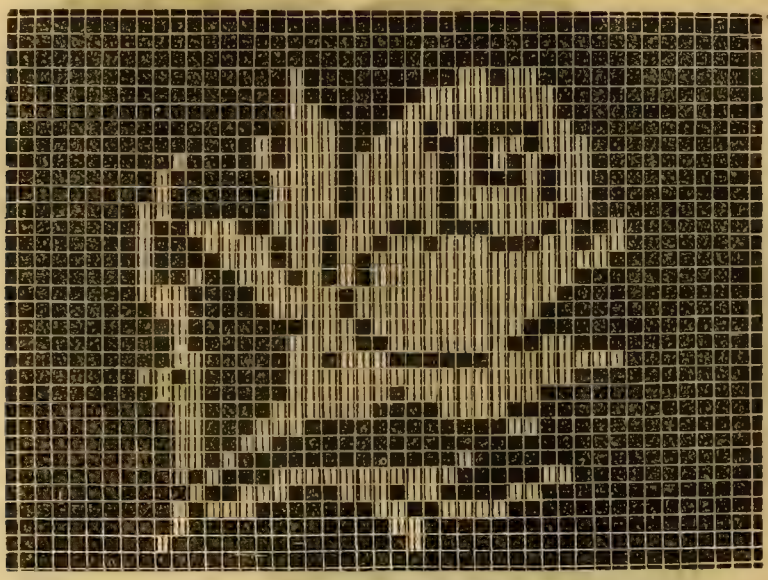
Fig 1.

Fig 2.

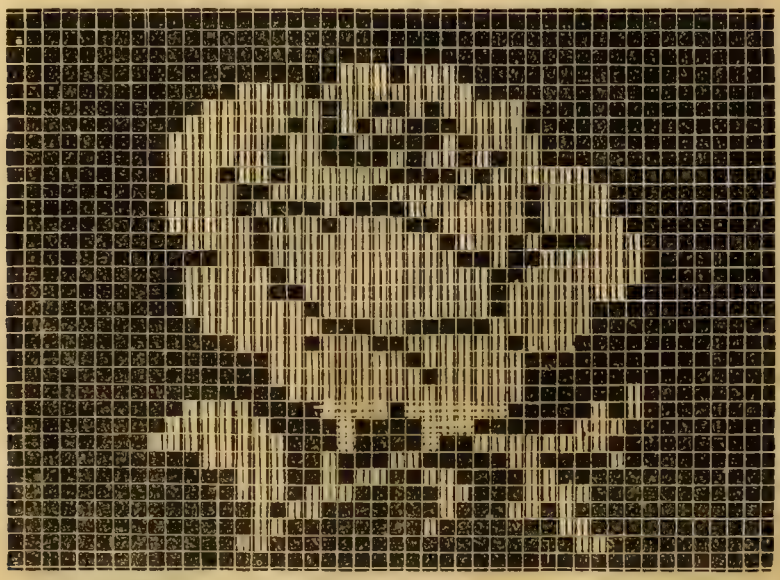
Fig. 1.—Coiffure composed of pansies and black lace.

Fig. 2.—This coiffure is very simple, and generally becoming. The rosettes are formed of pieces of bias silk, about an inch and a half in width; the edges are cut out in points, and the silk box-plaited and formed into a rosette, then sewed on to stiff net; the band can be of velvet or silk, and a bow of ribbon to match the silk is often placed on one side of the band. One or more colors can be used; rose sublime and black make a good contrast.

SPRIGS FOR WINDOW CURTAINS, IN NETTING AND DARNING



THERE is a lightness and convenience in small groups of flowers, or stars, for ornamenting a large space, as they can be placed at any distances to suit either the taste or the time of the worker. They can either be arranged so as to produce a handsome and rich effect, or they can be worked at considerable distances, and yet for curtains look well, without much expendi-



ture of time and labor. The sprigs we are now giving are for darning on a netted ground, and with a border down the front of the curtain, form an elegant and durable ornamental article for the drawing-room. We need scarcely say that the darning must all have the threads going the same way, and have the ends well secured, to preserve the beauty of the work.

ANTI-MACASSAR, IN DIAMOND NETTING.

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 4; a bone mesh, No. 8; and knitting cotton, No 8.

This being done in common diamond-netting, no description of it will be required. Begin on 68 stitches, and net backwards and forwards until a perfect square is made. Be careful to darn it entirely in the same direction. The border may either be any netted edging, or a fringe knotted on. In the latter case, four or five rounds should be done with double cotton; making it sufficiently full at the corners, and knotting the fringe in the last row.

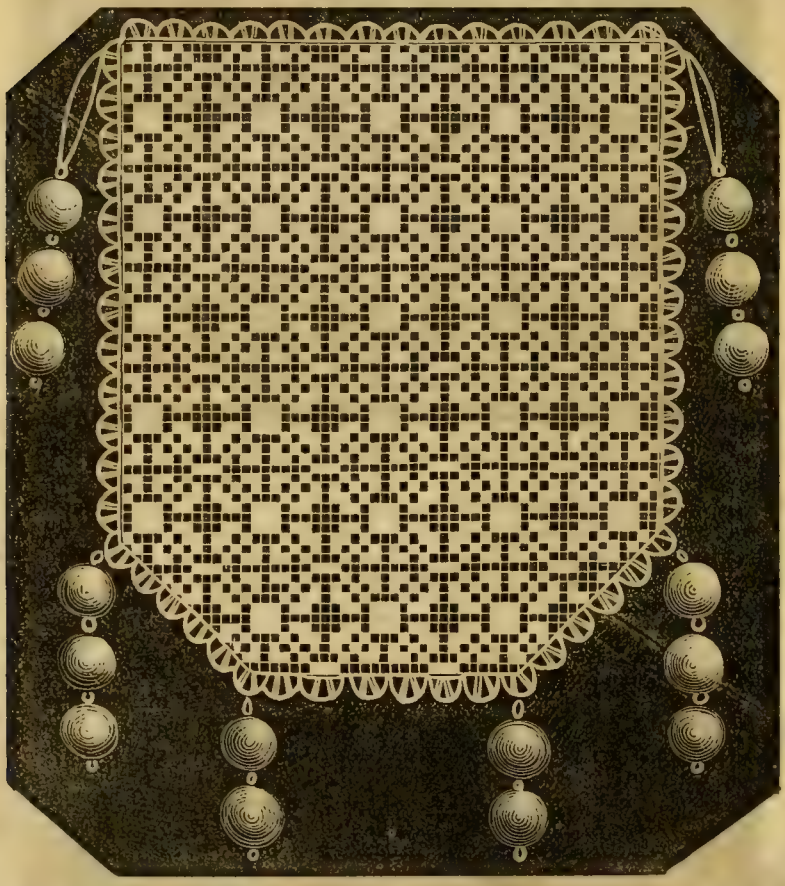
TRAVELLING SHIRT-BOX.

TRAVELLING SHIRT-BOX.

(*See engraving, page* 285.)

This simple and useful article is made with two covers, one for the top and one for the bottom. The top, alone, is ornamented, either with braiding or embroidery. They can be made of enamelled cloth, velvet, or any other material, and should be pasted on stiff pasteboard. The pasteboard for the bottom should be seven inches every way larger than the top. Cut out a square of seven inches at each corner of the bottom, in order to allow the sides to turn up. Line both the top and bottom with colored muslin, letting the lining of the bottom extend over on all four sides, the length and width of the top cover, which should be the size in which it is desired to fold the shirt. Fasten two ribbons on each of the long sides, and one on each end. Place the shirts in the box, turn up the sides, put on the cover, tie the ribbons, and you will be ready for your journey.

PURSE IN COLORED SILK CROCHET.



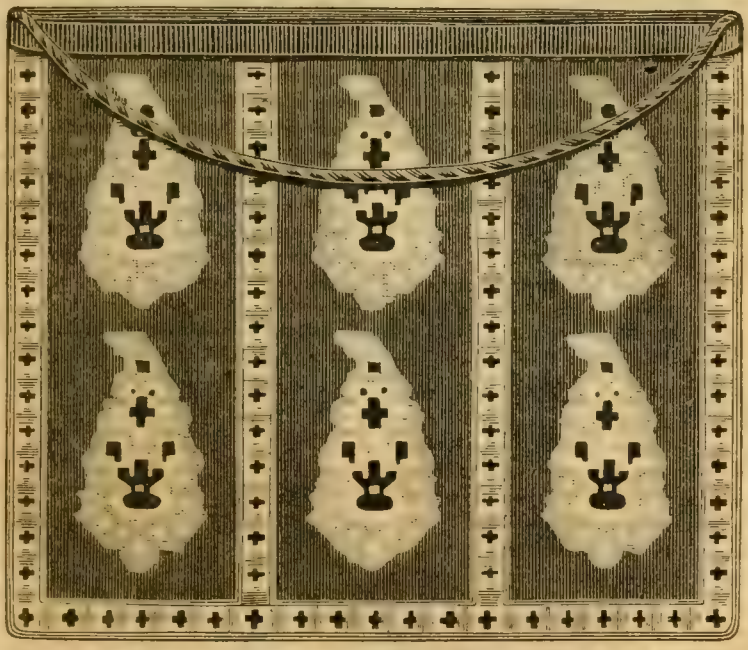
The purse we are now giving is strong and useful, being in simple crochet, easily executed by any lady accustomed to the use of the crochet needle. The little tassels may be either formed of the thin large beads, which must be solid, for fear of breakage, or they may be made of silk. If preferred, a clasp may be substituted for the string, but the purse is complete in either way. A more handsome effect is produced if two colored silks are employed in the work. Magenta and a rich blue contrast well together, or black and Magenta. The pattern should be in one color, and the ground in the other, the silk being carried through each stitch at the back when not required.

THE CAPELINE OR HOOD.

It is a square of flannel, trimmed with velvet, and folded, as in the cut. It is easily made, and very comfortable, as it covers the shoulders; and it has this advantage, it can be folded in a very small space for the pocket.

INITIAL LETTER.

TRAVELLING-BAG, IN BEAD-WORK.



Materials.—Coarse canvas; torquoise, maize, alabaster, ruby, and black beads—all No. 1. Also a reel of cotton, No. 10, and several skeins of coarse black crochet silk.

The entire design and border are worked in beads, the canvas being chosen of such a size that each bead covers a square. Penelope canvas is far the best for every sort of beadwork. Put on the beads with strong cotton, and all in the same direction. The alabaster appear only in the border, and are represented by those squares that are quite white. The black are engraved the same color; and the blue are

marked, both in the border and the piece, by horizontal lines. A line of rubies goes down each side of the border, and these beads also form part of the piece. They are represented by black squares, with a dot in each. Those squares in the pattern which are crossed both ways are done in maize beads.

The ground is worked with black silk in ordinary cross-stitch; but of course wool may be used for this purpose, if preferred.

WORSTED FLOWERS.

We commence to give this month the patterns and directions for making a most exquisite bouquet of flowers, of zephyr worsted, composed of a large rose, which forms the centre, and the smaller flowers which surround it—namely, a pansy, a convolvulus, an anemone, a ranunculus, a daisy, a poppy, a narcissus, and a primrose.

THE ROSE

is made of two shades of crimson or pink, the darkest for the centre of the flower, the lighter for the petals which surround it.

Take sixty-five inches of the darkest worsted, hold the end firmly between the thumb and fore-finger of your left hand, and make circles by winding the worsted round the fingers thus pressed together. When you have made ten circles, being very careful that they lie flat, and not drawn too tightly, lay them upon the table. Thread a needle with the same shade of worsted, and, commencing at the centre, pass it through the circles to the outer edge, being very careful that it passes through the centre of each thread of wool, and takes them exactly as they lie in order; pass the needle back, then out again, six times at regular intervals, drawing the return thread slightly, to form the indentations, and you will find a perfect rose-petal. Make three of these.

Take a bunch of small yellow pistils, about twenty; fasten these together to a stem of wire, which you bend double. This stem should be about nine inches long. To form the outside petals, wind the lighter shade of worsted in the same manner as the darker; only, to make the petals larger, wind the worsted round fifteen times instead of ten, and fasten in precisely the same manner as the first, with six indentations. Make four of these.

To form the flower, take one of the darkest petals, fasten it firmly to the wire stem by the foundation of the petal; take the second petal, and fasten it so that it will half cover the first one, and in this order put on all the petals, the darker first, and then the light ones, going round the cluster of pistils in regular order, and allowing each petal to be half covered by the one following.

When all are firmly fastened, press them into shape by shutting the flower for an instant in the hollow of both hands; then wind the ends of worsted left from each petal round the stem.

Take now a long double thread of light green zephyr, and fasten it to the stem; pass the needle in at the outside of the overlapping petal, near the edge, taking up about four of the circles of worsted; pass it back, to make a loop; then back, to form a second loop. Make such a double loop over each of the overlapping petals, letting the needle go in deeply enough to fasten them down to the petal underneath. Wind the green zephyr at the base of the flower, to conceal the pink already wound there and form the cup, and then wind it round the stem to the end of it.

PANSY.

Procure a mould two and a half inches wide, or, if you prefer, cut one of that width of

smooth card. Take two pieces, twelve inches long, of brass wire, extremely slender, and with it encircle the mould, which should be exactly the form of a half circle on the top, but be cut to a point on the other half, to form the shape of the petal of a pansy. Take violet

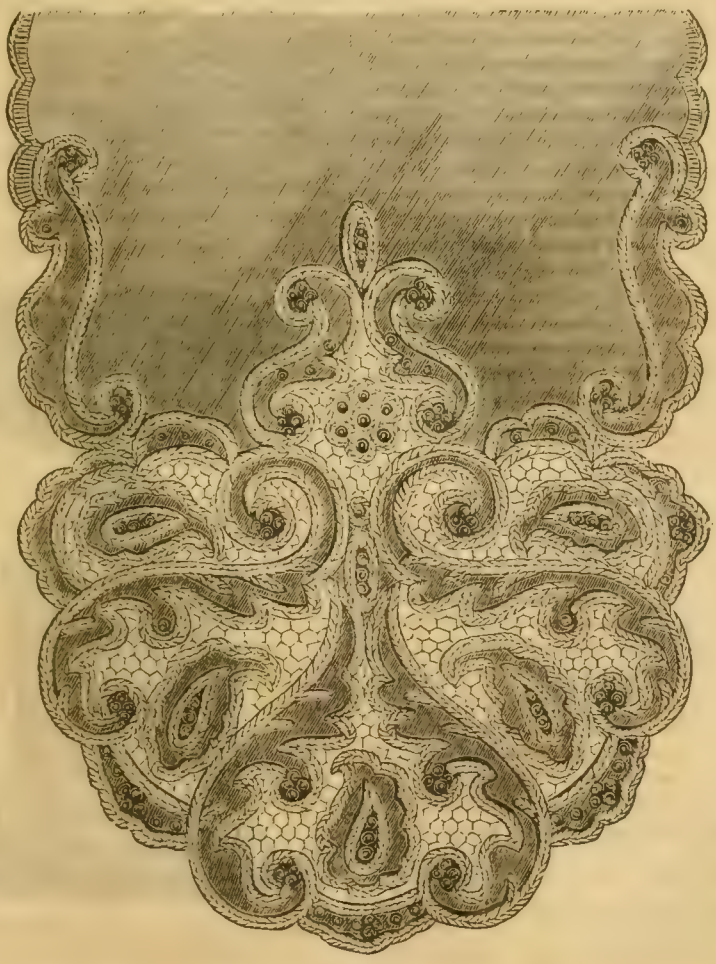
zephyr, and wind it smoothly round the wire, to form the edge of the petal; then carry the zephyr lengthwise from one side of the wire to the other, winding it over the wire each time that it passes backwards and forwards, until the mould is covered entirely. Then remove the mould, and twist the wire ends firmly together at the point. Make two of these petals. Then, with a mould only two inches wide, make in precisely the same manner three yellow leaves, one dark and two light, which, before removing the mould, should be veined, by threading a needle with violet wool, and making three lines from the point to about the centre of the petal, diverging with the shape of the petal.

Take a piece of wire, about eighteen inches long, double it, making a loop in the middle, and cover this loop with green zephyr, to form the heart of the flower.

Sew the two violet petals to this heart, in the shape shown in the engraving; then on each side fasten the two light yellow petals, and finally, in the centre of the base of the circle put the dark yellow petal. Bend the outer edge of the three last leaves slightly inwards, to shade them.

Twist the two ends of wire firmly together, to form the stem, and cover them with green zephyr.

NECK-TIE.



Made of silk, with lace inserted at the ends, and worked in chain-stitch.

MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT.

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

GREATLY IMPROVED HOOKS AND EYES.

THEY have all the merit of not unhooking of themselves, while they require no more attention or effort to hook or unhook them than the ordinary kind, thus furnishing and combining the most simple and perfect fastening for dresses and children's clothing that could be desired, and, as the inventor says, the great desideratum attained.

Their peculiarity consists in a simple arrangement of one end of the wire forming a tongue or spring having a projecting curve under the hook, that allows the eye to easily slip over it, both in hooking and unhooking, without requiring any attention or variation in the usual method, and without the possibility of failure or annoyance. The sizes are numbered, and are also sewed on the same as the common kind. They are sold at about the same prices as the common kind, and their peculiar merits are easily and readily understood.

The only wonder is that an arrangement so very simple and yet so valuable an improvement in fastenings for dresses should have been so long deferred, notwithstanding the many fruitless attempts heretofore made to obtain the desirable qualities that are so effectually secured in the Eagle Talon Hooks and Eyes.

This article can be procured at the principal trimming-stores.

TUCKING OR PLAITING.

A practical and very useful improvement, and important to those who possess a sewing-machine. The patent self-folding, tucking and plaiting attachment for all the various sewing-machines. This tucker, while stitching, will fold each succeeding tuck or plait on all kinds of material, with any desired width or space, with perfect exactness (or mark for quilting), obviating all the measuring, marking, or creasing, usually done by hand, and is so simple and so easily understood that it requires no previous instruction to operate it. Retail price, $5.

This attachment will be sent to any part of the Union on receipt of the price, with instructions, which are so simple and so easily understood that no one can fail to understand and use it immediately.

When ordering, please state on what machine it is to be used.

THE NEW SKIRT ELEVATOR.

Madame Demorest has introduced a simple and very effectual method of keeping the dress clear of the pavement in muddy weather, which we beg our lady readers to try. It is better than all the "hooks," and "pages," and "elevators" which were ever invented. The machinery consists only of a yard of black or drab elastic, half an inch broad, and finished on the end with button and button-hole. Fasten this round the body, and draw over it the skirt of the dress, until it is raised to a uniform height, and sufficiently to quite preserve it from chance of contact.

The advantages of this invention are, that it sustains the dress without injury, and with perfect neatness; no hitching up in one place, and dropping down in another. It is also very simple, and very easily adjusted, and, lastly, is very cheap.

She has prepared a quantity of these elevators, and has them now on sale at 10, 15, and 25 cents each. They will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

For any of the above articles, address Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

FOR CIGAR ASHES.

TAKE a glass vase, and round the pedestal put perforated paper, on which is worked a handsome wreath in floss silks.

Receipts, &c.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR, EYES, TEETH, AND EXTREMITIES.

ON THE HAIR AND ITS PROPER TREATMENT.

The human hair is formed by the conversion into a hard and polished tube of the soft substance contained within the interior of a follicle. This hair-follicle is formed by the inversion of the skin, so as to make a fine tube piercing its own substance, like the inverted finger of a glove, and lined with a continuation of the scarf-skin or epidermis. From the bottom of this follicle a *papilla* rises, the exterior of which is known as the *bulb*, whilst the soft interior is called the *pulp*, and is very full of bloodvessels. Until lately it was supposed that the hair is a mere secretion, like the nails and epidermis; but this view is now shown to be erroneous by the revelations of the microscope. All hair consists of two parts: 1*st*, a *corticle*, or external substance of a horny texture; 2*d*, an internal *medullary* matter, resembling the pith of plants. The corticle substance forms a tube more or less horny and dense, and giving firmness to the hair, whilst the medullary substance is composed of a series of cells, which seem not to contain any fluid in that part of the hair external to the skin. On the exterior of the human hair there exists a thin, transparent, horny film, composed of flattened cells or scales, arranged in an imbricated manner, their edges forming delicate lines upon the surface of the hair, sometimes transverse, sometimes oblique, and sometimes apparently spiral. Within this there is a cylinder of fibrous texture, forming the shaft of the hair, and composed of fibres marked by delicate longitudinal striæ, which may there be traced. Among these fibres in dark hairs pigmentary granules are scattered, giving the precise color and shade to the hair; but they are chiefly found in the central cells, where they abound so much as to form a dark spot in the middle of the transverse section. But sometimes this central collection is absent, and the small quantity of coloring matter present is diffused equally through the substance. The fibres of which the shaft is made up are probably cells become elongated by a process peculiar to fibrous membranes, and which have secreted horny matter in their interior. This change is continually going on in the *bulb*, at the base of the part previously completed; and by the progressive formation of new cells the shaft is made to grow from its bottom, being at the same time protruded through the skin. The central medullary substance appears to be formed by the cells of the *pulp*, in which a growth is continually taking place at the same rate as that of the bulb. The imbricated layer of cells which forms the true cortical substance may be compared to the scarf-skin with which it is continuous, being developed by the external layer of the bulb. Thus the hair is constantly undergoing a process of lengthening by the addition of new substance at its base, just as the teeth of the *rodentia* grow from their pulps. The part once formed usually remains without alteration, excepting that produced by external influences; but there is strong reason to believe that under certain circumstances it *may* be altered in color, etc., by changes at its base, the effect of which is propagated throughout its length. Instances are recorded of the change of the entire hair from black to gray in a single night, which can only be understood by a knowledge of this cellular structure of the hair, and of the possibility of a fluid, chemically affecting the pigment, being secreted at the base, and imbibed through the whole internal cellular structure. In certain diseases, also, the hair becomes split, and exudes a glutinous matter, which is evidently transmitted through the canal; and it is even said by persons worthy of credit that in some severe cases blood is given out by the hair on its division.

With this curious structure, which I have been particular in describing, on account of the importance of the hair in point of ornament, it is no wonder that when badly treated, hair becomes rapidly injured in quality and color. In describing the skin, I had occasion to show that the hair follicles and the sebaceous follicles coalesce in their external openings, and, as a consequence, when one of these is obstructed or diseased, the other suffers. Unless the skin is kept in a healthy state, and its epidermis is removed by friction or ablution, the hair can with difficulty protrude from its seat or follicle, and, as a consequence, it is dwarfed, or even deformed, by being twisted on itself as it lies confined in its course through the skin. It also explains the effect of stimulants upon its growth, which, though denied by some people, is too clearly the case to be disputed. Grease, in all its varieties, is no stimulant, though it aids the growth by allowing the hair to escape from its follicles. Whatever is a stimulant to the skin has a similar effect upon the hair, the vessels of the skin itself and of the hair follicles being closely connected. Hence it is that whatever blisters the skin will, in a less dose, stimulate the hair follicle to secretion, such as turpentine, cantharides, or ammonia. Soap is generally injurious, from its removal of the oily matter of the hair; but in some cases, when there is a quantity of old and tough epidermis matted with the contents of the sebaceous follicles, and obstructing the growth of the hair, nothing else will liberate it from this injurious thraldom. For young children it should never be used in those cases when plenty of water is likely to be employed; but if the head is not *regularly* washed every day, soap will rather be beneficial than otherwise, for it will only remove enough of these impeding materials without entirely destroying the secretion of oily matter or rendering the hair too dry and brittle. I am quite sure, however, that with proper cleanliness, the hair ought never to be touched with soap, egg, or any other solvent of oil. Nevertheless, as I said before, if this daily washing is not practised, and in the long hair of ladies it scarcely can be, an occasional washing with the yolk of egg is beneficial. Next to ablution comes friction, which acts in the same way, and, when not too violent, is very efficacious. But when employed through the medium of a sharp-toothed comb or a very penetrating brush, which is improperly used, it is mechanically injurious, by leaving the true skin bare of its covering and causing it to become inflamed. Few people use a brush in a proper manner, either upon their clothes or their heads. The first thing they do is to drive it into the skin in a perpendicular direction, which necessarily causes an injury to its structure when followed by a rough thrust in a lateral direction. But if carefully used, the brush ought to be pushed into the hair *at an angle with the surface of the skin*, and as soon as it reaches that surface it should be kept from irritating it more than enough to raise any loose particles of epidermis. It is of no use to attempt to prevent this abuse of the brush by allowing the use only of soft bristles, because such a material will not and cannot be made to enter a curly or stubborn crop, and is, therefore, quite

inefficient. The error is in the hand, not in the tool, and this should be fully understood. It is a pleasure to be manipulated in a scientific manner by a master of the hair-brush; and I know few more painful moments in the ordinary affairs of life than the clumsy attempts at brushing made by an ignorant hair-dresser. From those remarks it may be understood—*1st*, that the follicles of the skin are by nature intended to lubricate each hair as it passes out, and when in a healthy state sufficiently so to serve it in its whole length; *2d*, that soap and egg only remove that which is intended by nature to supply a want of the hairy covering; *3d*, that stimulants may be made to encourage the growth of the hair *directly*, while oily matters only *permit* its escape from its previous thraldom; *4th*, that plain water or friction are the only means necessary for keeping a healthy crop of hair in a proper state, but that a neglected scalp may require soap or yolk of egg.

With regard to the oily matter required by the hair, it should be of such a nature as to remain liquid in the open air. Vegetable oils rapidly lose the fluid portion of their contents, so that in a very short time the hair is left in a worse state than before, because it is no longer moistened, and, in addition, it has a fresh layer of sticky and clogging matter.

By cutting the hair, whether with the scissors or the razor, its growth appears to be accelerated, though in what way it is difficult to show. When the razor is used, it is applied so near to the bulb, and removes so completely any foreign matter impeding the exit of the hair, that we can readily see how it may affect the question; but this is not the case with the scissors, when applied to the long hair of the female sex, and yet we are constantly told that their use to the tips of what the ladies call "back hair," causes an immediate effect on its growth. The belief is so general that we ought not to dispute it, and I am by no means inclined so to do; but I suspect that the effect in preventing the split ends from being broken off is greater than upon the growth from the root. All hair, when once cut, becomes broken into two or more fibrous extremities; and these, being fine and delicate, are easily removed from the thick and still whole body of the hair, by which the growth appears to be checked, though it may all the time be going on steadily. But supposing no removal of their broken ends and the growth to go on, there will be an evident increase, because there is no loss at the one end to counterbalance the growth at the other. Such is evidently the effect of cutting upon the coarser hair of the tails of horses, and possibly the same may take place in the soft hair of our female partners in creation. But in whatever way the cutting of hair may act, there can be no doubt that it does improve the length and strength; and after once being adopted for children's hair, it should afterwards be repeated at short intervals, in order to avoid the splitting of the ends mentioned above.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Beef Fritters.—The remains of cold roast beef, pepper and salt to taste, three-fourths of a pound of flour, one-half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, the whites of two eggs. Mix very smoothly, and by degrees, the flour with the above proportion of water; stir in two ounces of butter, which must be melted, but not oiled, and just before it is to be used, add the whites of two well-whisked eggs. Should the batter be too thick, more water must be added. Pare down the cold beef into thin shreds, season with pepper and salt, and mix it with the batter. Drop a small quantity at a time into a pan of boiling lard, and fry from seven to ten minutes, according to the size. When done on one side, turn and brown them on the other. Let them dry for a minute or two before the fire, and serve on a folded napkin. A small quantity of finely-minced onions, mixed with the batter, is an improvement.

Pork Cutlets.—The remains of cold roast loin of pork, one ounce of butter, two onions, one dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of gravy, pepper and salt to taste, one teaspoonful of vinegar and mustard. Cut the pork into nice-sized cutlets, trim off most of the fat, and chop the onions. Put the butter into a stewpan, lay in the cutlets and chopped onions, and fry a light brown; then add the remaining ingredients, simmer gently for five or seven minutes, and serve.

Haricot Mutton.—The remains of cold neck or loin of mutton, two ounces of butter, three onions, one dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of good gravy, pepper and salt to taste, two tablespoonfuls of port wine, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, two carrots, two turnips, one head of celery. Cut the cold mutton into moderate-sized chops, and take off the fat; slice the onions, and fry them with the chops, in a little butter, of a nice brown color; stir in the flour, add the gravy, and let it stew gently nearly an hour. In the meantime boil the vegetables until *nearly* tender, slice them, and add them to the mutton about a quarter of an hour before it is to be served. Season with pepper and salt, add the catsup and port wine, give one boil, and serve.

Hashed Game.—The remains of cold game, one onion stuck with three cloves, a few whole peppers, a strip of lemon-peel, salt to taste, thickening of butter and flour, one glass of port wine, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of catsup, one pint of water or weak stock. Cut the remains of cold game into joints, reserve the best pieces, and the inferior ones and trimmings, put into a stewpan, with the onion, pepper, lemon-peel, salt, and water or weak stock; stew these for about an hour, and strain the gravy, thicken it with butter and flour; add the wine, lemon-juice, and catsup; lay in the pieces of game, and let them gradually warm through by the side of the fire; do not allow them to boil, or the game will be hard. When on the point of simmering, serve, and garnish the dish with sippets of toasted bread.

Croquettes of Turkey.—The remains of cold turkey; to every half pound of meat allow two ounces of ham or bacon, two shalots, one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, the yolks of two eggs, egg and bread-crumbs. The smaller pieces, that will not do for a fricassee or hash, answer very well for this dish. Mince the meat finely with ham or bacon in the above proportion; make a gravy of the bones and trimmings; well season it; mince the shalots; put them into a stewpan with the butter; add the flour; mix well; then put in the mince, and about half a pint of the gravy made from the bones. (The proportion of butter must be increased or diminished according to the quantity of mince.) When just boiled, add the yolks of two eggs; put the mixture out to cool, and then shape it in a wineglass. Cover the croquettes with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them a delicate brown; put small pieces of parsley-stems for stalks, and serve with rolled bacon cut very thin.

Fricasseed Turkey.—The remains of cold roast or boiled turkey; a strip of lemon-peel, a bunch of savory herbs, one onion, pepper and salt to taste, one pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolk of an egg. Cut some slices from the remains of a cold turkey, and

put the bones and trimmings into a stewpan, with the lemon-peel, herbs, onion, pepper, salt, and the water; stew for an hour, strain the gravy, and lay in the pieces of turkey. When warm through, add the cream and the yolk of an egg; stir it well round, and, when getting thick, take out the pieces, lay them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over. Garnish the fricassee with sippets of toasted bread. Celery or cucumbers, cut into small pieces, may be put in the sauce; if the former, it must be boiled first.

Cheap Soup.—Put four ounces of Scotch barley, well washed, into five quarts of water, with four ounces of sliced onions; boil gently one hour, and pour it into a pan. Then put into a saucepan from one to two ounces of fresh beef or mutton dripping, or melted suet, or fat bacon cut fine. When melted in the saucepan, stir into it four ounces of oatmeal, and rub them together till they become a soft paste. Then add, a little at a time, the barley broth, stirring it well together till it boils. For seasoning, put in a basin a little celery or cress seed, a little black pepper and allspice ground, and a very little Cayenne pepper; mix them smooth with a little of the soup, and stir it into the rest. Simmer gently for a quarter of an hour, season with salt and it is ready. The flavor may be varied by any variety of herbs, or a larger portion of onions, or carrots and turnips, or green celery; and rice, or wheat flour, instead of oatmeal and barley.

Cheap Soup with Meat.—Get two pounds of leg, shin, or neck of beef, cut it into pieces, and boil gently in six quarts of water, for about an hour and a half. Then add a pint of split peas, a pound of mealy potatoes sliced, and a head of celery cut small. Slice a few onions and fry them in a little fat, dredging them slightly with flour, till they are nicely brown; then stir them into the soup, with salt and pepper to taste. Let the whole boil till the vegetables are thoroughly tender, and the peas well broken in.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Breakfast Cake.—Put into a quart of flour four ounces of butter, and, if you use new milk, put in three large spoonfuls of yeast; make it into biscuits, and prick them with a fork.

If you have sour milk, omit the yeast, and put a teaspoonful of pearlash in the sour milk; pour it while effervescing into the flour. These biscuits are less likely to injure the health than if raised with yeast.

Cream Short Cakes.—In the country, where cream is plenty, this is a favorite cake at the tea-table. Rub into a quart of flour a bit of butter as large as an egg, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of salt; take half a pint of thick cream, a little sour, half a teaspoonful of pearlash dissolved in water, poured into the cream, and milk added sufficient to wet the flour. Some use all cream, and that sweet. Then there needs no pearlash. It is expensive food.

Laplands, for Breakfast or Tea.—Beat separately the whites and yolks of five eggs; add one pint of rich cream, and one pint of flour, or perhaps a little more—enough to make it the consistency of pound-cake. Bake it in small round tins, in a quick oven.

Rusks.—Beat seven eggs well, and mix with half a pint of new milk, in which have been melted four ounces of butter; add to it a quarter of a pint of yeast and three ounces of sugar, and put them by degrees into as much flour as will make a *very* light paste, rather like a batter, and let it rise before the fire half an hour; then add some more flour to make it a little stiffer, but not stiff. Work it well, and divide it into small loaves or cakes, about five or six inches wide, and flatten them. When baked, and cold, slice them the thickness of rusks, and put them in the oven to brown a little. The cakes, when first baked, eat deliciously, if buttered for tea; or, made with caraway, to eat cold.

Suet Pudding.—Suet, quarter of a pound; flour, three tablespoonfuls; two eggs; a little grated ginger, and half a pint of milk. Mince the suet as fine as possible, roll it with the rolling-pin, so as to mix it well with the flour; beat up the eggs, mix them with the milk, and then mix all together; wet your cloth well in boiling water, flour it, tie it loose, put it into boiling water, and boil it an hour and a quarter.

Vermicelli Pudding.—Wash three ounces of vermicelli; boil it for fifteen minutes in a pint of milk, with a bit of cinnamon and lemon-peel. When nearly cold, pick out the cinnamon and peel, sweeten it, and add the well-beaten yolks of six, and the whites of two eggs. Mix it well, and bake it in a buttered dish for half an hour.

It may be boiled for one hour and a half, and served with a sweet sauce.

Nice Apple Pudding.—Pare and core twelve large apples, put them into a saucepan with water sufficient to cover them, stew them till soft, and then beat them smooth, and mix in three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the juice and grated peel of two lemons, and the well-beaten yolks of eight eggs; line a dish with puff paste, put in the pudding, and bake it for nearly three-quarters of an hour; before serving grate loaf sugar over the top till it looks white.

PREPARATIONS OF FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Tapioca.—Choose the largest sort, pour cold water on to wash it two or three times; then soak it in fresh water five or six hours, and simmer it in the same until it becomes quite clear; then put lemon-juice, wine, and sugar. The peel should have been boiled in it. It thickens very much.

Sago.—Cleanse it by first soaking it an hour in cold water, and then washing it in fresh water. To a teacupful add a quart of water and a bit of lemon-peel, simmer it till the berries are clear, season it with wine and spice, and boil it all up together. The sago may be boiled with milk instead of water, till reduced to one-half, and served without seasoning.

Sago Milk.—Cleanse as above, and boil it slowly, and wholly with new milk. It swells so much, that a small quantity will be sufficient for a quart, and when done it will be diminished to about a pint. It requires no sugar or flavoring.

Ground Rice Milk.—Boil one spoonful of ground rice, rubbed down smooth, with one pint and a half of milk, a bit of cinnamon, lemon-peel, and nutmeg. Sweeten when nearly done.

Restorative Milk.—Boil a quarter of an ounce of isinglass in a pint of new milk till reduced to half, and sweeten.

Suet Milk.—Cut one ounce of mutton or veal suet into shavings, and warm it slowly over the fire in a pint of milk, adding a little grated lemon-peel, cinnamon, and loaf-sugar.

Barley Milk.—Boil half a pound of washed pearl barley in one quart of milk and half a pint of water, and sweeten; boil it again, and drink it when almost cold.

Baked Milk is much recommended for consumptions. The milk should be put into a moderately warm oven, and be left in it all night

Calves' Feet and Milk.—Put into a jar two calves' feet, with a little lemon-peel, cinnamon, or mace, and equal quantities of milk and water to cover them; tie over closely, and set in a slack oven for three hours; when cold, take off the fat, and sweeten and warm as required.

Sheep's Trotters.—Simmer six sheep's trotters, two blades of mace, a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, a few hartshorn shavings, and a little isinglass, in two quarts of water, to one; when cold, take off the fat, and give nearly half a pint twice a day, warming with it a little new milk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Cook Oysters.—Butter a saucer or shallow dish, and spread over it a layer of crumbled bread, a quarter of an inch thick; shake a little pepper and salt, and then place the oysters on the crumbs; pour over, also, all the liquor that can be saved in opening the oysters; and then fill up the saucer or dish with bread-crumbs, a little more pepper and salt, and a few lumps of butter here and there at the top, and bake half an hour or an hour, according to the size. The front of a nice clear fire is the best situation; but if baked in a side oven, the dish should be set for a few minutes in front, to brown the bread.

To Make Blanc Mange.—To one ounce of isinglass add half a pint of new milk; let it soak five minutes; boil two or three laurel-leaves in a pint of cream and half a pint of milk; when boiling, pour it over the soaked isinglass; stir till dissolved; add four or five ounces of lump sugar, and a little brandy, if approved; strain through muslin, stir occasionally till it thickens, then put it into moulds.

Blowing out a Candle.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore, be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downwards, the contrary is the case.

Fancy Cakes.—Little fancy cakes eat much "shorter" if put while hot into a heated jar, instead of being allowed to cool according to the usual custom.

Rice Froth.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one-third of a pound of rice allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf-sugar, finely pounded, a stick of cinnamon, or eight or ten drops of almond flavoring, or six or eight young laurel-leaves, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed, add the milk and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon or laurel-leaves are used, boil them with the milk, and remove them when the rice is sufficiently done; if essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and stick bits of raspberry jam over the top.

Cold Fish.—By the following plan a good dish may be made from any kind of cold fish: Free the fish from the bone, and cut into small pieces. Season this with onions and parsley chopped, and salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well with a tablespoonful of catsup. Mix the whole together with the fish, and put it in a baking-dish with two or three small slices of bacon over it. Bake before the fire in a Dutch oven. Serve with melted butter or oyster sauce.

To Prepare Cocoa.—Cocoa nibs require from two to three hours' boiling to extract all their goodness. The vessel containing them should be placed near the fire, so as to heat gradually until the decoction is at the boiling point, at which it must be kept, and not permitted to boil violently. It is a mistake to suppose that nibs are soluble, or that a high color is requisite for goodness. Flaked cocoa is nothing but the refuse of better preparations.

Cleaning Hair-Brushes.—It is said that soda dissolved in cold water is better than soap and hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda, having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with a very little friction.

To Clean Gilt Frames.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with one ounce of soda. Blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will become bright and fresh.

Hints on Pickling.—Do not keep pickles in common earthenware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell-metal, or brass vessels for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it then is poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum and a teacup of salt to each three gallons of vinegar, and tie up a bag with pepper, ginger root, spices of all the different sorts in it, and you have vinegar prepared for any kind of pickling. Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware. Anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir pickles occasionally, and if there are soft ones, take them out, and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar, and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

Potato Pudding.—Wash and peel four nice white potatoes, grate them up fine, put them in a dish with one quart of milk, set it over a gentle fire, and stir until it is well scalded; beat four eggs, with one cup of sugar, and mix them with one quart of cold milk, one teaspoonful of salt, a small lump of butter, half a nutmeg, or season with cinnamon, if you prefer; then mix it with your potato, and pour into a deep dish, which has been previously buttered. Bake four hours.

Eve's Pudding.—Pare and chop very fine six large apples; take six ounces of stale bread-crums, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of currants, six ounces of suet, six eggs beaten very light, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Mix all well together, and boil three hours, keeping it covered with water all the time.

A New Method of Making Rag-Carpet.—Prepare your rags the same as for weaving; procure large wooden needles, and knit the same as for the heel of a sock, about one yard wide.

Editors' Table.

A TRUE BENEFACTRESS.

"When wealth to virtuous hands is given,
It blesses like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven it hears the orphan's cry,
And wipes the tear from sorrow's eye."

On the 11th of October, 1861, was laid the corner-stone of the

BURD ORPHAN ASYLUM OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The LADY who founded this noble charity was one of those excellent Christians of whom the editress of the Lady's Book keeps a record, and delights to offer the tribute of praise, due to the memories of all women who ignify their own sex and benefit humanity.

Mrs. Eliza Howard Burd, of Philadelphia, was, by birth and position, placed in the circles of fashion and luxury. She was herself possessed of considerable property when she married Mr Edward Shippen Burd, a gentleman of large fortune, belonging to one of the old families that were honored in this city before *the Revolution*.

Thus the youthful years and early married life of Mrs. Burd passed through the ordeal of unbroken prosperity, often more dangerous to the heart virtues than struggles and afflictions. But neither the flatteries of society nor the indulgences of wealth could harden the tender sensibilities, nor alter the generous and always discreet character of this lady. She, with her family, visited the gay capital of France, where so many Americans are fascinated with a life of pleasure, without any wish to become a Parisian, enjoyed, rationally, the improvements and gratifications which a long tour of European travel can yield, and returned to America with the pure simplicity of heart and true devotion to all her womanly and religious duties which mark the well-disciplined mind, and the real Christian.

Thus far the path of life for Mrs. Burd had been strewn with the flowers of enjoyment, and made radiant with the sunshine of happiness; but "the time to mourn" comes to all who do not die young. This happy mother had an only son, a bright, intelligent boy, and two lovely, accomplished daughters, in the bloom of youth. These three children were, in succession, taken from her; then, in the short interval of a few years, before the mourning-robes the bereaved mother wore had been laid aside, her beloved and devoted husband was taken away! Mrs Burd was left solitary in her elegant mansion, but she was "a widow indeed," one of the blessed number who "trusteth in God," and find, in their faith, the Christian's hope, comfort, and support.

The remainder of her days were devoted to duties, serving her Saviour and benefiting His poor. The world and its allurements had no place in her thoughts nor in her arrangements. A natural womanly interest in little children inspired her with the desire to become as a mother to the miserable forsaken little ones who have no mother and no home. To carry out these tender charities, Mrs. Burd collected fifteen little girls, for whom she provided a comfortable residence and a competent directress. Still she, herself, held over them a mother's careful watch; it was her pleasure to cut out their clothes and have them made under her own eye, thus setting them the example of industry. She had them thoroughly instructed in their religious duties, and gave them a training, under the supervision of the Rector of St. Stephens* (who was her beloved pastor, faithful friend, and first named executor), which was intended to make these poor orphan girls useful women, with skill and knowledge to maintain themselves respectably in ways suitable to their several abilities.

From this germ and its successful results, the idea of the large Orphan Asylum was undoubtedly deduced, the same general principles of organization being adhered to for her last plan which she had tested and found beneficial in her small charity school.

One innovation she allows: the Asylum is not confined to the benefit of her own sex. Orphan boys are admitted as well as girls; thus perfecting what she seems to have had deeply at heart, the making of a real and pious Family Home for white orphan children, where the worship of the true God and the wisdom of the Bible should be fully and fairly tested in its influence on the formation of human character.

Her plan also provides, what such charities seldom offer, for the development of individual character and genius. Those children whom God has gifted with "five talents," if found in "The Burd Asylum," will have opportunities of education in the higher branches of science, arts, and literature; it will not be confined to the dead level of routine, like a common charity school, but rather, like parental care, the institution is to discriminate wisely for the best good of each of its adopted children.

Such a comprehensive and generous plan required large means. Mrs. Burd had these at her command. Her husband, whose death preceded hers about ten or twelve years, left for her sole benefit and disposal a large portion of his estate. It is a touching tribute to the virtues and lovely character of Mrs. Burd as a wife, that Mr. Burd, in his last will, so often, in his bequests to her, expresses his deep affection and unbounded trust in her, leaving to her care as executrix "in exclusion of my other executors" the custody and care of all deeds and papers of every description," etc. He seems to have had perfect confidence in her judgment as well as in her love, in her wise management as well as in her faithfulness to his memory. Nor was this confidence misplaced. The property left to her disposal by his will, amounted, at her death, to nearly or quite $400,000. This large sum, with the exception of a few legacies, Mrs. Burd devoted to her great Christian charity; and she directs that it "*shall be called* The Burd Orphan Asylum of Saint Stephen's Church, in honor of my beloved husband, EDWARD SHIPPEN BURD."

This noble Asylum is now in course of erection, the excellent plan combining every needful arrangement for convenience and comfort with remarkable architectural taste and beauty. The eminent gentlemen intrusted with the care of this important institution "for suffering

* The Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D.

humanity," seem inspired with real love of the work, and are carrying out Mrs. Burd's intentions with zeal and the warm sympathy of friends devoted to the memory of the donor. All were her personal friends.

The grounds are large, about forty acres, and may be made charming. Placed in Delaware County, three and a half miles from the city, the Asylum has a high and healthful neighborhood, and will form a point, when completed, of great attraction for all who admire pleasant scenery and love true charity.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

We have lately received an earnest letter asking our counsel on this tender point of conscience: "How the pious wife, who has an unbelieving husband, can most kindly and effectually draw his attention to the subject that fills her own soul with such deep anxiety for his salvation?"

In reply, we are permitted to give an extract from the letter of a dear friend who, as we think, has most happily answered the question. EDITRESS

LETTER TO MRS. HALE.

You ask how Mary is, and if she likes her new home? She is quite well and very happy, and, as you may imagine, one of the sweetest women in the world. She still retains her peculiar youthful appearance; her mild blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and pure complexion, make her very lovely, and you could scarcely find a more artless, innocent, confiding person than Mary is. She still needs some one to advise and sympathize with her always, and she will rely upon their advice as implicitly as a child. She came to me, a few days since, very much grieved, because her husband had become of late quite intimate with his partner, Mr. Brooks, a man who is constant in his attendance on places of amusements, was a Club man, and, it was whispered about, sometimes gambled. A man who was utterly and entirely worldly—not such an one as Mary, who is so strongly attached to her husband, and so earnestly desires he should become a Christian, could wish for a companion for him.

After poor Mary had unbosomed her troubles to me, and wept as if her heart would break, I began to question her very closely to learn, if possible, what could be the occasion of this great change in Richard—for I knew, until very recently, he had passed every evening at his own home, which seemed the centre of attraction for him. And how could it be otherwise with Mary there? I soon found that since Mary's marriage she has deprived herself entirely of the pleasure and benefit of evening meetings, in order to stay at home with Richard. Of late she has been feeling particularly anxious about her husband's soul, and, realizing her own weakness and entire dependence upon God, she felt the need, as she thought, of attending evening meetings, in order to strengthen her for her daily walk, as a Christian wife and mother, and, as her husband did not wish to go with her, she had gone alone.

Several evenings he stayed at home and read, but home was so dreary without Mary that he sought pleasure elsewhere. Was it strange he should go to his partner's, who lived next door? At first, every evening he was sure to be back before Mary; but, after a time, he was induced to go to some places of amusement, from which he did not return until long after she did. Then, for the first time, her eyes were opened to the overwhelming truth that her husband was loving other places more than his home. And yet she never dreamed that she was the unconscious cause of this change in him.

Seeing, as I thought, the true reason of Richard's absenting himself from his home, and feeling sure he only needed his wife's presence there to bring him back, I begged Mary to stop going to evening meetings, for a time, at least, and do all in her power to make her home as cheerful and attractive as possible, telling her that if her husband did, for a few evenings, go to some place of amusement, not to reproach him on his return, or look sad and unhappy, but rather give him a kind and cheerful welcome, alluding indirectly, but gently, to the fact that she had been very lonely without him. I told her that if she did so, I felt sure she would soon find Richard would return to his home again; and that when he found that she had deprived herself of attending evening meetings for his sake, he would be too manly not to go with her when she asked him.

She seemed at first to feel very badly at the thought of giving up her meetings, as there she had carried her husband in the arms of her faith, and laid him at the foot of the cross, and asked others to unite with her in praying for his soul. I told her so far she had done well, but that days of miracles were past, and that now our faith and our works must go together; that if she prayed God to make her husband a Christian, she most certainly did not do right so to neglect her home as to force her husband into temptations and dissipations from which he would be kept if she were there.

I then told Mary of Lizzie Ray, whose husband was, as you remember, so very gay, but is now such a happy Christian. I told her that I had known Lizzie pass evening after evening, when her husband was away, weeping and praying for his soul; and that I had also known of her passing whole days *fasting* and *praying* for his conversion. Yet she always wore a smile when he came in, so that it was no uncommon thing for him to say to her, 'How happy you look, Lizzie!' little dreaming of the weight of care that was on her heart, or the tear that had dimmed her eye. But Lizzie's smiles bound her husband to his home; and her prayers God most signally answered; so that it could be truly said of her, 'She prayed to her Father in secret, and he rewarded her openly.' Dear Mary went home far more cheerful and happy than she came, and resolved to try the course I had suggested.

That evening she remained at home, and when Richard found she was not going to church as usual, he was greatly surprised, and told her he was sorry to leave her alone, but that he had made an engagement to go to the Museum with a friend. He went, and Mary sought her closet, there to unbosom her heart to her God, to ask His guidance, His blessing, and His watchful care; and, when she returned to the sitting-room, her face was almost radiant, she was so happy. And why should she not be?

Who can be joyous, if not the Christian? Who can carry every care and sorrow, every trial and temptation, every blessing, and every desire, and lay them at the feet of Jesus, who can support us in afflictions, shield us in temptations, and strengthen us for every trial?

Richard was not happy at the museum, for he thought of his wife, at home alone, and after the first act was over, he excused himself and returned to his home. You may be sure Mary welcomed him with a bounding heart. Evening after evening passed away, and always found Richard at home, reading to, or singing with Mary. He no longer found attractions elsewhere.

Last Sabbath evening he went with her to hear Dr. B—— preach. I wish you could have seen Mary as she entered the church; her face beamed with joy, and you could almost read the breathings of her soul as she was praising her God. May we not hope that this is the beginning of new things with Richard, and that soon he may be numbered with those who love the Lord!

But I weary you, dear Mrs. Hale, yet bear with me a moment until I tell you how much I was gratified at receiving a letter from Prof. L. I had sent him a copy of your "Woman's Record." On returning it, after alluding to the beautiful tribute you pay the memory of your dear, deceased husband, and regretting that so few follow the example you set them of devoting the hours from eight until ten o'clock in the evening, to intellectual improvement, he says:—

"Mrs. Hale's WOMAN'S RECORD is just such a work as should be in every home. Women's works and worth have been too little appreciated in times past, and I feel very glad that the public mind has at length been directed in this channel."

But I must cease writing, though my pen glides almost without the asking. * * * *

THE EDEN NAME.

EARTH was all a sea of verdure,
Eden like an isle of bloom;
Yet around the bower of Adam
Gathered loneliness and gloom;
Though he gazed on flowers and sunshine,
Never had they woke delight;
Clear as summer-noon his reason—
Cold his heart as polar-night.

Ruler of the world appointed,
To his feet all creatures came,
And, unerring in his wisdom,
He had given each its name;
None to share his lot was fitted,
None with soul to know the "good";
All had passed, as visions vanish,
All alone the first Man stood!

Suddenly the bower was brightened
By a blush of joy and love,
And a being stood beside him,
Trembling, like a new-caught dove!
Adam's marble heart was melted,
And the human throb had place,
As in love's sweet fear he faltered—
"Eve, the mother of our race!"

Mother, holiest word for *woman!*
In its sound the *promise* lives!
More than sin destroyed in Eden
In this blessed name survives;
And, as Eve her first-born welcomed
From the Lord a treasure given,
Every *Eden named* young mother
Thinks her son a gift from heaven.

Oh, what years of life and honor
Joyously before her glide,
As she watches o'er his slumbers,
Dreaming by his cradle-side!
Must these precious hopes be wasted
Shall the buddings bear no fruit?
And the hymn, her soul is singing,
Turn to wail or sorrow mute?

When we see the flower-seed wafted
From the nurturing mother-tree,
Tell we can, wherever planted,
What the harvesting will be:
Never from the blasting thistle
Was there gathered golden grain—
Thus the seal the child receiveth
From its nurture will remain.

Eve had proudly grasped at knowledge—
Pride induced her first-born's sin!
Had she heeded humble duty,
Death and sorrow ne'er had been.
Mother, as you wish the blessing
On your darling should descend,
When you watch his pretty pastimes
Or his sleeping pillow tend,

Send your heart's sweet incense upward
In a fervent prayer to heaven,
That, to teach and guide him rightly,
Strength and wisdom may be given;
And remember *words* are vapor,
DEEDS are things a babe can see;
Picture forth, in your example,
What you wish your child should be.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON MILITARY HOSPITALS.—At the "Social Science Congress," held at Dublin, lately, fifteen of the essays read were written by women. One of them was by Florence Nightingale, on the subject of military hospitals. It recommended that the sites of such buildings should be in a sheltered position, that the structures should not be very high, that each apartment should be lofty, airy, and spacious, but on no account overcrowded with patients. It further advised the necessity of well-trained nurses, and the employment especially of those who have been educated by experience in hospitals for the sick.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALIZED: OR, CIVILIZING MOUNTAIN MEN."*—This is the work of Mrs. Mason, to which we alluded in our January number, as in the press. Now we are glad to say it is out, because we believe it will do great good to every gospel mission by showing what a true laborer has done. Mrs. Mason describes the process and the result of teaching the Bible to the Karens in India. She does this, as she evidently did her mission work, with heart and soul, and the fervent faith that will surely find a response in the popular heart. There is a novelty of manner and a rapid, racy sketching of events and scenes which cannot fail of interesting many minds, not often drawn to this kind of reading. In short, it is the very work wanted to prove, as it does prove effectually, that the true missionary is the true civilizer. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Pp. 400. Price $1.

FAMILY READING.—Those who desire to keep up with the rushing tide of European literature, will find many advantages in referring to the British periodicals. The four great Quarterly Reviews are a library of useful, curious, and current knowledge, which persons who have not time to read many books will find of much service in furnishing information respecting the character

* If any of our friends want this book, and will remit to Mrs. Hale a gold dollar, or the amount in stamps, a copy, *post paid*, will be forwarded.

and contents of all the best works. These Reviews—*London, Edinburgh, North British*, and *Westminster*, are republished in New York, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*. The reprint is exceedingly well executed; the American publishers* deserve the thanks of the nation for their enterprise and steadfastness in purpose, which have for so many years made these mines of British learning and scholarly criticism so easily attainable in our Republic.

Music and the Piano.—There needs no urgent appeal to the public on the subject of cultivating a taste for music. The love of the art and the facilities which are offered, by the opportunity of obtaining good teachers and good instruments, make music one of the most popular branches of a girl's education. But this education is expensive, and the piano, without which the young lady cannot improve or even retain her school knowledge of the art, costs more money than is always convenient for families in this country to spare, even to enjoy the luxury of music. We would commend, to all who like our engravings of Cottage Architecture, the new "Cottage Piano," which can be had for $150—"School Piano," $125. Of course, where excellent and, we may say, elegant instruments are offered at this price, there must be an enormous sale of larger and more expensive pianos. We feel we are doing our friends a real service by directing them to Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., Albany, New York, who will furnish circulars with all necessary information.

Women's Union Mission Society of America for Heathen Lands.—We have two subscribers for this month. Will not others who feel an interest in this interesting charity send their names and gifts?

Miss Josephine Blakiston, Middletown, Del., $3.

Miss Aurilla Cross, Cicero, Ind., $1.

Miss S. J. Hale's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

To Our Correspondents.—The following articles are accepted: "The Homeless"—"Dyspepsia"—"Autumn Winds"—"The Forsaken"—"The Change"—"Stanzas"—"Far away from thee" (the other two pieces declined for want of room)—"Letter to Mr. Godey"—and "Yesterday."

The following are declined: "Winter"—"Within our sleep what visions rise" (also the accompanying poem)—"Accidents"—"Autobiography of a Bank Note"—"That beautiful Blonde" (the poem is not equal to some we have seen from the author's pen: we want the *best*)—"The Drama"—"A Dream"—"A Tribute of Respect to the Editor and Editress, etc." (will be kept in manuscript)—"Like a Bird with broken pinions" (we have hundreds of manuscripts on hand that must be published in the Book before we can enter into "regular engagements" for the future)—"An Old Maid"—"America, the Mistress of the World"—"Sleep Gently"—"A Rare Chance"—and "My Poor Relations."

We have many manuscripts on hand that we have not had time to read. The writers must have patience, as the reader is compelled to exercise that virtue with contributors who will write on *both sides of the sheet*, with ink about the color of the paper, and in cramped, uncertain characters about as difficult to decipher as inscriptions on the bricks of Babylon.

N. B. Manuscripts well-written are usually first read.

Correspondents who want answers should be careful to inclose an envelope, *directed and stamped*, or a *stamp*, and give address in full—town, county, and State.

* Publishers: Messrs. Scott, Walker, & Craighead.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

Hooping-Cough.—Hooping-cough is chiefly a disease of early life—is infectious, often prevails as an epidemic, rarely occurs more than once in life, and is frequently complicated with other diseases, rendering it, in many cases, very dangerous.

Symptoms.—We cannot give these in detail. Nor is this necessary, as the peculiar hoop is sufficient of itself to distinguish the disease from all others. We will only say, then, that the symptoms are those of a common cold; with more or less fever, and the distinguishing or characteristic spasmodic hoop superadded.

Nature and Duration.—Hooping-cough seems to originate from some peculiar impression made on the nerves of respiration, which causes the spasmodic cough and hoop. But it does not always, by any means, remain a simple nervous affection; for, as above intimated, it is often complicated with inflammation of the lungs and bronchial tubes, convulsions, congestion of the brain, and disorder of the stomach and bowels, manifested by vomiting, diarrhœa, etc.

Hooping-cough is, in itself, a self-limited disease; running on for a period of two or three weeks, and terminating generally, favorably. But on account of the complications that are so likely to arise in its progress, its duration is very uncertain, and its end, too often, fatal. It may run its course in two or three weeks; or it may continue as many months, ending finally in a slow restoration to health; in some chronic disorder which may continue for years, or in speedy death.

Treatment.—The domestic treatment is very simple. *The disorder cannot be cut short.* All that can be done is to moderate the symptoms, and to guard, as far as possible, against the complications that are so likely to arise. And yet, this treatment is all important, and generally effectual. It is a most deplorable error to infer, as many seem to do, that, because a disease has a certain definite course to run, nothing can be done to mitigate its symptoms, and conduct it to a favorable termination. Because a disease cannot be cured in a few days by main force it is no evidence that medicine is useless. On the contrary, the proper office of medicine is that of an humble handmaid and assistant of nature; and the highest achievements of the healing art are exhibited not so much in curing disease as in conducting it to a *happy termination*, when an attempt at cure would result in the death of the patient. Medicine cures a very few; relieves more; and carries many safely through attacks which would prove fatal without its

interposition. And this last is the crowning glory of the science.

The domestic treatment of hooping-cough consists mainly in warm bathing, and the occasional administration of hive syrup, ipecac., or antimonial wine, together with strict attention to certain hygienic measures, which will be noticed in due time. The general warm bath should be used at least once a day, and the hive syrup should be given very much in the manner directed in croup. But the doses need not be so large or frequent. Still, when there is much stuffing up, and difficulty of breathing, the medicine should be given until the patient vomits, and then in smaller doses so as to keep the cough loose and easy. The antimonial wine may be given in the same doses and in the same manner as the hive syrup. Ipecac. is less irritating to the stomach and bowels than the hive sy up and antimonial wine, and is therefore preferable in some cases. It may be given in doses of from one to five grains, as prescribed for the other medicines. The wine of ipecac. is a very good preparation. It may be administered in doses of from one to three teaspoonfuls.

In conjunction with the above remedies the wet jacket will be found to be a most valuable means of keeping up a flow of blood to the skin of the chest, thus relieving and guarding the lungs. The jacket is made by taking two or three thicknesses of linen or cotton cloth, cutting armholes in it, and fitting it close to the body next the skin. The jacket should be large enough to cover the whole chest; it should be wet in water cold or tepid according to the heat of the skin; wrung out so it will not drip, and then applied. It should be rewet whenever it becomes dry or disagreeably warm. In cold weather it should be well covered with dry external coverings so as to prevent chilliness. When properly applied the wet-jacket is a safe and most effectual remedy in hooping-cough and lung affections generally. This with sponging and rubbing the chest, and the daily warm bath, offers greater security against the dangerous complication of hooping-cough than any plan of treatment ever suggested. Nor is the wet jacket a new-light hydropathic idea; for something very similar, and indeed identical in principle, is recommended by such high authorities in the regular profession as Dr. Mackintosh, Dr. Dunglison, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Good, and many others.

In connection with the wet-jacket and at each time of reapplying it, the following liniments may be well rubbed upon the chest. But active friction with the hand, or with a coarse towel is very good, and will often produce a sufficient determination to the skin, without the aid of any other excitant.

Take strong spirits of hartshorn two tablespoonfuls; spirits of rosemary six teaspoonfuls; spirits of camphor two teaspoonfuls. Rub the chest all around, before and behind, until it becomes red; and repeat as often as the skin will bear it without blistering or great pain.

The *hygienic* treatment is the main reliance in hooping-cough, and is better than all the drugs in all drugdom. The drugs recommended in this disorder are almost innumerable, and it is generally conceded on all hands that many, perhaps most of them, are useless; while it cannot be denied that, with very few exceptions, they are dangerous and entirely out of place in domestic practice.

The *diet* should be very light, unstimulating, and almost exclusively vegetable, excluding grease, high seasonings, pork, etc. The *drinks* should be cold water, hot water tea, and *nothing else* in the way of a beverage. The *clothing* should be loose, warm, and comfortable; particular care being taken to keep the hands and feet warm. Very feeble children may wear flannel next the skin in winter; but as a general rule, it is better to dispense with it. *Exercise* should be taken in the open air, and close, badly-ventilated sleeping rooms should be studiously avoided. The *best time* for children to have hooping-cough is when the weather is warm and settled. Exposure to infection should therefore be guarded against as far as possible, in the latter part of the fall and in winter.

For the *complications* of hooping-cough, send for a physician. But if the above directions are followed, complications will not be likely to arise. Nine times in ten the deaths from hooping-cough result from ignorance, carelessness, and neglect of the plain precepts of hygiene.

Literary Notices.

Books by Mail.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE CREATION OF THE EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS; *or, A Vindication of the Cosmogony of the Bible from the Assaults of Modern Science.* By Eli Bowen, Professor of Geology and Mining Economy. This is an ably-written book. The author enters, with all the earnestness of a vigorous, well-informed, and religious mind, into the investigation of the subject before him—the scientific discoveries concerning the creation of the earth, and their reconciliation with the Biblical account of the same occurrence; bringing testimony from astronomy, geology, botany, and all the natural sciences to bear him out in the position he takes. This position we cannot better define than by using the author's own words. "The Holy Word is addressed," he says, "to the people of all time within the boundless eternity; and whatever appears obscure now, in the necessary progress of human events—by the increase of illuminating force, instead of interposing imaginary contradictions, which all experience has shown to be transient and ephemeral, its solemn truths will be rendered more and more overwhelming to our improved nature and understanding." Price $1 25

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND: *A Christmas Budget.* By Charles Dickens and others. This is a collection of some four or five excellent stories, by the several titles of "Picking up Evening Shadows," "Picking up Terrible Company," "Picking up Waifs at Sea," "Picking up a Pocket-Book," and "Picking up Miss Kimmeens," varying from the sentimental to the tragic, and again to the supremely comic. These are woven rather flimsily together by something that might be a story if it had any finish or point. Mr. Traveler's adventures with the hermit will, however, prove quite amusing, even though one wonders, when the last page is reached, what was the necessity of writing so much about so little. Price 25 cents.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; *or, The Right Road through Life.* By Henry Mayhew, author of "The Peasant-Boy's Philosophy," etc. This is "a boy's book on a boy's own subject," and shows "how young Benjamin learned the principles which raised him from a printer's boy to the first Ambassador of the American Republic." The book is produced in the form of a story, such as young lads will appreciate and delight in, and is illustrated by a number of fine engravings. Price $1 00.

THE STOKESLEY SECRET; *or, How the Pig Paid the Rent.* By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Hopes and Fears," etc. This is a most pleasing and appropriate juvenile work. If our little friends wish to know "how the pig paid the rent," they must prevail upon some one to buy them the book, and then read for themselves. Price 50 cents.

—

From RUDD & CARLTON, New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND; *A Christmas Budget.* By Charles Dickens and others. See notice of same book, received from the Messrs. Peterson, of this city. Price 25 cents.

—

From BEADLE & Co., New York:—

MAUM GUINEA, *and her Plantation "Children."* A Story of Christmas Week with the American Slaves. By Mrs. Metta V. Victor. Our thanks are due Mrs. Victor for a copy of this work. It is a lively and entertaining book, rich in descriptions of barbecues, negro weddings, night dances, hunts, and various adventures. The author has attempted to depict the negro character as it is, and has selected the Christmas holidays as the most favorable time for bringing it out with all its individual peculiarities into the fullest play. She tells us, moreover, that some of the characters of the book are drawn from real life, and portions of her story have foundation in fact. Price 25 cents.

—

From PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & MASON, New York:—

MARTIN'S NATURAL HISTORY. Translated from the thirty-fifth German edition, by Sarah A. Myers. Containing two hundred and sixty-two beautifully colored illustrations. First and Second Series. Books on natural history are mostly of two kinds: such as are intended for persons desirous of obtaining a scientific acquaintance with the subjects treated, or such as are adapted to the capacities of children, and aim merely to amuse them. The former of these is occupied chiefly with the business of description and classification, and present little or nothing of interest to the general reader; while the latter is too trifling to engage the consideration of any one seeking for solid and useful knowledge. Of the comparatively few works which combine the advantages of a classified arrangement, with an account of habits, manners, and properties useful or the reverse of the objects described, so as to suit the tastes and meet the wants of all, this treatise by Martin is one of the very best. It first appeared in Germany, where its merits have been attested by its reaching a *thirty-fifth edition.* The English translation has been executed by an accomplished American lady; and so ably executed, that the language might readily be mistaken for the original of the author, if the contrary were not told us in the title-page of the book. We earnestly recommend the work to all our readers, who desire to enlarge their views of God's creation, and to liberalize their minds by its habitual contemplation.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston.

LILLIESLEAF: *Being a Concluding Series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside.* Written by herself. This, though a sequel to a previous work, is most interesting in itself. It details the trials and troubles in middle age of those which in the preceding volume were only brought safely through youth, love, and courtship to marriage. It is full of sober thought, and abounds in useful lessons to all. Its quaint Scottish phraseology would be one of its greatest charms did not the reader sometimes become wearied by too frequent repetitions of the same words. The book is not without its love story, and the love making and "nonsense fancies of those two ill-willy bairns," Mr. Bernard and Rhoda Maitland, are most whimsically related as viewed by an elderly maiden lady, to whom both lovers are a problem and a trouble. Price $1 00.

—

From SOULE & WILLIAMS, Boston:—

MONTROSE, *and other Biographical Sketches.* This book includes sketches of La Tour, George Brummel, Samuel Johnson, and Graham, Marquis of Montrose. The three first of these sketches make little or no attempt at biography, but are rather descriptions of character and peculiarities, while frequent anecdotes, both interesting and amusing, enliven the pages. The last, whose subject is the Marquis of Montrose, occupying by far the larger portion of the book, is more biographical, and gives the life and political course of Graham, from his birth to the time of his execution. Price $1 00.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SEVEN SONS OF MAMMON. By George Augustus Sala. A very agreeable book. Mr. Sala is fond of France; he always contrives to take his readers there, and we don't wonder at it, for he seems perfectly at home on French ground. The story is very loosely told, and many points are not explained; so much the better, perhaps, as more is left to the imagination. Still, a most agreeable book, and one who takes it up will not be likely to put it aside until it is finished. Price 50 cents.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MARCH contains that beautiful picture, "It is more blessed to give than receive." It contains six figures, and is a plate of exquisite beauty in design and execution.

Our Fashion-plate for the month contains seven figures. We could fill up a number of the Lady's Book with notices from the press, and letters from subscribers, testifying to the beauty of these plates.

One of our large Drawing Lesson subjects will also be found in this number.

"Life and Still Life," represents a milliner working at her occupation. "Life" is herself—"Still Life" is the block she holds in her hands.

—

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

We do not publish these complimentary letters out of any personal vanity, but we want to convince our subscribers—that is, if the Book itself does not do it—that they have not been deceived. When a lady buys a dress she shows it to her friends, and is gratified when they praise it. So, we presume, our subscribers will be pleased when they read the opinions of others regarding the work for which they have subscribed.

OHIO, *Dec.*, 1861.

Times are hard, but they would have to be harder to oblige me to do without the pleasant visits of that ever welcome friend, "Godey." Therefore, I send you $12, with the names of six persons who are willing to pay so small a sum for so much pleasure and profit. B.

PA., *Dec.*, 1861.

I have received the January number of the Lady's Book; it is very beautiful. Your life must be a beautiful one, to shed so many rays of joy and gladness in the houses of so many. How many hearts must rise up and bless you! Could you picture in your mind's eye the reception of your monthly messenger of gladness when it makes its stated visit, and adds to the brightness of so many hours, it would recompense you for your toils and labor. J.

A $15 club from Nevada Territory. Everywhere the Lady's Book is found, from Maine to Oregon.

Dec., 1861.

Even here, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, we cannot do without the Lady's Book. I send you a draft for $15, and the names of the subscribers. The undersigned is an old subscriber. M. G.

An Editor's letter.

N. J., *Jan.*, 1862.

We have now all the numbers of the Lady's Book in our library, except the first six numbers. I regard you as a public benefactor, and the Lady's Book as the most agreeable publication in the country. F.

Another editor's letter:—

MAINE.

I cannot very well dispense with the genial presence of the Lady's Book. It has too long held the monopoly in our home circle, has exerted too refining an influence for years to be lightly thrown aside. I have sometimes rather desired that you would issue a defective number, that I might find some slight occasion to vary the general tenor of my notices of your almost faultless monthly; but I quite despair of ever receiving one for either editorial or artistic criticism to found even a hope of censure upon. J.

CONN., *Jan.*, 1862.

I have succeeded in getting a club for your truly valuable Lady's Book. I am, dear sir, fond of your book, and most happy to recommend it to my acquaintances. It has been taken in our family for six or seven years. Its moral purity, and ennobling sentiments, make it worthy a place in every family. I wish you increased prosperity. R.

THE UNIFORMITY OF THE NUMBERS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.—We ask if any of our subscribers can see any difference between the January number of the Lady's Book and the other numbers of the year, except it may be an improvement as we progress? This we are complimented upon continually. We do not, as the press states, issue a decoy number in January, but give as good numbers throughout the two volumes.

SENDING SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—This business, to use a very expressive and common phrase, is about "played out." A party combines, and they get a whole year's numbers by sending for specimens. We have traced this matter up very clearly, and in future we send no specimens unless we receive the price of a number. Here is an example:—

MR GODE—SIR: Will you please sen me a spesimen of your magazine. i also hear there is a bank in your city of philadelfy called the Commonwealth bank; send me a sample of their $5 and $10 notes, as i would like to see some philadelfy money, and i will try and get you up a club; but don't forget the notes, if you don't want to send the books. D. S.

And here is another:—

DEAR SIR—Please send me a specimen of the June number. Sister received a copy of the May; but there is an unfinished story in it. I think I can get you up a club. Yours, M. J. C.

Mary told the whole story. She wanted to get the completion of the story, and had not the remotest idea of ever subscribing, let alone getting up a club.

And still another:—

OHIO.

MR. GODEY—You will please forward me a specimen of your Lady's Book, also of Arthur's Magazine, and Harper's; and procure me a specimen of Shakspeare and Byron's poetical works. I shall also like copies of Dickens's last works; and I shall try to get you a club, as our village is composed of a good many literary characters, and we like good reading.

Sometimes we will receive six letters from the same post-office, written by the same person, but with different signatures, each one asking for a separate number as a specimen. Of course the same request is sent to every other magazine. Vast quantities of reading are thus procured for nothing. Another letter contained a request to send a copy of the Lady's Book to twenty-four different persons, and perhaps some one of them would subscribe. A very valuable subscriber that one would have proved, even supposing one did subscribe. We are disgusted with the subject and the system. We speak for one. We are done with it. Other magazines may do as they please.

"THE UNITED STATES MAIL," published by J. Holbrook, New York. This is a paper invaluable to every postmaster in the United States, to merchants, and in fact every man of business who has anything to do with the post-office. Foreign and domestic postages are given, the arrival and departure of the mails, all the new laws concerning post-offices, that are passed, the postal directions, etc. It has the Postmaster-General's sanction. It is by no means a paper of mere dry detail, but contains a melange of matter, amusing and instructive. The price is only $1 a year.

CORRESPONDENTS must send stamps if they want their MSS. returned; and the author's name and place of residence ought to accompany each article.

THE PRATT COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ILLINOIS subscribed for a large number of copies of the Lady's Book, to be used as premiums at the Fair.

OUR LARGE FASHION-PLATES—*To Binders.*—This plate should be folded twice when binding the volume.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

In obedience to the wishes of several of our musical friends, we shall make a change in the style of setting up the music in the Book after the close of the present volume. That is to say, we shall publish it on horizontal lines across the page, instead of the perpendicular lines, as now. We have had this change in view for some time, for the better convenience of our friends, and as it is pressed upon us now, we shall delay it no longer. The music for July will introduce the new arrangement.

At no time since we have had control of the music in the Book have we been better pleased with it than now. Our contributors are all of first-class merit, and their compositions are prepared solely for our use. Out of about fifty MSS. sent in within the past month or two, we have accepted the following: Prince Alfred Waltz, by Rosalie E Smith, our Bermuda correspondent; I am Sad and I am Weary, by O. R. Barrows; Carrie Polka, by Mrs. H. W. T. Palmer; and Dew-Drop Waltz, by W. H. Wilkinson.

New Sheet Music for the Piano.—Our bulletin for the month is especially full, varied, and interesting. Not one of these pieces has been named before, the whole list being fresh from the press. Our readers should give it their attention. Any pieces named will be mailed on inclosing amount to our address, Philadelphia.

From H. M. Higgins, Chicago. I Sit Alone, ballad, by G. R. Lampard. The Cottage on the Lea, by Frank Howard. Our Lost Ellalie, by the author of Mill May. Brave Boys are They, duet and chorus, dedicated to the sisters of our volunteers. Our Home is on the Sea, a fine, spirited song. Price of each 25 cents. Also, the *New* Star-Spangled Banner, song and chorus, words by Edna Dean Proctor, music by J. P. Webster. Price 30 cents. A spirited composition.

From Jno. J. Daly, New York. My Native Land, by Remington; The Standard of the Free, new national song and chorus; these two songs are very appropriate to the time, each 25 cents. The Chain is Broke that Bound Me, beautiful ballad, 25 cents; also seven beauful songs by Stephen C. Foster, composer of Gentle Annie, Willie, we have Missed You, etc., each with a distinct title-page; Little Belle Blair; Oh, Tell me of my Mother; Nell and I; Sweet Little Maid of the Mountain; Farewell, Mother, Dear; I 'll be a Soldier, with pictorial title; and Our Bright Summer Days are Gone; each 25 cents. We need not say one word in praise of Mr. Foster's melodies; they are household treasures all over the land.

Mr. Daly also issues the following polkas, etc.: Fly Away Polka, pictorial title, 25 cents. Palisade Polka, 2 pages, 10 cents. Potomac Waltz, 25 cents. Ball-Room Spanish Dance, introducing Star-Spangled Banner, Kate Kearney, and other beautiful airs, 25 cents. Capitol March, a splendid composition by Louis Berge, with handsome illuminated title of the Capitol at Washington, 50 cents. Irish Brigade Quadrilles, by T. D. Sullivan, dedicated to the N. Y. 69th, with brilliant colored lithographic title, 50 cents. This is also a spirited composition, describing the summons to surrender, the assault, etc., the whole arranged as a quadrille.

From H. P. Danks, Cleveland. In this Sweet Vale; Meet me Beneath the Willow; Thoughts of Thee; Cottage Behind the Hill; Tom, if you Love me, Say so! These are all fine ballads, each 25 cents.

To those who complain that their music gets broken in the mail we would say that if they order five or more pieces, and have them sent in one roll, they will certainly carry smoothly. Address

J. Starr Holloway.

Corn-Shock Basket.—We acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful specimen of the corn-shock basket, and very willingly give the directions to make it. It is a sweet, pretty affair.

Select shocks that are white and smooth, taking the stiffer ones for points or shells, and reserving the others for fringe. Take a slip of card-paper three inches long and one inch wide; cut the shocks exactly by this pattern, laying it on lengthwise, until you have fifty pieces or more. Cut the other sheaves, selecting the *broadest*, into pieces four inches in length, and fringe them by splitting with a needle between the parallel veins; leaving about half an inch at top and bottom to sew them on by. Fold each piece in half, basting the edges together and you will thus have a double fringe.

These pieces should be folded a little slanting, and a sufficient number joined together to make a yard or more in length. Having made the frame of pasteboard in any desired shade, fold one of the first mentioned pieces in a point exactly in the middle and sew it on the *outside*, the hollow part of the shell turning *inside*, just above the rim; repeat till the edge is covered in this way. Then sew on two or more rows of fringe, as the depth of the basket may require, the top of each row concealing the bottom of the previous. Next the feet are made of points, turning down, hollow part inside, and arranged in an *even* row—as the basket stands on these points. There will now be a broad space which must be hidden by a row of points put on *horizontally*; the shell part of one concealing the flat edge of the next. This is the last row and completes the outside of the basket.

For the handle break off a piece of an old skeleton skirt; it should be long enough to reach to the bottom of the basket, and may be secured by a few stitches near the rim. Cover with successive pieces of fringe *pointing* down, sewed on in whorls around the steel; the edges of the last two whorls meeting in the centre of the handle, which is covered with a bow of ribbon.

For the lining, cut in writing-paper the shape of the basket, only a little smaller; cover each piece with silk and join the edges with sewing silk of the same color. Put a row of quilling around the rim and set the paper lining in the basket, which is now complete.

"Can't you send us an Extra Copy?"—No, we can't. Would you ask a drygoods man to give you an extra yard of silk, because you had bought six? The cases are the same. Clubs are put down at the lowest price that will afford any profit, and we give just what the club calls for, and no more.

Ladies' Almanac for 1862.—J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, have sent us this very neat little work. It contains, besides a diary, engravings, receipts, familiar quotations, etc.

Phantom Flowers or Leaves, or, as they are sometimes called, "skeleton flowers or leaves."—A lady wishes a receipt for preparing them; can any of our subscribers furnish it?

Shawl Pins.—The manufacturer, A. S. Gear, of Concord, N. H., has sent us patterns of a new shawl pin of his invention. It is excellent for the purpose intended.

BEDDING PLANTS.

BEDDING plants are such as are suitable for planting in the open border or flower garden, in early summer, to bloom till frost, they are then taken up and housed, or cuttings obtained from them for next season's planting. Prominent among these is the *Verbena*, which is now our most useful and popular bedding plant; yet, for want of the proper soil, many fail to grow it in perfection. There is no plant, probably, that requires a more frequent change of soil It requires a fresh, sandy loam, enriched with well-rotted manure; sods from a pasture field, thrown up with cow-manure, and well rotted before using, we have found the best. A simple plan, where it is not practicable to renew the entire bed, is to dig holes about one foot square and deep wherever a plant is desired, and fill up with fresh soil, and therein plant the verbena. Mulch by dry weather with a suitable material, as watering them without mulching will generally do more harm than good, and perfect success will crown your efforts. If a fine fall bloom of the verbena is desired, it will be necessary to make a second planting about the beginning of August. Plants for this purpose may be obtained by layering shoots in small pots sunk in the ground alongside the parent plant, and watered daily in dry weather; they will be ready for transplanting in about three weeks. Plants may be propagated in the same manner, or by cuttings, before the approach of cold weather, for next season's planting. These can be preserved through the winter in a cool greenhouse pit, or in the window of a moderately heated apartment. We will continue our remarks on *bedding plants* in the next number.

Should any of our readers desire further information as to the most desirable varieties, we refer them to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1862, which will be mailed to all applicants by inclosing a three-cent stamp to my address.

H. A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist,*
327 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

"THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES."—Among the papers called religious, there is none that more fully justifies its name than the "Sunday-School Times," edited and published by JOHN S HART, LL. D., of Philadelphia. It indulges in no acrimonious controversies, is courteous to all, and breathes a spirit of the largest and most catholic charity. Though treating primarily of Sunday-school matters, as its name indicates, it has much that concerns schools of every kind, and it is a most useful assistant in household training. Prof. Hart, by his long and varied experience as a teacher, has become eminently fitted to be a guide in whatever relates to the training of the young, whether in the school or the family. The paper, moreover, contains a weekly digest of current news, prepared with great care, and it is in every respect a most admirable family paper It is the *cheapest* weekly family paper of a religious kind that is issued. Price *only one dollar* a year.

"FRIEND Godey—old bachelor though he be—always succeeds in bringing out each month in his incomparable publication something just suited to the wants and tastes of the fair sex. Get the Lady's Book."

Well, we give it up. We have tried hard to convince the world that we are not an old bachelor—a knife without a handle—but the West Troy *Advocate* says we are, and we yield.

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

GODEY'S Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

OUR MUSICAL EDITOR mentions in his review of this month a proposed alteration in the manner of publishing our music. We give one among the many letters we have received upon the subject.

RADNOR, O.

I would like to make one suggestion to you, Mr Godey; and that is for you to publish the music across the page instead of lengthwise, as it is now published. It is very difficult to keep the book on the music-stand when it is in the single number, and impossible after it is bound. The ladies all complain of the difficulty, and wished me to ask Mr. Godey if he could not remedy this. E.

THE Fashion Editor desires us to say that she receives orders from those who are subscribers and those who are not; in fact, she never stops to inquire whether they are or are not subscribers to the Lady's Book.

A New Material for Dresses.—A pleasant French correspondent of an American journal tells the following:—

"A paper manufacturer has just invented a kind of impermeable paper, suited for dress goods. Its manner of employment is both simple and ingenious. It consists in replacing by small frames the hoops upon which are ballooned the petticoats of our ladies. These new-fangled engines are covered with packing canvas, upon which you have only to glue, as on a common screen, the newly-invented paper.

"Thanks to this invention, when a lady wants a new dress, her husband has no longer to distress himself with the disbursement of five or six hundred francs for twenty yards of velvet or thirty of moire antique; all he will have to do will be to buy five or six rolls of twelve sous paper, and send for the glue man. This is as simple as all grand ideas.

"The father about to marry his daughter will not be obliged a long time beforehand to bother himself about her *trousseau;* he will limit himself to asking his wife, on the day before the wedding, 'What paper shall we glue on to our Emily?'

"'*Mon Dieu*, my love,' the mother will reply, 'do whatever you think proper. It seems to me that some twenty-two cent paper, with a pretty border, you know.'

"Then a man will take a wife without a dower, and the marriage contract will stipulate that the father-in-law engages to paper hang his daughter (*faire tapisser sa fille*) for the first three years."

From a perplexed subscriber:—

I read my Godey
Whenever I 'm moody,
My neighbors will do the same;
But though they borrow,
They come to-morrow
And give it a first-rate name.
The best magazine
Ever printed, I ween,
Is yours, and I 'll surely prove it;
The wisest and best
Have put it to test,
And the fathers and mothers all love it.

E. R. H.

A beautiful little illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and house plants, the care of bulbous roots, etc. etc., called "The Parlor Gardener," has been lately published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, in their well-known elegant style. They will send it, post-paid, on receipt of its price, 60 cents.

They are publishers of that valuable illustrated guide to drawing and painting of all varieties, called "Art Recreations," which they will also send, post-paid, on receipt of price, $1 50. They have ready a new price list of artist's goods, which they will send free.

The music, composed for the piano-forte, you get here for the same price that you would pay for sheet music; you can have a splendid piece every month, besides all the rest of Godey's superior collections.—*Tarrytown Sentinel.*

A Doubter.—Some one was telling an Irishman that a fellow had eaten ten saucers of ice-cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a nod, Pat answered, "I belave in the crame, but not in the saucers."

The Quadrille of "Night and her Attendant Stars."—A ball was given recently, at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, where the singular beauty of the dress of the Duchess of Wellington excited universal observation. It represented the "Moon," in Lady Jersey's quadrille—"Night and her Attendant Stars." She wore a petticoat of white silver tissue, covered with clouds of blue and white gauze, beautifully shaded off and looped up with blue and white marabouts, the dress itself being studded with diamond crescents. Around the waist was a belt of magnificent diamonds, formed from the order of the "St. Esprit," by the late duke, and presented to him by Louis XVIII. A *riviére* of large diamonds sparkled around the top of the corsage. On her head she wore a white gauze veil and marabouts, giving a cloud-like appearance, and on the centre of her forehead a diamond crescent shone brilliantly. Fastened half way down the dress was a blue belt, upon which were described the phases of the moon, which ran crossways, reaching to the bottom of the dress on the other side. "Aurora" was appropriately seen close by "The Moon," who wore, over a jupe of rich silver tissue, five skirts of alternate blue and white thulle illusion, indicating clouds. These were looped with silver stars, and bound at the waist with a silver zone, studded also with stars, which again formed the ornament of a corsage, and sleeves *à la Grecque.* The headdress was a veil with a silver band and diamond stars.

From "Holbrook's U. S. Mail and Post-Office Assistant":—

Losses by Mail.—By one of the regulations of the P. O. Department, Section 207, it is required that before an investigation is ordered, as to a reported loss by mail, satisfactory evidence shall be furnished, not only of the depositing of the letter in a post-office, but that the alleged contents were absolutely inclosed. Experience shows that attempts are frequently made to make the post-office a scape-goat for failures of this kind, when the guilt lies in quite another direction.

To those who have occasion to make remittances by mail our advice is to get drafts or checks whenever convenient. When cash must be sent, employ a reliable disinterested witness to see the money inclosed and the letter deposited. But avoid calling the attention of either the postmaster or any of his clerks to the fact. Not that this would increase the risk generally, but in some cases it might, and in but few would they be lessened. The less publicity in regard to money matters, the better.

A Law of the Olden Time.

False Pretences.—A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, who shall, after this act, impose upon, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending parties, shall be null and void."

The Best.—Godey's Lady's Book has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best lady's magazine in America. Many others have tried to imitate Godey, but they have never been able to come up to the mark.—*Gazette and Eagle*, Fayetteville, N. Y.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

WORK-BASKET FOR DRAWING-ROOM.

This is a new and very pretty work-basket, suitable for a drawing-room table. A wire frame is the foundation of it; the other materials are cerise, white ditto, white wool, cerise cord, white gimp, and a small piece of white satin or watered silk, and cerise sarsenet.

We will describe the form of the frame, that our friends may have it made. A round, about four inches and a half in diameter is formed very substantially of wire; this forms the base. Another round is made eight inches and a half in diameter. These are covered by wires, which are repeated eight times in the round. First, two wires, three-quarters of an inch apart, are placed to connect the two rounds. It will be well to put all these sixteen wires on first, at the quarters and half-quarters of the circle. In each of the spaces between two other wires connect the rounds; but instead of being put straight up, they are bent into a zigzag form, increasing in size so as to fill up the space between the wires. Another wire is taken and bent into eight points, to form the feet. All these wires must be very closely and securely connected, to make the basket as solid as it should be. A piece of stout cardboard forms the bottom of the basket, and fits in the small round.

The covering of these wires is exceedingly easy. The zigzags are to be closely covered with cerise chenille. The pairs of upright wires have white wool wound round them, to connect them. It is done thus; thread a coarse tapestry needle with the wool, bring it over, and once round a wire, then over, and once round the other of the pairs, all the way up. A piece of chenille is worked up the centre on the inside, and a piece put straight up on the outside to conceal the stitches. The round of card-board must then be covered on one side with white and on the other with cerise, and sewed in the bottom of the basket with the white side uppermost. A little chenille cord is put all round inside, to conceal the stitches. The supports are covered with cerise, and white wound round them, and a cerise chenille cord goes outside the small round. A white gimp, about an inch wide, is put round the top, and two cords, one of cerise and one of white, complete the top of the basket.

We also give one or two little games for the entertainment of our young friends.

TWIRL THE TRENCHER.

A plate being laid on the floor, the leader of the game gives each the name of some bird and all must take care to remember their different names.

She then calls one by her assumed name, and tells her to twirl the trencher, which she must set spinning, and at the same time call one of her companions, who must catch the plate before it falls, or forfeit.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

The leader of the game having thought of some object, such as the sun, moon, or a flower, asks his companions "what his thought is like?"

As all are ignorant of what he is thinking about, their answers can of course be but random ones. When he has questioned them all round, they must each give a reason why the answers given resemble the thought. Suppose he had thought of a rose, and one of the party had said "his thought was like a little child," the reason given might be because both are tender and fragile, and must not be treated roughly. Another might have said "like a piano;" here the reason might be given because sweetness comes from both. If any one is unable to find any similarity in his answer to the thought, he must pay a forfeit.

GODEY COME AGAIN.

A SPONTANEOUS AND EXTEMPORANEOUS POEM.

A smile breaks through the darkening leer
Of sombre clouds and sober—
An angel wipes away a tear,
'Tis Godey for October.

Twelve times a year we anxiously look
For Godey's matchless Lady's Book;
Twelve times a year it greets our eyes,
Filling us with delight and surprise.
Of all other books 'tis the peerless Queen—
The ne plus ultra of a magazine;
It elevates, instructs, refines,
With its fairy-like pictures and beautiful lines.
If any lady wishes to dash on,
She must take the Book to be in the fashion;
Or if she wishes to keep in good health,
The Lady's Book is a mine of wealth.
It drives away blues, ennui, and sadness,
And fills the heart with joy and gladness;
It is a fact, though some may doubt it,
No lady is able to be without it;
It should be on each parlor table or stand,
Throughout the length and breadth of the land.
The price of this book is three dollars a year,
But if you think that 's a little too dear
(But if a lady wants something real nice,
It is worth double, yea, thribble the price),
Just give us a one dollar bill and a two,
And we 'll send you Godey and the Democrat, too.

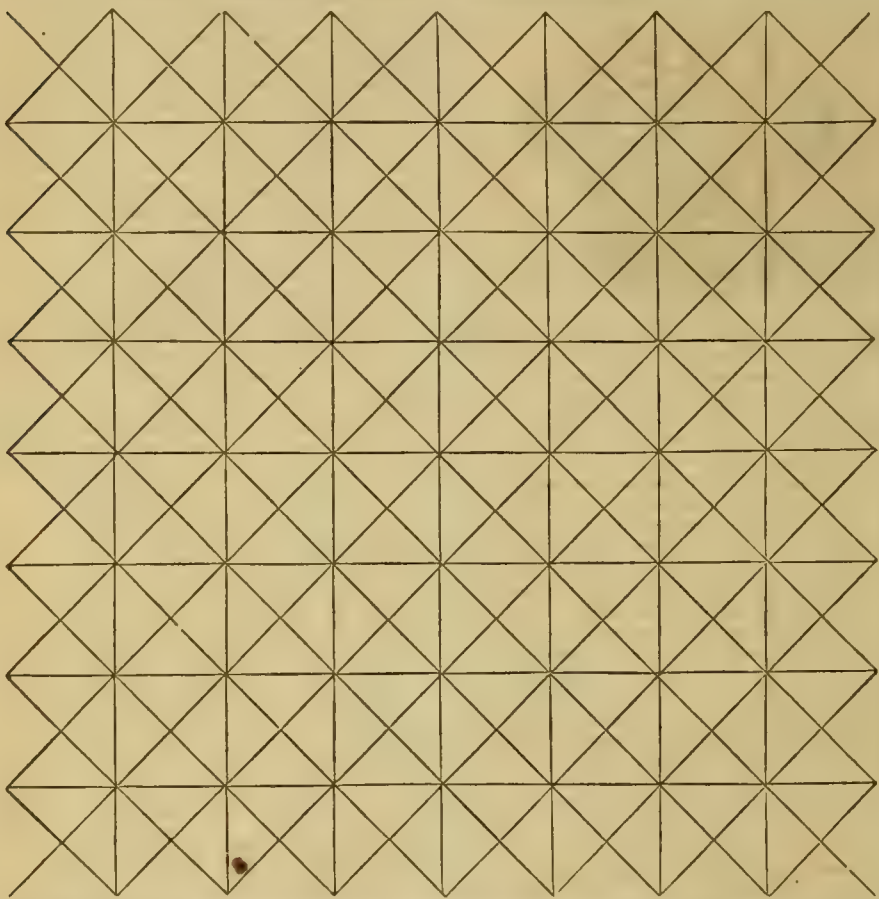
Democrat, Vandalia.

We copy the following from an English magazine: "The Turkish bath is going out of fashion, not necessarily because of the beautiful weather and the opportunities for sea-bathing afforded by excursion trains, but because there is a *feeling* against it. The time consumed in the operations of the Turkish bath is one great obstacle to its popularity; and people, especially those who have always been addicted to cleanliness, are beginning to feel that if even a shower of something called the epidermis *can* be rubbed off, it by no means follows that it *should*. This doubt has seized hold on many thinking minds, and the shocking colds and splitting headaches that too frequently follow the extreme treatment of the Turkish bath are manifestations not to be slighted."

GAME OF FORTIFICATION.

CONTRIBUTED BY A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. GODEY: With your kind permission, I will introduce to the numberless readers of the Lady's Book a game of Fortification, which may serve to beguile the tedium of a winter evening, when the mind is perplexed with care, or the body wearied with the labors of the day. Being by education averse to games of chance, such as cards or dice, I have thought of this mode of amusement as not liable to this objection, and think this is one wherein much forecast is necessarily exerted to win the game whichever side may be chosen, in order to observe the effect of your own moves, as well as the present or prospective ones of your antagonist. And the gainer and loser may often be reminded of passages in their lives, when they have made a false move for want of due consideration.



The diagram before us shows a board to represent the Game of Fortification. At each intersection of the lines are small holes bored, in which are to be placed forty-three small black tacks, such as are used by upholsterers; or if these are not to be had conveniently, their places may be supplied by grains of corn or coffee, placed in line on one side of the board, so as to fill up five of the rows; on the two middle points of the sixth row are placed two buttons, these are the opposing forces. The first move is by the pawns or soldiers, all of which are to be moved along the lines, always taking care to keep each one fortified by another on every side. The object of the soldiers is to crowd the two pieces into a corner, where they are checkmated or cannot stir, when the game is won by the soldiers. On the other hand, by judicious moves, either of the two round pieces finding any soldier unsupported by another on any of the lines, overleaps him and removes him from the board, and can sometimes by overleaping two, three, or four, at once capture that many. In consequence of losses, when the garrison is reduced to ten or twelve, their opponents win the game. The soldiers always move towards their adversaries (never backward), and must be supported by one at their back or beside them, and are in extreme danger when face to face with the enemy, unless so supported. Yours, P.

SIMPLE HABITS.—The Rev. Dr. Trench, the last Archbishop of Tuam, though a wealthy man, was exceedingly simple and temperate in his mode of living—a plain joint of meat supplied his dinner. Whenever he saw one of his children about to try a new dish, not tasted perhaps at any time before, he always said with a smile, "Now you are going to create a want."

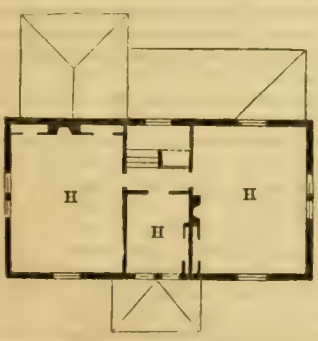
A COTTAGE FOR A MECHANIC OR CLERK.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

THIS little cottage, so unassuming and plain in all its details, is one that almost any mechanic or clerk may, by constant industry and perseverance in a few years call his home.

The rooms are represented by a parlor A, and living-room B, each 14 by 18 feet, and to the latter is appended

a good closet D. Another closet, F, is opened from the front vestibule. The kitchen, C, is 12 by 15 feet. On



the second floor, H denotes the chambers, all of which are provided with closets.

The estimated cost of this house if built of wood, on stone foundations, is about $1000.

TOWN, COUNTY, AND STATE.—Do not forget to put all these in every letter you write. You do not know how much trouble it would save us.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. L. C. G.—Sent braiding pattern for smoking cap December 26th.

Mrs. W. H.—Godenski caps are worn both by girls and boys.

Mrs. A. C.—Sent your headdress of quilted silk 26th.

Mrs. P. S.—Sent sleeve patterns 26th.

Mrs. R. J.—Sent braided jacket pattern for little boy 27th.

Mrs. U. R.—Sent braiding pattern for collar and cuffs 28th.

Miss A. C.—Sent pattern Aissa cloak 28th.

K. A. M.—Sent patterns 28th.

Miss A. A.—Sent cigar case 30th.

Mrs. F. D.—Sent pattern marine jacket 31st.

Mrs. M. M. S.—Sent shawl by Adams's express January 3d.

Mrs. P. S.—Sent you the new style of headdress 3d.

Miss T. B.—Sent pattern of French street jacket 3d.

Miss A. M.—Sent smoking cap 4th.

Miss P. I.—Sent net for hair 4th.

Mrs. C. T. A.—Sent photograph portraits 4th.

Mrs. V. G.—Sent Garibaldi suit for little girl 4th.

Mrs. A. R. C.—Sent Marine jacket 4th.

Miss M. A. B.—Sent hair breastpin 6th.

A. P.—Sent hair fob chain 6th.

Mrs. A. C.—Garibaldi shirts are very fashionable, and generally made of merino or flannel.

Miss H. W. M.—Sent tatting 7th.

Mrs. S. L.—Sent Godenski skating cap 7th.

Mrs. A. R. G.—Sent crochet sack for infant 7th.

Mrs. W. H. F.—Sent Engenie jacket pattern 8th.

T. S. B.—Cloak pattern 8th.

Mrs. M. N. M.—Sent pattern Epernon cloak 8th.

Mrs. W. H. L.—Sent opera hoods 8th.

P. J. C.—Sent pattern Cleopatra jacket 8th.

Mrs. D. F. P.—Sent your sleeping cushion to hang on the back of a chair 9th.

Mrs. R. J.—Sent braiding pattern for tidy 9th.

L. M. R.—Sent hair ring 9th.

Mrs. T. McL.—Braiding is very fashionable for children's clothing; also for chairs and tidies.

Miss L. A. M.—Sent photograph portraits 10th.

Mrs. J. J. L.—Sent crochet cap and sack for infant 10th.

Mrs. G. H.—Sent braided jacket pattern for your little boy 11th.

Miss H. E. B.—Sent photograph portraits of the Generals 11th.

Mrs. G. C. E.—Sent ribbon, &c., 11th.

Mrs. C. J. P.—Sent cloak pattern 13th.

Mrs. J. L.—Sent braiding pattern for chair 13th.

Mrs. E. E. D.—Sent photograph portraits 13th.

Mrs. J. S. M.—Sent hair bracelet 14th.

Mrs. D. A.—Sent hair studs 14th.

Miss S. P. R.—Sent photographs 14th.

Mrs. E. P. M.—Sent worsted and thread 15th.

Mrs. A. B.—Sent pattern Marine jacket 16th.

Mrs. C. B. H.—Sent stamped pattern for infant's blanket 16th.

Mrs. E. P.—Sent headdress 20th.

Mrs. J. G.—Sent crochet caps for your little girls 20th.

Mrs. H. B —Sent Eugenie jacket pattern 21st.

Mrs. C. L. G.—All the new headdresses encircle the head like a wreath, as in fig. 4, February number.

Mrs. M. L.—Sent pattern of French promenade jacket 23d.

Mrs. H. L.—Sent Godenski caps 23d.

Mrs. L. P.—Yes, we can give you directions for a brioche to be done in crochet. They are the newest, and very pretty.

H. A. DREER'S—SEEDSMAN—ANSWERS TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazania Splendens is one of our newest and best bedding plants, blooms during the whole summer and autumn, and is readily propagated from cuttings. Price 25 cents each.

Canna Seeds.—The seeds will germinate much more freely by *scalding* them, or soaking them in hot water about twenty-four hours before planting.

Cuttings.—Pure sand is the best for rooting cuttings, especially of soft-wooded plants. We are now experimenting with a new method of striking cuttings, by keeping about one inch of water constantly above the sand, in water-tight dishes, instead of pots. *Petunias, Verbenas,* and *Fuchsias* have rooted firmly by this method. We shall give our experience in a subsequent number of the Lady's Book.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(*Continued.*)

466. *Ammonia*—Moisten some freshly-burned quicklime with a little water. The lime will crumble to powder, or, in other words, become slacked. Mix equal parts of this slacked lime and sal-ammoniac. Put the mixture into a small retort, and apply heat. A pungent odor will be recognizable; from the evolution of ammonia in the form of gas. Ammonia being greedily absorbed by water, forming liquor ammoniæ or hartshorn, cannot be collected over that liquid. If desired quite free from admixture with atmospheric air, it must be collected in a pneumatic-trough which contains mercury instead of water. For our purpose, however, it will suffice to collect it by way of displacement. Being a somewhat light gas, however, the delivery tube must point upward, thus. We may easily know when the

bottle is filled by bringing near to its mouth a glass rod, dipped in hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt, or muriatic acid), when dense fumes of sal-ammoniac will appear; or a slip of originally blue litmus-paper, reddened by the fumes of hydrochloric acid.* Collect several bottles full of this gas, closing them either by stoppers or glass valves.

467. Invert a bottle over water, and agitate. Remark how the water rises. If the bottle were originally quite filled with ammonia, it will become now quite full of water; and the solution will be hartshorn.

* Alkalies turn this paper blue.

468. Supposing it desired to make a solution of hartshorn at once, the materials might have been mixed with water, and distilled; or the following device may be adopted. Into a deep wine or ale glass pour quicksilver up to *a*. Then fill the glass with water; cause the delivery-tube to plunge beneath the mercury, and force over the gas. By this means the water employed can never come into contact with the end of the tube. Place the solution aside for investigation hereafter.

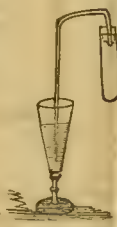
469. Instead of lime, add to some sal-ammoniac in a glass test-tube a little potash (potassa fusa), or potash solution (liquor potassæ); apply heat as before, and remark how ammonia, as evidenced by its peculiar odor, is evolved. Remember, generally, that *all salts of ammonia are decomposed by heating with potash.* Hence, supposing it desired to liberate ammonia from any substance holding it in combination, heat the substance with potash.

470. Put a little muriate of ammonia (sal-ammoniac) into an iron spoon, apply the heat of a spirit-lamp flame, and remark how the sal-ammoniac becomes volatilized. Most salts of ammonia, when sufficiently heated, sublime unchanged; and no salt of ammonia, even if *partially* fixed, when thus treated, can retain its ammonia.

471. Finally, let us recapitulate the tests for ammonia: (*a*) Its peculiar smell. (*b*) It fumes when brought in contact with the vapors of hydrochloric acid. (*c*) It changes yellow turmeric paper to brown, and restores litmus-paper, which has been reddened by an acid, to its original blue; both results disappearing as soon as the respective papers are warmed; thus proving the alkali to be volatile. (*d*) It forms salts, from which ammonia may be liberated by contact, under application of heat with potash or lime, or soda; and (*e*) lastly, it may not only be demonstrated to exist, but may be separated and quantitatively estimated by means of bichloride of platinum (340).

472. Ammonia is an universal result of heating any soft animal body, except fat, in a close vessel. Put a bit of flannel or of feather into a test-tube, apply a spirit-lamp flame, and demonstrate that ammonia is evolved by means of—(1) reddened litmus-paper; (2) of yellow turmeric paper; and (3) a glass rod dipped into hydrochloric acid.

473. Collect the ammonia thus evolved; for which purpose, proceed as follows. Repeat the arrangement of test-tube and feather, with this addition: append a cork and small tube thus: and cause all the volatilized matter to pass through some hydrochloric acid, placed in a wine-glass. The operation will require to be dexterously managed, in order to prevent the acid from rushing back into the tube. By this treatment, the ammonia will be dissolved in the acid, and hydrochlorate of ammonia will result. Into this solution of hydrochlorate of ammonia, pour bichloride of platinum, then add alcohol, when the distinctive compound of chloride of platinum with sal-ammoniac (343) will fall. Supposing the analysis to be quantitative, the platinum compound has only to be collected, and weighed: every 225 parts of it contain 17 parts exactly of ammonia (333).



In the preceding experiment the ammonia has actually been generated by the process of combustion. Let us now vary the analysis by operating upon a substance actually containing ammonia. We will take guano for this purpose. Put about a teaspoonful of guano into a small flask—not a tube like the preceding, because the mixture to be made froths so much that a portion would come over; add some liquor potassæ; adapt a bent tube, apply heat; pass the liberated volatile matters through hydrochloric acid; add bichloride of platinum, and demonstrate, as before, the existence of ammonia. We have described a simple wineglass as the recipient for hydrochloric acid in the preceding experiments; but a far more convenient piece of apparatus would be that usually employed, which is a bulbed glass vessel of the following shape:—

Centre-Table Gossip.

ENGRAVINGS.

We are happy to say that even in this unfavorable season the American taste is turning towards a more substantial and artistic style of holiday and anniversary gifts than the *bonbons* and jewelry of the past few years. Not a few lovely little pictures find their way from the galleries into pleasant homes, and portfolios, containing photographs of good pictures, or large framed engravings, are also in demand. Few can afford really good oil-pictures, while the many, who waste money upon mirror-frames and patchwork chairs, can afford fine engravings, which give their spirit and life. The taste is refined, and imagination kindled, by a perpetual surrounding of these gentle and lovely creations; and no home looks to us so bright, so home-like, as that which evinces such advances of correct and elevated taste. Only try it—give up the set of showy lace-curtains, or the new oval mirrors for this year, and expend the sum in good engravings for these now empty, voiceless walls. See if you are not satisfied with the investment as the year comes round. The very books you have so carefully gathered in the little library, or the cheerful sitting-room, seem to enjoy their new neighbors, and to be brightened by them.

We find some of the pictures of the present season thus described:—

"The *Musée Goupil* consists of several hundred small photographs, from original pictures of Delaroche, Dedreux, Scheffer, Lassalle, Vidal, Murillo, Titian, and others. Then there are the costly engravings of the 'Conception,' rare proofs of Thosci and Morghen, a new invoice of that touching *Martyre Chrétienne*, which, by the way, should be called the Martyrdom of St. Sulpice, for in this work, as in all others of the great artist, Delaroche, there was a special purpose—an historical subject, conscientiously carried out to the end. Very cheap and very charming are two new lithographs from Frère, 'Going to School,' and 'Christmas Eve.' 'Phryne devant le Tribunal' is a faithful photographic copy from Girome's most celebrated picture in the late Paris Exposition. Equally remarkable are several transcripts from Meissonnier."

FASHION ITEMS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

There are cashmere shawls of a new description: those of one color prove their last year's date; the new ones are covered all over with a design of palms, or with medallions of bright colors; sometimes the pattern is broad stripes of white and black, or red or blue.

The looms of our celebrated lace-maker, Violard, have fabricated exquisitely beautiful *Point de Bruxelles*, *Point d'Angleterre*, and *Point d'Alençons* tunics, to be worn over the short upper skirt of either tulle, crape, or satin, for ball-dresses. The lower part of the second jupe is trimmed with bouillonnés, or narrow flounces, of either crape or tulle. The cashmere shawls, which I have described above, are flounced with the guipure or Chantilly lace, from Violard, No. 4, *Rue de Choiseul*.

The walking and carriage-robes, for the spring, will generally be of plain taffetas, decorated up to the knee with small flounces and chicorie ruches, or else a perfectly plain skirt, having within three or four inches of the edge a velvet band, varying in width from a quarter to a half-yard. The corsage is plain, pointed, and fastened in front with large velvet buttons; the sleeves are square, and bordered by a broad velvet, and on the top of the sleeve there is a velvet rosette.

As trimming for the front of skirts the *Ville de Lyon* has some articles quite out of the common way, and really artistic; a bunch of grapes, for instance, accompanied by lace and jet, of graduated dimensions, the same bunch of grapes with green leaves and purple fruit, a cordon of roses, the very *ne plus ultra* of perfection, and as simple trimmings, something quite new; square velvet covered with jet, and round buttons covered with crochet embroidery. In crochet embroidery there are also stomachers and aprons for the fronts of skirts. Very wide black silk sashes, with drooping loops and long fringed ends, are put at the side of the waist.

The novelties in silks include some of Lyons manufacture, having the two sides of different colors. They are rich in texture, and are called *soieries à double face*. These new silks are much used in Paris for paletots, burnouses, and robes de chambre. One side of the silk is generally black, and the other of some bright color, as, for instance, violet or yellow.

The new colors, *Vésure* and capucine (orange and cinnamon-brown), will, of course, give place to softer tints as the spring opens. Lobelia or azurline blue, tourquoise blue, and June or Pomona green, with a pale shade of water, or sea-green, with new shades of mauve, will be the most popular.

A novelty of recent creation, by a Parisian *modiste*, of high repute, is a combination of the Medici waistbands with braces, with long ends, to which are attached little pockets. This little ornament is very graceful for a young girl, and may be arranged to suit any toilet.

The most fashionable trimming for rich, dark silks, intended for full dress, is of velvet and jet, mixed with lace. We have seen some very pretty designs in clusters of fruits and bunches of flowers, mixed with foliage. Fruits in chenille have an excellent effect upon the fronts of satin dresses. Ribbon is put on in the Greek pattern at the bottom of dresses and round mantles. Ribbon is also much used in *appliqué* upon cloth and velvet. Knots of cord, with balls and tassels, forming patterns in relief, are appearing; also bands of cut and

ribbon velvet, and silk and satin buttons, embroidered or circled with a different color and material.

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

BURIAL-PLACE OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

THIS graphic description of the Royal Vault, at Windsor, will be interesting to those who have recently read the description of the funeral of Prince Albert, and recollect how the coffin sank slowly after the touching service to the vault below.

THE ROYAL VAULT.

At the bottom of the grave, down which the bier was lowered, is a stone passage, about six feet broad, and some eight or nine feet high. On the right, in a little niche, stands the very simple machinery used for lowering the biers, and a little beyond this, in another niche, a row of very tall, black, gaunt-looking, two-armed, wooden candelabra, employed for torches when the royal vault itself is opened. For some twelve or fifteen feet beyond this the passage continues descending, and turning a little to the left, till further ingress is cut off by two plain, rusty, wide-barred iron gates. This is the entrance to the royal vault. It is a very plain, wide, lofty, stone vault, with a groined roof springing from stone columns. On either side, supported by these columns, are four tiers of marble shelves; in the centre are three very wide and massive slabs of marble, raised some two feet from the ground. The side shelves are destined for the members of the royal family—the centre marble biers for the coffins of monarchs only. As the light slowly penetrates this dismal chamber, two purple coffins, looking almost black in the gloom, can be distinctly seen at the furthest end, brightly reflecting back the rays of light as the beams fall upon their richly-gilded ornaments, which shine as though affixed but yesterday. These are the coffins of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Above their heads, but shining out warmly with a bright crimson glow, are the coffins of three of their children, who died young. At their feet, but some distance apart, and quite alone, lies the gorgeous coffin of George IV. On the centre slab, and nearest to the gates, the coffins of William IV. and Queen Adelaide rest side by side, the Queen being on the left. There are no coffins on the right side of the vault, but on the left are those of the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge. Strangely enough the coffin nearest the gate is that of the Princess Charlotte, of Wales. It is a crimson coffin, close in view, and, like the rest, as bright as that which, alas! has been so lately laid there. Along this passage, we have described, the bier of the late Prince was wheeled till the foot of the coffin was at the gates of the royal vault. Yesterday a Queen's messenger brought from Osborne to Windsor three little wreaths and a bouquet. The wreaths were simple chaplets of moss and violets, wreathed by the three elder Princesses; the bouquet of violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was sent by the widowed Queen. Between the heraldic insignia these last tributes from his widow and orphan daughters were laid upon the coffin—mementos of domestic love and worth above all heraldry that ever was emblazoned.

LITERARY ITEMS.

Mr. Samuel Smiles, known to American readers through the reprints of his "Life of Stephenson," and "Self-Help," has just published "Lives of the Engineers; with an Account of their Principal Works." It is a bulky work, in two large volumes. Beginning with the earliest known specimens of British engineering, the draining of the marshes, and the embanking of the rivers, before and in the time of the Romans, he gives a succinct and interesting account of the inland communication of Great Britain, and full biographies of some of the most prominent engineers of the last two centuries—Brindley, Smeaton, Telford, Rennie, and others. Nothing of value, respecting the men and their deeds, is omitted.

The daughter of Hood, Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, has just published a charming child's book, "Tiny Tadpole, and Other Tales," which her brother, who is clever with the pencil, like his father before, has illustrated.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton has in press a new volume, with illustrations from her own designs—"The Lady of La Garaye."

Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet, enters the field of compilation with "The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets."

Mr. Robert Browning is now in London, editing the poetical remains of his noble wife. They will be published simultaneously on both sides of the water. Mr. James Miller, the successor of Francis & Co., having purchased the early sheets, the volume will appear about the first of March.

Lady Wallace has in press a translation of Felix Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland.

AMIABILITY.

As amiability is a woman's chief charm, and as a cheerful, sunny temper cannot be maintained with dyspepsia, we need not apologize for a lengthy clipping from a late English magazine, presuming that the advice is given to the masculine portion of the community in the article from which we quote:—

"With due attention to temperance, exercise, and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defiance. Neglect one of these precautions, and you lay yourself open to the approaches of the enemy; neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible that you can escape. And, above all things, keep this in mind, *that no other disease or affection of the body is so stealthy or insidious as dyspepsia.* If the first few instances of carelessness or transgression were to be visited with the pains and penalties that afflict the patient when the malady has become chronic, few men would be so insane or so obstinately reckless as to postpone the work of reformation. But the earlier symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The appetite is not sensibly affected, though the digestion is impaired, and the complaint seems for a time to be limited to flatulency and heartburn. Such unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily removed; essence of ginger and fluid magnesia seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters himself that there is no ground for apprehension. But the symptoms do not disappear; they recur with greater frequency, and the antidotal doses, though increased, are found to have lost their efficacy. The stomach has now become more seriously deranged. All kinds of food generate acid, and in this stage the patient usually has recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash, which in their turn give a temporary relief, though without in any way arresting the disorder. By this time dyspepsia, like an insidious serpent, has fairly folded the victim within its embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure. Everything he eats disagrees with him, and seems to undergo some wondrous transformation. That which was served up at the table as haggis seems converted, two hours afterwards, into a ball of

knotted tow; mutton-chop becomes a fiery crab, rending the interior with its claws; and every rice pudding has the intolerable effrontery to become revivified as a hedge-hog. After that come nausea and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the food you swallow. From twelve stone weight, you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter prematurely on your pins. The mere notion of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if you had no strength for anything. You are pensive, moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elasticity and power; and when you sit down to compose, instead of manly matter, you produce nothing but the dreariest of drivel."

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Dress of sea-green silk, with a deep fold or bias piece of black silk on the hem of the skirt. Charming spring mantle of rich black silk, a sweeping Talma shape behind; the front *en tablier* (or falling in tabs). It is half high on the shoulders, with a hood of rich guipure lace. It is bordered by a band of mauve silk, edged by guipure, and crossed by rich points of guipure and velvet. Dress bonnet of white crape and chip, with a plume; bandeau of Burgundy roses, with buds and foliage.

Fig. 2.—Home dress of woollen grenadine, in stripes of black, mauve, and white. It is made simply, and worn with an Imperatrice collar of white *piqué;* cravat of black velvet. The cap is a cawl, or net, formed of good lace, with knots of mauve ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Silk dress, the fashionable shade of green. The sleeves and side trimmings quite new. Skirt with a flounce, headed by a puff, crossed with velvets, and confined by buttons. Leghorn bonnet, with mauve ribbon and plume.

Fig. 4.—Carriage or visiting-dress of the new bright shade of *tan d'or.* The velvet trimming is the same color, a few shades darker. We commend the sleeve as particularly good, and giving an idea of the length and width now most popular.

Fig. 5.—Riding-habit of lobelia blue cloth, handsomely braided in black. The skirt is longer on the back than the front; an important modification, as it allows the skirt sufficient length in the saddle, and relieves the wearer in walking. Gray Leghorn hat, one of the best shapes, with plume of game feathers.

Two juvenile costumes.—The first, trowsers of dark gray cloth, sacque of *tan d'or.* The second, skirt of drab cachmerine, bordered with blue. Garibaldi shirt of blue flannel.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Brodie is preparing for his spring opening many useful and graceful styles of the short *paletot*, so popular in France and England, but which our ladies have been so slow to adopt. The exaggerated length has passed away, and more graceful proportions are given to the figure. He will introduce in these some newly-imported ladies' summer cloth, in excellent shades of tan, and drab, and stone-color; also some broken plaids and stripes of the most delicate tones. Plain cloths turned up in contrasting colors will be very popular, or sleeves lined and turned up with a deeper shade of the same color. A modification of the talma has come up again for those who prefer loose wraps. Some of these are richly braided or embroidered at each corner and in the middle of the back. Indeed, embroidery and rich braid patterns in cord and gimp are very popular on dresses and mantles both, after having been laid aside some little time.

A dress made up recently at Madame Demorest's uptown establishment, an imported robe, was elegantly embroidered up each seam of the skirt; the sleeves, the front, and even *the back* of the corsage had its peculiar design *en suite*, or matching the prevailing idea.

In recent Parisian letters we find a dress of maroon silk described, embroidered with lilies in the same shade; also a dress of violet silk with daisies worked in black silk, and ornamented by a deep flounce worked with daisies.

The Russian, Swiss, and Medic waistbands are now indispensable with a round corsage, as it has gone out of favor, except for plain house dresses. The *pointed bodice* once more rules, and is welcomed back by many ladies to whom the round waistband gave a dumpy appearance. The best dresses are made with points before and behind, and open sleeves; tight sleeves will be entirely laid aside until a colder season returns, except for travelling-dresses. These girdles or waistbands are prettily embroidered in silk and jet, or silk, or braid alone. In rich evening dress they are ornamented with small Roman pearls, and abroad, where huge incomes can afford it, even real precious stones.

The *Gabrielle* style for dresses will be somewhat worn as the spring opens, but its chief popularity has passed.

The Garibaldi shirt will be extremely popular as a home dress, particularly for young ladies, with a new skirt called the *latiere* (milkmaid). The *joupon latiere* is usually either red, gray, or white *cachmerine*, or soft flannel, with one wide velvet or several narrow rows, placed above the hem. It may also be ornamented with a simple dressing braid pattern. The Garibaldi shirt should have a running pattern in black braid on the plaits and cuffs of the sleeve. The most fashionable collars are of *piqué*, very small, high and straight, with cuffs to match. These are worn with the universal cravat bow called *imperatrice*, and display the dress trimmed around the throat. A pretty style; quite popular.

Unbleached alpaca and woollen organdie are spoken of among the new dress materials.

In styles of making up we describe a dress of black silk, corsage plain and pointed at the waist, which is cut square around the neck, and edged by a narrow ruffle of blue silk turning back from the edge. Sleeves bell-shaped; a full, round cap at the top, edged with the blue silk quilling. It is drawn in a little at the bottom, and has a puff of the blue silk, edged by a frill of black. Down the front of the dress a puff of blue silk two inches wide on the waist, and broadening into four on the skirt, with small rosettes of black ribbon, and lace at intervals.

Dress of shot silk, one of the new fabrics; this has two shades, a deep and light shade of mauve. The dress is plain in front, with four narrow ruffles on the bottom in alternate shades of mauve. On each of the back seams of the skirt, commencing on the sides, is a pyramidal trimming of narrow ruffles; a scarf mantle, the shade of the dress, which is one of the spring novelties for the later spring, has two ruffles all around in a deep and light shade of mauve. It is thrown just across the shoulders, and has long tablier ends.

A dress of plain apple-green silk, a lovely shade, pale and quiet. The waist is quite plain and round. The skirt is full, and handsomely trimmed by a flounce, five inches wide, on the bottom of the skirt, and three full puffs above it; the flounce is edged by a row of narrow velvet, quite a dark shade of green; the upper part of the skirt has the same trimming repeated, at about the depth of a short tunic. A narrow waistband of silk, edged on each side by narrow, dark-green velvet, has a sash-girdle, to the left, of silk about the width of an ordinary bonnet ribbon, edged with velvet ribbon. A spray of velvet shamrocks is embossed on each end and on the bows. The sleeves are moderately wide, with a flounce and three puffs to match the skirt; the trimming goes up square at the back of the sleeve to the elbow, giving the appearance of being cut up. With this dress is worn a headdress of a brown-orange color, a coronal of drawn velvet ribbon, with flat bows at each ear, and ends with chenille tassels drooping from them.

A dress of shot silk, mauve and black, has five narrow flounces, placed at a little distance apart, and set on in box-plaits, separated by a plain space the width of the plait. A heading is formed by a row of narrow velvet ribbon, about an inch from the upper edge. The waist is plain, but there is a pointed pelerine crossing to left surplice fashion, trimmed by two ruffles set on as are the flounces, two inches and a half wide at the back, and narrowing to one inch and a half at the point, where it is met by a sash ribbon of the silk edged by velvet ribbon. The sleeve is rather loose, slightly full at the arm, the fulness on the top of the sleeve; the bottom has one ruffle to correspond with the skirt, and a piece in a double scallop on the forearm; in each scallop, a diamond-shaped rosette, in black and white lace.

The bonnet selected for this dress is a Leghorn, with a black silk cape turned up with raspberry red, and covered by black lace; a bouquet of a large raspberry-red rose and foliage, with a cluster of purplish grapes; on the outside, the bandeau has a puff of raspberry silk, a rose, and a few grapes, with black lace.

For those who object, from delicate health, to wearing dresses with *revers* or turned back, vest fashion at the throat, there is an excellent style, quite as ornamental; the revers meet from the throat down, quite close, and are faced with some color contrasting with the dress; as, for instance, a black silk, with revers of deep bright blue, edged by a narrow puffing of black satin ribbon. Bell-shaped sleeves, slashed with blue on the top, the slashing crossed by puffings of satin ribbon; at the bottom of the skirt are two flounces of black silk, the lower one headed by a puff of blue, the upper by a puff of black.

We notice a pretty new sleeve for home wear. They are somewhat in the gigot form, with a band at the wrist, and an epaulet or cap, neatly trimmed. The gigot, or mutton-leg, is quite popular for home wear. As the season advances, and thinner fabrics appear, tight sleeves will be given up; indeed they have been very moderately worn in Paris the past winter, many of the best dresses being made up with sleeves quite open at the wrist, and much longer behind than on the arm, besides various modifications of the bell-shape.

The shape of straw bonnets is already defined. They follow the high brim and sloping crown of the past winter, and are *very shallow* at the side, so that the top trimming dies away to a narrow ruche of tulle on the cheek. There is a new style of ruche. The plaits have the air of being separated by a plain space, but the effect of the late full ruche is also gained, softening the outline of the face, and inclosing the cheek in a line of wavy, delicate blonde. Across the brim, flowers and lace are still carried; on the outside of the bonnets, the Letitia bow will be very popular. It is a flat bow, exactly on top—to describe a bonnet trimmed in this way—a pretty spring straw, with the high brim, curtain of mauve silk, with two square plaits at the back, plain on the sides. The plaits are trimmed across with *rows of straw* and small pendent ornaments of straw. Strings of No. 30 ribbon; from the cape, pretty well at the back of the bonnet, a plain ribbon, of the same width, ascends, meeting on top in a Letitia bow, formed of two flat loops, one turned each way, passing under a flat tie; on each corner of the loops are small pendent ornaments of straw. Inside, a ruche; at the top, a broad, close bunch of purple violets, with a pink moss rose and foliage on each side.

We have seen ribbon of an inch and a half in width used in this way: three rows across the top of the bonnet, and in one case, *five*, of an inch in width, covering the whole bonnet.

We have seen a very pretty chip hat, with cape of bright *June* green; the front has a broad, rich white ribbon passed over it, at the top a knot, in which is placed a light plume, which curls over the edge of the brim, and forms a part of the bandeau; bright green leaves complete it. Strings of broad white ribbon. Next month we commence our regular notices of spring openings, by Miss McConnel, Mrs. Scofield, and others.

FASHION.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1862.

SPRING FASHIONS, 1862.

Mauve silk dress, with squares set on of a lighter shade, bordered with black velvet. White chip hat, trimmed with black lace, violets, and violet ribbon.

Fig. 1.—Azurline blue silk skirt and white muslin Garibaldi shirt. The front of the shirt is laid in box plaits, which are richly embroidered.

Fig. 2.—Boy's suit of mineral gray poplin, trimmed with rose sublime velvet; belt and neck-tie to match. Gray straw hat, trimmed with rose sublime velvet and plume.

SPRING FASHIONS, 1862.

Mauve spring silk, with flounces and quilling of a darker shade. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with straw and green ribbon.

Promenade dress of lavender silk, trimmed with ruches and bows of green ribbon. Straw hat (suitable for a watering-place), trimmed with green.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

PRINCE ALFRED WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

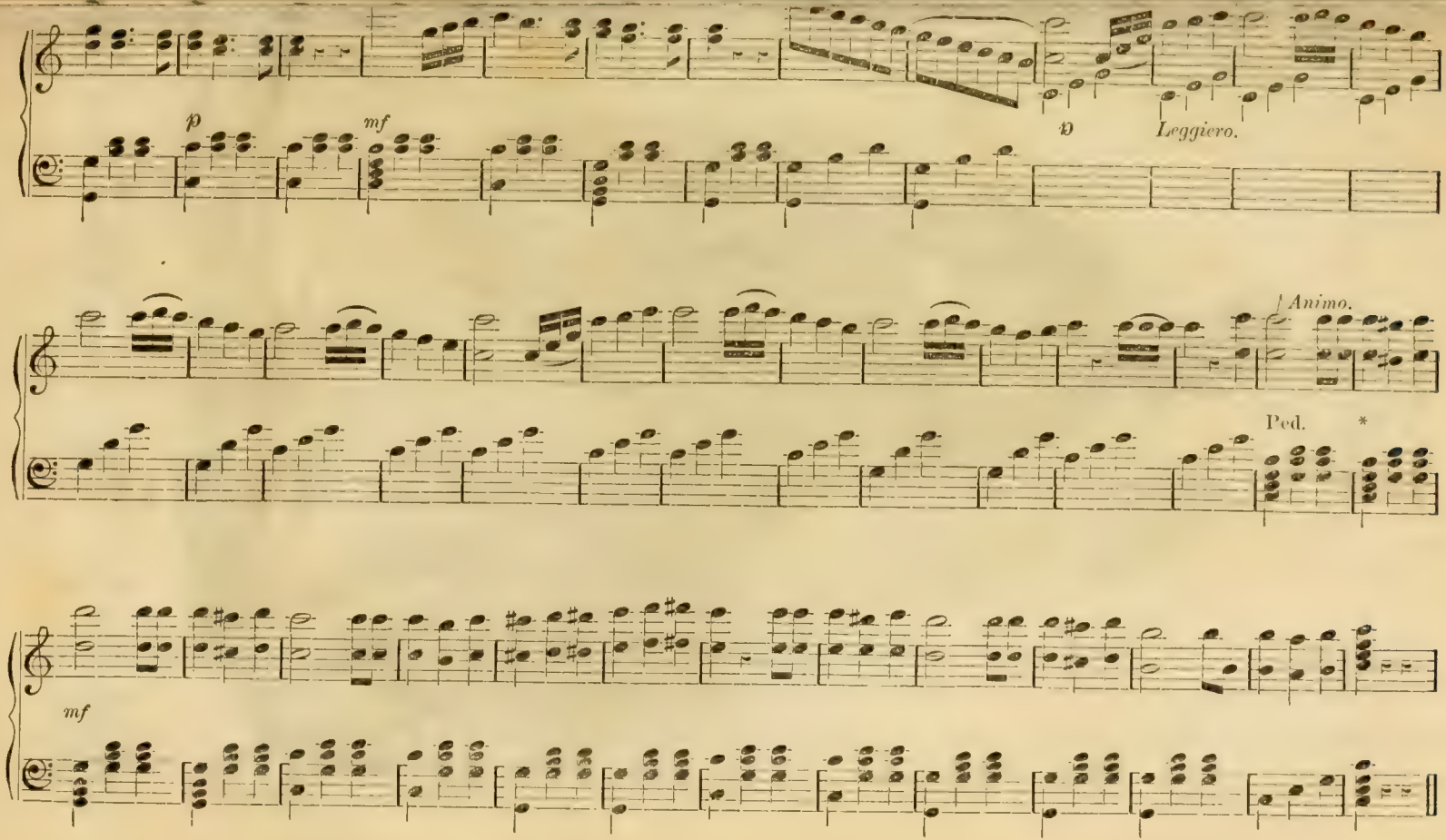
BY ROSALIE E. SMITH.

Grazioso.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. *

legato. *p* *mf*


p
mf
p
Leggiero.
Animo.
Ped.
*
mf

THE VALENCIAN.

(*Front view.*)

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

We believe the garment which we have illustrated by two views, back and front, is probab the most *distingué* that we have ever had the pleasure to present to our friends. Its shape

THE VALENCIAN.

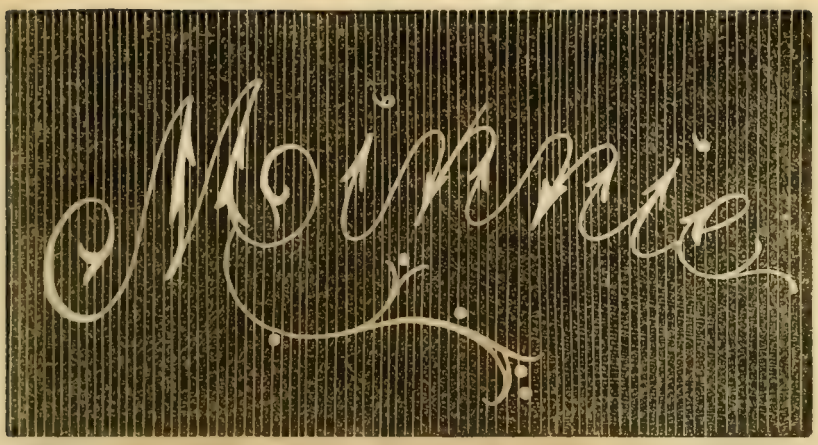
(Back view.)

simple in the extreme, being that of a shawl. The material is black velvet, embroidered with a chaste and exquisitely executed design in needlework.

PORTRAIT AND COSTUME OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

Skirt of black velvet, plaited at the waist in large box plaits. Full embroidered shirt. Jacket of black velvet. The skirt and jacket are ornamented with a wreath of leaves cut out of white satin, and braided with a fancy black and gold braid.

NAME FOR MARKING.



SPRING COSTUMES.

(*See description, Fashion Department.*)

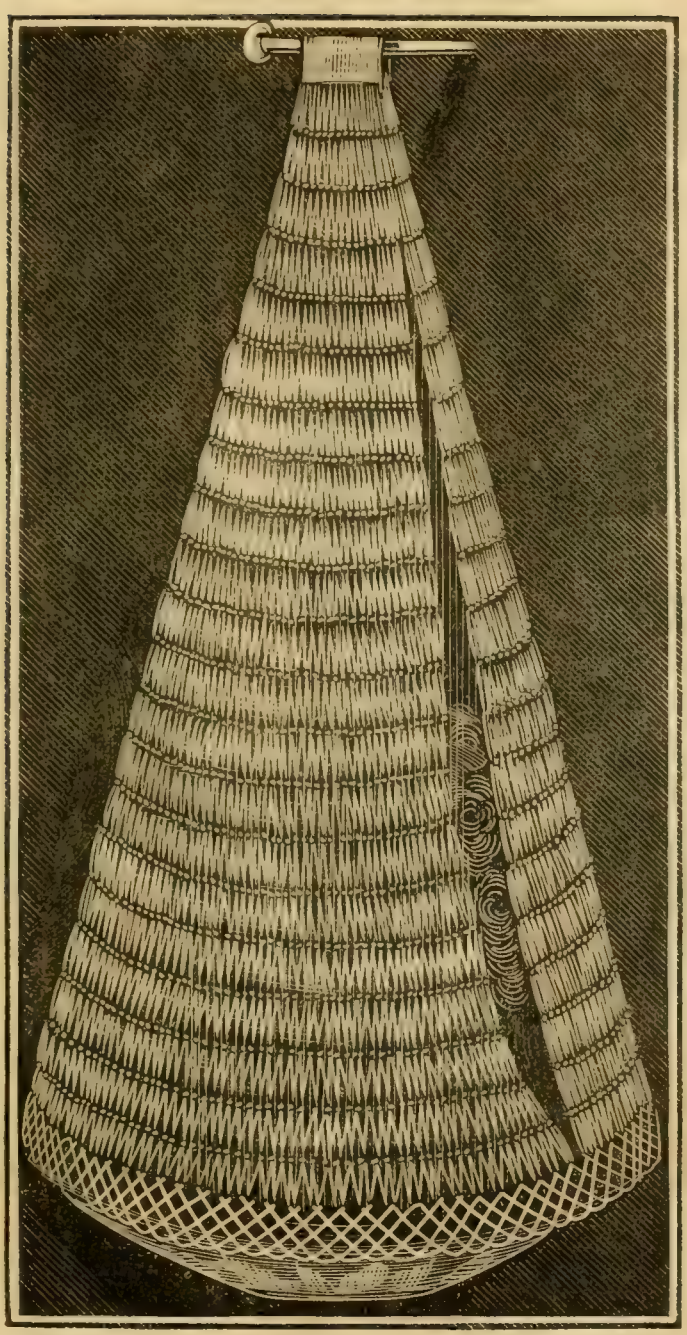
A TULIP JARDINIERE.—(*See description, Work Department.*)

HANDKERCHIEF ENVELOPE.—(*See description, Work Department.*)

NAME FOR MARKING.

CHILD'S APRON.

To be made of white cambric.



SPONGE-BAG.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

FLOUNCE OF LADY'S DRESS.

The white cambric muslin dress enriched with embroidery being again restored to favor, we are happy to supply such a pattern as may be considered generally useful. The one we are now giving is intended to be worked as a flounce, and carried round the bottom of the skirt, but in addition to this graduated lengths are to be laid on the front breadth. Each end being finished with a bow of colored ribbon, of course this part of the trimming of the dress is optional, but it is arranged in this way when it is intended to be worn with a mantle or pelisse open up the front. The oval holes which go round the scallop are cut out and sewn over, and then have a line of *point de Brussels* worked in the inside. The rest of the pattern is composed of holes and cut-out leaves.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

JERUSALEM.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne,
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.—MOORE.

Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old.—WORDSWORTH.

"THE city of Judah" (2 Chron. xxv. 28), "the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth" (Lam. ii. 15), "great among the nations and princess among the provinces" (Lam. i. 1), has sometimes been called Salem, Jebus, Solima, and Capitolina. The Turks have called it Curumobarech and Leucost; and the Arabs speak of it as *El-Kuds*, which means "holiness." The ancient Greek and Latin writers called it Hierosolyma.

Those who would learn somewhat of its earliest history, and other interesting particulars, should consult the works of Josephus, Maundrell, Pococke, Drs. Clarke and Richardson, Châteaubriand, Ali Bey, and others; and as few of my readers will be disposed to doubt the antiquity of the site of Jerusalem, I will merely survey the arguments in favor of its age, and recount some of the most important epochs in its history.

"The city of David" has undergone many changes. It is said to have been built by Melchisedek, who is mentioned in Genesis (chap. xiv. 18) as King of Salem; but modern commentators have rejected this opinion, on account of the statement of Jerome, who says that he saw the ruins of Melchisedek's palace, near to Scythopolis (Bethshean). There cannot be any doubt that Jerusalem existed B. C. 1451, because it is stated (Josh. x. 1) that Adoni-zedek was King of Jerusalem. We find that, B. C. 1444, "Jebusi," which *is* "Jerusalem," was given, with thirteen other cities and their villages, to the children of Benjamin (Josh. xviii. 28) as their inheritance; in 1425 the children of Judah fought against Jerusalem, took it, and set the city on fire (Judges i. 8); in 1048 David took Zion from the Jebusites, and dwelt in the fort, and called Jerusalem the city of David (2 Sam. v. 6—9); in 1042 David brought the Ark from Kirjathjearim upon a new cart to Jerusalem, with sacrifices and dancing (2 Sam. vi. 3—14). In 1004 Solomon blessed the people, and consecrated the temple with a solemn prayer, from the brazen scaffold (2 Chron. vi. 7—42). In 971 "Shishak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all; he carried away, also, the shields of gold which Solomon had made" (2 Chron. xii. 9). In 826 Jehoash "came to Jerusalem, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem, from the gate of Ephraim unto the corner gate, four hundred cubits; and he took all the gold and silver, and all the vessels that were found in the house of the Lord, and all the treasures of the king's house, and hostages, and returned to Samaria" (2 Kings xiv. 13, 14). In 742 the city was besieged by Rezin, King of Syria, and Pekah, son of Remaliah, King of Israel, but they could not take it (2 Kings xvi. 5). In 710 Sennacherib invaded Judah, and took all the fenced cities, but retired when Hezekiah had given him three hundred talents of silver (£166,077 10*s.*), and thirty talents of gold (£12,273 7*s.* 6*d.*)

(2 Kings xviii. 14). In 610 Pharaoh-nechoh, King of Egypt, went against Jerusalem, slew Josiah, imprisoned Jehoahaz, and made Jehoiakim king in his stead; besides doing this, he put the land to a tribute of a hundred talents of silver and a talent of gold (2 Kings xxiii. 29—31). In 599 Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, besieged Jerusalem, and carried away all the princes, riches, and workmen to Babylon, and destroyed all the vessels of gold which Solomon had made in the temple (2 Kings xxiv. 10—16). In 588 Nebuchadnezzar and all his host besieged Jerusalem, and built forts against it round about, and took the city, burnt it, and broke down the walls, besides carrying away a great number of the inhabitants into captivity (Jeremiah xxxix. 1—10). In 536 Cyrus, King of Persia, ordered the temple to be rebuilt (Ezra i. 2, 3). In 445 Nehemiah, having secretly viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and incited the Jews to build them up again, is mocked and threatened by Sanballat, the Horonite (Nehemiah iv. 1, 2). In 324 Ptolemy, King of Egypt, captured it; in 168 it was plundered by Apollonius; restored by the Maccabees in 163 B. C.; and in 63 taken by Pompey.

In the year of our Lord 70 the city was besieged, taken, and destroyed by Titus; rebuilt in 131 by the Roman Emperor Adrian, who afterwards destroyed many parts of the city, and erected temples to the heathen deities. In 135 the Jews were finally dispersed, after having failed in a revolt against the Romans, and the city became a Roman colony. In 326 Constantine and Helena built many churches throughout Judea, especially in Jerusalem, and did much to restore the city, besides allowing the Jews to enter it once a year. In 613 the city was taken by Chosrau, King of the Persians, who slew 90,000. The city was retaken from the Persians in 627 by the Greeks, under Heraclius. In 636 Khalif Omar took the city after a siege of four months, and the Mosque of Omar was commenced. In 868 the city was taken by Ahmed of Egypt from the Khalifs of Bagdad. In 1073 the Turkomans gained possession of the city, and the persecution of the Christian pilgrims was permitted. In 1098 the Egyptian khalifs again obtained possession of the city. In 1099 the Crusaders, under Godfrey de Bouillon, took the city, and elected their leader king. In 1188 Salahed-deen took it from the Crusaders. In 1229 it was given up to the Christians. In 1239 the Emir David of Kerek obtained possession of the city, which was restored to the Latin princes by Salah Ismaeel, Emir of Damascus, in 1242. In 1244 the Kharismian hordes stormed it; in 1291 it came into possession of the Sultans of Egypt. In 1517 Selim, the Turkish Sultan, reduced Egypt and Syria, including Jerusalem; and his son Soliman built the present walls in the year 1542; and in 1832, when Syria became subject to Mohammed Ali, Jerusalem fell into his hands, In 1834 an insurrection took place, and the city was held by the insurgents for a short time; but Ibrahim Pasha soon quelled the riot, and restored order within its ancient walls.

Such is the history of this city, which has undergone many vicissitudes, and, having been the bone of contention for ages, is now almost

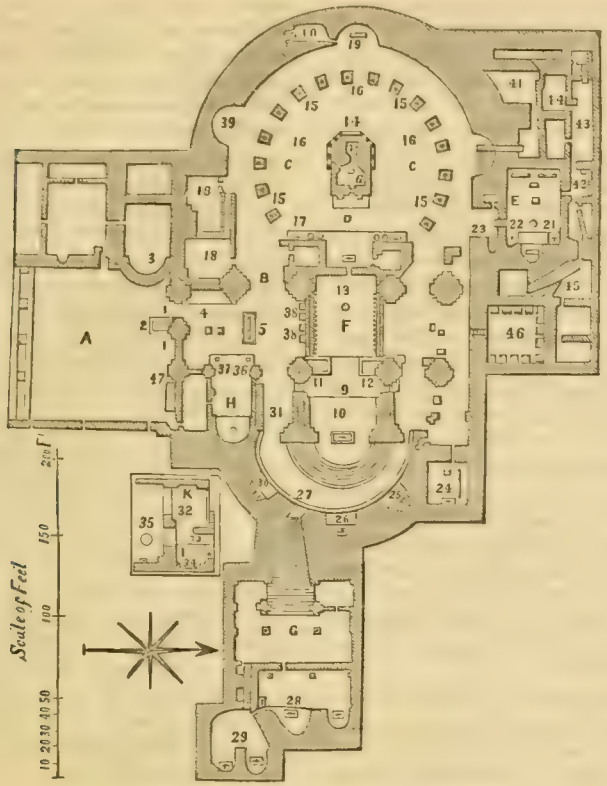
> "A vanish'd name;
> Its tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame."

Our first visit was to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and never shall I forget the scene that presented itself on our approach. The whole area (a) was crammed with groups of beings from nearly every clime, and certainly clothed with almost every costume. Some selling beads, crucifixes, amulets, cups, bowls, etc., made from the bitumen of the Dead Sea, the olive-wood from the Garden of Gethsemane, or other relics; amongst which I noticed a host of saints, remarkable for the stiffness of carving and desperate contortions of their frames, and many Scriptural events, only to be made out by the inscriptions underneath; for, in truth, they were so badly executed that the carvers almost appeared to deserve the same fate; while others were importunately offering their services as guides, and asserting that they knew every part of the city, from the spot where the cock crew when Peter denied his Master to the rock from which our Saviour ascended into heaven.

We had been prepared for many extraordinary scenes by the perusal of the account furnished us by travellers; but the one we witnessed baffles all description. The pen of a Warburton, or the eloquent diction of an Eothen could alone do it justice.

Gentle reader, cast aside the notions you have generally entertained of the topography of Jerusalem. It is not The Jerusalem of Scripture. The position of many interesting localities *appears* altered, but it is only the advances of modern ages that have altered the appearance of the Holy City.

The Holy Sepulchre is within the walls, and occupies the best part of the town; it is not *without*. Calvary of the present day is not the Calvary of the past, and the relics you view smack somewhat of the present age; therefore may not be quite so interesting to travellers.



GROUND PLAN OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

Description of ground-plan:—

A Open court before the church.
B Entrance hall or vestibule.
C Nave.
D The Holy Sepulchre.
E Chapel of the Apparition, belonging to the Latins.
F Choir of the Great Church, belonging to the Greeks.
G Chapel of the Finding of the Crosses.
H. Lower part of Calvary.
K. Upper part of Calvary.

1. Gateway.
2 Stone seat.
3 A ruined Tower in the ancient Belfry.
4 Divan of the Turkish Toll-Keeper.
5 Stone of Unction.
6. Ante-Chapel.
7 Sepulchral Chamber.
8 Tomb of our Saviour.
9 Ichonostation
10. Sancta Sanctorum.
11 Chair of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem.
12 Chair of the Greek Vicar.
13 Centre of the World.
14 Chapel of the Copts.
15 Columns.
16 Pilasters.
17. Altar of the Armenians.
18 Room of the Armenians.
19. Altar of the Syrians, Georgians, and Nestorians.
20 Altar of the Holy Sacrament.
21. Altar of the Holy Cross.
22 Altar of the Flagellation.
23 Sacristy
24 Altar of the Prison of Christ.
25 Altar of the Inscription over the Cross.
26 Altar of the Division of Garments.
27 Steps leading to the Chapel of the Finding of the Crosses, below.
28. Altar of St. Helena.
29. Cavity where the Crosses were found.
30. Chapel of Division.
31. Steps leading up to Calvary.
32. Chapel of the Crucifixion.
33. Place of the Three Crosses.
34. Rent in the Rock.
35. Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross.
36. Tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon.
37. Tomb of Baldwin, his brother.
38 Tombs of the Kings of Jerusalem
39. Spot where the Disciples contemplated the Crucifixion.
40. Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.
41 Cistern
42 Entrance to the Apartments of the Franciscans.
43. Refectory.
44. Stairs leading to the upper Galleries.
45. " " " " " Rooms.
46 Former entrance to the Church, now inclosed.
47. Entrance to the Chapel of our Lady of Grief.

From the earliest ages, all Christian pilgrims have turned their thoughts towards the sepulchre of our Saviour, and happy the man who was enabled to visit the "Holy Shrine," and worship at other sacred spots. In the present day thousands flock to bow down in the Sepulchre of our Lord, and many perish in the attempt.

It does not come within the province of the writer of these pages to comment upon the many wonderful things related to him, nor to descant upon the reality of the spots pointed

out; therefore it is proposed only to take a cursory glance at the places as they were visited.

Passing through the motley groups in the crowd, our party went under the pointed Saracenic archway of the edifice, and entered its precincts; in doing so we could not help observing the beautiful frieze, in low relief, representing the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, which was placed over the doorway.

We had scarcely entered the building by the gateway (1), and passed the stone seat (2) on which the Turkish toll-gatherers seat themselves and smoke away the dreary hours they remain there when we saw before us the "stone of unction" (5), on which, it is said, the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the sepulchre (*a*). Around this precious relic is a low rail, and at either end are three large candlesticks and tapers, the gifts of Christian princes. Here the pilgrims kneel, prostrate themselves on their faces, kiss the "stone of anointing," and offer up their prayers. Space compels us to defer the description of the interior of the Holy Sepulchre for a short time, when we shall continue our Rambles within its walls, and afterwards visit the outside of the "City of Solemnities."

No sooner does the weary pilgrim enter Jerusalem than, regardless of everything else, he hastens to behold the spot where the Saviour of mankind was laid. It is a natural feeling, but is not judicious. To behold the sepulchre to advantage, the pilgrim should visit the environs and each sacred spot first—the hills, the remnant walls, the convents, and the various historical sites—reserving his visit to the Holy Sepulchre until

"The twilight star from Hermon's peak
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth
And weary hirelings joy to seek
Their dear domestic hearth."

Then the feelings so long pent up will find vent; the soothing power of religion will subdue the passions that have racked the now repentant pilgrims; and when he leaves the precincts of that edifice, the remembrance of his visit will be more indelible. But, as Sir Walter Raleigh said—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And then I'll take my pilgrimage."

To redeem this sepulchre from infidel hands was, it will be remembered, the paramount object sought by the Crusades. It is presumed to contain not only the sepulchre, but the scene of the Crucifixion. The irregular form shows how the building has been extended in places, in order to inclose various spots connected with Christ's death and burial.

A WOMAN'S BOOK.

BY ELMA.

CHAPTER I.

"A WOMAN'S book is never worth reading," said Mr. Lindley, putting down his ruby glass, with its silver stem, on the table. "Women are very good at making pies, but very poor at making books." And having delivered himself of this speech, Mr. Lindley stared intently at his niece. "Do you hear that, Amy?"

She answered quietly, "Yes, sir."

Mr. Milford smiled, and said, "But you do not agree with it."

"Not altogether."

"Of course she does not," said her uncle. "Amy is entirely given up to the pleasures of the pen; she breathes, lives, moves, and has her being in ink. She dreams all night of love-passages and touching scenes, and awakes in the morning to write them out; the louder I cry *cui bono*, the faster she writes. No, no; defend me from a woman's book, even though that book be Amy's."

Amy smiled; her uncle's raillery had not disturbed the serenity of her temper in the slightest degree.

"That is not your prayer," said Mr. Milford, turning to her.

"Yes, to some extent it is. I think there are some women, many women, who write gracefully and touchingly; but I must confess that I have seldom read a woman's book that I care to read twice."

Mr. Milford smiled incredulously. How strangely it sounded to hear a woman speak thus, and a woman, too, who wrote!

"'Jane Eyre,'" she continued, "is a noble book, full of faults, yet noble withal, vigorous, bold, original; the fire of genius burns with a vivid glow in its startling pages. 'Adam Bede'

is a woman's book; I like it for what women's books seldom possess—its strength. I might enumerate dozens of books written by women that are both touching and graceful; yes, even thoughtful; but you miss the power that distinguishes these Samsons of female literature."

Again Mr. Milford smiled. "You astonish me."

"Why should I astonish you?"

"You write."

"So I do. But I have never written anything that I can read with the slightest pleasure; my own ideal has never been worked out; it looms up before me a solid, unyielding block of marble, before which I stand, with chisel in hand, utterly despairing of ever bringing out to life the group that I know is sleeping there. Thus I wrote to a friend who said to me, 'Do not let your pen be idle; I find it very easy to read all that you write.' Ah, he little knows how unsatisfied my own mind wanders through the scenes of its creation! The unattained beckons me on; I strive, I yearn to reach it, but there it stands ever the distant goal—the star highest up in the heavens."

"Why, then, do you write?"

"Because I must write. I cannot help writing any more than you can help"—

"Loving," said Mr. Milford, quietly.

"Loving! that was not what I was going to say."

"Perhaps not; but I finished your sentence much more truthfully than you could possibly have done yourself. But to return to our subject. I think the great mistake that women make in writing is, that they do not come out sufficiently from self; instead of erecting a platform without, from whose plain they can survey the wide field of humanity, they erect one within. Sappho sings, but her songs are the cries of her own wildly beating heart; they are not the echoes of mine. The writer should know no selfish limit; his should be a

> 'Sympathy that folds all characters,
> All ranks, all passions, and all life almost
> In its wide circle.'

Then, your men, too, are generally failures; they are not what men really are, but what you wish them to be. Women, it seems to me, write only from a passionate impulse of their own hearts; they—but a truce to fault-finding. Upon the whole, I have read some very readable books by women, very well written"—

"For women. Oh, manly praise! Hear Mrs. Browning on that subject—

> 'Oh, excellent!
> What grace! what facile turns! what fluent sweeps!
> What delicate discernment, almost thought!
> The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
> Among our female authors we make room
> For this fair writer, and congratulate
> The country that produces in these times
> Such women, competent to—spell.'"

Mr. Milford laughed. "I do not think that you will ever write a book, Amy."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. To-day, Mr. Milford, I began the first pages of a woman's book. I intend to pour my whole soul into the task; this shall be the mission of my life, to write a book, not distinguished only for its good grammar, and gracefully turned sentences, but a book that will touch an answering chord in the deep heart of humanity."

"What an ambition! But I look at you more in sorrow than in anger."

"Thank you for sparing me your severity, and bestowing on me your gentle pity."

"I never for the life of me could see, Amy, why women should pester themselves about writing books, unless they wrote them for money, wrote or starved."

"There are other motives than money that induce people to write books."

"So there are, and better motives. But the writing of a book involves so much, and the publishing of it so much more, that I am amazed any woman is willing to sacrifice so much to obtain so very little. Amy, be warned in time, and abandon your book with the ink still wet on the first page."

"'*Grand merci!*' but when a woman has made up her mind to an act she is pretty sure to accomplish it, and I have made up my mind to write a book."

"There is no turning a woman from her will, then?"

"Not this woman."

The servant came in and lit the chandelier over the dining-table. Mr. Lindley, as is the wont of many old gentlemen after dinner, had fallen into a profound sleep. The discussion had not been of sufficient interest to keep the drowsy god at bay. Amy arose from the table, and taking a book seated herself in the rocking-chair. Mr. Milford watched her for some time in silence; he noted the expansive brow; the soft chestnut hair lying in shining folds over it; the deep blue eye so full of tenderness and truth, and he thought the world would scarcely call her pretty, and yet she attracts powerfully. She is a lovely woman, lovely to look at, though without beauty. What a pity it is that she should waste her days in the folly of writing

books; she would be much happier married. He approached her—

"I was just wondering which would become you the most, a laurel crown, or a bridal wreath."

"Well, and to what conclusion have you come?"

"The veil I have decided in favor of; you must get married."

"Get married! to whom? Anybody, I suppose, so that I do get married, and thus avoid the disgrace of a single life. Marry, as Bertha Lindley has done, a profligate man, who, having spent all his own money, deigned to accept hers to carry on his sinful pleasures with. She has passed from this elegant mansion, where she reigned a queen, to the unloved and desolate condition of a neglected wife. What has she gained? Only a name which she thinks more aristocratic than her own; and now Bertha Van Courtland would give worlds to be once more Bertha Lindley. Or get married as Kate Dumont, to bury youth and spirits in the sepulchre of old age. She lives in regal splendor, and glitters in gems, but her young heart dwells in a solitude more horrible than ever Selkirk did, and she pines for her happy country home, and her sweet eyes fill with tears when she thinks of the cottage beyond the blue hills, where the graces of refinement hid all its poverty; that home where, though she was not rich, she was, at least, happy. When young Samuel Haven approaches her, the blush deepens on her beautiful cheek, and the soft light fills her eyes, as they stand side by side, as if God had intended them to stand ever thus, while the old husband looks on with eyes of fearful jealousy. Heaven help them! they are young, passionate, and, alas, loving! What will the end be? If that old man possessed his wife's love, that young one would not have sued for it and got it. Or, marry as Helen Hamilton did, for a support, not independent enough, and too proud (O pitiable pride!) to support herself. That man never has struck one electric spark from that girl's heart; he never can; but he clothes her, and he feeds her, and he puts a roof over her head, and this we call marriage. Is that what God meant when he gave Eve to Adam? Did he intend us to pattern by this first marriage in Eden, or to invent these awful monstrosities and call them marriages, then say, 'this is a divine institution, a holy pale' that we are entering? I know there are men who think that a woman's life is a sad failure unless she marries; that God put her here for that express purpose; that the mismated is a far more respectable woman than the woman who is not mated at all. I think differently; marriage is not the great end of a woman's life. There is no need for me to marry; I am strong enough to do without man's love."

"You have not tested that yet," said Mr. Milford.

"Have I not? I am twenty-five. Art shall be my husband."

"Art cannot satisfy a woman's warm heart. I never knew that woman yet whose passionate yearnings were stilled by art, however intense her devotion to it. There is ever a cry, though she may refuse to hearken to it, for love, love."

"It would grieve me to think so, Mr. Milford, for the light would strike on many a woman in heaven who when on earth missed her heart's most passionate desire. If love is woman's great need in life, and her great good, why, then, does not God give it to all women? *Why* do so many walk this earth never having once sung the beautiful song of love? Why are there so many hearts that have never known the passionate throbs of satisfied love? God is not unjust, and he surely would not deprive us of that which we could not possibly live happily without. Men are prone to some disagreeable, dangerous, and hurtful fallacies. Women, they say, must have their love or they die; or if they do not die, they droop, they languish, they go about utterly bereft, with a sort of sublime despair in their eyes, because they have missed the *summum bonum* of life, the topmost sparkle of the wave. But I have done; you need not yawn in that disagreeable way. I am going in the music-room to sing. You may follow me if you please; or, if you prefer, you can stay where you are, and read Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh.' Here it is. You will find some thoughts in it most refreshingly—manly. Or you can sit in the fellow chair to the one uncle is in, and have a duet of dozing; or you can write out those profound views of yours on marriage and love; you will find a mother-of-pearl inkstand, a goose quill, and foolscap paper lying on the table in the library. *Au revoir.*" She opened the door, and was gone.

Mr. Milford laughed, and settled himself to read "Aurora Leigh."

Amy passed into the regal drawing-rooms, and, throwing herself on the satin rosewood couch, sighed. What was there to make her sigh in all the splendor that surrounded her? The richly carved rosewood sofas and chairs covered with white satin embroidered with gold; the rich window-curtains to match; the drapery

of the same material, that covered the walls; the richly gilt looking-glasses, that touched ceiling and floor; the superb centre-tables, composed of specimens of marble; the enamelled vases; the pearl-shell *odeur* caskets; the beautiful statues, and the Bohemian chandelier, that threw a flood of light upon the gorgeous and fairy-like scene. This was a New York palace; New York, that city of extremes, with the hovels of Five Points at one end, and the palaces of Fifth Avenue at the other. The eye soon gets accustomed to splendor, and the heart soon wearies of it.

When Amy Dale, upon the death of her surviving parent, left her simple country home for a residence with her uncle in the city, she was dazzled by the splendor that surrounded her; but one year had accustomed her to the gorgeous novelty, and she felt that it takes something more than even a New York palace to satisfy the cravings of a woman's heart. There was a sad want, even amid all this pleasure; but she looked to her book to satisfy it. Women are so differently constituted; put a well-filled purse in the hands of some, and send them into Broadway on a shopping excursion, and they find themselves at once in a heaven of real delight, whilst others groan over it as a positive infliction. One revels in housekeeping, another in novel-reading, and another has her chief delight in fashionable display. The studious sister loves her books, the pious sister sees no good in anything but her church; happy are they all if in the midst of their several pursuits they feel no aching void. In her life Amy Dale felt this void. What was it that she wanted? Love? No; she was going to live without that; she was so self-sustained that she did not require it; if she ever did love, it would be from the fulness of her nature, not its poverty. Let us see the end of this piece of wisdom.

She arose, and, putting aside the rich drapery, entered the music-room. The song of "Ariadne à Naxos" arose on the air in sweet, clear notes; it sounded like the wail of a broken heart, that passionate entreaty to return. The song ceased; a shadow darkened the doorway.

"Is that you, Everard? Come in."

A very young man, scarcely twenty, stood in the doorway, holding back the curtain that draped the entrance. He was rather under sized, and delicately formed; his head was small and compact, covered with a profusion of slightly waved hair of a rich chestnut hue; his features were delicate, and his eye keen, earnest, penetrating. Some faces are a clear index to the thought and feeling within; this face told of a mind of poetic sensibility, a heart of noble impulses, full of passion and firm resolve, yet impatient of restraint and opposition; a nature ardent, yet too apt to lean to extremes, that knew nothing of the safe *via media*. His aspirations were high and noble; but it remained yet to be seen if his stormy passions would not overmaster the good that was in him, and chain him in lowly baseness at their feet. He had a battle before him; if he conquered the tempting demons of his nature, the world would see in him a true poet to reverence and to love; if not, poetry chained to passion would have a twofold power to sink him into a dismal abyss of shame and wretchedness.

One such poet we are thinking of now; with lofty imagination, glorious intellect, and face like a very seraph's for glowing beauty. Through his whole life his good and his bad angel wrestled in mighty conflict; evil conquered, and good lay crushed and bleeding, and a life of woe, crowned by a death of misery, completed the sad story. The world, that world which bends in reverence to godlike genius, sends up a perpetual wail over what this man was and what he might have been; and the yew-tree seems to wave in double sadness over the lowly grave where lies hid a moral wreck. How will it be with this young poet? Will he conquer, or will he fall? Let us see.

"I was wondering," said Everard Lee, "which of your lovers you were imploring to return!"

"None; if I am once left, I make no sign that I ever know it."

"That 's not kind; one word, one look might bring the truant back to your feet, repentant and loving."

"Ah, no! the man that once plays truant to the woman he has professed to love is scarcely worth the trouble of a recall."

"He may make a very good husband, once fairly brought back, for all that."

"Who on earth is talking about husbands? and, dear young child, who taught you all this wisdom?"

"I learned by intuition. But why will you persist, Miss Dale, in calling me a child? I am no child."

"Well, do not, pray, cry about it, Mr. Lee."

"Mr. Lee" bit his lip, and looked angry.

"It is a pet word of mine; does that satisfy you?"

There was no answer.

"Now, Everard, I see you are angry; you

dislike being called a child, even in jest, and yet you behave like one."

"I am not angry," came out in low, mournful tones.

"Ah, Everard, one must love you poets very much to get along with you!"

The words were scarcely said than repented of. The young man flushed to his brow, and said, petulantly—

"I know that you do not love me; I know that you despise me; but you need not tell me so again."

"Who says that I despise you?"

"You despise my love; you will not accept it. You say: 'A boy's love! to what use can I put the pretty bauble?' You tell me, 'Why, how absurd you are! I am a woman of twenty-five, you a boy of twenty. The greatest of poets says, the man must be older than the woman. Poor boy! I like you with a tenderness that is almost love, yet it is very far from being love itself. With my love I intend to dower a full grown man; but there is Rose, with her golden curls and childish ways; she is just twelve. My pretty children, love each other; it will be charming for me, in the mature experience of twenty-five years, to witness your playful gambols, your innocent young loves.'"

"Oh, indeed! and when did I say all that?"

"Did you not tell me that I was too young to talk about love?"

"Certainly."

"That men made a sad mistake when they loved a woman older than themselves; sadder still when they married her."

"Yes, I told you that."

"Every one else is free to love you; but my love is ostracized, despised, cast out beyond the outer gate."

"Everard, listen to truth and common sense. You know full well that I like you very much; there is a strong chain of mutual sympathy that binds us; our pursuits, our likings are the same. We admire each other's qualities, we sympathize in each other's ways. I would infinitely rather talk to you than to many of your superiors in age. I have a feeling of the tenderest regard for you, an honest pride in all that you do well, such as a sister feels for a gifted young brother. If you were sick, I would nurse you with the devotion of a mother; if you were sorrowing and came to me, I would sit patiently and sympathizingly to listen to your woes. But this is not love—not the sort of love I must feel for the man I marry. You are not necessary to my happiness, any more than I am to yours; your love for me is only a boy's whim—a whim that, some of these days, will make you very much ashamed."

"Oh, age has not placed so wide a gulf between us as you would have me believe. I will not listen to such words; boys have dreams, but manhood realizes them; and this dream of my boyhood shall be accomplished, it shall not be dreamed in vain. I will serve you like a very slave, but I will win you at last. You may despise my love and laugh at it as a boyish freak, but I will love you all the more, and prove to you that boys can love as well as men."

"Everard," said Amy, sadly, as she looked at the flushed cheek and flashing eye of the speaker, "some women might delight to listen to a confession like this, but me it only grieves. I am not the wife that your nature demands; I am too old in years and in feeling."

"I want a rest for my restless heart; I find it in you."

"You only think so; between man and wife there must be complete harmony of being, or it is no union at all. Now, interested as I am in you, there is surely not this perfect oneness between us."

"I cannot harmonize with the false, frivolous girls around me; you live out the true life. Oh, why cannot you take pity on me and love me?"

His voice trembled; feeling swayed him like a mighty tempest sweeping over him; passion was at its height. He threw himself at her feet; he clasped her knees with a gesture of passionate grief and love; he sobbed with a fearful intensity of disappointed hopes and crushing woe. Amy bent over him; her tears fell like rain upon the bowed head; she was almost as grief-stricken as he was. It is never easy for a woman of feeling to inflict a sorrow like this, and particularly hard is it when she has a strong regard for the sufferer. We know that some women laugh off all feeling on the subject, and say, "Oh, men care so little about these things; one woman refuses to marry them this week, and the next they lead a blushing bride to the altar, and are ecstatic with bliss—quite as happy as if it had been their first love." Not quite; there is a feeling that belongs to the past that the future cannot give again; a low sigh of regret breathes through the nuptial song; the first, fresh fragrance has gone from the rose, though the flower itself remains as beautiful as ever. Men are not quite as destitute of feeling about these things as even they themselves would sometimes try to

make us believe. "See that lady," said an old gray-headed grandfather; "I feel to this day the pang she inflicted on me when she refused to marry me; and it is now fifty years since that event."

"But you recovered from the blow sufficiently to marry twice."

"Yes, and was very happy both times; I loved my wives exceedingly."

"Well, it is fortunate that the human heart has such vitality."

"It is fortunate; though I see that my three loves have shocked your feelings of romance."

"No; I was only wondering if you really felt the first shock."

"It vibrated through my whole being, until I feel the tingling now."

"Ridiculous, grandpa!" ejaculated a very young man, standing by. "We men are made of sterner stuff; last week the most beautiful girl in this room discarded me; but I do not care one straw; I have enjoyed my dinners just as much since the event as I did before, and sleep just as soundly. There are as good fish in the sea, etc." And the don't care discarded one commenced to hum an opera tune.

"You are an unfeeling fellow, sir," responded the old gentleman, indignantly. "The woman that is worth marrying is worth grieving for."

There was a rustle of brocade, and a lovely vision passed that way. The young braggart turned pale, and a deep sigh came heaving up from the very depths of his heart. A pang of intense regret, a long look of sorrowful love, a rapid movement forward, as if to speak to her, then a sudden halt, and he threw himself into a chair with a groan of desperate misery.

"Ah! you said you did not care, sir," ejaculated the old gentleman. "What am I to understand by those signs of sorrow?"

"That I am very miserable, sir."

"Yes, and nature, like murder, will out; it is folly for any man to say 'I don't care,' when the woman he loves refuses to marry him; he does care, and he ought to care; and every woman should know that she possesses the power to inflict a wound, and let her be careful how she uses her power. I do not say the wound can never heal, but I do say the mark always remains."

But Everard Lee made no boasting display of not feeling, and Amy felt that she was inflicting sorrow, as, driving back her tears, she said—

"Arise, Everard; you only make me unhappy."

The curtain was pushed aside, and Mr. Milford stood and gazed upon the scene; but they saw him not.

Again the low tones of entreaty broke on Amy's ear. "Only say that some of these days I may hope to win your love."

She hesitated. Poor boy! who among his superiors in age would ever love her with devotion like his? Do not mature men love more with thought of self? and young ones more as women—unselfishly, giving greater love than they ask in return?"

"What a touching tableau!" And Mr. Milford walked into the room.

Everard sprang to his feet, and without even a good-by, passed out of the door and disappeared.

Five minutes afterwards the servant placed a hurried scrawl in Amy's hands; she smiled somewhat sadly as, looking over it, she read—"I hate that man, for I know that you will marry him."

(Conclusion next month.)

TO MY MOTHER.

BY E. CONWELL SMITH.

I KNELT beside your grave, mother,
At sundown yester eve,
What time the lovely minstrel birds
Their good-night carols weave.
The winds of March were echoing
Above your silent breast;
'Twas strange, I trembled, lest they should
Disturb your quiet rest.

The day had gone to sleep, mother,
I saw its waning light;
The pensive eve was stealing by,
And came the weird-like night;
Yet still I knelt me by your grave,
For oh, it seemed so cold
To leave you all alone, mother,
No cov'ring but the mould.

Not yet upon your grave, mother,
Have flowers dropped their bloom;
Not yet, sweet spring her sunny smiles
Hath showered on your tomb:
For in the sad November-time,
We gave you to your rest;
And winter's snowy sheet, alone,
Has folded on your breast.

But spring is coming now, mother,
And violets will weep
Their dewy tears upon the couch
Where hushed and still you sleep:
And when the summer-time, mother,
Comes stealing o'er your bed,
I'll wreathe its purest offerings
In garlands for your head.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY MARY CLARKE.

"Yes," said Aunt Hetty, laying aside her knitting, and folding her hands for a quiet chat with sister Elsie and myself, "I knew it was the first of April. I never told you about the first of April thirty-five years ago, when we served my brother Tom such a trick, did I, girls?"

If there was any one special thing delightful to Elsie and myself, it was to hear Aunt Hetty tell stories about her own youth; so we said, eagerly: "Oh, do tell us about it, aunty!"

"Your Uncle Tom," said Aunt Hetty, "was about the smartest, handsomest young chap you ever saw, when he came home from college to Meyersville. Your grandfather was *the* rich man of the village, and Tom being his oldest son, he sent him to Cambridge to be educated. Meyersville is even now an out-of-the-way place, but then it was far from any city or town, and off the direct line of travel, and you can scarcely imagine a more primitive place, I think. Tom was the first young man who ever left there for college. It made quite a stir in the place. Mr. Way, the school-master, felt quite insulted that Tom's education was not considered finished when he left him, and did not speak to father for weeks afterwards. However, in the face of all the shrugged shoulders and raised eyebrows, Tom went; and one bright day in August Tom graduated and came home. He was then just twenty, with a tall, fine figure, coal-black eyes and hair, and wore the most astonishing pair of whiskers. Such airs as he gave himself! Such tales of his conquests amongst the Cambridge belles as he related for our benefit! Such cutting remarks as he made upon our dresses and styles of wearing our hair! In short, such a complete fop as he was was never before seen in our quiet village. Your father, girls, who was then a fair-haired slender boy of sixteen, was the first to murmur at Tom's airs; I followed suit; and cousin Molly, who was making us a visit, came next in order; and we had an indignation meeting, and voted that Tom was intolerable, and must be put down. But how?

"'If he could only be caught in a love scrape,' sighed Molly. 'I am sure there are pretty girls enough in Meyersville.'

"'He won't look at them,' I said, indignantly. 'If Venus herself stood before him in one of our quiet dresses, he would turn up his nose, curl his lip, and say, 'Rather pretty, but dresses shockingly!'

"'It is six months since he came home,' said Edgar, your father, 'and he is worse now than he was at first. He turns up his nose at everything short of a fashion-plate.'

"'Oh,' I cried, 'I know how to fix him!'

"'Can you take the intolerable conceit out of him? It will be such fun to play some trick upon him, to convince him that he is not so wise as he thinks he is.'

"Our plot was formed then and there, and for the next month we—Molly and I—were very busy. We sent to Boston for fashion-plates and materials, smuggled them into the house while Tom was out, and worked industriously to carry out our schemes. Edgar looked on, giggled now and then, but kept the secret. At last we were ready, and at tea-time one fine evening opened our battery upon Tom.

"'Oh, Hetty,' said Edgar to me, 'have you seen the young lady from Boston who is staying at the Blue Bear?'

"'Staying at a tavern!' I said, looking shocked.

"'Oh, I believe she is left by her father, or uncle, or brother, or somebody. Anyhow, there is a mystery. She always goes out veiled, because her complexion will not stand the sun like yours or Molly's, and she reads novels, they say, all day.'

"'Some of the Boston aristocracy, no doubt,' said Tom. 'I hope you will call, girls; she may give you some hints that will be useful to you, on dress or manners.'

"Molly drew herself up. 'I 'm sure you are very kind to think of us,' she said.

"'Such a bonnet, such flounces and ruffles!' said Edgar. 'And a new thing they call a pelisse, all made of green velvet, and trimmed with fur.'

"'Then you have seen her?'

"'O yes; she sailed down Main Street just before dusk with all her finery, and a thick green veil over her face, and I saw her go into the tavern myself. So I made bold to follow, and Mr. Meens showed me the name on the books—'Mrs. Arabella Abbott, Boston, widow.'

"'Widow?' said I.

"'Yes. A funny thing to put on the books, ain't it? A sort of invitation to be wooed by

the bachelors of the village. Meens says she came in a carriage last evening just before dark, and when she got to the door, she called to some one inside, 'Good-by, father,' or uncle, he wasn't sure which, and the carriage drove off. She has engaged rooms for four weeks, and she has been locked up in one all day until she took her walk this evening.'

"Just at this instant the servant came in with a tiny, delicately scented note for Tom, which he read, looked magnificent, and put in his vest pocket.'

"'Edgar,' he said, with a wave of his hand, 'this lady is no subject for your impertinent curiosity, and you will not intrude upon her secret again.' And with 'one of his airs,' as we called them, he walked off. Father was in the city at the time for some months, so we three conspirators were left alone.

"'What was in the note?' said Edgar to me.

"'Oh, the lady saw him at Cambridge when he graduated, and was smitten. She is a widow, rich and young, and she implores him not to despise her for leaving the beaten track of propriety to follow him here. She begs that he will not call at the tavern, or seem to pursue her, but wait until she names a fitting opportunity for a meeting. In the mean time, that he may know her at such time, he must be at the confectioner's on Main Street, to-morrow afternoon, just before dusk, and she will pass. Upon pain of her eternal displeasure, he is forbidden to join her then.'

"'Ain't it fun?' said Edgar. 'I wonder if he will go?'

"'Of course he will.'

"The next afternoon I went to the little store where we bought the few sweetmeats and many cakes which Meyersville demanded, and, under pretence of buying some cake for tea, went in. There was Tom, eating poundcake and playing the agreeable to the shopkeeper, while both eyes were fixed on the door. He looked vexed when I came in, but as it was no part of our scheme to allow him to join the fair widow, I stood my ground. In a few minutes she passed. She was dressed in the full fashion of the day, and half the children of the village were running after her. An immense bonnet, profusely trimmed with choice flowers and ribbons, came far over her face, and from the front depended a green veil. She was very tall, but the gored skirt of her rich green silk fell to her ankles, and terminated in a broad ruffle at the bottom of the skirt. The trimming of the velvet pelisse Edgar had described was not the only fur article, for she carried an immense muff, and as she passed she slightly waved a kid-gloved hand, the first ever seen in Meyersville, towards the door of the store.

"'Oh, Tom,' I said, 'that must be the Boston lady. Doesn't she look queer?'

"'I don't see anything queer,' said Tom. 'She is dressed in the style of fashionable ladies in Boston, and really carries herself very well. I wish you managed your figure as well, Hetty.'

"I kept a grave face, and as soon as she was far enough ahead invited Tom to escort me home. As I had a basket, and it was nearly dark, he could not well refuse, and so we went home together.

"The next day, another scented note thanked him for his punctuality and obedience. Renewed protestations and cautions filled it up. It was brimming full of flattery, but Tom swallowed the whole of it.

"Well, several notes came, and the fair being occasionally allowed Tom a glimpse of her furs, silks, and velvets, but no chance of seeing her face. Molly or I contrived that Tom was never alone at such times. Two choice bouquets, some *billet-doux*, and a basket of fruit left at the tavern testified to our complete success. It was the last day of March, and the conversation had turned upon the jests and follies usually played off on April Fool's day. Tom had declared, in his grand way, that none but a fool was ever fooled, and defied the world to cheat him.

"At breakfast the next day, the little note, about which he would never give us any satisfaction, was handed to him. It was as follows:—

MEYERSVILLE, *April 1st*, 1826.

MY IDOL: I can no longer bear the agony of being near and not with you. Meet me at four this afternoon at the foot of the Poplar Avenue, and all mystery shall be thrown aside. In love, Yours, eternally, ARABELLA.

"The Poplar Avenue terminated at the high wall which separated our garden from the village property, and you may be sure we had made a hole through which to see the fun.

"Four o'clock came, and punctual to the hour we saw Tom come along the avenue in his finest broadcloth, and most exquisitely arranged hair and whiskers. He had gone from the front of the house, lest we should suspect something if we saw him climbing the wall. In a few minutes we saw the well-known huge bonnet, green pelisse, and silk dress coming up the avenue;

but the widow was minus the muff; she well knew she would want the use of both hands shortly; Tom's last bouquet, however, she carried daintily in one hand. As my brother sprang forward to meet her, she let her head droop, and said, in a low, feigned voice, of rather dubious sweetness—

"'Pardon, oh, pardon this unwomanly forwardness.'

"'Speak not of that!' cried Tom, ardently. 'Love breaks the barriers of cold prudence, and your bewitching candor is my dearest blessing.'

"A lot more of such talk followed, and then Tom put his hand on the green veil.

"'Suffer me,' he said, 'to tear aside this envious veil, which shields your loveliness from my admiring eyes.'

"'Spare my blushes!' cried the widow, holding the veil fast. 'Oh! if, after all, you do not love me. Swear, swear you will be true.'

"If Tom at this didn't kneel right down on the ground!

"'At your feet hear me swear eternal devotion!' he cried, and then turned his eyes to the now unveiled face.

"One cry of rage, and he sprang up, just as the widow vaulted over the wall, and lit beside Molly and me. Tom followed, and dragged her from behind us, tore off the bonnet, leaving Edgar's fair hair uncovered, and shook the poor boy violently, fairly crimson with rage. Molly and I flew to the rescue, and pulled him away, and, still speechless, Tom stood off. For years after, whenever Tom began a conceited speech, we could silence him by affectionately inquiring after the health of the 'widow from Boston.'"

THEORY OF THUNDERSTORMS.

That artificial storm, with lightning and thunder, which was caused, to the amazement of all beholders, by a certain Anthemius, a skilful mechanician and architect, in the time of the Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, may have resembled, perhaps, those artificial storms produced in our theatres by a peculiar machinery, and the sudden ignition of various combustibles. This kind of imitation has as little resemblance to a natural storm as a wax figure to the living shape of which it is a copy. Somewhat otherwise is it, on the other hand, with those storm-like phenomena which are presented by the electrical apparatus. When the model of a house, according to Lilliputian measure, formed of paper or wood, is set on fire by the electric spark, and when the wires of a charged electric jar are brought in contact with another similar model, provided with a lightning-rod, through which the electric fluid passes without setting the house on fire, then we are dealing, although upon a very small scale, with the same natural power, which, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, generates lightning and thunder.

The same electric condition which we produce by friction, or by merely laying metallic plates one upon another, and again separating them, takes place continually between the atmosphere and the surface of the earth. It goes on increasing to a certain height, so that the electricity of the upper stratum stands for the most part in stronger opposition to the electricity of the earth's surface than that of the lower strata. In clear weather the electricity of the atmosphere is generally positive, that of the earth negative. In a cloudy sky the electricity of the air is sometimes positive and sometimes negative, about as often one as the other. The air is not, as a whole, electrically opposed to the earth; but even single strata and masses of vapor may be more or less opposed to one another.

All these electrical relations between the earth and the air, and between the different masses of vapors and air in the higher regions of the atmosphere, are usually regulated by imperceptible discharges, and a tendency to equilibrium; the ascending vapors, the descending water of the atmosphere, the low floating mist and clouds, give out their electricity to the material substances which are in an opposite electric condition; and, as the explosion of gunpowder ceases so soon as its combustible ingredients have combined with oxygen, so every trace of electrical action vanishes when one of the two opposite movements has, like a ball falling into the hand, come to a standstill. Yet is this gentle flowing of the electric fluid from above downwards, and from the earth into the atmosphere, perceptible to the eye in those phenomena which are sometimes seen at night on the pinnacles of steeples, on the masts of ships, and other perpendicular objects; and even under certain circumstances, on the tips of the fingers held up in the air—a phenomenon

which the people of ancient times attributed to the propitious vicinity of the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, but which our ancestors named St. Elmus Fire.

Vegetation, also, has a very considerable influence on the development of electricity, and it is reckoned that the electricity which is called forth by a field of twenty-five square fathoms would suffice to load a battery heavy enough to kill an ox or a horse. The evaporation of the waters of the sea has also a great influence in increasing atmospheric electricity; for not pure, distilled water, but water with an admixture of foreign, and especially salty particles, is very favorable, while evaporating, to electrical activity. The electricity of the air, however, is equalized by every breath, by the shadow of every cloud, producing coolness as it passes. The electrical condition of the air around us may be changed more than twenty times in a day, and may be indicated as a positive and then as a negative excess by our instruments, when it is imperceptible to our senses.

In general it is remarked, that when the north or east winds prevail, the electricity of the air is more positive; during the prevalence of south and west winds, more negative. It is found, however, in the same latitudes to be much stronger in still weather than in windy, by day than by night, when the deposition of watery vapor causes the equalization of the opposite states. Manifold as are the ways by which the equalization is effected, they do not always suffice to prevent that accumulation of electricity in the clouds which occasions the phenomena of thunder-storms.

When, in the warm days of summer, the vegetable world stands clothed in its full green, the rising vapor becomes more abundant, and fills the upper regions of the air with its positive electricity; when, at the same time, the clouds float at such a height that the electrical equilibrium between them and the earth's surface is with difficulty maintained, then those conditions gradually take place under which storms are most easily generated. The dry strata of the air act as insulators, like the glass between the tinfoil coatings of a Leyden-jar, and so the electric charge is increased.

In the winter months, from November to February, thunder-storms are rare. The low hanging clouds, the moist air, the diminished heat of the earth, the greatly lessened evaporation of water, permit no considerable degree of electrical action to be produced. In October and March only a few thunder-storms occur. In April they are, one year reckoned with another, five times more frequent than in March; in May they are twice as frequent as in April; in June more than three times; in July almost four times; in August more than thrice—and then their frequency diminishes, and they are about as numerous in September as in April. In cold countries, for the same reasons, thunder-storms are rarer than in hot countries; yet even under the 75th degree of north latitude, in the climate of New Siberia and Spitzbergen, violent thunder-storms have been known.

Thunder-clouds are generally distinguished by their dark color, and round, distinctly-defined outline, circumstances which go to show their high degree of condensation. The height at which they stand reaches, in hot countries and in the neighborhood of mountains, sometimes to 9,000 feet; in the plains of Central Europe, to from 3 to 7,000 feet; in the cold climate of Tobolsk, the height of the clouds is often only 600 or 700 feet. Before a thunder-storm breaks forth, the air is, for the most part, very sultry; its electrical condition suffers sudden and great changes. The discharge begins so soon as the moisture of the air has formed a communication from one side of this great battery to another; the electric stroke, whose spark here takes the form of lightning, and whose sound becomes thunder, darts most often only from one cloud, from one overcharged stratum of air to another. As, however, the electric condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere calls forth in the lower regions, and in all objects on the earth's surface, the opposite electrical state in the same strength, the electric discharge takes often a direction downwards and towards the earth. The lightning strikes especially all such bodies as are good conductors of lightning, as metals for instance; next to the metals, however, are living organized bodies, plants and animals. For this reason it is dangerous to seek protection in a thunder-storm, under high trees. In regard to the exposure of the vegetable world in a thunder-storm, it is said that the lightning never strikes the birch tree, and the same was anciently maintained of the laurel; hence a crown of laurel was placed on the head as a protection against lightning in a thunder-storm. Also the house-leek (*Sempervivum tectorum*), which is planted on the roofs of houses, is held by the country-people to be a good defence against lightning.

It chiefly depends upon the force of the electricity of the ground, whether and with what violence the discharge of the cloud will take its direction towards the earth; whether the lightning will strike. The warmth of the earth's

surface, and the capacity of the intervening strata of the atmosphere to conduct the lightning, are of great influence; on which account, in some regions of the torrid zones, thunder-storms are so dangerous that, according to the account of Azara, in a single storm, in the year 1793, in the space of scarcely an hour, the lightning struck thirty-seven times, and nineteen persons were killed in the city of Buenos Ayres in South America.

When the lightning strikes the earth, there is not unfrequently a *returning stroke* observed, not only during great volcanic eruptions, but, on a small scale, in the action of our electrical apparatus. In this case, the lightning passes from the earth to the air, or spreads itself far and wide from a point on the earth. Such earth-strokes sometimes hurl stones and earth into the air; and in some cases have produced effects as destructive as those strokes that proceed from the air to the earth. The latter, when they fall upon a sandy soil, cause here and there a melting of the quartz-sand, producing the so-called fulgurites.

The lightning does not always ignite the combustibles which it strikes. In such cases it appears to act like the electric spark of our powerful artificial batteries, which heats metallic wire red-hot, and even melts it, but passes through gunpowder without exploding it (perhaps, because the power of the carbon to conduct it does not give it sufficient time). By using a wet string as a more imperfect conductor, by which the electric spark is communicated to the powder, the powder immediately explodes. A ship called the *New York* was struck by lightning twice in one thunder-gust. It spread through the whole vessel without setting it on fire, and without injuring any one. Indeed, one of the passengers, who had suffered for a long time from lameness, all at once regained the use of his limbs, in consequence either of the fright or of the electric influence. All the knives and forks on board became magnetic through the effect of the lightning. It was observed of the magnetic needles, which were all in one room, that some of them became more powerfully magnetic, while others had become weaker. In other instances, the electric influence confines itself to the metals in the immediate vicinity of the place struck by lightning. Thus, a house has been struck without being set on fire, or without injury to its inmates, while the metallic works of the clocks in the house, and even the wire on the thatched roof, were melted. In another case, the gold upon a gilt watch-hand was melted and transferred to the lead of which the case was made, and which thus became gilt.

It is true it is the conducting power of the moist air, by means of which the lightning strikes the earth, for through a stratum of the air of one or more fathoms thick it would hardly be able to pass; yet rain contributes, at the same time, its part to diffuse the discharge of electric clouds, for every drop of a heavy shower brings with it a considerable portion of the electricity of the air to the ground, and there an equilibrium is established between it and the opposite electrical state of the earth. Hence the violence of a thunder-storm is gradually lessened, when the rain accompanying it is long continued.

Generally those clouds that discharge hail, float the lowest of all storm-clouds. Hail is not an infrequent attendant of a thunder-storm. Hail-clouds, which are distinguished by the irregular, jagged look of their outlines, and by their whiter color, when they lie so low (for there are hail-clouds that float very high), appear to form the lowest stratum or bed of a mass of clouds in which is generated, on a giant scale, a series of mutually opposed electrical conductors, similar, as we shall see hereafter, to the plates of a voltaic pile. It has often happened that wanderers on mountain heights have found themselves in the midst of hail-clouds, the hail being in the process of formation, and still floating in the air. A close observer (Lecocq) remarked, on such an occasion, that the hail-stones had a rotatory motion. The cold occasioned by such masses of ice, in a tolerably high temperature of the surrounding air, can hardly be caused, according to the opinion of some scientific men, by the evaporation of the water alone, so that other co-operating forces of polaric action must be supposed. Hail-stones, for the most part, appear to be formed of different layers, one over another, having in the centre a snow-like nucleus, or some foreign solid substance, borne by wind from the soil or the mountain crags. Their size is from several lines to several inches. In the hail-storm at Maestricht, in 1827, hail-stones were picked up six inches in diameter. At Clermont, in 1835, ellipsoidal hail-stones, of the size of a hen's egg, were found, and when a quantity of these stones adhered together in falling, great masses of ice were formed. As the grayish-white hail-clouds, below and between the dark black storm-clouds, form only thin strata and strips, so also their desolating effect is often confined to a space of country, not over some thousands, and even some hundred feet in breadth, although

it may extend in length one or several miles. There are, however, hail-storms that greatly exceed these limits; of this kind was that fearful hail-shower that, in 1788, fell upon France, extending over two separate strips of land, the length of which amounted to more than a hundred miles, the breadth of one strip being from two to three miles, that of the other more than a mile. The country between and outside escaped. Hail rarely falls in the night—still more rarely in winter. Even the countries within the tropics are almost never visited with hail, and the cold regions near the pole very seldom.

Like rain, hail also brings the electric fluid to the ground, and helps to equalize it. The electric action, however, is not seldom neutralized in a still more imperceptible manner by a gentle transmission of the opposite kinds or states of electricity from one cloud to another, or from the air to those points on the earth's surface, which readily attract and transmit the fluid. From such a quiet and less violent passing of electricity from cloud to cloud, the so-called *heat-lightning* may arise, although, in most cases, this is nothing but the reflection of a flash of lightning striking at a great distance below our horizon. The possibility of effecting a gradual or even a harmless discharge of atmospheric electricity, has been rendered easy to human science, since a closer knowledge has been obtained of electrical phenomena.

MY SISTER NELLIE.

BY BLANCHE BRANDON.

"You are sure, John, you are correct as to the time and place?"

"Sure, missus, as I am that I must one day die. Bless you, dis chile never half do any-t'ing, particularly list'ing." And a broad grin accompanied the last words.

"Hush; this is no subject for jest."

"Bless your purty heart, dis chile knows dat, too; and you know, missus, dat old John would die ober and ober again to save Miss Nelly from the snares of dat villin."

"Well, it will be strange if our combined efforts cannot do this. Now, leave me."

What old faithful John had just related to me did not surprise me. I had not been unconscious that my sister Nellie had for some time held stolen interviews with Charles Donaldson. In the commencement of their acquaintance I had taken an insurmountable dislike to him. Why—I could not tell. He was handsome, gentlemanly, rich; I had never heard anything to his disparagement; but nevertheless his manner wore to me an air of insincerity. Even his laugh did not appear to gush forth spontaneously; it was always pitched in the same low musical key, as though he even did that for effect. Yes, I detested the man, and he knew it, I felt, and that the feeling was returned in full. Whether my prejudices were correct or not, they must be set aside before I would willingly intrust the happiness of my darling sister to his keeping.

We had been left orphans at an early age, and I had had the sole charge of Nelly since her childhood. The slight disparity of five years in our ages had made a vast difference in our relations towards each other. At the death of our mother, which occurred when I was eighteen years of age, I assumed her position toward Nellie, and, so far as I knew it, her duty, too. Certainly, if my love did not equal that of a parent's, it reached to the very excess of a sister's.

Until the present time she had never given me a moment's uneasiness. Her gentle disposition needed so little restraint that the responsibility that ever attends the guidance of youth seemed far removed from me. Now that she had burst into the bloom of womanhood it was left me to discover the difficulties of my position. Her loveliness I have never seen equalled, and although she constantly heard her praises in our village, they fell unheeded upon her ear. There never was any one so free from vanity. I do not remember our father. He died when I was only five years old; but I have often heard our mother say I resembled him in person and disposition, and how often she has added—"If anything happens to me, Laura, I feel that I can commit Nellie with perfect confidence to your keeping." Alas! even then the seeds of that scourge of our climate, consumption, were already manifesting themselves, and but few years rolled away, and her dying words were—"I leave Nellie to your charge; you will guard her better than I could have done."

I remember, too, as time wore on, how I smiled to think of my mother's anxiety. Why, Nellie needed no guidance; she was perfect in every way.

Some three months previous to the opening of my story, the "big house," as it was termed by the villagers, was taken possession of by the heir, Charles Donaldson. Report said he came but to stay some weeks to recruit his health; but as weeks rolled into months, and he still remained, and his attentions to Nelly became more and more marked, I soon discovered where the magnet of attraction lay. At first she received them with indifference; with this I was delighted, and did not hesitate to express my dislike for the man; but gradually I perceived a change coming over her, and to my sorrow I became convinced she loved him. His visits to our home were frequent; but I judged from Nellie's long absences these were not the only opportunities he had of prosecuting his suit. I questioned her; but through some spell which he had wrought upon her, her answers were unsatisfactory, and I evidently perceived she resented my inquiries. I tried in vain to break his influence over her. To entreaties and reproaches she was alike deaf, and as a last resort I was obliged to take our faithful negro servant into my confidence, and have him watch every movement that they made. He did so, and overheard and communicated to me all that passed at their last meeting.

Mr. Donaldson had succeeded in persuading Nellie to elope with him; that it was in vain to hope to win my consent to their marriage; that he would have carriage and horses waiting at the end of the long lane, as it was called. She was to leave her home at midnight. They were to proceed to a neighboring county, where a minister would be in waiting to receive them and make them man and wife. After all was over, everything would be forgiven and forgotten by me. Thus he argued.

To attempt to reason with Nelly, I felt, would be vain. Nothing I could say to her would be of any avail, so fully had Mr. Donaldson succeeded in impressing her with the idea that my dislike to him was a prejudice which nothing could overcome. But my determination was firm to foil him in his purpose.

The time was rapidly approaching which John had communicated to me as fixed upon for the elopement. The suspicions which constantly pressed upon my mind caused me to feel equal to any emergency that would prevent it. The many devices which occurred to me for that purpose all had one objection. They might put off the evil day now, but they would not avail to guard the future. I became almost insane as time passed on and I had determined upon no plan. After many sleepless nights of prayer and anxiety, an idea presented itself, which, though fraught with danger to me, seemed the surest method of discovering whether the man intended to act honorably by my sister.

Nellie and I were very unlike both in disposition and appearance; but fortunately for my present purpose, our height was the same; our voices had ever been remarked as being similar. My course of action once determined upon, I became more composed. But in order to carry it out I must again employ the assistance of my faithful John. Accordingly, I revealed to him that I intended personating Nellie in the elopement business, and so discover whether the minister were really at the place appointed, and if so, insist upon the marriage taking place at home; if not—the blood flowed hotly through my veins at the thought—at any risk to myself, I had saved my sister from a fate worse than death.

John endeavored to dissuade me. The risk, he said, was too great; and even threatened to appeal to Miss Nellie's love for me, and so prevent her from going; but I silenced him by saying that he could have a horse ready, and by another route reach the point designated as their stopping-place, and so be within call in case I needed him. But I had no fears; I intended to provide myself with the means of self-defence.

The day had now arrived upon the night of which Nellie intended to leave the home of her childhood, and the affection of a sister who, however she may have succeeded, had always endeavored to guard her with a mother's love. And yet, at the persuasion of one whom she had known so short a time, she was willing to turn from it—to what? Surely Nelly was mad.

My nerves became troubled as evening approached, still my purpose remained unchanged. I watched Nelly closely during that day. If her eye caught mine, it fell immediately, and I could see the tear starting as she turned away. Why did I tremble when I was about to save her?

The evening passed, and midnight approached. Hastily throwing a large shawl of my sister's around me, and placing in my bosom a pistol formerly belonging to my father, I descended the long gravel walk of the lawn, and repaired to the appointed place. I hoped that Mr. Donaldson would be a little before the time, and that we might thus be enabled to make our escape before Nellie's preparations were complete. To be sure of this, I cautioned John to make a noise in the house, so that she might be

deterred from leaving her room until after the appointed hour. I had scarcely reached the end of the lane before the unmistakable sounds of an approaching carriage fell upon my ear. Thank God! I was to lose no courage by suspense. It stopped a short distance from the spot where I stood. Mr. Donaldson immediately came from it, and, folding me in his arms, said: "My darling Nellie! I scarcely dared hope you would be so punctual. But why are you so closely veiled? no one could possibly see you, the night is so dark." I replied to this by sobbing; a perfectly natural thing this appeared to be. He commenced soothing me as he led or indeed almost lifted me to the carriage.

Once seated, he bade the man drive as fast as possible; then turning to me, he said: "Do not grieve, dearest; had Laura's prejudices been more easily overcome, this need not have been. Once mine own, you will be forgiven."

I made no reply, but could not avoid shrinking from his warm embrace. Fortunately the distance we had to go was not great, and a rapid drive enabled us to reach our destination in a short time. The cottage selected for our stopping-place was situated on the outskirts of our village. It had long been deserted, in consequence of the current report that it was haunted. Upon reaching it he again almost lifted me along the avenue leading to the house, which was thickly lined on either side by old trees. Now it was I dreaded discovery. The room into which he ushered me was dimly lighted by a candle. I threw myself upon a lounge, which I observed in a far corner of it, and buried my head, my face still covered with my veil, in my hands. He left me, he said, to give some directions to his man. Their purport I readily divined by the sound of the carriage as it rapidly rolled away.

A very little time elapsed, and he returned, and, coming to me, threw his arms around me. "Mine own darling Nellie! Why this grief? Surely you do not regret the step which you have taken, and which makes you mine forever?"

No reply from me. He pressed me more closely to him, and attempted to take my hands from my face; but I resisted. "Come, Nellie, do not be foolish," he said. "Had you not proved to me your love beyond all doubt, I should almost question it. Speak to me, darling. Why do you weep?"—and he again attempted to remove my hands; but he was unsuccessful. I bent more determinedly upon them, and murmured, "The minister."

"He could not come. But why shrink from me on this account? Are you not mine as much now as if united to me by a few foolish words spoken by a man like myself? Love like ours needs no such hostage for its continuance. You are mine own beyond the power of any fate to change." And he again almost rudely endeavored to remove my hands.

I moved from him into the darker corner of the room, and said: "Do not approach me; you have deceived me."

"Do not approach you, Nellie! you are mad!"—and, following my retreating footsteps until I could go no farther, he continued: "This conduct is no proof of love on your part, and it is foolish. You are alone with me, far away from any human habitation. You have taken a step which gives me the right to make you mine forever"—and he threw himself at my feet. "You do not love as I do," he said, endeavoring to take my hand, "since a few scruples of conscience can thus stand between us. I did not think my Nellie was so worldly."

"Leave me!" I repeated; "you have deceived me."

"Nellie, you madden me," he replied; and almost rudely he threw his arms around me, and endeavored to tear the veil from my face; but as he attempted to press his lips to mine, I could endure it no longer, and said: "Release me, Charles Donaldson; I am Laura, not Nellie Marston."

Had I sprung a mine at his feet, he could not have moved more quickly from me. "Laura!" was all he seemed capable of uttering.

"Yes, Laura," I echoed, "who, to save a dearly loved sister, has placed herself in your power." And now, throwing back the veil, I met his gaze of almost petrified amazement. "You seem surprised, sir. Let the feeling give way to one of deep thankfulness that I have stood between you and the commission of a crime which even fiends might shrink from—the ruin of one who loves you. I thank Heaven that I am here this night instead of Nellie."

But he had already recovered himself, and bowing to me most profoundly, said: "Miss Marston may find subject for congratulation in this fact; I confess I do not."

My indignation was so great at his cool impudence, I could only mutter, "Villain!"

"You are complimentary; but fortunately I am so utterly indifferent as to what may be your opinion of me, that you may rail on unheeded. I must add, however, that I regret exceedingly your stratagem has been so successful. What interpretation I may place upon

your conduct, I leave you to guess. Young ladies are not generally willing to elope with gentlemen without some more powerful motive than sisterly love. Really the more I think of it, the more is my vanity flattered."

Overcome by mortification, grief, and rage, I stood almost paralyzed by his cool effrontery. I had thought, when he discovered who his companion was, to him alone would come humiliation and shame. An observer to look upon us now—he standing perfectly composed and cool, with the sneer still lingering on his lip; I trembling and confused—might well deem me the culprit. I endeavored to rally and assume a courage which I had not. He approached, and with that grace for which he was so remarkable, offered me a chair, and "begged me to be seated," adding: "As you have determined, Miss Marston, that we shall pass the night together, it seems foolish to do so in quarrelling."

This continued insolence aroused me. "No, sir, I shall not be seated. My purpose now fully accomplished, I shall return to my home. How horrible are the tidings which I bear to my sister, I leave you to judge." Here he interrupted me.

"I regret you cannot end our interview in so unceremonious a manner, but presuming my companion was your sister, and that she would remain, I have dismissed the carriage which conveyed us here. I think Miss Marston, you have outwitted yourself. It was a dangerous step on your part to place yourself so entirely in the power of a man who has ever been treated by you with contumely and scorn."

My courage returned with the reflection that I had the means of defence in my bosom, and that John could not be far off, and I replied: "No, sir, I regard no step as dangerous which could save my sister from being your victim. It was the only one I could have taken to prove your baseness. Your influence over Nellie was so great, words from me concerning you were idle. She had no father nor brother to resent whatever wrong you might do her. A fitting victim for a coward's lust. But, thank Heaven"—and I bowed in deep gratitude as I said it—"I have been true to the trust reposed in me by our dying mother. I have saved her, I humbly pray, from you forever. You will now be kind enough to open that door, which I observed you lock, and permit me to return to my home."

"Indeed," he said, "you have succeeded in playing a trick upon me, which may be perfectly satisfactory to you; but it remains for me to let you know I am not one to be crossed with impunity. I have had this house arranged with great care, supposing I was to have a pleasant companion to cheer its solitude for a day or two. Every avenue to its entrance is securely barred; you have no means of communicating with those without. You are my prisoner, and shall continue so. You will find that ladies cannot take midnight flights with gentlemen without somewhat sullying their fair fame, however plausible may be the tale they tell on their return. Miss Marston, I repeat that I fear you have outwitted yourself."

I stood totally at a loss what to do. Admitting John was at the door, how make known to him my need of assistance? Return to the village I must before morning, if I would not have the story circulated through it, exaggerated in every possible way. Mr. Donaldson saw the advantage he had gained, and approaching me with a smile again, "begged me to be seated."

I did not reply; I was too busy devising a plan for my escape.

"Come," he continued, "let us be friends. I have never entertained so profound an admiration for you as at this moment," and he attempted to take my hand. I moved from him.

"Do not add insult to injury," I said.

"Insult!" he echoed; "I assure you I was never more sincere in my life. The excitement you have undergone has lent such charms to your appearance, that I am almost reconciled to your presence here, instead of your sister's." And he again attempted to take my hand, saying as he did so: "Have a care how you scorn me; remember you are entirely in my power."

Retreating from him, I said: "Mr. Donaldson, let me go, and at once. I do not fear your threats, and wicked as I deem you, cannot believe you capable of the wish to harm me."

"Ah, now you are becoming reasonable. I have no doubt we shall yet become friends. Sit down," he said, "and make yourself comfortable, for I certainly shall not unlock the door," and he added, as he saw me glance at the windows: "escape in any other way is impossible."

I felt that what he said was true, and my courage failed me as the fact pressed more and heavily upon me. I became almost faint, when to my utter confusion he sprang forwards, and folded me in his arms.

"Now," he said, as I lay helplessly in them, "now are you convinced you are in my power?"

For a moment all strength seemed to have

gone from me; but as he bent his head down towards me, it flowed back again through every vein. With a powerful effort I succeeded in freeing myself from his grasp, and ran to the opposite side of the table. I had not forgotten the means of defence in my bosom, and as I found he followed me I took it from its hiding-place, and said: "You are mistaken, sir, in supposing I am so entirely at your mercy. I knew with whom I had to deal, and supplied myself with a weapon which, I was assured, would give me greater claims to your forbearance than my seeming helplessness could possibly do. Moreover, I have not come here unknown to any one. You see, Charles Donaldson, I have not outwitted myself."

For a moment he appeared confused, but soon recovered himself. "Put by your pistol, I do not fear it; I could as easily wrench it from your grasp as from that of a child. Put by your pistol, Miss Marston. Positively, this is becoming quite romantic." And he again moved toward me.

I knew his superior strength could, without difficulty, deprive me of my only hope of protection; so, still keeping my face toward him, I said: "I pray God keep me guiltless of your blood; but if you make it necessary for me to use this weapon, the consequences be upon your own head." He saw I was in earnest, and I felt my advantage and added: "So much for my means of defence here; without is stationed one who, if my stay is prolonged, will procure assistance and the means necessary to render it effectual for my release. The better plan on your part, Mr. Donaldson, will be to permit me to quietly return to my home. Surely you cannot be so lost to all sense of manhood, but that, in your cooler moments, you will rejoice that I have been able to prevent you from putting out its light forever. How you could deliberately plan the ruin of one so lovely as my sister I cannot imagine. If you had been taught to believe by the world, to which she is a stranger, that a village girl is no fitting mate for you, go to that world and choose from it one to share your wealth, but leave her in peace. Again I entreat you to permit me to return; my longer stay may bring trouble upon you, which I would gladly avoid."

He seemed touched by my appeal, and, after a pause, said, unlocking the door as he did so: "I will detain you no longer; you are free."

Still suspecting his sincerity I rushed past him and down the long avenue, at the end of which John's welcome voice met my ear.

"Ah, Missus, I so glad you come. I had to keep about so long at de house to pervent Miss Nellie from coming down, and den I lost my way, not comin by de ole road, and altogedder old John was a most crazy 'feared you would want him."

I assured him I had not, and begging him to take me home as fast as possible, I was soon seated on the horse's back, and going rapidly towards it.

Upon arriving there, I entered the house, noiselessly, by the back way, and had scarcely strength to reach my room, so great was the reaction which I suffered from the excitement that I had undergone. After rendering up a prayer of deep and heartfelt gratitude for what I had been able to do, I sunk into a lethargic slumber.

It was late when I awoke the following morning, and I felt feverish and ill, but knowing the necessity for exertion I aroused myself to meet Nellie at our usual breakfast hour. Whether she observed any alteration in me I cannot tell; but I saw that she had passed a sleepless night, and that the traces of recent tears were still visible upon her cheeks.

At the conclusion of our meal, I said: "Nellie, will you come to my room for a few moments?"

She colored as she replied—"Certainly."

We took our seats upon the lounge, and I drew her towards me. She leaned upon me and wept convulsively. Concluding this ebullition was an outburst of the nervous excitement from which she must have suffered all night, I permitted it to have its way without interruption; when she became calmer, I said to her: "You did not know, Nellie, that I have been aware for some time of your intended elopement with Charles Donaldson?"

She started; but bidding her lie quiet, I related minutely my adventure with him. During its recital she did not speak; she scarcely seemed to breathe. At its conclusion, I continued: "And now, Nellie, I have risked reputation, even life for your sake, it remains for you to prove whether it has been in vain. You are young, and ignorant of the world; but you are neither too young nor too ignorant to be aware of the terrible fate from which you have been preserved. Should this man again approach you, and you receive him, or one single line regarding him, the love which I bear you will be no more—such conduct on your part will prove you unworthy of it. I have taken the only means I could take to prove his baseness to you beyond the shadow of a doubt. If

it has been in vain, God alone can comfort me."

"Oh Laura, dear Laura," Nellie replied, "I will not promise never to see or hear from him again; for, after the deception I have practised, of what avail would be my plighted word? I can only prove by my repentance and humiliation I am not utterly unworthy your affection."

As she rose to leave me I observed she was ghastly pale. "Do not leave me yet, Nellie; wait until you are more composed."

"No, Laura, I need solitude for contrition and for prayer. God grant me strength to bear the load of woe upon me." And thus she left me.

It is not worth while to weary our readers by a detailed account of how gradually, but how surely, Nellie's sorrow preyed upon her. In time I became alarmed, and consulted our old family physician, Dr. N——. I deemed it my duty to tell him I thought Nellie's disease proceeded from a mental cause, and then without giving him the particulars, suggested a disappointment with regard to Mr. Donaldson.

"Ah," he replied, "that is bad enough, but it is better than I feared. She has become so thin and pale, I dreaded the approach of her mother's disease. You had better take her without delay to the sea-shore." Change of scene and the bracing salt air he did not doubt would make all right.

I communicated his opinion to Nelly; she only shook her head. After making inquiries, I selected M—— Beach as a quiet and secluded place for our sojourn. Our preparations required little time, for I had neither the means nor the wish to have them elaborate. John accompanied us. A few days after our arrival I was delighted with the apparent change in Nellie, but it was only for a short time. Again the same old languor crept over her. I trembled when I thought of the good old doctor's words: "I dreaded the approach of her mother's disease."

"Nelly," I said to her one day, "you should try to rally from this depression."

"I do try, Laura," she said, "to throw off the feelings which oppress me; I pray hourly for strength to do so. In time, sister, dear, I shall be able to reward your love and care; until then try and bear with me patiently."

The agonized expression of her face proved to me she was indulging in no mere mawkish sentiment. When I considered her youth and inexperience, and remembered the extreme fascination of appearance and manner of Charles Donaldson, I could not but pity her.

We had been at the beach about a fortnight, and I was contemplating a return to our home. One evening, as I was walking on the shore, feeling very much depressed at the little benefit which had seemed to accrue from our visit, I saw a carriage approaching. I gazed listlessly at it as it came nearer and nearer; but how describe my feelings when I discovered Charles Donaldson, half sitting, half reclining in it! He was so emaciated and altered that I had to prolong my look into a stare before I could convince myself of his identity. He started as his eye met mine, and raised his hat respectfully. Whether his appearance appealed to my sympathies or not I cannot tell, but I involuntarily answered him. A moment after I regretted having done so. What could have brought him here? I rapidly retraced my steps to the house; I knew not, in my confusion, what I dreaded. The prominent idea was a desire to move Nellie at once. As I hastily entered her room, she said: "I shall be glad, Laura, when we are once more in our quiet village. The constant roar of old ocean saddens me."

"You will soon be there, now," I replied, "for I intend starting to-morrow."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she answered.

My mind was much relieved by the knowledge that she was not aware of Charles Donaldson's being at the place. Advising her that, as the evening was damp, she had better keep her room, I commenced making preparations for our departure. I was thus busily employed when John summoned me. Beckoning me mysteriously down the long corridor, he paused beneath the hall lamp, and said: "Missus, dat villin is here. I seed him wid my own eyes, and wat you tink his servant do but walk up to me just now and beg de favor ob me to hand dis note to you. Fust, I was agoin to refuse, but den I thought as how you might not like it."

My first impulse was to return it unopened. Then I feared, if unsuccessful in his appeal to me, he might again seek Nellie. I felt confident she would not receive him, yet I deemed it best not to risk it. I opened the note; it ran thus:—

Miss Marston—Although aware how great must appear my presumption in again addressing you, yet I cannot lose this opportunity of entreating your pardon for what, were it in my power, I would so gladly banish from your memory forever. Any reference to our last meeting I would willingly avoid. I barely touch upon it to say, that upon my return from that ill-fated cottage, I was thrown from my

horse and seriously injured. Since then I have been hovering upon the borders of eternity. The suffering occasioned by this accident has been of the most painful description. Yet, I thank God for it, since I humbly trust it has been the means of awakening me to better things, and a deep sense of my former sinful life. I avail myself of your presence here to express to you my sincere penitence for the past, and admiration for the noble courage on your part which saved me from the commission of a crime, at the bare remembrance of which I shudder. I dare not hope you will grant me the privilege of again entering your presence; but surely I may appeal to your generosity for forgiveness. With sentiments of profound regard I remain, very respectfully,

C. Donaldson.

Determining to say nothing to Nellie of either his presence here or his letter, I waited until an opportunity offered, and then wrote him the following reply:—

"Miss Marston acknowledges the receipt of Mr. Donaldson's letter, and is as anxious to bury the past in oblivion as he can possibly desire."

This was all I deemed it necessary to say. Upon the following day we started for home, fortunately without Nellie having the least suspicion of what had occurred.

As time wore on, and Nellie continued declining, I again consulted Dr. N——. He shook his head, and said: "Time alone must be the physician. Miss Nellie's whole nervous system seems to be depressed. It would avail nothing to give her stimulants while the cause remains. I do not fear any fatal results from it, but I would make it my duty, Miss Laura, to reason with her upon the folly of indulging in feelings which cannot but injure her."

Dear old Dr. N——! his skill was at fault here. To reason with Nellie my woman's nature taught me would be folly. Some eight months rolled on. At times Nellie would seem to rally, but for the last few weeks the fear of losing her pressed upon and almost maddened me. What should I do if Nellie were to be taken from me?

One evening we were upon the porch, she half-reclining in an old easy-chair of our mother's. We had both been silent for a long time, when Nellie said to me in a quivering voice: "Laura, I have so long been desirous of speaking to you of what you must be aware cannot be far removed." I knew to what she alluded, and could not control a burst of tears. "Do not weep, sister, dear," she continued; "you think I have been weak to yield thus to the grief that has come upon me. I have tried to battle with it, and prayed, oh, so fervently, for strength to do so; but, Laura, let me say it now, for the first and last time, you cannot imagine how fervently I loved him. I had no thought nor feeling for aught but him. God saw this, and tearing my idol from the pedestal upon which I had placed him, crushed him to the very dust. It is only for the last few days I feel the hope that He has forgiven me for yielding to a mortal the homage He alone has the right to demand. My only grief in going to Him is that I leave you so lonely. You will forgive me, after all is over, for the pain and sorrow I have caused you."

"Nellie, Nellie!" I said, "spare me. This is more than I can bear." And burying my face in my hands I wept convulsively. This continued for some time; when I raised my head I saw that Nellie had fainted.

With John's assistance we carried her to her room, and after applying the usual restoratives she revived; but the next day she was unable to leave her bed. From this time, she seemed to grow weaker daily. I performed my household duties and attendance upon her like one in a dream. The blow impending over me had completely benumbed my faculties. I realized, during this time, all the horror of despair.

One evening, completely worn out, I threw myself upon the sofa in the parlor, and tried to think or collect myself as it were, when, suddenly, I was aroused by a strange voice. In a startled tone, I said: "Who speaks?"

The reply effectually aroused me. "Charles Donaldson."

"And why," I said, "does Charles Donaldson desecrate by his presence the home he has so deeply injured?"

"I had hoped the forgiveness for which I prayed had been granted me," he replied.

"Oh, yes," I said, almost maddened by the memory of what he had brought about. "It is very easy for you, rich in all that makes life desirable, to stand there prating to me of forgiveness—to me over whose future you have cast so deep a blight. Nellie was all I had to love, or to live for. Father, mother, all gone, and now you have killed her too. Charles Donaldson, do not longer profane the place where your dying victim lies. Come to me years hence, when this great agony is over, and talk then of forgiveness, but leave me now."

"Nellie dying!" he said; "surely, Miss Mar-

ston, this cannot be. I came buoyed with the hope of making her mine—of proving by a life of devotion to her, if she would permit me, how different the new man is from the old. Good God! you cannot mean what you say. Oh, Miss Marston, allow me to see her! Her gentle loveliness has never been absent from me, even for a moment, and the thought of again seeing her has cheered me through many long hours of agony abroad. Have pity, and grant my request."

"It is too late now," I said; "better she should die in peace."

"She shall not die," he cried—"she shall not die! Oh, have mercy, and let me see her."

The thoughts which rushed tumultuously through my brain I cannot define. One, above all others, seemed clear, and resolved itself into a hope; slight as it was, it was a hope.

"You do not answer," he continued; "you are merciless. Have I not expiated the past by my suffering?"

"Leave me now," I replied; "to-morrow I will give you my decision."

"Have a care, Miss Marston, that no resentment on your part influence that decision; upon it may hang the life of your sister."

With these words he left me, left me with a trembling feeling of joy at my heart to which it had been a stranger for many a day.

I found Nellie upon my return to her room still sleeping. I was glad of this; it gave me time to think, if I could think, for my mind was in a sad chaos. How should I apprise Nellie of Mr. Donaldson's visit? And as I gazed upon her, it seemed almost wrong to break in upon the heavenly quiet and resignation she had known of late, with thoughts of worldly things; and yet if she could only be spared, her life would but be the purer for the suffering she had known. God grant it!

In a little while, she awoke, and said: "Laura"—I went to her bedside and took her hand—"I thought I heard voices, and one of them sounded, oh, so like his, and then I thought I was dreaming and called you, but you were not here; it must all have been a dream." I could not answer. "Do not be offended, darling, at my foolishness. Where have you been?"

"In the parlor," I replied. And thinking it as well to tell her now, as again, I said: "You were not mistaken, Nellie, you did hear voices, and I have learned the whereabouts of Charles Donaldson, and all that has happened to him since you last met. Can you bear to hear of him?"

Almost gaspingly, she said: "Yes, dear Laura, I am stronger than you think. Tell me—tell me everything."

And I did tell her everything—of our meeting at the beach, of his letter, which I read to her, and of his recent visit to our house, and what transpired at it. During my recital, she lay gazing upon me as though her very existence hung upon the words I uttered. At its conclusion, she gave one low cry of joy—

"Oh God, I thank thee!"—and then neither of us spoke for some time. She broke the silence by saying: "You had not confidence enough in me, Laura, to tell of your meeting him at the beach, and his subsequent letter to you."

"Yes," I answered; "but of what avail would it have been? I judged it best to let him die forever to your memory."

"Oh," she said, "it would have been of so much comfort to me to know he was not so entirely unworthy of the love I bore him; but you did all for the best."

"We are all liable to err," I said. "Will you see him?"

"Yes," she answered; "but all that you have told me of our ever meeting save as friends is vain. The dying have naught to do with earthly hopes. Possibly my memory may serve to strengthen the good in him when I have passed away from sight forever. Oh, Laura, how can I ever be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father for having thus answered my last earthly prayer?"

I turned from her, and the tears welled in my eyes. Could it be that I was jealous of her love for Charles Donaldson?

He came upon the following day, and I ushered him into Nellie's presence, bidding him be cautious how he excited her, and then closed the door. I could not intrude upon such an interview. When he had remained so long as I deemed prudent, I returned to bid him leave her.

"Not until you give your sanction to our marriage," he said.

"As well wed the dead," Nellie murmured.

"Do not repeat this, Nellie. Once you are mine, we will go abroad, and the influence of softer skies will again restore you to health, and make you my Nellie of old."

Seeing how agitated she had become, I postponed all further discussion of the subject for the present.

Scarcely had three months passed away ere the bells poured forth a merry peal and nearly the whole village had assembled in the church

o witness the marriage of my sister Nellie to Charles Donaldson. She was still an invalid, but sufficiently improved to warrant the hope of her ultimate recovery. The evening before we went abroad, for I was to accompany them, we repaired to our mother's grave; and as I laid on it the wreath of flowers we had twined, I uttered a prayer of thanksgiving that I had been able to fulfil the trust she had reposed in me. I had now yielded it to another. Years have rolled on since then; Nellie continues to be blessed in the love of her husband and children, and I have never ceased to be grateful for the strength given me to take my midnight ride with Charles Donaldson.

A DREAM.

BY DELIA DAYTON.

I HAD turned from the cares and the pleasures of life,
All wearied with earth's busy turmoil and strife;
And long had I gazed, in the stillness of night,
On those fair gems above me, those pure worlds of light,
And mused on the infinite power and love
Of Him who created the bright worlds above,
Whose presence pervadeth the vast realms of light,
Upholding them all by the word of his might.
Unwearied I gazed until late was the hour,
And oh, how I longed for some hidden power
To waft me far hence where those bright glories are!
That thus I might visit some far distant star,
Some star in our system, whose radiance white
Illumines our pathway with silvery light.

At length, wearied nature sought rest and repose,
And when gentle slumber my eyelids did close,
Methought a fair being appeared to my sight,
Arrayed in white robes as it were purest light;
I viewed her with pleasure—her sweet gentle face,
A form so majestic, yet still full of grace.
"Oh, hast thou a message?" with wonder I cried,
"Or why is this visit?"—to which she replied,
In accents of music, "Far hence have I come
From yonder bright planet, my own blissful home,
To grant your desires; say, now, will you go,
And leave for a time this dark world below?
To visit the sphere which beams from afar,
Your favorite planet—the bright evening star?"

Ere long, above earth's proudest turret and tower,
Propelled by some subtile, mysterious power,
Till the white Alpine crests and Hymmayala's height
Were left far below in the shadows of night,
In our gossamer car, far upward did rise
Through the regions of space the azure-arched skies.
As upward we hied, with the speed of the light,
Hesperus in beauty appeared to our sight;
Her towering mountains and emerald vales,
With silvery fountains amid flowery dales,
Increasing in splendor as nearer we came—
And soon, in the midst of a broad fertile plain,
A beautiful city with joy I espied:
In safety, at length, with my fair lovely guide,
At its portals alighted, our journey now o'er,
Delighted to reach this delectable shore.

Unlike aught of earth did this city appear,
For her fairest scenes could never compare
With the beauties, elysian, which rose to the view;
Here fruits most delicious spontaneous grew,
And the ambient air was filled with perfume
Of the rare lovely flowers which perennial bloom,
With no briars or thorns, or aught to deface
The beauty of nature's fair exquisite face;
And no noxious vapors or fierce tempests rise,
No shadows of gloom with dark frowning skies.
Methought that at length we mingled among
A concourse of beings, a vast noble throng,
With wonder beholding each countenance fraught
With glances of high and ennobling thought;
And no evil passions the heart to corrode,
For peace reigned triumphant in this blessed abode.
Of sublimity's mould the unfettered mind
In fair forms of beauty was fittingly shrined;
And Sin, with its dark and withering power,
No dominion hath found, no, not for one hour;
Soon the voice of soft music o'er valleys and plains
Was wafted in sweet harmonious strains:
When, lo, all this lovely enchantment was o'er,
I awoke to behold those glories no more!

THE RING.

BY MRS. M. S. MILES.

It was a simple token,
  This gift of long ago;
And when the vow was spoken,
  My heart knew not of woe
I thought all life was gladness,
  And mine a path of light;
I never dreamed that sadness
  Could bring a shroud to blight.

It was a cherished token,
  This plain, but long-worn ring;
But now his vow is broken,
  It is a worthless thing.
I wore it in life's brightness
  When sunny was my brow,
When all was joy and brightness—
  I cannot wear it now.

It seemed a gift of kindness;
  I thought its language true;
I took it in my blindness,
  For I no wrong then knew.
For long, long years I 'd worn it,
  This ring that brought its blight,
But from my hand I've torn it,
  And hidden it from sight.

It was a simple token,
  Yet bore a weight of care;
A vow that has been broken;
  A cloud to mask the fair.
I have a dread of jewels;
  All are not gifts of love,
They sometimes gleam and sparkle,
  Yet oft a poison prove.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

BY JESSIE MAY.

I HAD for three months been isolated from society; true, I had been happy in the bosom of my own little family, and, amid the novel scenes of my woodland home, with my little prattlers for companions through the short days of the mild Southwestern winter, and my husband to read to me during the long evenings, as we enjoyed the genial light and warmth of a genuine backwoods fire, I had never pined for the privileges and enjoyments we had left behind; no, but rather congratulated myself upon my freedom from the perplexities and restraints imposed by those conventionalities which ever attend what the world denominates "society." I was as well contented as it is possible for a mortal to be; and yet, after our gentlemanly boarder, Dr. Howard—who had already established a practice among the scattering settlers, and installed himself as our Esculapius—had informed me that his young wife was coming to join him, and that he had made arrangements to go to housekeeping near us, I found myself anticipating a greater degree of happiness, and for the first time since my sojourn in the wilderness, felt the need of a female friend and companion, woman-like, discovering the existence of the demand as the prospect opened for satisfying it.

Still there was a dash of that half painful uncertainty which is wont to veil anticipated pleasures, and which softens with exquisite delicacy the light and shade of the picture, when revealed, whether realizing our expectations or disappointing our hopes.

I knew that Effie, as I had already learned to call her, had been reared in the lap of luxury, that she was young, and had never remained long away from the tender mother and loving brothers and sisters, with whom she had ever been the household pet; and, when I considered that her education had fitted her for a station widely different from that she had chosen, I trembled for the domestic happiness of my prospective neighbors, and felt some misgivings as to the result of her presence in our unpretending and somewhat rude little home.

I had but little time to indulge in such reflections, however; being busily occupied in preparations for my expected guest. She was to remain with us till she had rested after the fatigue of her long journey, and while her own humble domicil was being fitted up and furnished for the reception of its little mistress, and I was anxious to make her stay as comfortable and pleasant as possible. I sought, by every artifice which my taste and ingenuity suggested, to conceal the defects of my poor little log-cabin. I patched my sadly worn carpet, hung clean draperies around my lowly couch and over the small, irregular windows, and disposed my scanty stock of pictures over the unsightly chink-holes of the mud-plastered, white-washed walls, in a style more ingenious than artistic, I fear; and when I had arranged a few books, some geological and conchological specimens, and various other centre-table ornaments upon the shelves and stand, I fancied that her room presented a very respectable appearance, and hoped that its occupant would not be so very much shocked at its rudeness, after all; a hope which received frequent dampers, however, as the doctor, who was prone to despondency, and who seemed bent on anticipating only loneliness, disappointment, and discontent for his wife, would gaze from time to time on our homely surroundings, and with a grave shake of the head, ejaculate—"Poor Effie! how will she ever manage in a log-cabin? I should never have married her; she deserves a better home than I am able to give her."

"Oh, she will prove herself more of a heroine than you think; she will be delighted with the novelty of pioneer life, and make one of the best little housekeepers in the world!" I would reply, with a cheerfulness that was more than half assumed.

Time proved my assurances prophetic; but I will not anticipate.

It was evening, and I held myself in readiness for the arrival of my guest. The doctor had gone two days before to meet her at a distant town, and accompany her during the remainder of her journey; and the great lumber wagon had been dispatched at an early hour to bring them from the nearest station. I fancy it was her first ride in so cumbersome a vehicle. The hours wore away as slowly and wearily as is their wont when we have passed through the flutter of preparation and the fear of a too early arrival, and settled ourselves complacently (?) to wait. I had kindled and rekindled my fire under the singing tea-kettle,

glanced again and again at my specially prepared edibles, temptingly disposed upon my paper-covered shelves, adjusted my collar, smoothed my hair, sprinkled my bouquets, arranged my vases, books, and ornaments, shook up my chair cushions, and snuffed my poor little unpretending tallow candles for the twentieth time, and was getting into a most nervous state of impatience, when the teamster's loud "Whoa!" chorused by a hum of voices and a sweet, musical laugh, greeted my ear and dispelled all my annoyances.

That laugh augured well; it seemed like the prelude to a happy song, and banished whatever of reserve I had felt at the prospect of going through the first formalities, and I ran down to the rustic gate to greet my new acquaintance.

That sweet girlish face, with its frank confiding gaze, meeting me in the calm moonlight; the warm pressure of her soft lips, and the enthusiastic grasp of the delicate hand, set all prescribed rules at defiance, and I clasped her to my heart and led her into the house as if she was my own dear little sister, just returned from academic halls.

"Oh, such a time as we *have* had! I thought we never should get here. The wagon broke, and one horse fell sick, so that we had to exchange with a farmer a few miles back; and I fancy you must have nearly given us up," was her laughing apology to my query, "What kept you so late?" And when I expressed my solicitude for her, on the supposition that she must be very tired, she replied: "Oh, not much; I enjoyed the fun; it savored of adventure, you know, and accorded with my romantic notions of life in the woods." And her low, tippling laughter was almost infantile in its glee.

I forgot my humble walls, my homely fare, my somewhat unfashionable dress, everything that had marred my anticipations of this meeting, and I know my own face must have been radiant in the sunshine of hers, as I untied her bonnet strings and divested her of the wraps with which her good husband had enveloped her, as a protection from the air of a spring evening, for which tender care she rewarded him by declaring that he was an "old fudge."

Oh, the long, bright days that followed her entrance into our midst! I called her "sunbeam," and never was fanciful appellation more appropriately applied; her face was always wreathed in the warmest and brightest of happy smiles, her tones rang so cheerily in gay conversation and hearty laugh, and her step was so light and free that she seemed to float into an apartment, shedding around her the same genial influence that invests the morning ray, when, heralded by the melody of the lark, it breaks in golden waves through the latticed window.

Devotedly attached to her husband, and yielding her love and confidence with the artless frankness of a child to her newly-found friends, she seemed to fancy herself very pleasantly situated, and ready to make the best of everything, ever finding a bright side where her husband saw only trouble and discomfort, and never a word of repining escaped her lips; not a sigh for the mother, the home, and the friends she had left behind; not an expression of disappointment at the meagre appearance of the dwelling where she was to begin housekeeping, that important era in a woman's domestic life; all was hope, and cheer, and content with her. "Oh, such a little *love* of a cottage!" she would exclaim. "You shall see what a little Paradise I can make it. The walls will be so pure and white after washing them over with lime, and it will be so *nice* to live on an uncarpeted floor; no dust raised in sweeping, and it will be so cool for the summer, to rinse it off every morning with clear cold water. Oh, it will be so healthy, so simple, and altogether pleasant!" she would say, when speaking of her future home. Nor was she a mere gay, romantic girl, pleased with the novelty of "love in a cottage;" she was a *true woman*, in the highest sense of the word. She had married the man of her choice; and, knowing that he had yet to make his way in the world, she stationed herself by his side, to cheer and encourage, to help and sustain him when needful, and there she stood, a noble, heroic woman, ready to begin at the foot of the hill, and climb its steeps hand in hand with her husband; and never, by a tone of reproach, a fretful repining, or a vain wish, would such a companion unnerve or overstrain the arm on which she, instead of hanging helplessly, leaned with a sweet, soft grace.

A Paradise, indeed, did she make of the humble abode over which she reigned like a "fairie queene." The snowy walls, the cleanly scoured floor, the transparent windows, the spotless linen, all bespoke a neat housekeeper; while the fresh bouquets, the carefully trained vines, and the various *et cetera* by which the hand of woman is manifested about a house gave evidence of taste and refinement; and, after a little practice in her domestic duties, her spongy bread, her prints of yellow butter, her cake, and pastry were objects of which she was justly proud.

I seem to see her now, as she looked standing in her vine-wreathed door, or at the rude little gate, watching for the coming of her husband, her face glowing with fond and happy emotions, her dress elegant in its taste and simplicity, and her voice responding to his greeting, as he galloped up from some forest path, with an inspiring echo that must have thrilled to his inmost soul.

Effie was the darling of our settlement; every one admired her; it was beautiful to see that sweet girl-wife enter so quietly, so bravely, and yet half shyly, as if not quite self-assured, upon the dignities of her station; she, who had scarcely ever occupied a room by herself, exhibiting so much fortitude in remaining alone through the long evenings, and sometimes the whole night, when the doctor was unavoidably detained by the bedside of a patient; she, who had as delicate sensibilities as the frailest of her sex, standing nobly by to sustain a transient patient during the extraction of a tooth, or some slight surgical operation. Oh, I tell you our Effie was a heroic little woman.

It was refreshing to receive one of her lively calls, so in keeping with her dear, piquant little self. A quick rattling of pony Charlie's hoofs, a light spring from the saddle, a rippling laugh, a fragrant kiss, and she was seated beside me, gypsy hat, gloves, and riding-whip cast aside without formality, and a—"Oh, I cannot stay but a minute this time; Doc will be home, and miss his fairy from her bower. I rode over for a little exercise, and I want to ask your advice." And then would follow some naive question, as to the propriety of using sheets for drapery as a matter of present economy, or a confidential communication respecting a batch of slow bread or a refractory pot of cream.

"I shall soon be initiated in all the mysteries; and when I have acquired experience, perhaps I can teach you something," she would exclaim, with smiles and blushes. And she *did* teach me much, God bless her! Her example was better to me than all the books of "Advice to Women" that were ever written; than all the sermons on faith, hope, and contentment that were ever preached. She inspired me to emulate her in looking on the bright side of life, she learned me patience, and firmness, and self-reliance, she filled my heart with trust, and peace, and satisfied happiness, and was far more the teacher than the taught.

But, while I have been admiring her, she has donned her hat and gloves, and, with a good-by kiss, and a—"Do come over and see how finely I get along! I am making improvements every day. Oh, we are *so* happy! It seems to me I am accomplishing something now; life has an aim. But good-by, darling"—and a caress of her pony, she would mount him from the doorstep, and dash away.

And in sickness she was one of the dearest little nurses in the world. No step as noiseless as hers, no hand so skilful in gentle manipulations, no voice so low and sweet, no face so angel-like in its half anxious tenderness, mingled with courage-inspiring hope; and it was almost a pleasure to be sick beneath her gentle ministrations. What a halo of softly tempered light seemed to surround her, as, with quiet grace, her gleeful laugh hushed and her ringing tones modulated to even more than their usual sweetness, she stole into my darkened chamber, and charmed, with her fairy-like touch, the pangs from my cold, damp brow. Dejection could not live in her presence; and often, when one of my nervous headaches has left me low and dispirited, has she come to me like a winged messenger of hope, soothing my fears, reviving my drooping energies, and filling my soul with the radiance of her trusting spirit, till the place, which had seemed so cheerless but a moment before, glowed in the beautiful rays her presence had shed. Oh, then, more fervently than ever, would my full heart exclaim, "Blessings on thee, Sunbeam!"

I could tell you much more about my little neighbor, but I am talking too long, and must leave the pleasant subject. I am sure you must be sufficiently interested in her to wish to know how she is prospering; and I am happy to say that Dr. Howard is succeeding in business, and that fortune smiles upon his energetic and persevering efforts, while his excellent lady grows, if possible, more lovely and lovable as time trips with almost imperceptible footprints over her beautiful life.

Oh, there are many such women as Effie Howard; lovely in their heroic simplicity, their noble disinterestedness, their brave gentleness; whose lives are psalms of beauty, set to lofty music, all the more worthy for being unwritten and unsung by historian or bard.

ADVERSITY.—In times of good fortune it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.

PAUL PARTICULAR'S ENCUMBRANCE.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"ENCUMBRANCE, load; clog; impediment," defines Webster. "Encumbrance, *child*"—*vide* newspaper advertisements, to wit: "To rent, a suite of rooms to a couple without encumbrances." Thus, reader, my premises being established, viz: that I, Paul Particular, bachelor, am afflicted with an encumbrance, it becomes me to classify said encumbrance under its proper head, and, further, to explain how said encumbrance was obtained.

First, the simple statement that I am a bachelor would relieve me from any suspicion concerning the nature of the object in question's belonging to the latter-named class, which the reader may be ready to thrust upon me; therefore, I will candidly confess to the former, and in the course of my story's unfolding it will become evident *how* said "load, clog, impediment" came to attach itself unto me. Perhaps, though, it would be the better method to act in contrariety to the irregular, Horatian maxim of plunging *in medias res*; so I will "begin with the beginning," and state at once, candidly and fairly, that I, Paul Particular, bachelor, last autumn went on a journey, and then and there obtained and travelled home with my encumbrance.

"Does not every one who travels," asks my reader, "labor under some species of the *genus* named? some encumbrance?"

"Doubtless," I answer. But you, my brother masculine reader, who, in going on a journey, are only under the necessity of putting a few changes of linen into your carpet-bag, buttoning your coat, and donning your soft hat and Raglan duster; then, buying a copy of the morning's edition of the *Traveller* or *Journal*, hasten down town to catch the train wherein you are soon whirled away on your route; you, without a thought or care beyond the carpet-bag on the hook over your head and the paper in your hand, are not the one to whom my story is properly addressed.

Neither are you, dear married lady reader (though circumstances force me to acknowledge that there may be a shade of sympathy between your partner and myself), neither are you, whose husband is that invaluable treasure on a journey, "used to packing," and who, if properly managed, after having generously taken upon himself half the labor of preparing those trunks, will as generously convert himself into a human sumpter mule, in the way of transporting shawls, baskets, travelling-bags, reticules, and the countless *et ceteras* with which you think it indispensable to burden yourself, you are not exactly the one to read this "ower true tale."

Nor you, O unprotected but strong-minded woman, who, if found necessary, can travel alone and escortless from Dan to Beersheba, from Maine to California, and, with one sweep of your Argus eyes, keep in view your whole array of baggage, which less capable travellers would be sure to lose sight of—to you I may not look for sympathy.

But unto you, O brother bachelor, who have grown acclimated to your solitary liberty in peregrinations by boat or car, who have known no care beyond the arrangement of your own dickey and the key of your own valise, who have never been commissioned by careful mamma or friend to "take charge" of some pet daughter or companionless young lady; who have been used to the freedom of hotels, night-keys, dressing-gown, and slippers—it is unto you I draw near, and into your ear I pour my plaint.

Imprimis, my paternal patronymic was not a misnomer. I am undeniably "particular:" about my coats, my vests, my linen, my neck-ties, my boots, my meerschaums, and my associates. I was cut out for a bachelor. I was particular from my childhood. I recollect, when a little boy, of asking my mother to let Kathleen wash my marbles and wheelbarrow, "because they had been on the dirty ground." I brushed my hair smoothly at the mirror when I could barely climb up to see my own reflection; and my pinafore and face were always immaculate. Everybody said then, "That child is a perfect little old bachelor!" I grew up particular, for these ideas "grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." I would not till the comfortable little country estate left me, because a farmer must sometimes wear overalls and drive oxen; so I arranged Primrose Cottage as nicely as paint, whitewash, and nice furniture could render it, hired Dorcas Trim as housekeeper and Job

Thrifty as gardener, and went into town, entered into the commission and brokerage, and took rooms at Easy's Hotel.

My business was not wearying; I had a working partner, and my own capital procured me the greater share of the profits and an easy life. I had a sister, but she was married, and with a colony of little encumbrances growing up around her, and filling nursery, hall, and parlor with their noise. There was always a cosy corner for "Uncle Paul" at Ellen's fireside, and John's dressing-gown and slippers were at my service; but the encumbrances, though all well enough in their sphere, as sundry balls, tops, wagons, rocking-horses, and dolls in the nursery—Uncle Paul's gifts—duly attested, were literally "loads, clogs, and impediments" to a staid bachelor's happiness; hence I went less and less to Ellen's as the encumbrances increased, and grew more demonstrative of the capacity and strength of juvenile lungs. Primrose Cottage was twenty miles from town; and though pleasant enough of a summer's vacation, when I entertained a party of choice guests, yet of autumns and winters mine host Easy's hotel had the preference. I liked Easy's. My slice of steak was always done to that degree of rareness which suited me; my egg was always boiled just one minute and a half by my repeater; my parlor and bedroom were swept, brushed, and dusted after the most particular manner.

Hence, from living this easy sort of life, without cares, I grew to love it more and cares less; and, but for the journey I last autumn set out upon, and whereof I am about to relate, I am greatly of opinion that I might have continued this mode of living during the term of my natural existence without "load, clog, or impediment" of any sort.

But "*l'homme* proposes, and *Dieu* disposes." To my story, which will show you by what unlooked-for means I took to myself an encumbrance for life.

Long time had my old friend and college chum, Dick Averley, been sending me letters descriptive of his happy farmer life in the section to which he had emigrated, a thriving portion of the new country, Minnesota. "Whenever you get the blues or the dyspepsia, or grow sick of business, come out for a month through the glorious, great West, and to my Minnesota home." This had been Dick's standing invitation for the period of eight years since he had parted from me.

Suddenly the truth broke upon me; I had the dyspepsia! I doubt if it was induced by my easy life; by mine host's roast beef, or oyster pies, or strong coffee, as sister Ellen maliciously said; I think it must have been hereditary in the Particular family. I drank soda water, I ate carbonized biscuit three days in succession at the supper-table, I took four bottles of "Pepsin" and six of "The Stomach Invigorator;" but my symptoms grew no less unfavorable. About that time another letter came from Dick Averley. "Such glorious prairies, such splendid wheat crops, such fertile soil, and salubrious air," he wrote. "Old friend, whenever you get the blues, or the dyspepsia, or grow sick of business, come out for a visit to Minnesota." Providence directed me. I *had* the dyspepsia, and would go to Minnesota! So with a full pocket-book, a fuller carpet-bag, and unencumbered, save by that horrible tyrant whose throne was my gastronomic region, I set my face towards the setting sun.

It was a glorious October sunset when I reined up my horse in front of Dick Averley's neat log cabin in a thriving settlement in Eastern Minnesota.

"Evenin', stranger!" exclaimed a broad-shouldered, athletic, handsome fellow, who stepped from beneath the luxuriant mass of prairie roses matted over the door.

"Don't you *know* me, Dick Averley?"

"By George, *Paul Particular!*"—and he gave me such a hand grasp as brought the tears. "Know you? *Never* by your face and figure, for you've grown stout as an alderman, but your voice betrayed you a little. How you *have* altered, Paul! I wonder they haven't made you one of the city fathers at home!"

"Dick, I've got the dyspepsia!" I said, getting off my horse in a meal-baggy sort of way. "And that set me out on this journey to Minnesota."

"Hey! is that so? Well, we'll cure you—send you back East as good as wheat when you get tired of staying with us! Walk in, old fellow! How surprised Nelly'll be! By George, after all, Paul, you're the *last* man I should have thought of seeing out in Minnesota!"

And so I walked under the prairie roses and entered Dick Averley's door, and met Mrs. Dick Averley, four young Averleys, and—*my encumbrance!*"

"Wife, don't you remember my old friend, Paul Particular? But there, no wonder! eight years, you know, Nelly! And these are the children, Paul—Richard, and Ellen, and Frank, and Paul—we didn't *forget* you, you see—eh, old friend! And this is Miss Katy Bird, our

schoolmistress, and Nelly's cousin—from on East, too: my friend, Mr. Particular, Katy!"

And shaking hands with the handsome, matronly-looking young woman, whom I never should have recognized as the slender young wife Dick carried out West with him; and noticing the children—I, Paul Particular, Child-avoider; and bowing to Miss Katy Bird, a pretty sort of young thing with dark blue eyes and brown hair falling over her shoulders in a curling, gipsyish sort of manner, not at all pleasing to my somewhat particular ideas of a young lady's toilet, and that young lady dignified with the vocation of teacher—I, Paul Particular, bachelor, was at home in Minnesota.

"Eh, a *bachelor* still, Paul?" said Dick, resuming the conversation while Mrs. Averley and her cousin set about putting the finishing touches to the supper-table in the floor. "Why, man, you ought to have been settled down in life these ten years! Let 's see, Paul; you and I used to be about of an age at old Harvard, and I 'm getting along well towards my forties. Thirty-eight, I believe, last spring. But then you 're a younger-*looking* man, by the eight odd years, than I, Paul!"

It was certainly uncalled for—Dick's mentioning ages just then; but, somehow, Dick Averley always was a blunt kind of a fellow.

"Well, after all, I don't know as I feel eight years older than I did that fall I came out West, Paul; though here 's the proof of it round me. Why, this was a wilderness then, old friend; and now—well, you see we 've got a right smart little settlement—and I 'm judge of the township, have got in the biggest wheat crops, and raised three boys to cultivate their share of Uncle Sam's farm when they get old enough. Oh, you ought to settle down out West here, Paul! Room enough here to spread yourself in; I couldn't go back East, and live in your pent up, smoky, toiling cities now. To be sure, our farmers have a way of letting things lay round loose, not quite up to your particular, thrifty New England ideas; but that 's because we 've got so much territory. As we used to quote from the classics—

'No pent up Utica contracts our powers!'

Oh, you ought to settle down out here, Paul!

"I 'm happy as a king," resumed Dick, taking his youngest son—a little white-headed elf of two years, whom he had "remembered me by" in the bestowal of his cognomen—upon his knee. "Nelly 's proved a treasure; wasn't too much of a fine lady to give up the refinements of her Eastern home and accompany me out here to the borders of the wilderness. I suppose you used to wonder, Paul, why I abandoned all those old projects of a profession and all that; and turned to a western farmer's life. But the fact is—and I 'm the more convinced of it every year—the professions are crowded; trade is crowded; ministers, lawyers, and doctors are stumbling over each other—and the best opening for a young man is to carve out his way in the glorious great west. No reflection on *your* life, my dear fellow; you 've got a nice little patrimony in that home place of yours; but, after all, I can't help wishing you were located out here. Why, it 's the country to make a man ambitious on the spread-eagle order! They 've got me Judge; and I expect they 'll run me for the White House one of these days. Or, if not me, young Paul here!" and he tossed the little urchin on his knee. "Hey, old friend, a right smart little namesake you 've got: don't you say so!" and Dick gave me a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

And I, Paul Particular, bachelor, and child-hater, who always shunned my own nephews and nieces, and never bestowed praise upon them, was forced to confess that Dick Averley's youngest was a "right smart" little fellow, an honor to his godfather, and stood a fair prospective chance of Presidential candidacy within the future half century.

"Katy Bird, Nelly's cousin, has become quite domesticated out here," continued Dick, in a lower tone. "Was a little homesick at first; but since the settlement has got so thriving, it 's as neighborly, perhaps more so, than on East. Katy talks now and then of going home; her mother writes for her, and her only brother 's married since Katy came out here; but I hope she won't think of going till another fall, at least. Fine teacher, Katy is; right handsome girl, too; don't you think so, Paul?"

And I, Paul Particular, bachelor, who had never played "ladies' man," or been known to bestow a compliment in all my life, was forced to confess that Dick Averley's wife's cousin was a "right handsome girl," and that her presence was a great acquisition to their household in Minnesota. I qualified this assent, however, by a little mental reservation of my own, in which I held that the long brown curls, of nicely braided, and put up in a "particular" sort of way, would add materially to her attractiveness.

Just then, Katy Bird came into the room again, for she had been absent a little, and Mrs. Averley summoned us to supper. Candidly, I don't remember the time when mine host Easy ever got up such a tempting meal. And then

my appetite so conflicted with the tyrant that had held it in abeyance.

"Don't be afraid of our western fare," urged Dick. "We never have dyspepsia out here. I 'll stand responsible for all attacks while you are with us. Plain food, and plenty of exercise —that 's my creed, Paul."

Upon the whole, it was decidedly pleasant, that large, cheerful keeping-room in which we sat, and which occupied half the little log house Dick had built on the borders of the wilderness. The floor was white and spotless, the windows were hung with chintz curtains, the tables and chairs, though rude, and evidently fashioned by no master cabinet-ware maker, were tables and chairs for all that; and books and plants, and pictures on the walls added refinement to the room. And standing at the farther side of the apartment was an article of furniture I had hardly expected to see there in the wilderness—a piano, with music-books lying on it, and a popular song on the rack.

The other half of the house was divided into three sleeping chambers; and my own, a pattern of white bed linen and neatness, spoke volumes for the thrift of the housewife. In the loft above, two more little finished chambers were the dormitories of the children; while a little cabin adjoining tenanted the stalwart western farmer and his wife, who were of invaluable help to the rising and prosperous Judge of the township.

After supper, and the table was removed, and the thread of conversation was dropped, Dick proposed having some music. "We always have a little sing of evenings, Paul," he said; and to-night I propose 'Auld Lang Syne;' a full quartette we can have of it. Come, Katy." And so Miss Katy Bird sat down at the piano, and "Auld Lang Syne" was followed by half a dozen of the old time melodies; and then we had "Coronation," and "Corinth," and "Old Hundred," and then Dick read a chapter in the Bible, and we all retired for the night. And I must say here that such calm sleep and quiet dreams never visited me in my handsomely furnished bed-chamber at Easy's Hotel as came to me there in the low-roofed, unpapered, white-washed little room in which I lay down to rest that first night in Minnesota.

But I have not time here to recount all the events of that month in Dick Averley's home. Suffice it that each was a type of the rest. I rode with Dick over his wheat fields and across the prairies; I examined his stock with the air of a connoisseur, though I didn't know my own cows on the little Primrose place at home; I listened with becoming gravity to Dick's decisions in the legal questions of the township; I praised Mrs. Averley's good cookery by that best of all tests, a hearty relish for it; I grew paternal in my treatment of my namesake; I visited Miss Katy Bird's school in the little log school-house overrun with creepers and prairie-roses; and I joined my bass in the numberless quartettes about the piano of evenings, where Mrs. Averley sang treble, Miss Katy Bird a clear, strong alto, and Dick a splendid tenor.

And all this time the tyrant, dyspepsia, had been growing feebler in his sway, till finally he entirely abdicated the throne. And then I began to think of coming home; and then was it that my encumbrance came to me, after this wise:—

"Paul," said Dick, coming to me one day with a serious face, from a long talk with Miss Katy Bird, "how would you like company on East? Katy is getting homesick, and is longing to see her mother and New England again. Four years is much longer than she thought to stay with us when she came out; and though we shall lose half the sunshine of our household, I cannot urge her to remain when I see she is thinking so much of her home. We did hope she 'd stay another year; but your going back offers such a capital chance for her to travel in company that Katy 's deputed me to ask you if she 'll be any encumbrance to you."

So what was left me, Paul Particular, bachelor, who never had "taken charge" of a lady on a journey in all my life, but to protest to Dick Averley, his wife, and to Miss Katy Bird that it would afford me sincerest pleasure to act as escort from Minnesota to Massachusetts to the last-named young lady? And *this* is how I came by my encumbrance!

And this is why I waited till Katy Bird's school closed up in the little log house overrun with wild creepers and laughing prairie-roses; and then, when she had kissed the Averleys dozens of times over in her good-byes, and I had shaken hands all round, and patted my little namesake Paul on his flaxen head, then we set out on our homeward journey.

It is *one* thing to meet a young lady—and that lady as pretty and bewitching as Miss Katy Bird could be when she willed so—at stated hours, daytime and evening, and quite *another* to find yourself shut up in the same railway car and seated on the same seat with her for a long journey of days and nights together. One either gets thoroughly wearied of or in love

with his companion during all this; that is, if he is unmarried and susceptible. But I, Paul Particular, bachelor, who had arrived at the age of—well, Dick has revealed the matter of my age for me—thirty-eight years, might have been supposed to possess abilities to steer clear of both Scylla and Charybdis. But, as I have heretofore quoted, "*l'homme* proposes, and *Dieu* disposes," and I suppose my time had come.

The first day's journey was, I opine, in no wise different from that of any good-natured, easy man's, who is encumbered with the charge of a young lady, with her little dainty individual wants to attend to. Miss Katy Bird had provided herself with the numerous articles that lady travellers usually encumber themselves with, viz: a basket, a hand satchel, a shawl, a book, and one or two little *et ceterâs*, a fair share of which customarily devolves upon the escort in attendance, as it certainly did upon me that day. Perhaps my proverbial good disposition led me to voluntarily assume a greater share of care than necessary; sure it is that Miss Katy Bird's first twelve hours' travel were comparatively easy ones to her. But when twilight had merged into evening, and then evening into the long hours of the night, while the iron horse kept on his tireless journey over hill and plain, and Katy Bird's brown head began to show most unequivocal symptoms of weariness, then began my first positive trouble. Finally the nodding head settled it in its own way; over and over it drooped, towards me, till at last it settled weariedly on my shoulder, and Miss Katy Bird's thoughts were in neither State lying between Minnesota and Massachusetts, but in the fairy realms of Dreamland. Not that the little brown head, with its fleece of curls all tucked away in smooth braids under the soft travelling-hood, was a serious encumbrance because of its weight simply—O no! but, then, this was a decidedly novel position in which I, Paul Particular, bachelor, found myself, and it was not until long past the period when every tired occupant of the car had long been "nid, nid, nodding," and the hoarse breath of the snorting iron horse was flung out into the midnight, that Somnus sent an electric chain from Katy Bird's soul to mine, and I wandered off into Dreamland beside her.

When the day was fairly breaking, and we were rushing along our tireless way on the skirts of a vast prairie behind whose eastern verge the sun was coming up grandly, Miss Katy Bird aroused, lifted her head, and said with a blush: "Oh, I must have slept a little! And I fear I must have been an encumbrance to you, Mr. Particular!"

And again I, Paul Particular, bachelor, in accordance with the dictates of my good nature, was forced to assure her that I had not been in the least encumbered by the weight of her head; "in fact, I thought I must have slept most of the time myself." And then, to further encumber myself at the first way station, by getting out and bringing from a restaurant held under a shed, a cup of coffee and a roll of wheaten bread for Miss Katy's breakfast.

And so it went on all that journey. There was but slight variation in my *rôle* when we exchanged the cars for the boat on the rivers: it was simply changing one form of encumbrance for another. And afterward, when we took the railway again and steamed down to Chicago, it was the same over again; I, Paul Particular, bachelor, serving as Miss Katy Bird's devoted cavalier by day, and my shoulder as her pillow by night.

It has been maintained as a theory by philosophers in human nature, that man may be tamed into a docile and tractable animal, and be made to carry burdens. Of this I am convinced. It has also been maintained, that his burdens may be, from time to time, increased, until those which were at first onerous to be borne shall become but as a feather's weight to him. And of this I am entirely convinced also. By the period when I, Paul Particular, bachelor, with my travelling companion, had reached the Queen City, Miss Katy Bird, her satchels, her shawl, her book, her reticule, had become so much a part and parcel of myself and my servitorship, that, like the faithful dromedary of the desert before the presence of his master, I bended voluntarily to the burden placed upon me.

East of Chicago, whirling along on the Lake Shore Line, the programme changed a little. At night Miss Katy Bird took a sleeping-car; and I, Paul Particular, took another. Strange to say, and yet this but strengthens the theory of the force of habit, I missed the little soft brown head from my shoulder; and, suspended there in my car hammock, with the whizzing steam breath surging its sea around me, it was at best but a poor, miserable kind of sleep that visited me. Certain it is, that no dainty sprite who bringeth dreams, brushed my eyelids with his downy wings.

We crossed the Hudson Ferry in the early evening of the following day; and when we again settled ourselves for the night ride, Miss Katy Bird, basket, satchels, shawl, and book,

and minor encumbrances were safely disposed beside me. And again, during the hours while we were dashing Bostonward, my shoulder returned to its fealty as her pillow; and when, in the gray dawn, I transferred her to a comfortable room at Easy's Hotel at the terminus of our journey, I have no doubt that Miss Katy Bird was more weary than myself. Miss Katy, duly refreshed by a long morning sleep, in the afternoon again set out for her home, some thirty miles inland, and ten beyond my own place. It was but the prompting of ordinary politeness which bade me accompany her two-thirds of the way; and when we parted, Miss Katy repeatedly thanked me for my kindness, and assured me that she should get on nicely the remnant of the journey; and so, after arranging her shawl, basket, satchel, and minor encumbrances within reach, I shook hands with Miss Katy Bird, and walked up to Primrose Cottage to pass the night.

To relate how delighted was my housekeeper, Dorcas Trim, and with what honest pleasure Job Thrifty regarded my return would be neither here nor there as *apropos* to my story; but to record how, when I left my burdens in the car that bore Miss Katy Bird to her home and mother, how, when I left her, and her satchels, and basket, and shawl behind me, and, ordering my own valise sent up, walked home to Primrose Cottage in the clear evening air, free from any encumbrance whatever, that, then and there, it suddenly came over me that now, the burden lifted, I was not so care-free and happy as I ought to have been; *this* is what I should tell you, reader.

The camel of the desert caravan, used to his burden, though loosed at night, is found at morning by his master's tent, and kneels again for the day's burden for his journey; so I, Paul Particular, lingering not many days at Primrose Cottage, nor at my business in town, went back to my service. When I had parted from Miss Katy Bird that evening in the cars, there had been extended a cordial invitation to go out to Wheatley, and visit her home and her mother; but when, the next Saturday week, I, Paul Particular, bachelor, found myself borne Wheatleywards, very certain was it that neither to visit Miss Katy Bird's home nor mother was I journeying thither. You are right, reader; it was Miss Katy Bird herself.

I do not know exactly how it came to pass; I do not think that when I went out to Wheatley I had any thought beyond inquiring how Miss Katy Bird had recovered from the fatigues of the journey. I am very sure that I, Paul Particular, bachelor, had no idea of taking to myself a lifelong encumbrance, and assuming the tasks and responsibilities of looking after, not only shawls, satchels, baskets, but household fixtures and wardrobe generally during all my future. But do not understand me that I implicate Miss Katy Bird with drawing me into such a step, for I most solemnly assert here that I believe that young lady was as surprised as myself after we realized that all this had actually come about. Neither understand me as saying that I regret or would recall this event. No! the blame has been wholly my own, and I, Paul Particular, will resign myself to bearing it.

I was at sister Ellen's the other day, and a miniature edition of herself encumbered her arms as she came down to greet me. "We are all well but the baby," she said, "and she has had a hard time teething. There come the children from the nursery, crazy to welcome Uncle Paul home again! What is this I hear about you? You going to be *married* in the spring, Paul? I am *delighted*, though I always *did* think you were cut out for a bachelor. But your journey helped you in more ways than your *dyspepsia*."

I submitted to Ellen's congratulations (she always *would* say malicious things) and the children's shouts and kisses. But I got away at last with a portion of my whiskers, a wilted dickey, and a share of my good nature. It was rather quiet in town that day, business dull on 'Change, and it struck me that Easy wasn't quite so attentive as formerly; so I took the evening train, and went out to Wheatley.

Spring is coming. I suppose Dick Averley and his wife will be surprised; I suppose Dorcas Trim, my housekeeper, will raise a muss, she 's been used to her own way at Primrose Cottage so long. I don't know but Job Thrifty will "resign" before the new government comes in, for I 'm going to turn my attention to gardening a little myself. I think I shall take Katy Bird's mother home, for it wouldn't be exactly good-natured to separate them so soon.

I shall learn to distinguish my own cows from my neighbors'; I shall keep a horse, I shall build a henery, Katy has already a little white kitten—I, Paul Particular, bachelor, used to hate kittens; and, "in course of time," Ellen maliciously says, "she hopes"—but I will not anticipate. After all, I suppose there might be *worse* encumbrances than the newspaper advertisements set forth; to wit: a troubled conscience, a scanty purse, or the dyspepsia, and I, Paul Particular, have neither.

I am getting quite resigned to my prospective fate. It is only once in a great while, as in the present instance, when I am not quite reconciled to losing the last evening's train out to Wheatley, and have been thinking over matters here in my room at Easy's, that the waning spirit of my nearly extinct bachelorhood urges me to pour out into some sympathizing ear my plaint. But, after all, I don't really believe I should consider that man my true friend who should offer to condole with me. The die is cast, and I take home my future, with its attendant joys and sorrows, hoping that the former will be many, and the latter few.

I invite you, one and all, readers, out to Primrose Cottage next May, and I, Paul Particular, married man, will introduce you to my encumbrance.

THE WORTH OF WOMANLY CHEERFULNESS.

We come in contact with a most singular fact, which at first is not easy of analysis, that people are intent on playing the miserable, as if there were a virtue in it. The real solution is that it is an exhibition of selfishness, for no one is habitually cheerful who does not think more of others than himself. Multitudes appear to be studious of something which makes them unhappy; for unhappiness excites attention, and attention is supposed to inspire interest, and interest comparison. You have seen a person of very robust and corpulent habits, so robust as ought to excite perpetual gratitude for joyous health, sometimes putting on the airs of an invalid, for no reason in the world but to draw out towards him some expression of affectionate concern, and so gratify his self-conceit. That very mood which in children is called being "naughty," for which they are whipped and sent to bed, in young people is dignified with the name of "low spirits," for which they are to be petted and pitied; whilst in elderly people it is known as "nervousness," for which it is expected they should be humored to the full tension of moral patience.

If we speak of the mistakes of good and pious men, what shall we say by way of commending that sweet cheerfulness by which a good and sensible woman diffuses the oil of gladness in the proper sphere of home. The best specimens of heroism in the world were never gazetted. They play their *rôle* in common life, and their reward is not in the admiration of spectators, but in the deep joy of their own conscious thoughts. It is easy for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast; but let me tell you what is greater and better: amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles, real and imaginary, of a family; the many thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family home of thrift, order, and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household—to maintain a heart full of good nature and a face always bright with cheerfulness, this is a perpetual festivity. We do not mean a mere superficial simper, which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience, and self-control, and kindness, and tact which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity, for cheerfulness, then, is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark background of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door, sickness has already entered, days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and now you see the triumphs of which we speak. When the strong man has bowed himself, and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of a household seems to hang on the frailer form, which, with solicitudes of her own, passing, it may be, under the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex," has an eye and an ear for every one but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon, and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. God bless that bright, sunny face! says many a heart before me, as he recalls that one of mother, wife, sister, daughter, which has been to him all that my words have described.

Children.—Did you ever think of it, how independent children are of circumstances? How the children of the poor are as happy with a penny toy, with a bit of broken china, a rag-baby, or their mud pies, as the offspring of the rich with their endless variety of playthings, selected with so much care from the most expensive shops? Do you know how ready children are to find enjoyment in any condition with a contentment and cheerfulness which grown-up people may indeed envy? It is not until they become acquainted with the conventionalities of the world, and find they lack what is most important in the world's eye, that discontent creeps into the heart and dissatisfaction takes the place of this blessed state.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Continued from page 273.)

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE goes the office bell," said Dr. Ford, stirring the egg he had just broken, more vigorously for the warning.

"As usual," said his wife, "before you can swallow your breakfast. Next time I marry it won't be a doctor."

"No? that's a good girl; and Tom trot that cup of coffee this way in double quick time."

"If you would only practice what you prescribe," said Mrs. Ford, with a bright affectionate glance.

"That 's too much to ask; I keep my patients for that purpose."

"And preach to them from morning to night about taking plenty of time at their meals, then come home and swallow yours on the run."

"On the gallop, I should think," broke in Master Tom, who had succeeded in setting down the coffee-cup at his father's plate unbroken.

"Mrs. Lewis sends to tell you that her baby has had another turn, sir."

"Dear me, she 'll lose that child after all. Tell her I 'll be round by ten o'clock."

"She says can't you come right off, sir? for it don't know any one yet—and Mr. Allen says his wife's face is awful bad, and he 's waiting for some laudlum drops."

"Now just finish your breakfast, Morris; Mrs. Allen will survive."

"And here 's another plate of hot muffins, too, father, jolly and brown."

"Mother, Tom 's had two muffins, already; can't I have another?"

"But you 're a little girl, Harry, and brother is almost a man."

"There—I hav'n't hunted up that arithmetic yet; won't I catch it?"

"Yes you will, young man, from me if not from Miss Gray. I can't afford to pay four dollars a quarter, and have you waste your time in this way. Why, I expect you to make out all my bills next Christmas!"

"And keep the money too! Gay! We 'll have the sugarplums and oranges, won't we, Harry?"

"Me too, bruder."

"O yes, you little curly pate, we won't forget you; *one more* muffin, mother, oh yes! I should think you might indulge a fellow."

"You get too much of it, altogether, Tom; go tell Peter to bring my horse round. What now, Ann?"

"It 's Mr. Ash, sir, and he 's coming in."

"Good morning, my dear fellow; just caught me"—and Dr. Ford gave one hand to his friend and dexterously pulled on a boot with the other. "How are you? you hav'n't been in in a dog's age."

"How you do, Misther Asth?" called out little Nell from her high chair. "Come kith me."

"Well done for three years old," laughed the doctor.

"Do you suppose Mr. Ash wants to kiss off all that bread and milk?" said mamma. "How *is* Marie, Morgan? I hav'n't seen anything of her since her aunt left."

"Yes, by the way, what a nice body she was; and her cousin, I was delighted with him; he has more solid information than any man I've met in many a day. I wish they lived nearer to us."

Mr. Ash kissed off a great deal of bread and milk rather than reply. He felt resentful for a moment, as if the doctor was using a probe; but he knew that was absurd, of course no one knew.

"Marie, oh"—and he smoothed down his glove, still standing hat in hand—"I don't think she is very well, at least *she* thinks not."

"I wish she 'd let me see after her a little," said the doctor; "she isn't looking well; I noticed it the last evening she was here. But don't be worried about it, Morgan; it 's not unusual."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Ash, more coolly than Mrs. Ford liked. He saw her glance up at him, quickly. "Well, I just stopped in a moment to find how you all were. Come round, soon. Good-by, Nelly Bly; come play with Bijou; ask mamma to bring you. Here 's Harry, too; how 's my sweetheart?"

"But I 'm not your sweetheart any longer,"

pouted the black-eyed little beauty; "you went and married somebody else; and I 'm going right off to marry father."

"You 'll have your mother after you there, ma'am! Can't you wait a minute, and let me drive you to Elm Street? I 'll be through directly."

"Well, I don't know, I think I will," answered Morgan, slowly; "it 's a tolerably hot day. I 'll come in and look at the aquarium; got any more specimens?"

"Remember the brush," said Mrs. Ford, holding up that useful but much neglected article. "Now do stand still, while I take some of the mud off; the most trying man, Morgan, rides like John Gilpin, and has only one suit of clothes, so that one never gets a chance at them."

"Oh, come now, I 'm superb on Sunday; I 'll leave it to Ash. Kiss us, old lady."

"Do you keep that up yet?" said Morgan, watching the affectionate salute, for the doctor not only kissed his wife, but put his arm around her, and touched his lips gently to her forehead, while her eyes answered back the "God bless you, dear!"

"And why not? do we love each other any the less? No, indeed."

"Less? as much again, as you 'll find if you are so fortunate as to get almost half way to your silver wedding. Give my love to Marie."

"I will, thank you," said Mr. Ash, following the doctor, who led the way to his office, humming "Believe me if all these endearing young charms"—

Presently he came back again for his gloves, and glanced around the room to see if the children were out of ear-shot.

"Do you go and look after Morgan's wife," said he. "You can do her more good than I can. She 's fretting herself sick, it 's easy to see."

"I 'm afraid so. I don't like to say it; but I 'm afraid they 're not happy together. It is dreadful, isn't it?" And it did seem appalling to Mrs. Ford, to whom her husband's love was the best earthly good, and her prayers a daily thanksgiving for it.

"Do you think that 's it? I hope not; it 's much more likely she 's worried about herself, and she 's so shy of me."

"And of me, too. I wish I could help her; I pity her from my heart; but she won't let me."

"Try; go out of your way for it. No one knows better than my wife how to heal what my drugs will not reach. Good-by, dear."

"Don't come home worn out—good-by."

And thus they lived, ever thoughtful of each other, ever watchful, and not afraid to show it.

Mrs. Ford could not go out without the greatest inconvenience that morning. It was ironing-day, and many domestic duties fell to her share; and she had intended finishing a little street dress for Harry, Mrs. Lockwood's namesake. The child needed it. But she knew if we wait until it is perfectly convenient, half the good actions in life would never be accomplished. So she took off her ample white linen apron when the housekeeping was done, and threw a light mantle over her tidy morning-dress.

"I dare say it 's partly my fault," she thought to herself, as she left directions for the children when they came from school, after seeing that little Nell's morning nap was protected from draughts and flies.

"I suppose, as a real true friend to them both, I ought to have gone more out of my way to win Marie's confidence. Poor child! how lonely it must be for her here, without a soul that she ever saw before!"

"Mrs. Ash is not very well, I hear," she said to the servant that opened the door. "Go tell her Mrs. Ford has come to sit with her a little while, and not to disturb herself to come down."

The girl was gone some little time. Mrs. Ford began to fear that her errand had failed.

"She says will you please to excuse the room and to walk right up," said the messenger, returning; "she has been lying down all the morning."

The room was quite dark; if it had been disarranged, it would scarcely have been discernible, and Marie's face looked very lovely, though faded, as she lifted her head from the pillow at her friend's entrance.

"Do not move," said Mrs. Ford, pleasantly; "it was too bad to disturb you; let me sit right here on the other side of the bed, schoolgirl fashion. There, lie still now; I came to nurse you a little while, not to play company."

The friendly tone and overtures went to Marie's heart; it was so long since she had had anything like this home feeling with any one, and Mrs. Ford's attentions to her aunt had created gratitude already.

"I suppose you miss Mrs. Pierson very much; have you heard from her yet?" said Mrs. Ford when she was fairly settled down.

"Twice; she writes nice long letters. Oh and she sent a message to you and the doctor, and said she was glad that I had such friends!"

A little while before, and this kindly comment

Marie would have kept to herself, perverse little soul.

"I only wish you would let us be friends"—and Mrs. Ford took one of the waxen-white hands that were thrown out on the counterpane in hers. She did not like its hue; it did not betoken health, as she looked down upon it, stroking it as if it had been a child. "I often think how dull it must be for you here in Chester, particularly now that you are not very well, with no friends of your own age. I expected to see you and Grace Logan very intimate. She is a sweet girl."

"Mrs. Lockwood—she is not one of Harriet's favorites," said Marie, checking herself. "I did like her very much."

"You must see more of each other. I shall tell Grace so." Mrs. Ford divined the truth of the broken intimacy. "Mrs. Lockwood and myself are so much older than you are. We forget that we cannot expect you to be satisfied with our sober ways."

Then she was not so very wrong after all in feeling that Morgan's sister and his friend were not all she craved. Marie brightened a little.

"Harriet is so very considerate—so very *right*," she began to say—"and she expected so much of me, and I disappointed her all the time."

"Then you made yourself miserable about it. There 's *that* story," said Mrs. Ford. "But she is proud of you for all that. Harriet is not demonstrative. The Dr. and I were afraid you could not quite appreciate each other at first."

"Were you? But she was very kind, only she thought Morgan's wife ought to be perfect, too. And oh, Mrs. Ford, I *never* do anything right, and it 's killing me!" said Marie, passionately, all her troubles flowing in upon her mind.

Mrs. Ford only knelt down by her, and smoothed the hair from her forehead, kissing her softly.

"Poor child! poor child!" She had the whole story in that sudden outburst.

"I often think I am going to die," she said, in the same hysterical tone, "and sometimes I hope I am. I am so tired—oh, so tired!"—and she pressed her hand heavily upon her heart. "Sometimes I have such a pain here, and can scarcely draw my breath."

"That is hysterical," said Mrs. Ford, soothingly. "You must not have these fancies. You are too much alone; and you must not be so sensitive to what people think. It is Morgan, and not his sister, who is to be pleased, after all," she added, playfully.

"But that is the worst of it. Oh, Mrs. Ford, I can't tell you; I have never told any one; but you seem so kind, and I am so very, very unhappy. If I was dead, Morgan could marry some one he really loved, and who could make him happy. But I thought we loved each other. I tried very hard." Her tone was pathetic in its faltering.

Mrs. Ford did not feel very charitably disposed towards Morgan Ash at that moment; she knew it could not be all Marie's fault, and he was eight years the oldest; the forbearance should have been on his side.

"The worst thing in the case is that you love Morgan too well, Marie."

"Don't say so, Mrs. Ford; sometimes I have a horrid, wicked feeling, as if I did not love him at all."

"But you do, for all that, or you would not care. You have loved him too well, because you have loved him as an idol. You have tried harder to please him than to please God. I say it plainly, dear; I don't mean any cant, but is it not so?"

"But it is not the same," said Marie, with a bewildered look.

"No, not the same. But if the first thought of your heart was always to do right because *it was right*, and your duty, would you feel so badly when other people blamed you, and your conscience was clear? It doesn't make *happiness*, but it makes *blessedness*, Marie."

"I shall never be happy again—never, never, never!"

"I dare say you think so, because I once felt exactly as you do."

"You, Mrs. Ford? Oh, never, because you and the doctor love each other; you are always so happy together."

"And when I had been married six months I would have given anything to go back again. Don't look so astonished; it 's the experience of half the world, and the happiest married people will tell you that the first year is the hardest."

"But I don't see why," said Marie, earnestly.

"It 's very plain to be seen. Two people are constantly together, constantly dependent on each other, who have been brought up with opinions, and habits, and ways of thinking as wide apart as possible. Both naturally maintain their own way at first, and collisions are inevitable; that 's the whole story."

"But how is it ever going to be any different? It only goes on getting worse and worse with us, and I 'm so tired"—she had been leaning forward in her eagerness, but her head dropped

back upon her pillow in a hopeless, dreary way. "Besides, I know I ought not to talk to any one about this; I know it is wrong; but I longed for some one to help me, and you came just at that moment."

"It would be very wrong, unpardonable, Marie, if I was less a friend to both of you; but as it is you are quite right. I came hoping you would let me help you; I have asked to be allowed to do so, because I know you stand just where so many people make shipwrecks of themselves for life. One or the other must yield, not half way, resentfully, but fully; I should never be the happy wife I am, if I had not done so."

"But sometimes it is not my fault; I am quite right."

"Nevertheless, set Morgan the good example. If he has not the grace to see it now, he will open his eyes to it some day. You promised to obey; he did not."

"But when he is unjust? It is very hard."

"Do you ever gain anything by struggling against it? Yield, and your own peace of mind is preserved, at least."

"Oh, if it could only all be undone!" sighed Marie.

"But it cannot be," said Mrs. Ford, earnestly. "Fortunately for all of us, there are vows that cannot be recalled with a wish; that is the defence, the holiness of the bond. 'Whom God hath joined together;' learn to look on it as irrevocable, and then you will begin heartily to build up your husband's happiness and your own."

"But I expected to be so very, very happy at once; to be made so," pleaded the young wife.

"And you will be, dear, when the trial is over. If I had not passed through the ordeal, I could not reach you a helping hand. But you must begin by self-forgetfulness, and give up your idol. You have been thinking of your duty to Morgan first; put the higher duty in its place, and all other is done."

"But you never were like me, Mrs. Ford. I get so angry, and say such horrible things. I never knew what it was to feel angry before."

"It was all there, but the provocation was wanting; domestic life is one of the best keys to self-knowledge; and, dear, don't think I mean to preach, but it is only through knowledge of our own failures that we care to reach out for the helping hand ever ready to lead and guide us to the still waters."

Marie could almost catch a glimpse of their sparkling, lying there with closed eyes, and listening to the gentle voice she had turned away from so long. If she had been so wilful in this, perhaps in many other things. How long she had denied herself the very friend she needed! so affectionate! so steady! She had called her "dear," as if she really loved her; and Marie's heart was self-accusing.

"Oh, Mrs. Ford, I do not deserve this kindness in the least; I—"

"Have been a lonely, transplanted little flower," said Mrs. Ford, interrupting her. "That 's the hardest thing for a man to understand; that flowers naturally will droop when they are transplanted, and need most careful tending, tempering of sun and shade, to be very poetical. 'Cherishing' includes it all, I suppose. In fact, there are two words of the marriage service that make up half its happiness—with sensible people, I mean. That is one; I gave you the other for a talisman, though most women affect to disown it. But we 've talked enough, now; let me read to you. Have you had your morning lesson?"

Marie turned to her dressing-table and the familiar little volumes of devotion that lay there. "I have been very careless, Mrs. Ford. But I have felt so wicked, as if it was not right."

"You are not the only hungry soul I have seen afraid of food;" and Mrs. Ford looked over the volumes one by one. "Isn't it strange that when we need it most we have the greatest distaste for it? But I don't see my old friend here. I wanted to read you something; I will mark it and send it to you. The doctor laughs at my little books; he says I dose people with them, as he doses with his pellets, and that mine are the hardest to take."

Certainly she had a cheerful way of dispensing them; and now read with such a clear, quiet intonation that "the Psalmist's music deep" lost nothing through her rendering.

Troubled thoughts ceased to vex and trials seemed more endurable as Marie listened. The cup of healing that she had been too weak to lift had been held to her lips, and the draught was already potent.

Mrs. Ford took up her bonnet.

"Now you are in my debt for a visit entirely on your own account," she said; "come and pay it in the same way, and swallow my little prescription immediately when it comes. It was the first thing to do me any good."

Marie watched her departure wistfully, but the kindly influence did not go with her.

Mr. Ash noticed the improvement, as she met him in the dining-room at noon. The doctor had managed to make him tolerably anxious about her during their short drive.

"You are feeling better this noon," he said, more affectionately than he had spoken for some time past; the "home influence" of the Fords had been carried away with him.

"Oh, yes," and the cheerful tone and smile were quite like Marie's best days. "I had such a nice visit from Mrs. Ford."

"That reminds me—she sent you this; Tom brought it to the office on his way to school just now. A receipt-book, I suppose," and he laid the little parcel unopened upon the table.

Marie did not unwrap it until she was alone again, and then found a narrow crimson ribbon laid against the page Mrs. Ford had spoken of. There was a date faintly traced in pencil upon the margin so that she could not mistake it; Marie idly studied it out. It corresponded with the time Mrs. Ford had told her of—six months after her own marriage.

"And since wrath and anger turn into nothing but disquietness, and are punished by themselves, why dost thou suffer thyself to be easily moved by them? The least provocation, even a single word, perhaps will stir up the corruption of thine heart so as to change thy countenance, and make thee utter dreadful words.

But thou art to follow the lamb-like mind of Christ; and to that purpose it is highly necessary—

First, *to avoid* all occasions of strife and contention.

Secondly, to bridle our tongue if quarrels arise.

Thirdly, to suffer when we are wronged.

Fourthly, to pray directly, and quench the sparks of fire before they break out into a flame.

This is the easiest, and the only method to prevent great troubles, and lead a peaceful happy life; for anger carries uneasiness, *and love a sweet rest in itself.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Grace Logan did come to see Marie, and that very soon; the little misunderstandings which had checked their intimacy were skilfully unravelled by Mrs. Ford's tact; and the two girls, for so they might be called, had many a pleasant hour together to thank their mutual friend for. But this was not sufficient to lift Marie always above the morbid fancies that throng around the happiest, at the threshold of the new life, towards which the days and weeks hurried her; nor did her humble earnest efforts to follow the quaint counsel of Mrs. Ford's little volume always avert discord.

Notwithstanding the unhappiness her aunt's presence had produced, she longed for her once more, and with the fretful feverishness of a child. Sometimes she thought of begging Mrs. Ford to hint to Morgan that Mrs. Pierson should be asked, but her pride shrank from receiving as a favor and through a third person what she felt she ought to have proffered her. It was always on her mind, whenever the chill of approaching, unknown trials passed over her, the sickening apprehension of the worst that might ensue; and though Morgan was sometimes patient with these fancies, though he often chided them, and petted and soothed her, she still shrank from the request, or rather from its denial.

The dread settled into a deep shadow, as her health grew more impaired; the dread of parting from Morgan, that was the bitterness of death to her! Sometimes, when she lay sleeplessly beside him, the thought that she must pass away, and leave her place vacant for another to fill, tortured her excited mind almost to madness, yet she dwelt on every detail; how quickly her loss would be effaced; saw him wooing another bride, bringing her there to take possession of all that she had arranged; pictured them happy together, with children growing up around them, when she slept under the green turf, with her forgotten little one in her arms.

Such midnights brought dreary reckonings on the morrow, nervous exhaustion, and painful, apparently causeless, irritability. Morgan could not understand that the jarring chords were untuned by the excess rather than the absence of affection.

"How soon women lose their beauty," he said to himself, one evening, sitting opposite to his wife, book in hand. Where was the round fair face upturned to his so lovingly two years ago? The joyous eyes were deadened by swollen lids and heavy shadows; the outline was thin, the color faded.

"Who would have supposed it?" he said to himself again. "I married a pretty, amiable girl; here is a sallow, fretful woman." He forgot that "cherishing" does something towards preserving bloom and brightness; like many another self-deceiver, he felt personally aggrieved, seated for the evening opposite to a pale, silent, downcast wife. "Fretting after her relations, I dare say; she had a letter from home this morning." He could not help casting it up at her. "What in the world 's the matter to-night, Marie?" he said, by way of mending matters and being agreeable. "Not fretting to have your aunt here again, I hope."

He had divined her thoughts, but his tone made her resentful.

"I should think you might be satisfied with your husband's society for a while, and allow

him to enjoy his home in peace. You have had your aunt here, and that 's done with."

"I do want to see her, but not in this house," said Marie, her eye flashing, and then breaking down into a sob, as women will.

"You might as well set your heart at rest about *that*," said Morgan, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and his feet out doggedly. "I didn't marry your aunt and cousin"—if Marie would provoke him, it was her own fault if she heard unpleasant things; "and, if you wish to hear the whole truth, they were never particularly congenial to me. Gilbert is a bore, and your aunt is the most positive woman I ever met." Marie's ever ready tears made him angry, and he remembered grudgingly how Mrs. Pierson had overruled all his arrangements at the time of their marriage, to say nothing of interference afterwards. "I don't wan't any interference in my house."

"Secondly, bridle thy tongue, if quarrels arise," swept warningly through Marie's mind. She had felt the help of this wise counsel more than once, but to-night she refused to listen. She had learned to bear much for herself; but she could not hear her kind, unselfish aunt, to whom she was bound by so many years of love and gratitude, undervalued—"insulted," she called it to herself. Morgan had never seemed to appreciate what she owed her. He did not; few self-made men are capable of comprehending gratitude; they boast themselves so constantly of "owing no man anything" that they forget even to be grateful to God for the talent and energy with which it has all been achieved, as if that, too, were of their own getting. After all she had borne from Mrs. Lockwood, to hear that her aunt was "interfering!"

"She 's not like your sister Harriet, wanting every one to walk after her own pattern, at all events! and meddling every day of her life; even her own sister says she does, and always did!" she continued, hotly, thinking to herself how she had endured the Judge's tiresome platitudes, and all she had gone through with Sophie. Gilbert a bore? it was a little too much!

Mr. Ash looked up with amazement as well as ire. Could he hear aright? Marie daring to call Harriet's conduct into question! such a woman as she was!

"And I shall have aunty and Gilbert here whenever I please!" Rash Marie, to imperil her own cause in her blind anger!

"You will find, madam, that I am master of my own house! and if you make it uncomfortable for me, I can go where I *can* have peace!"

She didn't realize how far *she* had gone until she saw his white, angry face as he stooped to the hearthrug to draw on his boots again. He had never deliberately left her alone for an evening before; it seemed like an omen of a wider, drearier separation between them. She watched him exchange his dressing-gown for a coat, still in silence, following every motion with eyes distended by a sudden fear that all was over now between them; longing to speak to beg him not to leave her so; but her throat seemed paralyzed, and her heart to stand still. Not another word or look for her; the house jarred as the door closed behind him, then his footsteps passed under the window, and she was all alone. His hard, cruel words still vibrated in her ears. She stood up and struck out her clenched hands, feeling as if a demon possessed her, and saying through her teeth: "I wish I were dead! I hate him! I hate him!"

Her voice sounded harsh and strange. She would not have known her face if she had seen it, it was so distorted by passion. A wild thought of self-destruction passed through her mind; he should be made to feel what he had done, if he came home and found her lying there lifeless by her own hand! So it had come at last, utter estrangement; she had dreaded it often! a living death, to pass days and years together, with outward civility and inward indifference. She recalled the face of some one she had always pitied, because she had such a fate; a still, gray, pitiful face, never lighted by even a passing pleasure. It was worse than death. But there was the sin; she did not fear the pain, but the sin!

Well, she would go away then; he should come back and find the house deserted; she would go to those who did love her, and bear with her, and did not think her so wicked and horrible. Oh, if she had never left them! What would people say if they were separated? How it would be talked over! How astonished they would be—Mrs. Ford, and Grace Logan, who had said, only a week ago, "Oh, Marie, you have everything on earth to make you happy!" Little people knew!

And then the hungry pain began gnawing at her heart with a glance into the past, as she saw the slender ring on her finger—Katy's ring, the sister Morgan had lost. "He said the first thought of his heart should be to make me happy then," she said to herself again; "all men make promises before they are married, I suppose; how little it means!"

She took the ring off and held it up pitifully. "He told me not to give it back to him, whatever happened; but I cannot wear it any longer, nor this either!"—and she pressed her wedding-ring. "It is only a mockery—it is all a mockery!" and the pain grew drearier still, as if some heavy hand were laid upon her heart.

Only half an hour since he went out! It seemed as if it must be midnight, the time had gone so slowly. *He* was not counting the moments! It was no anguish to him that their love was dead. She walked the room, watching the dull dial plate—and so lonely!

"To-morrow will be time enough," said Morgan Ash, as he came over the threshold two hours later. "I suppose I was rather harsh with her, but she should not have made me angry! She is dreadfully provoking when she has a mind to be. Ford doesn't know her as well as I do, or he would not be alarmed about her." Still a new fear had taken up its place in his mind, and he could not shake it off, though he tried to. "Harriet seemed to believe him though, and it was queer in her to say she missed Marie, and was coming round oftener, when I went full of telling her the whole story if the Fords had not been there."

Mr. Ash expected to find his wife waiting up for him, sullen, if not upbraiding; but there was no one in the parlor, only a light shawl she had worn lying across a chair. He moved the chair back to the wall as he crossed the room for his slippers. If she had been there to make advances, as she usually did in the end, or even to provoke an explanation, he had intended to throw the blame of the whole affair on her state of health, and so get over it quietly without a compromise to self-love. Perhaps she was awake still! She was lying on the outside of the bed; but that was nothing unusual, the night was warm and sultry, though it was early in September, but asleep evidently, for she did not stir, though he moved rather noisily, hoping it would rouse her.

"To-morrow will be time enough," he said to himself again, as he extinguished the light. "It would be a pity to wake her, she seems to sleep so heavily."

(To be continued.)

A VIGOROUS mind is as necessarily accompanied by strong passions as a great fire with great heat.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY CATHARINE MITCHELL.

LIKE a leaf upon the stream
Smoothly floating down the tide,
So is life's young morning dream,
Cheerily we onward glide;
Sporting round our childhood's home
In our happy sunny hours,
Thinking not that storms will come
And dissolve in sorrow's showers.

But the blue sky wears a frown,
Where of late a smile was seen,
And the pattering rain pours down,
Streaming over the sloping green;
Turbid now the brook appears,
Sluggishly its waters run,
And the cheek is wet with tears
Ere the day is scarce begun.

On the ocean's heaving breast
Swiftly on the vessel glides;
Pennons waving o'er her crest,
How majestically she rides!
But the hurricane's wild blast
Sweeps the decks with sable wing,
And around the river mast
See the torn sails closely cling.

Still the leaf is floating on
With the current's winding way;
From the surface now 'tis gone,
Whirling where the eddies play;
Battling on through good and ill,
See, it rises from below,
Where the bosom of the rill
Sparkles in the sunset glow.

Such is life—a changing sky,
Sometimes shadow, sometimes bright,
Morning dawns all gloriously,
And despair shuts in the night;
But there is a quiet home
Far beyond this mortal range,
Where the loved in Christ may roam—
'Mid the flowers that know no change.

LIZZIE.

BY G. R. CALVERT.

ALAS, too bright was the heaven-lit eye
Of my lovely mountain maiden,
But no one thought that she could die—
For earth with her was Aiden.
And now she sleeps in the silent vale,
Where moonbeams soft are busy,
And angels bear each night a tale
To me of angel Lizzie.

Oh, would that I could lay me down,
And close mine aching eye,
And no offended God would frown
If I did dare to die!
For was she not an angel fair,
Who to the earth was given,
To lead the soul, by loving her,
To follow unto heaven?

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW'S FIRST VISIT.

BY CARO E. T. CLARKE.

I WAS not long married. My husband was a rich bachelor of thirty-five, very fond of me, and very proud of my beauty; and *I* was very proud of my own family connections, and of my present position as the wife of one of the richest and most influential men of the place.

I was young and *pretty* (so it was said), and one of a numerous family; and, although my husband was nearly fifteen years my senior, all my friends and neighbors envied me my good fortune in securing "so excellent a match," and for once the world was right. My husband was a man of sound, plain, practical sense, and good temper, with a fund of sly, dry humor, that made him detect and sometimes lay bare with rather an unsparing hand the weaknesses and follies of those around him; but I must own that he was very lenient towards mine, and, except when he wished to correct some affectation or foible that threatened to impair the future excellence or stability of my character, he was very indulgent to me.

I said I was proud of my family and connections; I admit that there was a vein of weakness running through the whole kin on that score. My own father was in somewhat reduced circumstances at the time of my marriage; but on both sides of the house we could boast a pedigree scarcely inferior to the *F. F. V.'s*. We were connected by blood and marriage with the Van Helter Skelters, an old, proud race, distinguished since the first advent of the Hollanders for the possession of large *grants of land*, strong attachment to *hereditary opinions*, an undoubting faith in the great antiquity and purity of the Van Helter Skelter blood, and of course every branch of the family and *all* its collaterals were held in great veneration by themselves; and, as long as their large possessions and abundant means lasted, this amiable delusion was humored by all the neighborhood, and *others* beside. They had a great fame, far and near.

Now, when I look back from this distance, and after my more widely extended association with the world at large, I cannot distinctly remember that any individual or set of individuals were especially distinguished for *largely* developed *intellects*, or that they were particular benefactors of their race in any way. They were hospitable, liked spacious houses, and fine equipages, and good dinners; were fat, comely, and comfortable. My mother was of the Van Helter Skelter blood; my father's side were of English descent, and sometimes affected to feel themselves, if not *better*, at least as good as they. Their coat-of-arms was quite as conspicuously displayed, and their children—as is the wont of English parents—*quite* as carefully indoctrinated in all the merits of ancient blood and lineage.

But I must not dwell too long on this part of my subject, only to show how I became by birthright the inheritor of a becoming sense of family pride. I had, as I said before, no fortune, but in consideration of my youth and good looks (and I dare say he was influenced in a degree he would not admit, even to himself, by the great respectability of my connections and standing)—I suppose it must have been for that—my husband selected me out of a large family of girls, and took me to a very substantial, desirable home of my own.

The house was not really elegant, but I saw at a glance that it had capabilities, and I was eager and interested, for here was scope and a legitimate outlet for my peculiar genius. If I had a gift for anything, it was making the best of everything; in other words, putting the best foot foremost, and making things have an air of elegance and "outside show," my husband sometimes called it, with a slight curl about the mouth that I must own was occasionally rather a damper upon my best efforts. But I made allowances for the defects of his early education, and I hoped in time to bring him over to my tastes, and to cure him of some of his matter-of-fact ways that grated harshly on my feelings. However, I had too sincere a respect and regard for him rudely to violate any of his expressed wishes, and contented myself with gradually introducing alterations and fancies of my own, and he good-naturedly bore with my innovations; but in return I was often obliged to laugh—with a bad grace, I confess, sometimes—at a jest at my own expense; and frequently when I did join in the laugh I did not perceive at all the *point* of the thing; but, not liking to appear ill-natured or obtuse, I laughed as heartily as anybody, especially as I found by these means I warded off a more frequent repetition of his jokes; for my hus-

band often kissed me affectionately, saying: "After all, you are a dear, good-natured little soul, and it is a pity to vex you and not let you have your own way."

I was very industrious, the busiest of housekeepers, and a good manager into the bargain; *that* he was fain to admit, though he took a malicious delight in exposing any little ruse or makeshift to have something appear what it really was not, and give an air of elegance to an ordinary article. For instance, I had converted a soap-box into a very nice ottoman, and on one occasion, after introducing a lady, an old friend of his, whom I was very desirous to impress favorably, he managed to overturn it, so as to expose the rough underside, and said: "Here, take a seat on the soap-box; you will find it very comfortable, thanks to my little wife's exertions."

I colored scarlet, as I saw a smile play about the mouth of my visitor, though she was too good-natured to wound my feelings by appearing to take notice of his remark. He would persist in styling my well-meant efforts in the production of curtains and other ornamental arrangements as "finery," "toggery," and the like, that savored somewhat of disrespect for the articles themselves; and he never seemed fully to appreciate the grace of a well-looped window-curtain; he straightened them back with a ruthless disregard to symmetry, and never seemed to make any progress in acquiring habits of arranging things to the best advantage. Nevertheless, he was an excellent husband and father, and I have always been grateful for his faithful kindness to me and mine through sickness and health.

The nearest that I ever came to think him unkind or too regardless of my feelings was upon the occasion, some months after my marriage, of his brother's first visit to our house. I had never seen any of his family. I forgot to state that I was in the habit of making these extra exertions in the way of producing all uncommon effects when he was absent from home on business. *Then* I made everything yield to *that*, and gave myself up to the freedom of loose dresses, abandoned for the time all little feminine artifices of dress, and regularly "boned down to it," as our old housekeeper and woman-of-all-work styled it.

I had a new carpet to make, and an old one to be turned and pieced, and renovated generally. I did not expect my husband home until evening, possibly not until the next day. Betty and I were deep in the mysteries of long seams and carpet stitch—dinner quite a foreign affair in our cabinet for that day. My sleeves were rolled up, my hands "crocked," and face "smouched," as Betty remarked, when the door opened and my husband entered, followed by a gentleman I had never seen, whom he introduced as his brother.

I was thunderstruck. All my visions of the fine impressions that I desired and intended to make upon his family of the grandeur and dignity of my own completely overthrown. And, in the midst of all, there flashed through my mind and heightened my confusion, the thought of the lateness of the hour (it was dinner-time then), and the impossibility of getting anything respectable in the way of dinner at that time without the aid of a regular market, for my husband's first *family* visitor.

I blushed crimson, neck and arms partook of the suffusion, and I am sure I looked more like a boiled lobster than a pretty young wife of twenty. I tried to utter some sound, but the words stuck in my throat. I heard my husband say: "Speak louder; *old ladies* are, you know, sometimes quite hard of hearing." I thought I should choke. I knew his brother was deaf, at least I thought I had heard him say so. I darted an indignant look at him, for the imputation increased my embarrassment still more; and when his brother repeated his salutation in a voice loud enough to raise the dead—"I say how are you, madam? I 'm very happy to make your acquaintance"—I shouted back in a corresponding tone, as one might who was just coming out of a fit of hysterics—

"Thank you, sir, I am very well, and happy to see you." What a fib!

He started back, as my shrill treble pierced his ears.

"Bless my life, what a voice! Has the woman swallowed a tin trumpet?" he exclaimed in an aside to my husband; "she must think *me* as deaf as she is herself."

"I am not deaf at all," I stammered, putting down my sleeves and preparing to leave the room.

"Not deaf," he asked in the same key as before; "then why do you shout so loud?"

"Because I thought you were so," I replied, lowering my voice to its natural pitch.

"Pshaw!" he said, coloring with vexation; "that 's one of your stupid practical jokes, Tom. Excuse me, madam."

I laughed, and made my escape from the room, my family pride and dignity fairly upset. I was vexed and angry, though I tried not to show it. I thought my husband might have informed me of his brother's visit. But every-

thing seemed to go wrong that day. I would have been glad to make amends for my own disarray by a well ordered dinner, but there was really nothing in the house. I had some soup left from the day before; I told Betty to warm it over, and she, thinking to "liven it up a bit," as she said, let the cover fall off, and nearly the whole contents of the pepper-box went into the kettle.

"O dear! misfortunes never do come singly," I exclaimed, ready to cry from vexation; "how could you be so careless, Betty?"

I had better been silent, for *this* made her cross, and I found I had only added one more weight to my troubles.

I was in despair when she brought out the remains of the joint of meat left from yesterday's meal. I made a good rich cup of coffee—*that* I was sure of, for I prepared it myself; there was a dish of cold baked beans and a *very small* piece of pork. I surveyed it ruefully, almost tearfully; but I arranged a snow white tablecloth of fine damask and spread my table with the utmost neatness, and laid out on a side table my best china cups and saucers, and my best silver; but all would not do to cover the deficiencies, and no amount of exertion could make a nice dinner out of my pork and beans, bare mutton joint and peppery soup, which, though I had done my best a-skimming, nobody out of the Thompsonian practice could tolerate.

I was too bashful to attempt any apology. I felt ready to sink when I saw my new brother-in-law, after taking a few spoonfuls, push the plate away, and hastily swallow some water.

"Why, Mary, what have we here?" said my husband, following his example, while the tears came into his eyes as he looked up, half strangled.

I stammered out something about not expecting anybody to dinner; and then, perceiving my blunder, tried to cover it by offering some excuse for Betty's carelessness.

I saw my husband make a wry face over the beans; they had a slightly burnt flavor, not enough to actually ruin them—but oh! is there a young housekeeper who cannot appreciate my sufferings? The coffee was unmistakably rich and delicious, and the bread and butter were white and sweet.

But the crowning disaster was yet to come, through my weakness of trying to make the best of things. Perhaps, now that I have had so many lessons and so much experience, I may call it by another name, and say it arose from the foolish love of making things appear better than they were—in fact, something they *were not*. In plain English, love of display had tempted me to purchase this handsome, showy tureen, because, having one handle broken off, I could get it at about half price. I thought I could fasten it on with cement, and make it sufficiently secure; at all events, the desire to possess so handsome an article had overcome my prudence, and I had bought it, instead of a plain, substantial one, and this day my mortification was to be complete by means of it.

When Betty came to remove the things to place our humble dessert, which consisted of a good plain pie, and some apples and dried fruit, upon the table, to my horror and consternation, the cemented handle gave way, and the tureen slipped from her hand, and the contents went pouring over the table, spattering upon and smearing the clothes of our guest, and trickling down upon the nice carpet.

Betty, whose temper was never one of the sweetest, forgot herself entirely, and exploded, venting the little spite she had been nursing for the past hour upon me.

"There, I told you, Miss Barnard, that would happen some day. 'Pound foolish, and penny wise.' I never see any good come of puttied things yet; always waste more in the end. A good plain white dish 'd be a nuff sight better 'n one of them gilt and flowered things."

I knew well enough what my husband thought on the occasion, for he had many times, and in so many ways, tried to impress upon my mind the value of plain, substantial worth over outward show of any kind that I was humbled and mortified beyond expression. He hated pretension of any sort, and nothing disturbed and harrowed him like an attempt on my part to make things appear what they were not. I burst into a flood of tears, and left the room. I had plenty of leisure to reflect on my folly before I saw his brother again.

I discovered afterwards that he was *more* matter-of-fact, and hated outside show more heartily than my husband, and he would have liked me all the better for my blackened fingers, soiled with honest labor, if I had not been so weak as to be ashamed of it; and would heartily have relished my pork and beans, if they had been put on the table well cooked, and the truth told frankly, that I had nothing else, and was too busy to think about it. It was the useless attempt at display, and to make a show of something I did not possess that made him think that "Brother Tom had made a fool of himself, and married a girl for her pretty face, who had no common sense."

I have gained a good deal of experience since that time, thanks to my husband's kindness and forbearance. He has persuaded me that it saves a great deal of time and trouble, to say nothing of the morality of the subject, to pass things for just what they are worth, and to avoid *seeming* of every description.

HARD TIMES.

BY CARRELLA.

She sat in her pleasant back parlor—a fair, smiling, little wife, with deep blue, shining eyes, and a kindly mouth whose smiles were very sweet and frequent. Singing, she sat by the cradle of her first child, and, while her busy little hands were fashioning some tasteful garment for her babe, her loving eyes sought the sleeping face before her with all a mother's tenderness of look and smile.

The shadows of the early day yet contrasted with the strong, clear morning lights; but one rich flood of sunshine poured in at the east window and brightened the pleasant room. The young mother sang to herself many a sweet, happy song as she rocked the cradle of her little one. The door opened suddenly—

"Miriam, all is lost!"

She looked up to meet the troubled gaze of her husband bent full upon her. The glad song died upon her lips, and a smile, half sorsowful, half pleading, buried the happiness that late had shone.

"*All?*" She rose as she spoke, to come closely to his side, saying, with anxious tenderness—"Is *all* lost? Must our home go too?"

"Everything, if my debts are honestly paid." Here the speaker threw himself despondingly upon the seat his wife had left, and buried his face in his hands. "O Miriam!"

She came up to his side. "Don't, John; it will all be well. You shall pay all, honestly; the house must go, then you will be independent of every one, and we will commence again!"

"But you, Miriam, you and pet?"

"Never fear for us, my husband; *we* shall be happy! We will take some little place, and you can be clerk again. Don't give up so, John; look up, be comforted!" Her pitying tears were raining down upon his bowed head, her soft hands touched his heated brow, and tender, loving words fell from the lips that had never known an unkind look or word since he had called her wife.

He was comforted. It had been the deepest trouble of all—the thought of her privation; and now that she spoke so cheerfully, he felt his heart rebound from the shock of his first, great trouble, and Hope smiled again. He could do anything, he could be independent yet again; he knew it, and he rose up to fold the dear wife in his strong arms with a hopeful smile.

"Miriam, darling, you shall never suffer for my despondency. You are a noble, true-hearted wife as ever man had. Thank God! I do not mind it now. It was hard, just when I was fairly started in business, and the future looked so promising; but it is nothing now. I have you both left to bless me. Dear wife, God is good!"

There were tears in the eyes of the strong man as he whispered the last words above his sleeping child. He kissed them both, the child and mother, then, with new strength and faith in the future, he hurried away to the outside world, where all was trouble and vexation. He had much to discourage, much to annoy and distress him, but the will and the heart were strong, both buoyed by the gentle influences that shone in his home.

With the evening came the bare facts of his failure. He had looked the whole loss plainly in the face. He had summed up his liabilities, and it was now all plain walking thenceforth. He found by a careful estimate that, by the sale of his house and what stock he had on hand, he could pay every cent, but it would leave him penniless. He was energetic, straightforward, and honorable, consequently there was but one course open to him. His wife was right, he must take a clerkship; but where to obtain one when so many were out of employment by so many failures? Never mind, he could do *something*. "Street-sweeping," he said to himself, "is honorable, if by that I can support my family." To be sure he did not yet fully realize the difference in his circumstances, but he never would, for, strong-hearted and hopeful, with every good influence to spur him on, this trouble would pass over lighter to him than to many a man less happily constituted and surrounded.

It was late ere he turned from the counting-

room to seek his home. The lamps were all shining, and the stars looked down with clear and peaceful light. With hurried step he neared his home. Ah, it was not his home now, that handsome dwelling with its richly curtained windows sending forth a warm subdued light upon the night. But that which was the real home—the smile of affection, the baby welcome—nothing but death could take away. He thought of the gentle kindness of his wife in that first moment of trial and despondency, and how bravely she had cheered him with the hope her own heart knew.

She met him at the door, holding her babe up for the welcome kiss, saying, cheerfully—

"Why, John, how late you are! Nelly and I have sat in the window so long we were really frightened about you. Come, tea is all ready."

The table was laid in the back parlor. Drawn up before the cheerful fire, with everything arranged in the most tasteful and symmetrical manner, it was a pleasant sight to the tired man.

Miriam sat down to the table, busying herself in turning the tea, and all the time talking in a light, happy tone of the occurrences of the day. Although her husband joined cheerfully in the conversation, it pained him to see her so gay, for he feared she little understood how many pleasures must be denied her in their altered circumstances. Tea over, she rose, smilingly—

"Here, John, take baby."

"Why don't you ring for Susan to clear the table? I want to talk with you."

"Wait a little while."

So, fluttering about, she carried out the tea things, restored the room to order, and then left them together.

She was gone some time. Baby had played with papa almost enough, and her blue eyes looked very sleepy, while the little rosy mouth quivered ominously before mamma came in.

"Now, give me baby; poor child, how sleepy she is! Kiss papa good-night, little pet—there, now for a nice sleep."

She was undressing the child. Mr. Flemming sat in the shadow and watched the process—watched her while she folded by the little things, and taking Nelly in her arms leaned back in her chair, singing sweetly and soothingly—

> "Good-night, my darling,
> Mother's sweet love!
> Hush thee, dear baby," etc. etc.

Ah, it reminded him of his own mother! The good, patient, loving mother that watched his infancy; who had been so true to him through all the years of his restless and not too steady youth; to whom he owed all the strength of principle and uprightness of his nature as well as the tenderness that becomes a man towards those dependent on his kindness.

The good mother—how she would have sorrowed over his present loss, but how she would have smiled at his despondency! How all her teachings rose before him as he heard the dear old nursery song sung to *his* child!

At last Nelly fell asleep, and was laid gently down upon her little bed, while the mother lingered above her child, smoothing the blanket over the little form, and gazing down on the rosy face with unspeakable tenderness of eye and lip; then, leaving a kiss upon one dimpled hand, she came to her husband.

"Now, John, tell me *all*. What are your plans?"

When it was all plain to her, when he told her how everything must go to his creditors, and he had as yet no way open for support, he feared to see her troubled; but oh, a woman's heart is strong and fearless where she loves! She only glanced at her child with a hopeful smile, and said nothing.

"But do you not fear? My brave wife, you cannot realize such a change!"

"Why should I fear? I have you, my husband; we are both young and well; we shall not suffer."

"But, Miriam, have you thought how simply we must live? How hard your duties must be, poor little wife?"

"Never fear for me. See, I have sent Susan and Mary away, and I got the tea and did the dishes, and my hands are not tired."

"Why, Minnie!"

"And I could not ring for Susan when you asked me to. I'll be Susan, now. 'Will I suit yees?'" Here she dropped a low courtesy, with an expression of almost childish delight at his wonder.

Well, in a few days the house was sold, and John Flemming took his wife away "down town" to board in a Scotch family of no pretension, but of respectability and *real* kindness of heart. One little room only was theirs, but it was pleasant; not so much for the prospect from the two large windows, for that was only a limited one of brick buildings and crowded streets, but for the sunshine that shone within. Two or three pictures hung on the wall, presents made in the early days of their marriage; one of them a landscape, the others little chil-

dren with lovely faces. On a "what-not" in the corner stand their books, and various little ornaments lie scattered among them. On the mantel, over the grate, are a few shells, and on the dressing-bureau a few china bottles. The carpet is bright in color and cleanliness; the bed in one corner is spread with white; white curtains drape the windows; a sweet-faced presider over all, and a baby. Are these not enough to brighten such a room?

John found a situation as book-keeper, with a very small salary, 'tis true; but, as Miriam says, "This panic will be over soon; then he can do better."

Many of Miriam's old friends profess to feel the profoundest pity for her "terrible misfortune;" but then they never come to see how she bears it. Perhaps if they should they would have less pity. Probably they stay away for fear of their own overpowering feelings of sympathy and grief! Some of them are in great danger of suffering a like misfortune. The storm, alas! is not yet over. Perhaps, then, they will go to condole with "poor, dear Mrs. Flemming, who lives in that out-of-the-way place." Wouldn't they be astonished, though, could they see the serenely happy face of Minnie Flemming as she sits at her sewing, singing so merrily? I wonder if they would not be surprised to see her, as I do, sitting by her husband, when his evening's work is over, reading from some book her needle has earned, or working while he reads or converses? What a marvel her innocent joy would be that prompted the words: "Oh, John, I am so happy with you! I thought it would be hard to leave our old, dear home; but I said, for your sake, I would never let you know my grief, and now I think *I have none!* To think I am so glad that my needle can help you to some pleasure! I never worked for you before; I am so glad I can!"

Happy heart! Do you not see, O ye wives and mothers, whose old homes are taken from you, how sweet a blessing hope and love may be? And though I have taken a medium case as an example from the great multitude of sudden adversities that are now saddening our land, is there not some balm to be found even in the bitterest lot? I know of much distress —God knows my heart bleeds for the sufferers; but I believe in hope and faith as the great shapers of destiny, if both are hallowed by the influence of true love. Love is a great light to walk by, and humanity is better for its constant shining. Mothers, daughters, sisters, encourage by example and loving words; seek to share the burden, and it will not come so heavily that it cannot be borne. Oh, mothers, if you only knew what an influence yours is upon your children, the millennium might stride on to meet us with a hastened step! Believe me, it is not *romance*, this true affection that cheers and blesses life when the billows are wild and high; it is reality, if you will make it so, and a blessed one. Try, then, whether in adversity or prosperity, to keep the light of loving sympathy burning clear within your homes. For this life is not all, but the influence of our surroundings goes with us into the hereafter.

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

BY FREDERIC WRIGHT.

FAR down beneath the mighty sea,
Where coral mountains rise,
Unawed by danger fearlessly,
Man seeks the pearly prize:
Unmindful of the sparkling gems
That hourly meet his sight—
The crystal tear of gratitude,
The smile of fond delight!

With ceaseless toil and watchful care,
With firm, untiring hand,
He seeks for golden treasures rare
Amid the rocks and sand;
And after all, how valueless
The paltry treasure won,
When placed beside the sterling gold
Of actions kindly done!

The morning sun finds him abroad,
The noontide brings no rest;
And evening hath an added care,
To lay upon his breast;
The midnight lamp is burning dim,
Yet all unsatisfied!
Man calls impatiently for joy,
While standing at his side.

Would he have music, there are songs
Abroad on every gale;
Art thirsty, there are countless springs
Whose waters never fail.
The poor man's blessing is a note
From nature's golden lyre—
Who soothes the suffering and sad
Hath glorious attire!

Then let the ruby of thy love
In every action shine,
The pearl of self-denial be
The loadstone of the mine.
So thou shalt win without a stake,
Or risk of forfeiture,
And reap a harvest without toil
As rich as it is sure!

TRUE friends are like true diamonds—scarce but precious. False ones, like the leaves of a forest—without number.

MR. FITZQUISITE—RECEIVES CALLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

If I were not afraid to try it, I 'd horse-whip that Bangs! I should have done it yesterday, if he hadn't scared me out of it. I believe he knew that I meant to, and so every time I went to say a word he would take a step towards me, and kept me backing out, till the first thing I knew I found myself on the pavement. Gwacious, but I was mad! I 'd have made him felt it, if he hadn't have been so much stronger than I, and so audaciously cool. Pretty scrape he 's got me into! Got me married to that hideous old thing, just to get rid of her themselves. I see now why Miss Evelyn was so highly amused; it was *me* she was laughing at, instead of that aunt of hers. Wanted to shake her off; expense to 'em, I s'pose. Well, if they think *I* 'm going to take care of her, they 're doosedly mistaken; she 'll starve before I pay for her bread and butter. Three dollars and fifty cents! My gwacious! I thought I should expire on the spot! I wouldn't have submitted to her gentle caresses for three dollars and fifty cents apiece. Mrs. Fitzquisite! Mrs. Fitzquisite! it drives me crazy to think of it. I walked the floor half the night, last night. Mrs. Fitzquisite, indeed!

I 'd have frightened the woman out of ever daring to tell of it, if Bangs hadn't happened in just as he did. Taking Evelyn out sleighing, and met us in the hall of the hotel; and my interesting bride must go into hysterics, and tell them how I was treating her. They wanted her to go home in their conveyance; but no, she stuck to me to the last; boo-hooed on the very steps of the Mudge mansion, because I didn't take her home with me. I 'd look well promenading Fifth Avenue with that green merino dress hanging on my arm. Make quite a sensation among the fellahs—haw!

Who can that be, coming to my room? Good gwacious! what if it should be *her!* It *is!* I hear her asking Nora which is the number, and that girl will be sure to say I 'm in. I 'll lock the door. There, of course she heard me locking it, and I shouldn't wonder if she raised a row in the house. I 'll keep still as long as I can, anyhow.

That 's eighteen times she 's knocked. She 's been peeping through the keyhole for the last ten minutes. She won't see much to gratify her—small mirror, cheap bed, old carpet, and her husband in the corner where she can't see him at all. She evidently believes I 'm here, or suspects it. What 's that she 's whispering? "Darling Frederic, I forgive you all; let me in." Perhaps I will when I can't keep you out any longer. It 's terrible to have such an old tiger as that in love with a fellah! That 's one of the penalties for being so irresistible—aw! I 've always been troubled by having the girls in love with me; that is, the poor girls, for I 'd have been glad enough to have caught a rich one. These rich women always take to some scarecrow. I wonder what she thinks of my curling-tongs? she must have a good view of them from the keyhole. No doubt she thought my hair curled naturally. I *do* wish she 'd go away before the boarders begin to come home to tea. They 'll wonder what I 've got a woman hanging around the door for. Pass her off for a washerwoman after my linen or a seamstress after some shirts to make. If she 's got on that green merino, there 'll be no difficulty in the matter. "Mr. Fitzquisite, let me in; please let me in. I will not hug, I will not even kiss you. Only let me come in a moment and *see* you." Poor soul! I don't suppose she ever had a kiss in her life, except the four I gave her when I was trying to persuade her out of a thousand dollars which she hadn't got. She must have been almost as astonished as I was myself upon that surprising occasion; and just as we both of us had made ourselves as ridiculous as possible, along comes Bangs to enjoy the joke. That pays me for hanging on to a confounded high-flown fellah that didn't want me. I wish I 'd have struck him yesterday. I should, if he 'd only have stood still and let me; but he kept coming towards me, so I couldn't get a good chance.

There are the boarders beginning to come in, and still she stands there knocking and calling. I wish Nora would turn her out. I 'm in a pretty fix, cooped up in this corner, not daring to stir. There comes Nora; inquiring about her staying so long at the door; thinks I must have fallen asleep, as she didn't notice me going out. I 'm sorry now that I didn't pay Nora a dime the other day; she 's been curt enough since, and I 've got to make friends with her if that woman keeps coming to bother me. She 's done a good many errands for me, and

I 've never made her a present yet. I must give her something this very evening. I don't like to spare money, and I have nothing suitable. I *might* give her a bottle of Hair Tonique, but I don't fancy having a servant smelling of my perfumery. Why, even the club fellahs haven't the secret of that perfumery! She couldn't wear my worn-out cravats and old-fashioned collars. There 's that pair of pants; they are a beautiful color, and scarcely frayed or soiled, but not baggy enough for the fashion; *they* would be of no use to her, either. I 've got a galvanized ring—got cheated myself in it—I 'll give her that, and if I can't get along without, I 'll follow it up with half a dollar. Why on earth don't she start the woman off?

There goes the tea-bell! I 'll stay here till I starve before I 'll give her a chance at me.

Gone at last, thank my stars. I 'll venture out and get Nora to bring me a cup of tea. What you laughing at, Nora? Wish me joy? What for? You never dreamed of it? dreamed of what, Nora? "That I had a bride, and such a swate, young ilegant thing at that." Why, what did that old thing tell you? If she said I 'd married her, she just said it to get you to let her remain. Fact is, it 's an old aunt of mine that I 've borrowed money of, and the stingy thing wants it back. Come in here, Nora, and see what a splendid ring I 've got for you. You 've done me a good many favors since you come, and I 've been thinking for some time of making you a small present. Let me see if it fits your finger—fits it to a T, my deah; and now if that aunt of mine comes bothering around again, you be sure and give me due warning. You see, I hav'n't the money to pay her, just yet, and she 's an awful dun. If she once gets into my room I 'll never get her out again. That 's what you 're a thinking? You mustn't think, my deah; it isn't your business, you know. What a small hand you 've got, Nora; the ring sets it off charmingly. Go, get me some toast and tea, and be sure that I 'm not at home when my aunt happens to call.

By gwacious! life has become an intolerable burden to me! Even my cigah is no longer any comfort to me. If ever there was a perfectly wretched young fellah, it's me. I think seriously of going out West and hiring myself out to some farmer; but that woman would track me if I went to California. I don't believe even salt water would throw her off the scent; she's worse than a blood-hound. I 'd enlist, if it wasn't for the danger. Besides, the smell of gunpowder always had a bad effect upon my nerves. Pity—great pity! it 's such a loss to the country, not seeing me in regimentals. They 'd give me an officer's commission, I know, just for the sake of seeing me in my uniform. "The gallant Colonel Fitzquisite" wouldn't sound bad in the papers; but you see, she 'd hear of it, and be more infatuated with me than ever; and then, as I said, there 's the danger! If I thought there wouldn't be any fighting, I wouldn't mind it; I might overcome my dislike to be near fire-arms, though it always makes me fidgety to have a pistol anywhere in the vicinity.

That woman haunts me like a spectre. For the last two weeks I 've had no peace of my life; the "woman in white" was nothing to it; *my* woman is in *green*, miserable, mocking green—a green merino, draggled around the bottom, and with fringe on the sleeves. She doesn't wear hoops—she wears *a* hoop, one horrid, stiff protuberance around the bottom of her skirt—a plaid shawl and a last year's bonnet, so small that it does not hide one feature of her abominable face. And to think she had the effrontery to walk straight up to me, when I was promenading Fifth Avenue, with Bliss, and my new overcoat, and catch hold of my arm and ask where her dear Frederick had been keeping himself. Bliss just looked at her in astonishment, and then burst out laughing, and went off and left us. I 'd have given her a thrashing with my rattan, if I hadn't known she 'd have complained to the police and got me in the reports, and so blown the affair all over town. One thing is certain, I 've got to leave the city, I never can stand it; the fellahs begin to look queer when I meet 'em; though, as for that, I hav'n't been out of my room for three days, not even to take my meals.

I 'll go to a new place and begin life over again. Perhaps my appearance in a new circle will attract more attention than it does here; a new broom sweeps clean. Before my clothes are out of style I may have succeeded in fascinating some girl as handsome as she is wealthy. I believe I 'll try Cincinnati; I 've heard there were lots of girls there, with rich fathers, and uncommonly pretty and dashing. Not that I care so much about beauty; my own good looks will suffice for the family; but I 'd like her to have an air about her. Yes! I 'll pack up quietly to-morrow, and slip off in the evening, without telling any one in which direction I am going. That 's the only plan. It looks so promising it quite cheers me up; believe I 'll look in the glass; hav'n't hardly had a glimpse of myself to-day; felt too down-hearted to curl

my hair. He! he! think you'll make your way among the young ladies of Porkopolis, Mr. Frederick Fitzquisite. You've made one mistake; better luck next time!

My conscience! what am I talking about? I am married; I can't marry again! no, not if one of the belles of the West should throw herself at my feet; I should not dare to accept the offer. That she-dragon would have me arrested for bigamy. So that's gone up. I can't realize it; it's all like a hideous nightmare to me. She's no business with me; she never shall have me. I'll sue her for damages—damaging all my future prospects. I'll have her arrested for obtaining a man under false pretences. But the fact is she didn't pretend, it was Bangs who did the humbugging. *She* actually believed that it was a case of love at first sight with me—that I was enamored of her yellow trimmings and yellower face. Haw! but it is really astonishing to what lengths the vanity of some people will lead them! I should have thought the fool would have known better. I wish I could by any possibility make myself so disagreeable that she would be willing to relinquish all claims on me; pity to be so confounded fascinating. I believe I'd be willing to sacrifice my hair, if I could get rid of her.

There's somebody at the door now. It knocks like a man; but la! she'd resort to any manner of means to obtain an entrance. "Plaze let the gintleman in; he says he's a friend of yourn." That's Nora giving me the hint, as she knows I admit nobody.

Walk in, Tompkins—how do? how do? I'm glad to see you. When did you return to town? Well, yes, I am pretty careful who I admit to my quarters just at present. "Expecting the sheriff?" Oh no! I am not afraid of the sheriff—used to dodging *him*, old boy. It's worse than a dun or a writ, this time, Tompkins; it's a dun, but it's a done brown. I'd rather have all the sheriffs in the State after me than a woman. Thought I was fond of the fair sex? Well, I did use to be; but you see, my position towards them is changed. Tompkins! you are a friend of mine. I believe I'll tell you what a scrape I've got myself into—*I'm married!* Hush! don't speak above a whisper; it's a profound secret in this house. "Wish me joy!" Oh, don't! don't! that would be the unkindest cut of all. "Quarrelled already?" Yes, within half an hour after the ceremony. You see, she's an old maid, ugly as mud and old as the hills. I can't convey to your mind the faintest conception of how frightful she is. "But rich." Ah, Tompkins, *there's* the rub. I've been making an ass of myself. What's that? "Didn't require much labor." Don't be hard on me now when I'm in trouble. Of course I *thought* she was rich, or I shouldn't have married her; and it's turned out that she hasn't money enough to buy herself a new dress.

Hark! Excuse me a minute; I believe I forgot to turn the key, I was so surprised to see you back. Keep the door locked? Night and day; I'm not going to pay her board, when it's more 'n I can do to pay my own. If I find I can do nothing else, and ever do come to terms with her, I'll make her promise to go into some kind of business that will support us both. I wasn't made for work, Tompkins; you can see it by my hands; those hands were made for wearing Alexander's gloves, number sixes, and not for earning a living. *I* believe in giving the female sex the rights they want; if they'd like to go into the fancy store business, or the practice of medicine, or anything to get a comfortable living for us men, why shouldn't they?

Hush! didn't you hear somebody at the keyhole? Fact is, I'm getting nervous; it's awful to be followed up by a scarecrow like that. I've stopped going out entirely; for just at the very moment when I get where I'd rather see a demon than her, she comes bearing down upon me, her green sails set, and the orange ribbons of her bonnet streaming in the wind. She's dogging me to death. Thought I'd go, 'bout a fortnight ago, to relieve my thoughts by seeing the "School for Scandal." Supposed *she* 'd be too solemn to go to the theatre; imagine my sensations when somebody slipped into the vacant seat beside me, and I felt a hand touching my knee, and heard a shrill whisper: "My darling Frederick, I forgive you all." Had a friend sitting on t'other side; fashionable fellah. He didn't notice her, and there I sat in misery all the evening, afraid he would hear what was going on. She kept nudging me, and giggling at all the funny things. You know, when I go to the awpera or Wallach's, there's always so many glasses turned towards me, on account of my style—aw! and my hair, etc. It's trying to a modest fellah, under any circumstances; but that night I thought I should expire. I didn't dare to get up and slip out, for I knew she'd follow me, and attract the attention of the house. I had to appear as indifferent as possible, and try to put a stopper on her, by frowning at her awfully, whenever I had a chance. Well, sir, what do you think? When it came to the closing scene, where the

gay young wife and the doting old husband make up, that hideous woman turned right round in the theatre, threw her arms about my neck, and blubbered: "Ah, husband! why can't you and I do so, too?" You ought to have heard the applause of the audience, and the whistling and groans of the boys in the gallery. How I shook her off and got out, I don't know. The last thing I heard was those little imps groaning "Ah, husband! O cracky!" And I knew nothing more till I found myself safely locked in my room. I haven't stirred out of it since.

It 's dreadfully wearing on a fellah, such trouble of mind is. Don't you think I 'm getting thin? You see it prevents my marrying anybody else, and there 's no way in the world left for me to provide for myself. How 'd I come to be taken in? Better ask Bangs that question. Confound Bangs! I 've a notion to challenge him. Do you know whether he 's opposed to duelling on principle? If I thought he was, I 'd send him a challenge.

Another knock! it 's probably that infernal woman, coming to pester me again. She 's attracted the attention of the lodgers already to such an extent that they 're always poking their heads out of their rooms to listen and laugh, every time they hear her in the hall. I 've instructed the chambermaid, Nora, to say that she 's a stingy old aunt of mine, who has lent me money; but how much of such a story they believe is more than I know. I 'm afraid I haven't imposed upon their credulity much, for she 's told them all that she was Mrs. Fitzquisite, and that her husband was very cruel to her. He 'd won her virgin affections, and now he was breaking her heart. I suppose it *does* go hard with the old thing. She can't help loving me, you see; no woman can. You ought to see her, Tompkins; it would do you good. Whoever 's there may knock till they 're tired; I 'm not going to run any risks. Aw! Nora again, "wid another gintleman friend." I wonder who it can be! Sit still, Tompkins; probably one of us fellahs.

Mrs. Fitzquisite! the deuce! You sha'n't come in—you sha'n't! Help me hold the door, Tompkins; won't you? If she gets in, I 'm ruined. 'Cause she 'll keep possession, and I can't help it. What do you sit there laughing for? h-e-l-p!

Stronger than I, are you? Well, what of it? You 're in at last, and now what are you going to do? Going to stay? Well, if you 're going to stay, I 'm going to quit. You 'll take possession of my property? You 're welcome to it, madam. I 've got my curling-tongs, my hairbrush, and my Tonique in my pocket; my money, what there is of it, is in the same place. I 've got a carpet-bag full of shirts and cravats, and my best suit is on my back. I owe my landlady two weeks board, for which she is welcome to that empty trunk; while you, my dear lady, may retain as a souvenir of the past whatever old clothes may be at hand. You 'll get a divorce? I hope so, madam. My only regret about that is that it will take you some time to do it. In the mean time I shall cultivate myself assiduously, and be ready for a new campaign when the field is open.

Don't hold on to me so. Come on, Tompkins, let us quit. Let go of me, I say; let go of me. Hav'n't you any modesty, to allow yourself to be seen by all these boarders choking me in that style?

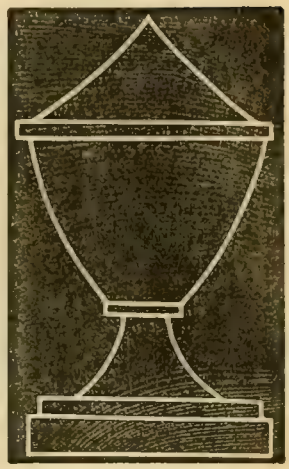
Haw, Nora! you 're standing there giggling, I see. What on earth did you allow this person to get into my apartments for? I thought you were a friend of mine, Nora; I didn't think you 'd do so. Do I see that ring? Yes, I see it—what of it. It 's the one I gave you. "It 's pure brass, it is; like your face for giving it to me. Gentlemen as wants their wives kept out of their aparthments, mustn't be imposing on the sarvants wid counterfeit jewelry. Och! but didn't I make up my mind to let the cat out of the bag, the minit I was convinced that ye 'd bin desaving me. A brass ring, indade; and here it is, wid many returns of the same, and wishing you lots of comfort wid yer swate young bride." Oh, very well. If you don't want it, let it alone; better go in and attend to the new lodger; she appears to be in a bad way. Glad the landlady 's out this afternoon. Tell her she 's welcome to the trunk.

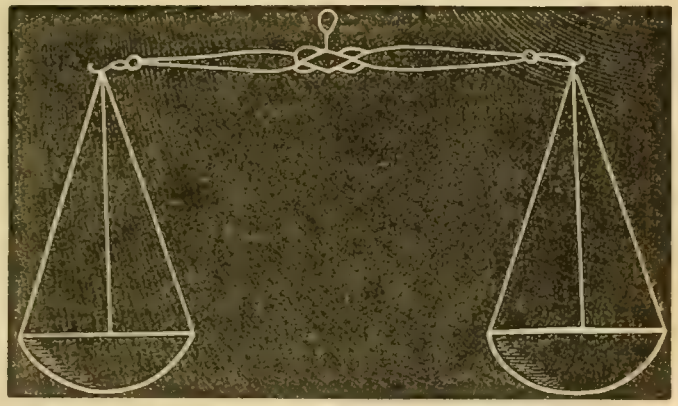
Good-bye, Mrs. Fitzquisite; you 're monarch of all you survey. Hope you 'll enjoy yourself. If you want to wear the breeches, you can do it to your heart's content—there 's seven pairs in the pantry. The next time I marry I don't think I shall get Bangs to pick out a wife for me. I start for California to-morrow, and if you don't hear from me in three years you may consider yourself at liberty to marry the first man you can find who 'll have you.

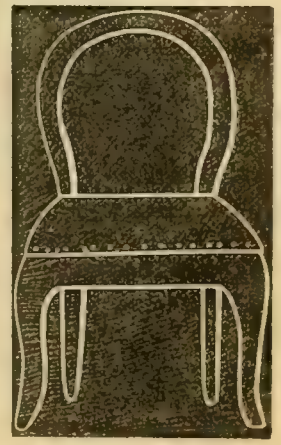
Stop her, Tompkins, a minit, won't you, till I get fairly out on the street; now, here goes for parts unknown, and a long farewell to the green merino.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over, he is his superior.

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.







NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—Headdress for dinner or evening. *Fauchon* of black lace, relieved by a ruche of

Fig. 1.

blonde around the face. Bow of fuchsia-colored ribbon on the top; single fuchsias in velvet, with leaves, drooping at the side.

Fig. 2.—Headdress for opera or concert. Front hair in close rolls or puffs; the back hair brought

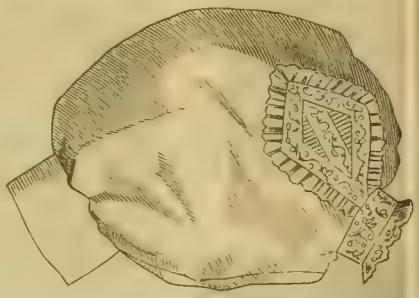
Fig. 2.

down very smoothly to the neck, where it is arranged in a series of close rolls. The head-dress is a cordon of mauve and black velvet, twisted together; a knot of short mauve plumes, with a star-like ornament in the centre, is placed directly on the top of the head.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Habit shirt with collar and sleeve to correspond. The sleeve has the popu-

Fig. 3.

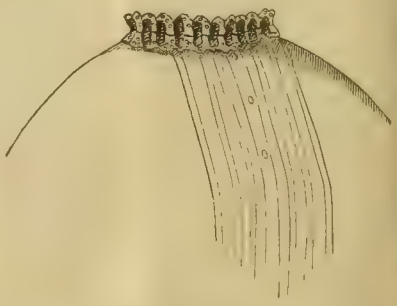
Fig. 4.



lar tongue-shaped ornament, formed by embroidery and a frill of lace.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Very fashionable habit shirt, terminated by a frill around the throat. Sleeve

Fig. 5.



in one full puff with frill; between the plaits of Valenciennes lace that form the frill, small bows of black velvet ribbon are placed.

Fig 6.

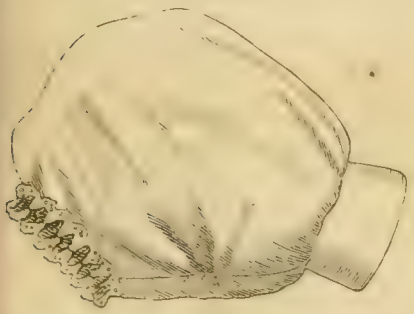


Fig. 7.

Fig 8

Fig. 7.—Walking suit of Azurline blue foulard de laine, trimmed with blue silk and steel buttons.

Fig. 8.—Walking-dress of Havana-colored silk, trimmed with ruchings of Magenta and black ribbon.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 9.—White Marseilles walking-dress, braided with red braid, and trimmed with coral buttons.

Fig 10.

Fig. 10.—Dress of light blue challie, trimmed with folds of blue silk.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 11.—Rich green and white plaid silk skirt. White corsage, and bretelles and belt of green corded silk.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

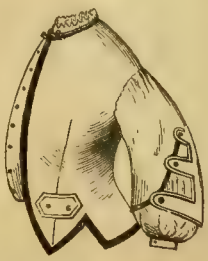
No. 473 Broadway, New York.

Julene Sleeve.—The upper part of the sleeve in two puffs sepa-

rated by a double quilling. The other half of the sleeve is plain.

Mutton Leg Sleeve.—Full, and laid in box-plaits at the top, terminating in small buttons. The wrist is gathered up to the size

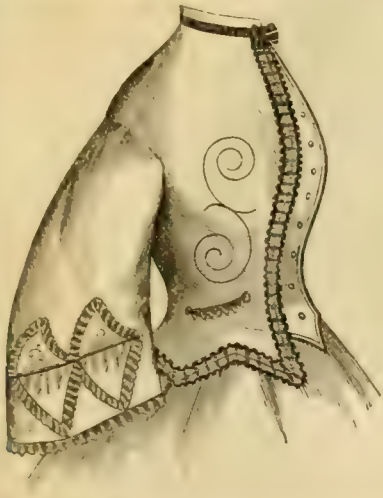
which the hand can pass through, and finished with puffing. Above the wrist a second quilling is disposed in the form of a pointed cuff.



Misses' Jacket.—This pretty

"cutaway" takes one and a half yards of material, in plain cloth, cashmere, or merino. It has a short skirt, pointed in front, and cut square on the hips. The sleeves are very pretty, rounded up and strapped over a full cambric undersleeve. Plain black velvet trimming, and vest of *piqué*, buttoned down the front, and with a little standing frill.

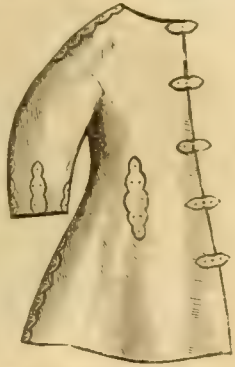
Misses' Fancy Jacket.—To be made of *piqué*, and trimmed with braid.



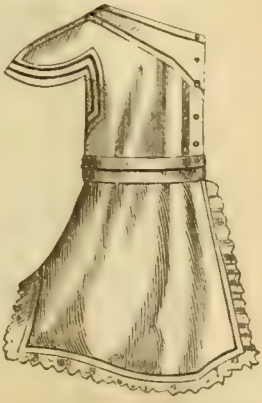
French Zouave Jacket.—This elegant jacket is for matinee costume.

Leon Coat.—White *piqué*, trimmed with buff.

Franklin Coat.—This elegant little coat is suited to a child from six to nine years old, and requires one and a half yards to two and a half of material, according to the width, whether single or double. It is a neatly fitting sack



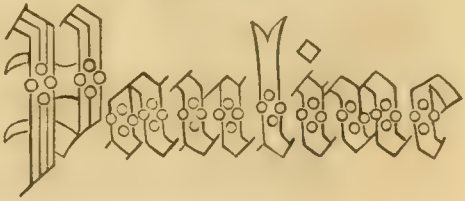
pattern, with pieces set on under the arm, and up the back of the coat sleeve, which are scalloped, and bound and finished with buttons. The straps which ornament the sleeves and the front of the coat are composed of the material bound and trimmed with buttons.



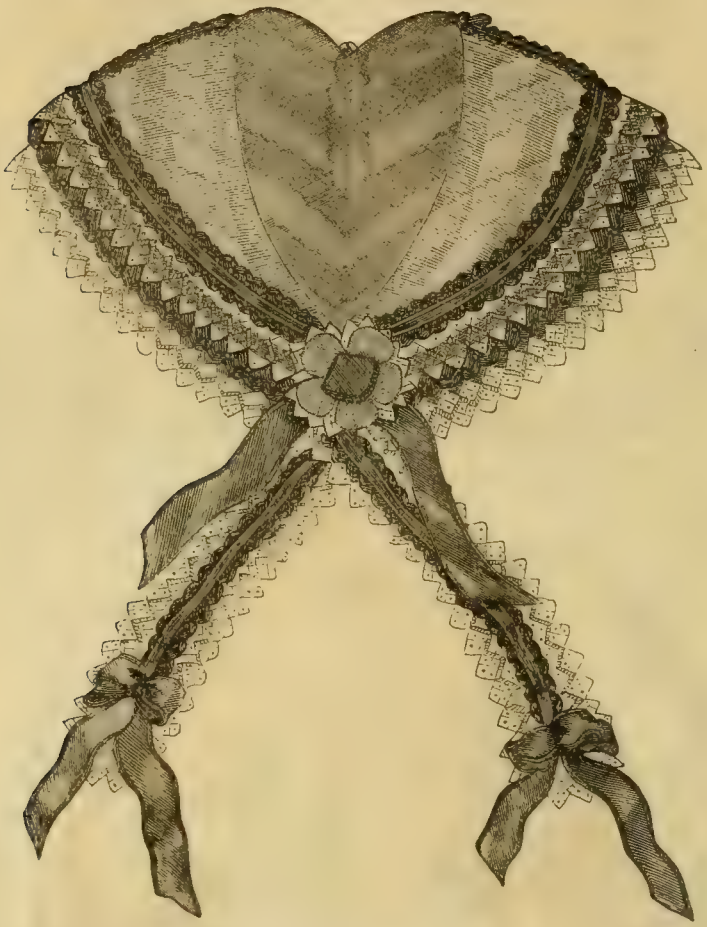
Yoke Apron, for a little boy or girl of two or three years.

For a full description of the Science of Dress Cutting, see Godey's Arm-Chair.

NAME FOR MARKING.



FANCY FICHU.



COMPOSED of folds of white tulle, and trimmed with rose sublime ribbon edged with black lace and rows of white blonde.

A TULIP JARDINIERE.

(*See engraving, page* 328.)

Materials.—The frame-work of this very pretty ornament is simply an empty biscuit-tin. Reel of 20 cotton; two ounces of sea-green 12-thread, fleecy; a half a yard of canvas, called elephant canvas, and two nails of that which has 12 double threads to the inch; two skeins of Magenta-colored Berlin wool; half an ounce each of crystal and white chalk beads, and sufficient gold braid to go in rows between *each* row of wool, as in engraving.

FIRST fit the canvas to the tin by folding it round from the wide edge to the opposite edge. Cut the canvas an inch larger than the tin, after allowing for the turnings; now run a black thread along the canvas, where the bottom of the tin will come, on each side; now cut the ends to fit the canvas from the black mark upwards, and sew them tightly in. Now cut a piece of canvas rather longer than the outline of centre piece, place the canvas over the design, and with the brush and ink transfer the pattern on to the canvas. When dry, run the outline of shape with Magenta wool, and work fine overcast stitch all round. Now fill up in tent-stitch, and then sew on the beads; now cut the superfluous canvas off, and sew over the overcasting with same color wool, so as to leave a smooth edge; now place this on to the centre of front of the coarse canvas, and also a similar piece on the centre of the back.

(The ends require no design.) The wool-stitch with which the coarse canvas is covered is the Grecian herring-bone: first, two threads of canvas each way; for the second stitch, take two threads of canvas still, but one must be that which is already worked over. Leave a row of canvas for the gold braid to be sewed over, then another row of wool, and so continue till the whole is filled up.

HANDKERCHIEF ENVELOPE.

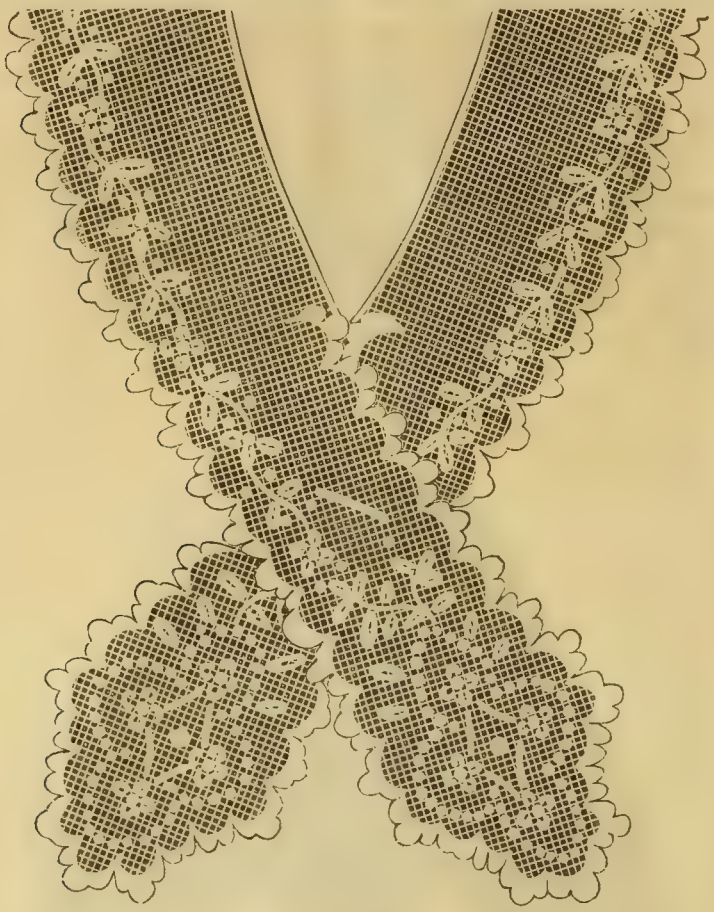
(*See engraving, page* 329.)

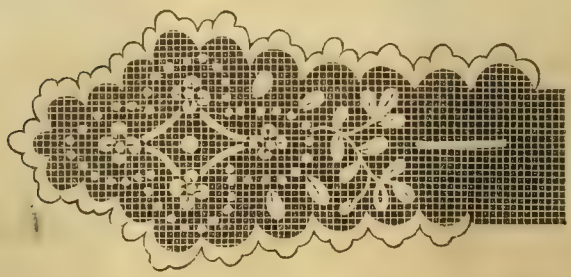
These handkerchief sachets are extremely useful, especially in travelling or paying short visits from home. They are also very inexpensive, and easily made, and form pretty and useful presents from young ladies to their friends, besides being well suited for contributions to fancy fairs and charitable bazaars. The material of which the handkerchief envelope is made is white *piqué*, braided with any ingrain color, and worked down with wool drawn out of lengths cut from the same. In commencing, pass the end of the braid through a stiletto hole, fasten it down at the back, and finish with it in the same way. Although our design is in two parts, the whole of the envelope must be cut in one piece, the ends being left square and sufficiently long to meet in the middle, when, being sewn up, the points of the envelope lay over, and, being fastened with a button, the join is covered. The edge is finished with a strong buttonhole-stitch in the same wool.

CHILD'S SLIPPER.

TO BE DONE IN CHAIN-STITCH.

NARROW COLLAR, WITH ENDS TO CROSS IN FRONT.



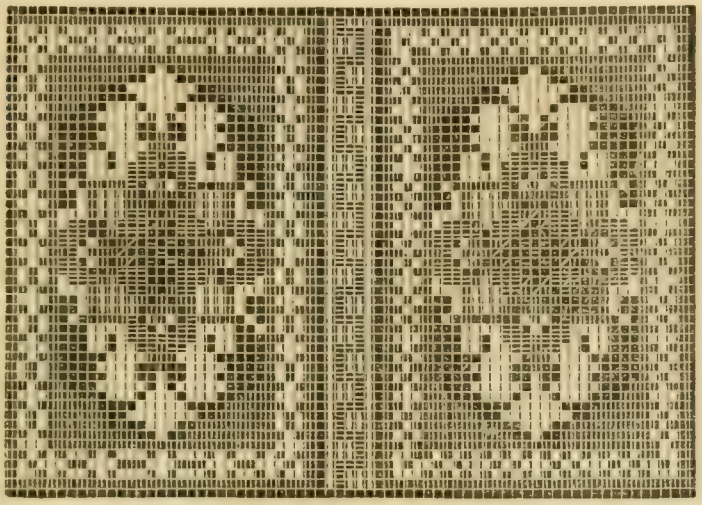


CUFF TO MATCH.

To be worked in satin stitch and raised dots, on very fine cambric or muslin, and the edge in button-hole stitch, with embroidery cotton, No. 60. A large stud or button should be worn with this, which should be placed in the button-holes, as shown in the illustration.

A stud or button, to correspond with that worn with the collar, should also fasten the cuffs.

NEEDLE-BOOK IN CANVAS OR BERLIN WOOL.



This little needle-book cover has a very pretty effect, if worked in the following colors. The ground of the border, which forms the edge, in bright French blue, with the little pattern in white opaque beads; the ground of the inner square in a blue of the same brightness, but two or three shades lighter; the pattern in rich shades of scarlet. The small square in the centre is in shades of gold color; the ends of the four points of the star are in white beads. The pattern down the back is in dark crimson, on a light shade of the same for the ground. The canvas for this little article should be fine, and the beads selected to match, as, if they are too large, the effect of the work is much injured. When the ornamental part of the work is completed, a cardboard, the proper size, must be cut, over which the canvas must be stretched, and the edges turned over crimson; a silk lining must then be arranged in the inside, and sewed all around the edge; and a cord, either of blue or crimson, must be sewed round the edge to conceal the stitching. Three leaves of white cashmere, worked round with buttonhole-stitch, or pinked with a pair of scissors, must be laid in the inside, and tied in with a cord, which will complete this useful little article.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

HEART-SHAPED EMBROIDERY BORDER.

This border has a very elegant effect worked in two different ways, the first as an insertion, between tucks; the second as a flounce, having the points of the hearts set round with a narrow Valenciennes lace. Ladies who have leisure for the work will find that a flounce thus worked and edged, with the lace set on below the pattern, worked as an insertion, produces a dress of very superior style. The borders of the hearts have all a double line sewn over, leaving a division which is filled in alternately with holes and sewn-over vandyke lines. The flowers and sprigs of leaves in the interiors of each are in cut-out embroidery.

WORSTED FLOWERS.

CONVOLVULUS.

Cut a circle in pasteboard exactly sixteen inches in diameter. Make with a punch a small hole exactly in the centre. Make twelve marks on the edge of the card, at precisely even distances one from the other, and pass twelve pieces of wire through the hole, over the edge of the card, and through the hole again, at exactly the places marked. You have thus twelve sides of wire, perfectly regular. Fasten these wires firmly together, and cut at the ends.

Take yellow zephyr, attach an end to the wires at the hole in the card, pass this worsted round each wire once, back, and round the next, till you make the circle. Make eight rows in this way. Fasten on white worsted by slipping it under one of the yellow rounds, and make six circles of white; then fasten on pale pink, make three rows, then three of a deeper pink, then three still deeper, two again of the second shade, and then two of the lightest. Fasten off the zephyr, take the wire, and bend it to form a bow or cup-like flower, like the engraving.

Take six light green pistils, and, passing

them through the base of the flower, attach them to a wire nine inches long; then finish by twisting green zephyr round this wire to form the stem.

Blue or violet may be used instead of pink, if preferred, or the bouquet can contain one of each color.

ANEMONE.

The anemone is formed of four pink petals, exactly alike. These are made in the same way as the yellow ones of the pansy—that is, two inches long and two inches wide at the broadest part.

Fasten to a stem nine inches long three large green pistils. Put the four petals round these pistils, fastening them lightly together. Twist green worsted round the stem.

RANUNCULUS.

The ranunculus has seven petals of a bright red. The mould for these should be one inch and a half wide, and the petal formed like those of the pansy.

The heart of the flower is of a deep maroon color. Make a circle of wire, and pass the maroon worsted across it until it is entirely and smoothly covered; then on the edge of this make small bunches of loops of green worsted, and between these place small yellow pistils. Fasten, out of sight, a stem, by putting four wires at regular distances on the circle which forms the heart, and twisting them together in the centre. Then sew the petals, as seen in the picture, to the maroon-colored circle. Cover the stem with green zephyr.

SPONGE-BAG.

(*See engraving, page* 331.)

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 4; a coarse crochet-hook, a steel netting-needle, and flat mesh three-quarter inch wide.

THIS pretty and useful little article is an improvement—as far as ornament is concerned—on some used in Germany and Switzerland for holding the sponge. It is to be suspended on a nail above the washstand. The foundation is round, in crochet, the size of a small or medium-sized plate; and above it is worked a bag or net, in netting, done backwards and forwards so as to leave an opening to put in the sponge. It is gradually decreased, so that a few stitches only are at the top; and these are sewed to a strong band of tape, passed over the nail. A white china plate is slipped in, and rests on the crochet round. It is the most convenient and neatest repository for a sponge.

THE ROUND.—Eight ch, close into a round, and work one sc on each stitch with one chain before it.

2d.—* 1 sc under ch, 4 ch, * 8 times in the round.

3d.—* 2 sc under ch of 4, 3 ch, 2 more sc under same * 8 times.

4th —* 3 tc under ch of 3, 9 ch, * 8 times.

5th.—* 6 sc, 7 ch, miss 6, * 8 times; end with 1 slip-stitch on first of 6 sc.

6th.—* 7 sc, beginning on the second of 6, and doing two in one for the last, which comes on a chain, 7 ch, * 8 times; end with slip-stitch.

7th, 8th, and 9th.—Like *6th*, increasing *one* in the number of the chain in the *7th* and *9th*, and one in the sc in the *8th*, always ending with a slip-stitch, and commencing the round on the *2d* of the sc stitches. The pattern being repeated 8 times, there will be an increase of 8 in every round.

10th.—Sc, increasing 8 altogether.

11th.—* 4 sc under both sides of the stitch, 14 ch, miss 4, dc on *5th*, 2 ch, miss 2, dc, 2 ch, miss 2, dc, 2 ch, miss 2, dc, 1 ch, miss 1 (of the *10th* round), 4 more sc as before, * 16 times. This makes as many veins or centres of leaves, round which you work in the next round, thus:—

12th.—* 4 ch, sc under the first, 2 ch, 4 ch, sc under next, and so on all round the veining,

but working twice in the loop at the point; 2 slip on centre, 2 sc of the right in last round, between the veins, * 16 times. Fasten off.

13*th.*—2 sc under the loop at one point; then as many chain, before joining to the next point, as will make the work lie perfectly flat; probably about 15 will suffice. The 2 sc under the next point, and so on all round.

14*th.*—Sc.

15*th.*—Dc, * 3 ch, dc in the same stitch, miss 2, dc in the next, * repeat all round; end with 3 ch, dc in same stitch as last dc, slip-stitch on next dc, and 2 ch.

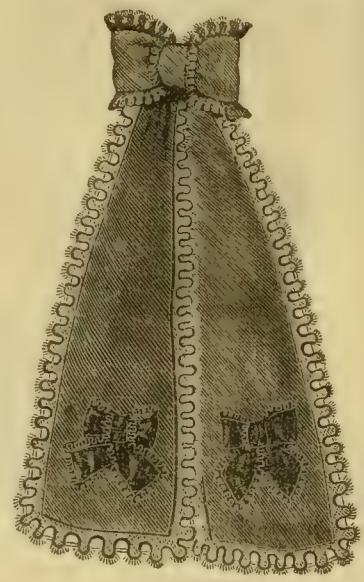
16*th.*—* dc, under ch, 4 ch, dc under same, * repeat this under every chain.

17*th.*—Sc under ch, * 3 ch, sc under next chain, * all round.

This mat supports the plate. Put a string in the centre, and tie it into a loop, long enough to go over your foot; then work the netted part, doing two stitches under every chain of 3. Work about four inches in honeycomb, going backwards and forwards; then plain netting, decreasing by taking two together every 8*th* stitch; in the next row but one, every 7*th*; in the next but one every 6*th*; and so on, until only about 40 stitches are left, which are either sewed to a piece of broad tape (one-half to each end) or worked on a band of crochet, thus:—

Do a row of sc, inserting the hook every time under one stitch of netting, till you have taken up half the stitches; work backwards and forwards closely in sc for an inch and a half; then join to the remaining half of the stitches. This crochet band is used to suspend the net over a nail.

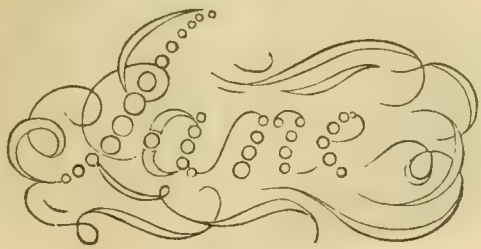
SASH.



EMBROIDERY.

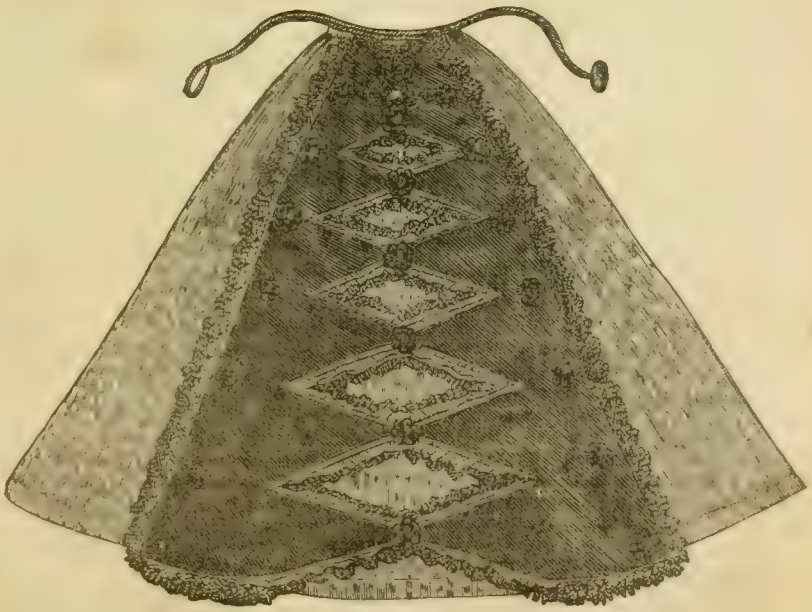
NAMES FOR MARKING.

LACE SPRIGS FOR SHAWLS, DRESSES, ETC.



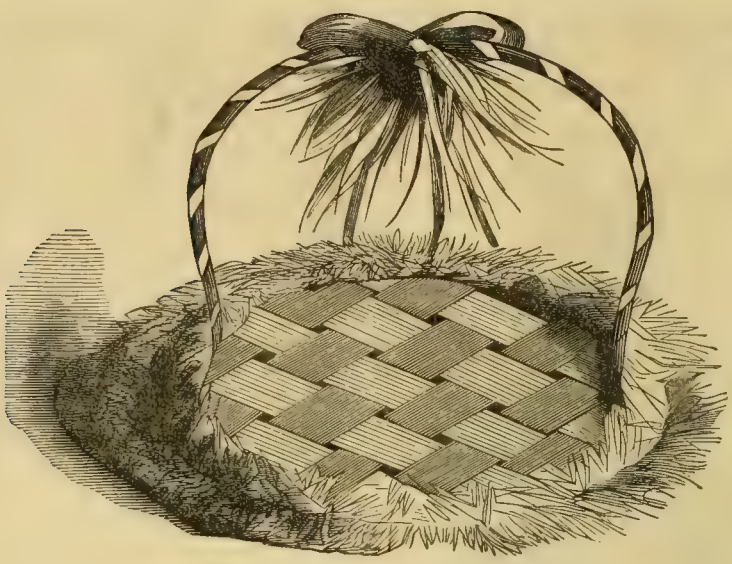
LACE SPRIGS FOR SHAWLS, DRESSES, ETC.

THE CIALDINI APRON.



This apron is composed of a rich gray *chiné* moire. It is gored, and has an elaborate velvet plastron down the centre, cut out in diamonds, and trimmed with black lace and buttons.

BONBON BASKET.



Although the little article we are giving is called a bonbon basket, yet it is equally suitable for all sorts of dried fruits, sweetmeats, etc. etc., serving also to decorate the table either for the after-dinner dessert, or for the refreshments of the evening party. The mode of making these baskets is as follows:—

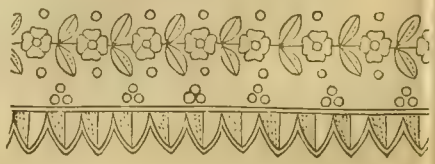
Take a white glazed paper and a colored glazed one—a pretty green, or a bright red, both look well; cut them into strips, exactly double the width intended to be shown, and fold them so that the two edges may just meet at the back of each strip; cut a round in pasteboard the size of a supper plate, lay the folded paper upon it, the colored one way and the white the other, weave them in and out, so as to keep the squares regular, tack round the edge of the pasteboard with a needle and thread, cut off the superfluous parts of the paper, sew a wire all round, slightly raising up and contracting the circle, carry each end of the wire over the top, and fasten so as to form a handle of the wire double; twist white and colored paper round this handle, securing the ends with a little strong gum-water; take strips of the white and strips of the colored paper, fold them down the middle, cut fine, open and curl, and carry these all round the edge of the basket; take a little silver paper, cut it very fine, crimp it, and fasten it on the centre of the handle, to hang down like a fringe or tassel.

LACE SPRIGS FOR SHAWLS, DRESSES, ETC. ETC.

(*See engravings, page* 395.)

These sprigs may be worked either in applique on net and muslin, or they may be worked on net in chain-stitch, the latter way being the most effective, and involving the least amount of work. Chain-stitch on Brussels net is a style of work extremely suitable for lace dresses, which are at all times elegant for evening, or even ball-room dress. A Brussels net shawl, covered over with these sprigs, with a border or full flounce round it, is likewise an article of costume extremely becoming and elegant. These sprigs are also suitable for embroidering on muslin, the flowers being worked in satin-stitch, and the leaves sewn round and filled in with *point d'or*. A net skirt, covered with these sprigs, has a very ornamental appearance.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR, EYES, TEETH, AND EXTREMITIES.

MANAGEMENT OF THE EYES.

When these organs are strong and naturally well formed, they may be left pretty nearly to themselves; but when the sight is naturally in any way defective, some little management is required. It should be known that the conditions called short-sight and long-sight are not absolute disease, but are dependent upon mere alterations of form in the front of the eye, which are almost always born with the individual possessing them. When, therefore, they exist, some little management is required in order to relieve the deficiency of sight, which in some cases is very annoying.

The eye being an optical machine intended to throw an image upon the fine expansion of nervous tissue at its back, it follows that it must be made of a definite shape, and with its parts at certain known angles, in order to fulfil its office. In order, however, to understand the nature of its action, the ordinary laws regulating the transmission of light must be understood.

These laws are as follows:—

I. Light travels in straight lines so long as the medium through which it passes is of uniform density.

II. When the rays of light pass from a rarer medium into a denser one, they are refracted *towards* a line drawn perpendicularly to the surface they are entering.

III. When the rays of light pass from a denser medium into a rarer one, they are refracted *from* the perpendicular.

IV. When rays proceeding from the several points of a luminous object, at a distance, fall upon a double convex lens, they are brought to a focus upon the other hole of it in such a manner that an inverted picture of the object is formed upon a screen placed in the proper position to receive it.

V. The further the object is removed from the lens the nearer will the picture be brought to it, and the smaller will it be.

VI. If the screen be not held precisely in the focus of the lens, but a little nearer or further off, the picture will be indistinct; for the rays which form it will either not have met, or they will have crossed each other.

The eye itself, as exhibited in man, is a most wonderful optical instrument, intended to form an exact image of surrounding objects upon the retina. For this purpose the rays of light, as they diverge from the several points of any object, and fall upon the front of the eye (cornea), are refracted by its convex surface whilst passing through it into the eye, and are made to converge slightly. They are brought more closely together by the crystalline lens, which they reach after passing through the pupil; and the refracting influence of this dense body, together with that of the vitreous humor, occupying the space behind it, is such as to cause the rays issuing from each point to unite at a focus on the retina. In this manner a complete inverted image is formed, which represents a vertical section of the eye, and the general course of the rays in its interior. The retina is so thin as to be nearly transparent, and is spread over a layer of black pigment intended to absorb the rays of light and thus prevent a confusion of the image by a reflection of its points from one side to another of the receding surface. Such is the simple account of the eye as an optical instrument, beyond which it may be considered as consisting of certain parts intended to keep the machine in order, and also to correct its otherwise irremediable defects; but which need not be attended to by those who merely want to understand its management in health.

The variations in formation already alluded to are chiefly two; in the first of which the cornea is too convex, and the refractive power is thereby made so great that the image of an object at a moderate distance is formed in front of the retina instead of upon it. When this is the case, in order to produce a distinct image, the object must be brought nearer to the eye, the effect being to throw the picture upon the proper place. Such an eye is said to be *myopic* or short-sighted, and it can only be rendered efficient at average distances by the use of a concave lens in front of the cornea, the curvature of which is of such a form as to neutralize the superfluous convexity of the cornea. On the other hand, if this part is too flat, and the refractive power of the humors is thereby rendered too low, the rays from an object, also at a moderate distance, will not meet upon the retina, but would form an image behind it, if it were not for the impediment afforded by the black pigment. The picture is consequently indistinct, and can only be made clear by increasing the distance between the eye and the object, or, as in the case of the short-sighted person, by placing a glass lens in front of the eye, but with an opposite formation, its surfaces being required to be convex. Such a condition is very common in old persons, who are scientifically said to be *presbyopic*, or, in common language, long-sighted. Sometimes the short-sighted person can see nothing distinctly unless it touches his nose; and, on the other hand, many old persons cannot see at all distinctly, even at the greatest practicable distance, without the aid of glasses; but this extreme state of flatness is not common, except as a consequence of an operation for the removal of cataract, which is almost always followed by a great demand for the optician's assistance.

The accommodating power of the eye is a very remarkable property, and one which should never be lost sight of by those who have the management of young persons who are afflicted with short sight. We have not been able to ascertain with any certainty the exact nature of the contrivance by which this is effected, but that it exists is shown from the known powers of the eye, and from the nature of its mechanical structure. As previously stated, the picture of a near object can only be distinct when formed at a greater distance behind the lens than the picture of a distant object. Consequently, when an eye can see both a near and a distant object equally clearly without moving its situation as regards them, and in a very short period of time, it follows that the instrument itself must have been altered in some one or more of its diameters or surfaces. It is considered highly probable that in the human eye the lens is brought backwards and forwards according to the distance of the object; but this is merely a theory, propounded as the most likely of the many which have been advanced, and not as being capable at present of distinct proof. It is upon the existence of the power of accommodation that any improvement in the short or long sight can be expected; but with a knowledge of the possibility of its being called into play, no one should give glasses to a young person until they had tried how far his sight might be improved by its education. All

short-sighted persons, however marked their defect, may by perseverance in using their eyes at the utmost limit of their powers call the accommodating power into play, and in process of time it will most materially aid them. It is in this way that the mariner is enabled to discern ships or other objects at a vast distance beyond that at which they are visible to an ordinary person; and, in the same way, a microscopist educates his eye until it accustoms itself to see minute objects which defy the scan of the unaccustomed organ of vision. When the defect is so great that there is no hope of ever dispensing with the use of a lens, it is of little consequence to educate the eye; but in more moderate cases there is little difficulty, if the possessor of the defective organ will aid in the task. The only thing necessary is to place a mechanical guard between the eye and the object to be seen, such as a book, slate, or copy-book, so that, in the first place, the nearer approach of one to the other is prevented; and in the second, the progress from day to day or from week to week may be measured. This progress is always slow, but it is also sure, and up to a certain point it goes on with great steadiness; so that if in the course of a week the distance at which a book can be read is increased half an inch, in another week it will most probably be read at an inch beyond the original position. But, as before remarked, up to a certain extent only will this go, as at last comes a dead stand, and beyond that all the powers and patience in the world will not often coax the recusant organ. But still a very slight improvement may sometimes even after this be made, and the attempt should be maintained for some time, especially as the practice must be continued for the sake of what has been already gained.

In the selection of glasses there is a great deal of quackery and nonsense. There is but one rule as to the concavity or convexity, and that is to use only such as are pleasant to the eye, and in all cases to err rather on the side of weakness than power. It is well known that the eye cannot long be kept at one pitch, if the condition is that, so common in old age, of increasing flatness of the cornea. Here the progress has been made from a healthy condition to a defective one, and the same cause goes on to increase the defect, whether glasses are worn or not. It is quite true that the accommodating power alluded to in the previous paragraph will make some little difference if drawn upon; but over and above this slight drawback the use of glasses certainly does not hasten the alteration of the eye. All those, therefore, who are in want of such assistance may safely indulge themselves with such a glass as is comfortable to them; and if it affords them clear vision without fatiguing the eye, they may rest satisfied that they are deriving all the benefit of which the optician's art is capable. If the glass after a time becomes insufficient, as it generally does, they should increase the power, and this will do them far less harm than the straining of the eye at a confused mass of letters, rendered barely visible by their previously insufficient glass. Short-sighted people are troubled in a different way, and one at the same time that requires still more attention. As they become older, their eyes become flatter from the same cause which affects the long-sighted person, and the consequence is that their glasses become insufficient *from being too strong*, so that they require them less concave than before. This is particularly the case with those who only wear their glasses occasionally, for if worn constantly, the eye becomes accommodated to their use, and the necessity for change is not so obvious; but so far from being objected to, it should be hailed with pleasure as the harbinger of a more perfect state of vision, to which each succeeding change in the power of the glass will bring the wearer more and more near.

Glasses for rectifying short sight may be either concave on both sides, or plano-concave, or concavo-convex, the last of which is particularly applicable to that worn in the eye, as by its shape it allows the eyelashes full play, and is very much more comfortable than the flat glass. For long sight, also, the glass may be convex on both sides or plano-convex; but the former is that most generally employed. Glasses are always numbered, but the different makers employ different gauges, and therefore they are only useful in comparing those belonging to any one maker.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Cheap Pea-Soup.—To one gallon of water put a pint and a half of split peas (if the water be hard, add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda). Wash a head of celery, cut up small, and put it into the pot. Let this simmer without boiling till the peas are completely blended with the water. Cut a few onions into thin slices, and put them into a frying-pan, with two ounces of beef or mutton drippings; dredge or sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over them, add a teacupful of the pea-liquor, and fry till the whole is nicely brown. Then pour all into the boiler; season with pepper and salt to taste, stir well, and let the whole boil for about five minutes, when it will be ready for use. A little common mint, dried and powdered, may be sprinkled over it, if agreeable.

A Delicate Omelette.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good tablespoonfuls of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set, then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to color the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

Knuckle of Veal, Boiled.—As this is a very small joint it is best to have a couple. Let them be sawn into two or three pieces and put into a stewpan, with about two pounds of streaked bacon or pickled pork, some onions, turnip, and carrot. Let all be well covered with water. Skim well, and as soon as it boils add a little salt and white pepper, and let it simmer gently for two hours. A teacupful of rice may be added, and a little chopped parsley. When done, lay the bacon or pork in the middle of the dish, place the pieces of knuckle round it, and the carrot and turnip round them. Serve up with melted butter and parsley, or a portion of the liquor. If the liquor be not used at the time, it will form a foundation for some excellent soup.

To Boil Rice as a Vegetable.—Wash *several* times in *cold* water, otherwise in cooking the rice grains will stick together. Let water boil very fast, say two quarts for a quarter of a pound of rice, and throw in the latter, still keeping the water rapidly boiling; let it continue to do so for a little more than a quarter of an hour, or till a grain will rub away between the finger and thumb; then throw the rice into a colander to let the water drain

thoroughly away; then put it back into the saucepan, throw in a teacup of cold water, keep it covered for a few minutes; then turn it out, and every grain will separate, one from the other.

To Fry Eggs.—To fry eggs nicely requires some little attention, as they are apt to become hard, black, and unpalatable. There should be plenty of butter or oil, and care taken not to let them be overdone. If ham or bacon is fried with them, it must be done first, and the eggs afterwards.

Vermicelli Soup.—To make vermicelli soup, take as much good stock as you require for your tureen; strain and set it on the fire, and when it boils put in the vermicelli. Let it simmer for half an hour by a slow fire, that the vermicelli may not break. The soup ought not to be very thick. Half a pound of vermicelli is sufficient for eight or ten persons.

Mullagatawny Soup.—Cut up a knuckle of veal, and put it into a stewpan with a piece of butter, half a pound of lean ham, a carrot, a turnip, three onions, six apples; add half a pint of water. Set the stewpan on the fire, moving the meat round occasionally. Let it remain until the bottom of the stewpan is covered with a strong glaze; then add three tablespoonfuls of curry powder or of curry paste, and half a pound of flour; stir well in, and fill the stewpan with a gallon of water. Add a spoonful of salt and half a spoonful of sugar. When it boils, place it on the corner of the fire, and let it simmer two hours and a half, skimming off all fat as it rises.

To Make Jelly Stock for all Jellies.—Take an ounce and a half of isinglass, or two ounces of gelatine, three ounces of loaf-sugar; wet the isinglass first with boiling water, then boil in a quart of water till the latter is reduced to a pint. Now run it through a fine sieve or jelly-bag of flannel.

To Stew Onions.—Peel them, flour, and fry them in a little butter, a light brown; then put them into weak gravy, season, and stew slowly two hours. Dish them up-side down, with the sauce over them. In peeling, be careful not to cut the top or bottom too closely, else the onion will not keep whole.

A Savory Dish.—Take two pickled herrings, put them into a stone jar; fill it up with potatoes and a little water, and let it bake in an oven till the potatoes are done enough.

Dried Parsley.—To have parsley for winter use, dry it in a slow oven, rub it to a powder, and put it into a preserving bottle, and it will long retain its smell and flavor.

To Stew Red Cabbage.—Shred finely half a cabbage, and put it into a stew-pan, with a teacupful of gravy and two ounces of butter; stew slowly till tender, season with salt and serve. To heighten the color of the cabbage, a slice or two of beet-root may be added, but should be taken out before serving.

CAKES, ETC.

Cocoanut Puffs.—Break up a large ripe cocoanut. Pare the pieces, and lay them awhile in cold water; then wipe them dry, and grate them as finely as possible. Lay the grated cocoanut in well-formed heaps on a large, handsome dish. It will require no cooking. The heaps should be about the circumference of a dollar, and must not touch each other. Flatten them down in the middle, so as to make a hollow in the centre of each heap, and upon this pile some very nice sweetmeats. Make an excellent whipped cream, well sweetened and flavored with lemon and wine, and beat it to a stiff froth. Pile some of this cream high upon each cake over the sweetmeats. If on a supper-table, you may arrange them in circles round a glass stand.

Palmer Cakes.—Sift a pound of flour into a pan, and rub into it half a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Add a teaspoonful of mixed spice, powdered cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace. Wet the mixture with two well-beaten eggs; the juice of a large lemon or orange, and sufficient rose-water to make it into a dough just stiff enough to roll out easily. Sprinkle a little flour on the paste-board, lay the lump of dough upon it, roll it out rather thin, and cut it into round cakes, with the edge of a tumbler, dipped every time in flour to prevent stickiness. Lay the cakes in buttered square pans. Set them in a rather brisk oven, and bake them brown.

A Nice Soda Currant Cake, Suitable for Young Folk.—Rub into two pounds of flour the ordinary quantity of salt; add a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, with a little of the flour first, and then with the whole; then put a quarter of an ounce of muriatic acid in a pint of cold water, mix it with the flour and other ingredients, adding half a pound of currants, nicely washed; knead it well, and put it in the oven immediately.

Chocolate Puffs.—Beat very stiff the whites of two eggs, and then beat in, gradually, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Scrape down very fine an ounce and a half of the best chocolate (prepared cocoa is better still), and dredge it with flower to prevent its oiling, mixing the flour well among it. Then add it, gradually, to the mixture of white of egg and sugar, and stir the whole very hard. Cover the bottom of a square tin pan with a sheet of fine white paper, cut to fit exactly. Place upon it thin spots of powdered loaf-sugar, about the size of a half-dollar. Pile a portion of the mixture on each spot, smoothing it with the back of a spoon or a broad knife, dipped in cold water. Sift white sugar over the top of each. Set the pan into a brisk oven, and bake them a few minutes. When cold, loosen them from the paper with a broad knife.

PUDDING SAUCES.

Common Wine Sauce.—Make thin a few ounces of melted butter, then add from a tablespoonful to two of coarsely pounded lump sugar, and a glass of sherry with half a glass of brandy; a little grated lemon-peel or nutmeg, or both together, are improvements.

Arrowroot Sauce for Puddings.—Mix a small teaspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water, and boil a large teacupful of sherry or raisin wine with sugar enough to sweeten it. Make the arrowroot with this, and pour over the pudding. It is an improvement to rub a lump or two of the sugar on lemon-peel.

Burnt Cream Sauce.—Put two ounces of sifted sugar on the fire in a small saucepan, stir it, and when quite brown pour slowly in a gill of thin cream, stirring it all the time. To be used as a sauce to custard or batter pudding.

Sweet Pudding Sauce without Wine is made with melted butter, a little cream added, sweetened to the palate, and flavored with nutmeg, cinnamon, or mace.

Plum Pudding Sauce.—Add to four ounces of melted

butter, or thick arrowroot, an ounce and a half of each of the following—viz.: sherry, French brandy, and curacoa; sweeten to the taste, and add also a little nutmeg and lemon-peel grated.

Fruit Sauces are easily made for any plain puddings by stewing the fresh fruit with rather less sugar than for preserving, and adding water till they are of a proper consistence for a sauce. Some cooks mix a little arrowroot with the water, and then strain before serving.

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.

An interesting paper on this subject has been published by Dr. Macculloch. We presume our readers are aware that mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetables. Ink, paste, leather, and seeds, are the substances that most frequently suffer from it. The effect of cloves in preserving ink is well known; any of the essential oils answer equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any essential oil are sufficient also to keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended. Bookbinders, in general, employ alum for preserving their paste; but mould frequently forms on it. Shoemakers' resin is sometimes also used for the same purpose; but it is less effectual than oil of turpentine. The best preventives, however, are the essential oils, even in small quantity, as those of peppermint, anise, or cassia, by which paste may be kept almost any length of time; indeed, it has, in this way, been preserved for years. The paste recommended by Dr. Macculloch, is made in the usual way, with flour, some brown sugar, and a little corrosive sublimate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. After it is made, a few drops of any of the essential oils are added. Paste made in this way dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. If required to be kept always ready for use, it ought to be put into covered pots. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence, when they are to be sent to a distance. Of course moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils or ottos prevent only the bad effects of mould.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Uses of the Dandelion.—Its uses are endless: the young leaves blanched make an agreeable and wholesome early salad; and they may be boiled, like cabbages, with salt meat. The French, too, slice the roots and eat them, as well as the leaves with bread and butter, and tradition says that the inhabitants of Minorca once subsisted for weeks on this plant, when their harvest had been entirely destroyed by insects. The leaves are ever a favorite and useful article of food in the Vale of Kashmir, where, in spite of the preconceived prejudices we all have to the contrary, dandelions, and other humbler examples of our northern "weeds," do venture to associate themselves with the rose or the jasmine of its eastern soil. On the banks of the Rhine the plant is cultivated as a substitute for coffee, and Dr. Harrison contends that it possesses the fine flavor and substance of the best Mocha coffee, without its injurious principle; and that it promotes sleep when taken at night, instead of banishing it, as coffee does. Mrs. Modie gives us her experiences with dandelion roots, which seem of a most satisfactory nature. She first cut the roots into small pieces, and dried them in the oven until they were brown and crisp as coffee, and in this state they appear to have been eaten. But certain it is that she ground a portion of them, and made a most superior coffee. In some parts of Canada they make an excellent beer of the leaves, in which the saccharine matter they afford forms a substitute for malt, and the bitter flavor serves instead of hops. In medicine, too, it is invaluable.

Cements for Porcelain, Marble, Alabaster, Glass, etc.—Take of isinglass two drachms, wet it with water, and allow it to stand until softened; then add as much proof spirit as will rather more than cover it and dissolve with a moderate heat. Take of gum mastic one drachm, dissolve it in two or three drachms of rectified spirit. Mix the two solutions, and stir in one drachm of gum ammoniacum in a fine powder, and rubbed down with a little water. Keep the cement in a bottle. When required for use place the bottle in warm water, and apply the cement with a stick or small hard brush to the china, previously warmed. Compress the pieces firmly together until cold, taking care to make the contact perfect, and using a very thin layer of cement.

The white of eggs, thickened with powdered quicklime, is also used as a cement for broken china, marble, and glass.

White resin and white beeswax melted and mixed with plaster of Paris make a good cement for mending alabaster and marble ornaments.

A Good Black Dye for Straw Bonnets.—Straw bonnets may be dyed black by boiling them three or four hours in a strong liquor of logwood, adding a little green copperas occasionally. Let the bonnet remain in the liquor all night, then take out to dry in the air. If the black is not satisfactory, dye again after drying. Rub inside and out with a sponge, moistened in fine oil. Then block.

To Clean Plated Articles.—They should always be clean-washed with warm water and soap and perhaps a little soda, then wiped dry with a clean cloth, before polishing with whitening, or rottenstone and sweet oil.

For Removing Ink-spots from Mahogany.—Apply spirits of salts with a bit of rag till the ink disappears.

Or: Put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and, on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water.

For Whitening the Hands.—Take a wineglassful of eau de cologne, and another of lemon-juice; then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mould. When hard, it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands.

A Cure for Soft Corns.—Scrape a piece of common chalk, and put a pinch to the soft corn, and bind a piece of linen rag upon it. Repeat the application during a few days, and you will find the corn come off like a shell, and perfectly cured. The cure is simple and efficacious.

How to Hasten the Blowing of Flowers.—To hasten the blowing of flowers, use the following mixture: Nitrate of sulphate of ammonia, four ounces; nitre, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep well closed. Add twenty drops to the water used to moisten or surround the flowers, changing it each week. Cut flowers may be preserved longer by using a little nitrate of soda to the water in which they are put, or by placing over them a bell jar.

Editors' Table.

NEW IDEA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

What might a single Mind may wield,
With Truth for sword, and Faith for shield,
And Hope to lead the way;
Thus all great Triumphs are obtained,
From darkness, light—as God ordained
The night before the day.

In June, 1857, an English lady, being in London, took a walk through the Seven Dials to see, for herself, the condition of the miserable population of St. Giles. The lady was accompanied by a friend, a retired physician, who knew the city, and this wretched portion had been the scene of his benevolent labors; he was therefore able to go where no stranger would have dared venture. They went on and on through the terrible crowds of ragged, dirty, lazy loungers, many of whom were women of the vilest sort, for the dwellers in the filthy cellars had come up in the afternoon to breathe the air, though it was hot and fetid. What haggard and disgusting forms were gathered together! Among these was the mournful spectacle of lanky, sallow, squalid children—"not a true child-face among them all"—dirt and rags, ignorance, misery, wickedness, and want were everywhere!

As they walked on, the heart of the lady was moved with the tenderest compassion for those wretched outcasts of humanity, compared with whose daily life the condition of brute animals seemed happiness, when two thoughts or questions were suggested to her heart:—

1st. "Has the Bible found its way to these dark places?"

2d. "If it had, would they remain as we now see them?"

Then the New Idea flashed like a burst of sunshine on her mind—that of finding a poor, pious woman who, living in the district, would not be afraid to go among this dreadful population, and sending her as a *Bible-Woman!* This messenger could find entrance to the miserable abodes where a lady would not dare to go, and would not be admitted; and through the ministry of the Bible-woman, this multitude of neglected women and children whom the clergy could not reach, nor the bounty of the benevolent relieve, would be reached and be taught the Word of God!

The Idea was clear and true in the mind of the lady. She consulted the physician, and, to his honor be it recorded, he did not cavil because it was a woman's thought, but encouraged her and strengthened her hope. He knew of a poor woman whom he commended for the work. The lady found her, engaged her for a month on a small salary, and being successful she served a year. This poor, pious woman went forth through the worst streets of London, with the Bible in her hands; she told its message of mercy to all who would listen; she read of the Saviour's love to those who could not read; she sold the Book by subscriptions of *one penny a week* to those who would buy, till the Bible became popular in the Seven Dials, welcomed and purchased by the poorest and by those who had been the worst women in that street. It has not only proved a cleansing fountain for that dark valley of pollution, but by the wonderful increase of this ministry of Bible-women, during the succeeding four years, it has found its way to multitudes of the lowest and most degraded of the London poor, is healing their worst diseases and transforming them, from lazy, drunken, ragged, and hopeless outcasts, into industrious, sober people, "clothed and in their right mind."

The lady whose idea of Bible-women has wrought this wonderful change is Mrs. L. N. Ranyard, of London, then editress of "The Book and its Mission"—now better known as authoress of "The Missing Link" and "Life-work; or, the Link and the Rivet."* Both books are descriptive of the manner and the means by which the progress of the Idea has been sustained and managed. Marian was the name of the first Bible-woman; her story is told in the "Missing Link," which gives a sad picture of the lowest depths of misery in which human beings are existing in the Great Metropolis: but then comes the silver lining to the dark cloud—these hard hearts can be softened by woman's Christian sympathy, can be turned from evil indulgencies to the love of the good by the power of the Gospel. The changes wrought in their domestic character is one of the wonderful results on these poor wives and mothers. As soon as the Bible was made known in its holy precepts and blessed promises, it infused hope, and with that came the wish and the energy to try for a better life here as well as for the life hereafter. The women were willing to give up the gin-shop and save their hard earnings to buy beds and clothing. These articles were furnished by the Lady Superintendents of the Bible women; the poor subscribing, in clubs, one shilling weekly for beds, clothing, etc., were supplied at cost; many a weary creature, who then had never in her life slept on a bed, now has one of her own; and children, whose only clothing had been rags and dirt, are now clean and neatly arrayed.

"Life-Work" continues the story of the Bible-woman down to July, 1861—so that we have the result for four years, since Marian was first sent out to this work. There are now over one hundred and fifty Bible-women in London; these have sold, in the four years, upwards of twenty thousand Bibles. During this time the outcast poor have paid over $8,000 for Bibles; and the poor mothers in London have contributed to clothing clubs and to purchase beds the astonishing sum of $25,000! They paid this in penny or shilling subscriptions, mostly the penny saved from the beer-shop and gin-palace. Is not this change wonderful? It is the result of a new Idea—*that woman must minister to woman*. Mrs. Ranyard says truly: "When the women hearken the men will follow. The Bible must make the women, the women make the homes, the homes make the men and the children."

Read her two books and then say—has not this Idea of Bible-women, carried out in the manner of having Lady Superintendents as it is by Mrs. Ranyard, done more, in the four years described, to make the reformation and

* These books are republished in New York by Robert Carter & Brothers; sold in Philadelphia by Wm. Martien & Co.

salvation of the lowest and worst classes of human beings seem possible, ay, hopeful, than all which philanthropists had ever before done? God speed the New Idea. Already it has moved England and Scotland, found its way into France and our own land. There are now, probably, in these countries more than three hundred Protestant Bible-women from the uneducated classes, superintended by an equal number of educated and gifted ladies, working together in sympathy, in hope and love to elevate the condition of the lowest and poorest, through and by the Bible. This is the divine *leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.*

SOME OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

In 1861 an Address was delivered before the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, Pa., by John S. Hart, LL. D. This Address has lately been printed in elegant form, and, as we consider every precept in this remarkable work worth its weight in gold, we have obtained permission of its distinguished author to display some of its rich wisdom to our friends. The excellent advice given will apply to *educated women* as well as to men, because we consider the mother should inform herself of everything that can aid her son in the battle of life, as it is by her influence, her directions, her exertions, that, in a great measure, his life is determined. The first Napoleon said that "the future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." A sensible and conscientious mother will form her son to become an "educated man," as far as his ability and position in the world will admit; and she is usually the only human being who can avert fatal mistakes in the economy of life, because she *begins at the beginning*, and thus settles his habits, and lays the foundation of his principles.

One of the first suggestions of Professor Hart to the young collegians is "that you take care of your bodily health." He says:—

"How continually do we see professional men obliged to stop short in the full career of success, simply because their bodily powers give way. They cannot carry out the conceptions of their minds, because their bodies are unequal to the task of carrying them through the necessary toil. With sound, sturdy, bodily health, you not only can labor mentally more hours in the twenty-four, but you can, while working, throw into your task a greater amount of intellectual force.

* * * * * * * *

"Verily there is some grievous mistake among us in this matter. Whether it be our climate, or our habits of student life, or our social and domestic habits, I am not prepared to say. But of the fact I make no doubt. Our educated men do not achieve half that they might achieve, for the want of the necessary physical vigor. It is painful to see the dyspeptic, sore-throated, attenuated, cadaverous specimens of humanity that student-life so often produces among us—men afraid of a puff of air, afraid of the heat, afraid of the cold, afraid to eat a piece of pie or good roast beef; men obliged to live on stale bread and molasses, who take cold if they get wet, who must make a reconnoissance of a room to see that they can secure a place out of a draft before they dare to take a seat; men who, by dint of coaxing, and nursing, and pampering, drag out a feeble existence for a few short years, and then drop into a premature grave, martyrs to intellectual exertion!"

The Professor goes on to state some of the ways and means by which health may be maintained or renovated, and says: "We must live more in the open air than we do. We must warm our blood less by closed doors and air-tight stoves, and more by oxygen breathed upon the beautiful hill-sides. We must spend more time in innocent outdoor amusements. We must cease to count gunning, and boating, and bowling, among the seven deadly sins. When a professional man is exhausted by intellectual labor, it is not in a dismal, solitary walk to recuperate him. Better let him pull off his coat and join the young folks on the green in some kind of honest game. Let him take a real hearty romp with the children. Let him have a little thoughtless fun. It will do him infinitely more good than lonely walks or swinging at dumb-bells. Yet, I dare say, if the lawyer of the village, the editor, the politician, the judge, the physician, the professor, and the minister, were to go out into the fields and engage in a game of ball, it would be thought highly undignified! Do our judgments on these subjects need no revision? Are we sure that we are quite right in the cold shoulder that we give to athletic sports and games?

"Do not misunderstand me, young gentlemen. I am not for turning life into a holiday. My views of life are serious, almost severe. But, for the stern realities of duty, we all need, and none more than those who do brainwork, need the recuperation which comes from active bodily amusement in the free, open air. The English and the Germans understand this matter better than we do. We criticise the Englishman's fox-chasing and grouse-hunting, and intense love of field sports, as being frivolous, as betokening an inferior style of civilization. But does our plan turn out statesmen such as Palmerston, who, already long past his threescore and ten, still handles the helm of empire with the fresh grasp and the vigorous step of youth?"

We have given thus, at length, the remarks on the ill-health of "educated men," as we fear this is often the result of mistaken modes of training children in our country. We American mothers bring our little children to the table to share in the rich, heavy, high-seasoned food of their parents and guests. This is not practised by any other people in the same indulgent manner.

In England the children are brought up on a simple diet—even the highest rank. Bread and milk, and oatmeal porridge, were considered suitable food for the little ones in Queen Victoria's nursery. A simple dinner, at one o'clock, is the rule for the children of the nobility and gentry; none of these, till their education is finished or far advanced, come to the sumptuous dinners of their luxurious homes. Plain food, with pleasant exercises and plenty of fresh air in childhood, lays a good foundation of health for "educated men," and this must be the mother's work.

Another important suggestion of Professor Hart is that of "cultivating the art of conversation." He says:—

"To be able to converse well is quite as valuable a gift as that of popular eloquence. You may think this an exaggeration. Popular eloquence is so very showy a gift that its importance is not likely to be undervalued. But so far as I have been able to observe, the actual resolves of men are mostly brought about, not by this distant play of artillery, but by the close, hand-to-hand encounter of private conversation. There it is that the death-grapple takes place, the home-thrust is given. The ablest administrators of affairs have been celebrated for their skill in this line.

"But apart from these great occasions of diplomacy, a

talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for the common, everyday uses of life. Let one who has this gift enter into a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance! How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

"Educated men, beyond all others, should settle it as a clear duty to learn how to talk well in company. Conversation is an art. But it is an art which can be acquired, and depend upon it, no acquisition gives a surer or more ample return for the amount of effort needed."

This art of conversation is even more necessary for educated women, because it is their province to teach it in its best style, and make it the vehicle of home happiness, as well as of social enjoyment.

Another requirement of "educated men" is *the duty of cultivating good manners*, a section that should be carefully studied by the young of both sexes. Of this winning accomplishment the author truly says: "Men and women, in extreme old age, have been known to possess a sweet, attractive grace, an actual fascination, which the young could by no means equal."

As an illustration of the perfect "Charm of Manners," which gives beauty to the plainest face, and teaches words and ways of pleasing to the most ignorant, the eloquent writer introduces this touching episode:—

PICTURE OF AN INVALID.

"There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small, unpainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman, by the name of CHLOE LANKTON, bedridden with an incurable disease. For twenty-seven years she has lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise or to be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain, and, at times, of such excruciating pain as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, her four sisters, have successively died before her eyes and been carried out to their long home. She has been for many years left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which occasional and unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common, hired domestic. Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that one woman, that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess. Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures, and no new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite, is thought quite complete, till it has had the approval of their dearest confidant and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her a heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways."

NOW AND THEN.

WE have just received from a dear friend, Mrs. Juliet H. L. Campbell, a copy of her beautiful poem, *Legend of the Infant Christ; or, A Christmas Carol.*

THIS charming production places the name of Mrs. Campbell among the best of our American poetesses. The thoughts and the language are truly poetical, and the melodious flow of the rhythm is quite remarkable. The work is dedicated to a *child*, but our readers must not be misled by the unassuming way in which it is issued into the world, that it is childlike reading. It will no doubt be enjoyed by children for the tender and touching story it recounts; but a mature mind is requisite to estimate its merits and appreciate its exquisite beauties. We give one stanza:—

"Thus passed they to the pleasant land;
Around their pathway shone
The starry lilies of the field;
While all the night was strown
With stars (as lilies pure and pale!)
To light the wanderers on."

Such is the native poetry our children may read now, written by one of the gifted and graceful mothers of our land; and issued from the press of Philadelphia* in a style of beauty and perfectness equal to the best London fashion. This is NOW.

Let us turn back two hundred and thirty years, and look at a picture of THEN.

THE FIRST POETRY WRITTEN IN AMERICA.—The following facts were taken from the archives of the Historical Society, Boston:—

Soon after our forefathers landed at Plymouth some of the people went out into a field where Indian women were picking strawberries, and observed several cradles hung upon the boughs of trees, with the infants fastened upon them, a novel and curious sight to any European. A gentle breeze sprang up, and waved the cradles to and fro. A young man, one of the party, peeled off a piece of bark, and wrote the following, which has been repeated thousands of times by thousands of American matrons, very few of whom ever knew or cared for its origin—

"Lul-a-by baby upon the tree top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, and baby, and all."

FAMILY READING AND CHILDREN'S LIBRARIES.—In our January number we named "Agnes and the Little Key," said to be written by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston. We have been requested to give some notice of the work, which we shall do next month. In the mean time we commend the other books by the same author, "Bertha and her Baptism," and "Catherine." The publishers, J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have all the works of this popular clergyman on their "Trade List." The best way of selecting books for home libraries is this—write to booksellers for circulars, and you will find that the titles of the books and names of the authors will give you a general idea of the character of the work; and the *price is marked*. We give this explanation as a reply to many letters from our readers, asking such information.

JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston, publish many valuable works. "Hudson's Edition of Shakspeare" is one of these—11 vols., $1 per volume—which we noticed as they appeared. It is a very excellent edition, as our friend, Mrs. M——, will find. These publishers issue all the works of Miss Planché, which are delightful reading for children; also many of Mary Howitt's books.

* J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

A NEW WAY OF CONTRIBUTING TO WOMAN'S MISSION.*

We have, during the past year, received many letters from ladies residing in different sections of our wide land, expressing deep sympathy with this Christian effort, and regretting that they had not money to give. To these friends, and to all young ladies in particular, we say, if you have no money, give the work of your hands; English ladies do this. The women of Great Britain have had a society similar to ours in successful operation for twenty-seven years. The managers are among the noble and intelligent ladies of England. Their Report for 1860 gives *two hundred and twelve schools* for girls and little children in Heathendom, now supported by that Christian Women's Union. The amount paid last year to sustain these schools was over $25,000, of which sum upwards of $17,000, or more than two-thirds of the whole, was obtained from the sale of *needle-work and fancy articles*, sent as contributions by those who could not so well give money.

This is our *new way of contributions*. Ladies who desire to aid us can do so effectually by sending any of the articles enumerated below. Any lady who wants information may in her letter inclose a stamp (three cents), and she shall have the Reports.

The following is a list of useful articles best adapted for sale abroad to aid Woman's Mission in Heathen Lands:—

Infants' long frocks, open behind.
Children's caps, cockades, gloves, and socks.
Bags embroidered in silk or beads.
Lambs'-wool shawls, knitted or netted.
Baby blankets, knit or crochet.
Boys' frocks or coats of Jean or good print.
Boys' collars; dolls, prettily but not fancifully dressed.
Gentlemen's shirt fronts, slippers, and socks.
Simple morning caps, trimmed with ribbon.
Good pen-knives, pen-wipers, table-mats.
White mousseline de laine and French merino frocks for children.
Also pieces of de laine, chintz, etc.; enough to make an infant's dress.
Berlin wool and canvas.
Pens, pencils, copy-books, needles, and cotton.
Rug-needles and netting-needles.
Ladies' collars; shirt-collars for gentlemen.
Remnants of chintz or silk, for bags.
Remnants of mull or Jaconet, for girls' spencers.
Colored pocket-handkerchiefs and gauze or muslin scarfs.
Pieces of gauze or satin ribbon, especially white satin, for cap strings.
Knit hoods for children, brown holland pinafores, and black silk aprons.

Subscriptions.—We have had only a few names to record for 1862; still, we have *promises* of more, and wait in hope. For this month we have—

Miss E. Augusta Higgins, Somerville, Mass., $1.
Mrs. Laura Lizzie Woodbury, Natick, Mass., $1.
(The last name should have appeared in November, but was accidentally omitted.)

* The union of Ladies of all evangelical denominations in America to send single women as missionaries to heathen women. We also employ native Bible-women, when such are found competent. Our Philadelphia Society has already provided funds for *four* of these teachers to the heathen women See January number of the Lady's Book, page 93.

Miss S. J. Hale's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D.D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

To Our Correspondents —The following articles are accepted: "The Autumn Winds"—"Our Babe"—"Ululume"—"Dirge of the Beautiful"—"The Voices"—"Nellie"—"The Young Lady's Ideal"—"The Poet's Dream"—"One only Daughter"—and "Across the Hills."

We have a long list of pieces that we must decline; some of these are worth publishing; but our drawers are full of MSS. We really *cannot* accept poetry unless of the highest merit; our young friends must send their effusions to the newspapers, and spare us the regret of refusal. We have no room for the following: "The roses are blooming"—"Under the Maple" (shows real genius)—"Song"—"The Fray"—"Letter to the Editor"—"Sonnet"—"They tell me that I shall forget"—"Our Child"—"Lenlele"—"Falsehood"—"The two Lovers"—"The Tribute" etc.—"Have Faith"—"Friendship"—"Voices" and the *other poem*—"We would not meet"—"Our Patriot Heroes slain"—"Sighs"—"Annie Clyde"—"Shooting the Girl I love"—"The Adopted Son"—"My little Brother"—"Elegies"—"Musa"—"Treason"—"Mount Vernon"—"First Love"—"My Idol"—"Impromptu"—"Hope"—"The World deceives us"—"My Soldier"—"Adieu, gentle friend"—"Words without meaning"—and "The Wanderer."

We have many MSS. still on hand for examination.

The author of "Weary" and "Quiet Changes" will oblige us by writing and giving her address in full—town, county, and State.

C. L. E.—Charade received. Should like to be favored with another. How are we to address the Book?

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS ABOUT CHILDREN.

The Repose of Children should not be interrupted.—The natural instincts and dispositions of babyhood are too little regarded by many mothers. There is no kind of regularity as to hours of repose, feeding or nursing, or anything else. The little sleeper is aroused from his slumbers, because, forsooth, the mother imagines that it is hungry and must have nourishment; as if a child would sleep soundly when suffering for the want of food. Or, perchance, it is convenient for the mother to nurse her child just now; and therefore she ruthlessly disturbs its repose, sacrifices its comfort, and renders it peevish and fretful for the remainder of the day, and all that she may gratify some little whim, make some useless fashionable call, or visit some place of amusement. Again, a visitor comes in, and of course she must look at "the little thing's" eyes, or see it smile; and forthwith it is dragged from the cradle, and its

sweet slumbers broken. But what a sad disappointment generally Nature rebels at such unreasonable treatment, and the "little thing," instead of softly cooing like a dove, yells like a young catamount; and instead of the smiling face, and gently beaming eyes, the fond mother is horrified by features distorted with pain and anger.

Mothers who thus manage are equally unreasonable as to the time of getting an infant to sleep. Whenever it suits their convenience for the little one to sleep, sleep it *must*, whether it wants to do so or not. Nature, regular habits, the future welfare of the child, and the happiness of the mother, must all yield to present convenience, and sleep is induced by rocking or drugging; in any way, by fair means or by foul.

Children raised after this fashion, will inevitably become soured in their dispositions; their crying and fretfulness will be a source of constant annoyance; and, in all probability, their physical health will become seriously impaired from the unnatural interruptions of the regular and harmonious operations of the system, and from the perturbation caused by the frequent excitement of the moral feelings. We are creatures of habit All the vital processes are carried on by rule, and with clock-work regularity. It follows, then, that regular habits are the best safeguards of health, and conversely—that a disregard of the regular workings of the animal economy must result in derangement of the whole machinery Children, therefore, should be early trained to regular habits; to regularity not only in hours of sleeping, but in eating, and everything else that can be made to conform to rule. It is much easier to train children thus than many imagine: because regularity is natural—*is the law*: while want of regularity is at war with nature—is, in short, an uphill business which must be carried through with great tribulation. And yet most people seem to think children have no regular habits, neither *can* have any. The notions of these people may be illustrated by the example of a certain Georgia swain who made a declaration of love to a young lady, rather precipitately, and without sufficient acquaintance When called upon to define his position in society, and his circumstances, he said that his position could be satisfactorily established, but as to his *circumstances*, he "did not have any." This is the category in which most persons place children—they have no habits; and the majority of those who manage them seem to think that it is impossible to train a child to any kind of regularity in early life. If not in early life, when? Is it easier to bend an oak than a reed?

Earache from disordered stomach and bowels should be treated by proper diet, the warm bath, and the other remedies already prescribed in such cases.

Simple neuralgia of the ear, or common earache, can almost always be relieved thus: Take fifteen or twenty drops of sweet oil; warm it over a candle; then add five drops of laudanum; pour the mixture into the ear, and close the opening with a piece of wool. Steaming the ear over a hot brick will also often give relief; and the hot foot-bath will prove a valuable auxiliary to any other remedies that may be used. We have seen it stated somewhere that a few drops of sulphuric ether in the ear, or the vapor of ether blown into it, will give almost instant relief. The remedy is safe, and may be tried.

Earache from inflammation will manifest itself by redness of the affected part, and pain on pressure.

This form should be treated by purges of Epsom salts, low diet, the hot foot-bath, and cloths wet in warm or cold water to the ear; using them warm or cold according to the degree of relief. The ear should be gently and frequently syringed out with warm water The laudanum, etc. prescribed above, may also be used to allay the pain. These remedies failing, a small blister behind the ear will generally have a happy effect. But if prompt relief is not obtained, the services of a physician should be procured, as the inflammation is sometimes deep-seated, and is not unattended with danger.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CHARLES O'MALLEY: *the Irish Dragoon*. By Charles Lever. This is the first of a series of Lever's Military Novels about being issued by the Messrs Peterson The cover, in blue, red, and gold, displays a fine original design. "Charles O'Malley" is a work too well known to need comment of any sort. Price 50 cents

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT: *or, Speaking the Truth for a Day*. By Mrs. Emma D E. N. Southworth. This novelette is an amusing story with a profitable moral The hero, Joseph Morriss, is challenged by his friend, Harry Blewitt, to speak nothing but the truth for a single week, warning him if he accepts the challenge, that before the end of the week he will lose his employment, be discarded by his sweetheart, disinherited by his uncle, and put in a lunatic asylum as a madman. Morriss, incredulous as to the result of simple truth, undertakes to deal in that article alone for the prescribed time; and it happens that all his friend predicted takes place before the close of the first day. However, it does not turn out so badly for the truthteller after all. But what the sequel is, we leave our friends to learn for themselves; as we do not like to spoil a story by revealing the end of it. Price 25 cents.

THE FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Indian Scout," "The Trapper's Daughter," "Gold Finders," etc. A story of life in the West, descriptive of adventures among, and warfare with, the Indians. The hero, a Count, falls in love with a young Indian girl named Prairie Flower, and after serious strife with hostile relations and jealous lovers, succeeds in winning her affection and marrying her. Price 50 cents.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia —

LEGEND OF THE INFANCY OF OUR SAVIOUR. *A Christmas Carol*. By Mrs Juliet H. L. Campbell. This charming poem must win the love of all who read it. See notice in Editors' Table, page 403. This little book is a great work of woman's genius in union with her piety.

—

From J. C. GARRIGUES Philadelphia:—

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN By John S Hart, LL D., Editor of the *Sunday School Times*, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School 12mo.,

muslin, gilt, price 50 cents; paper covers, 25 cents. We have noticed this book in the Editors' Table, page 402. It deserves a double notice.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PILGRIMS OF FASHION. *A Novel.* By Kinahan Cornwallis. What the title of this book has to do with the story we have not been able to discover. The book itself is a wishy-washy affair, which might not unreasonably be taken as a volume of genealogy, as it opens with an extended account of the father, followed by one of the daughter, then the grandson, and so on, until before the close of the book is reached, the representative of the sixth generation is introduced. For more than half the volume the reader is left in blissful ignorance of what it is all about; when it is finally discovered to be a romantic history of the Yelverton marriage case; the heroine of the former dying, according to the legitimate manner of heroines in poetry and romance, instead of remaining on this mundane sphere to go through the matter of fact performance of bringing her wrongs before a court of justice to be righted. Price $1 00.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY. *A Treatise specially Designed for Young Men.* By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The Mother at Home," "Life of Napoleon," "History of the French Revolution," etc. This book is divided into a number of chapters treating of various religious subjects, among them "The Resurrection," "The Evidences of Christianity," "The Reasonableness of Christianity," and others of equal interest and import. It is a volume that will attract the attention of the seriously disposed, and will unquestionably be the means of much good. Price 75 cents.

From RUDD & CARLTON, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

FORT LAFAYETTE: *or, Love and Secession. A Novel.* By Benjamin Wood. This book, from the pen of the late editor of the New York *Daily News*, will doubtless be the object of some curiosity in the literary world. Its title sufficiently explains its subject. As a controversial work it exhibits the peculiar political opinions of the author with a certain ability; as a novel it is dry. Price $1 00.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR THE SOLDIER. *An Elementary Work on Military Tactics, in Question and Answer.* By Capt. W. W. Van Ness. This is the first of a series, explaining in a clear and comprehensive manner every principle, movement, and evolution made in military tactics. The work is made to conform to the present army regulations, and is arranged expressly for use in schools and military institutions. A most valuable companion for the soldier. Price 50 cents.

From A. J. DAVIS & CO., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH; *containing Medical Prescriptions for the Human Body and Mind.* By Andrew Jackson Davis. This book contains some valuable information, and a great deal of sensible advice. Its prescriptions for disease ignore drugs, and consist principally of directions concerning diet, exercise, habits, etc. The author is also a warm advocate of magnetism, and indulges at some length in a disquisition upon its philosophy. The book is somewhat tinctured with the peculiar ideas of which he is the well-known promulgator, but throwing this aside, its matter is plain, practical, and full of common sense. Price $1 00.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia:—

DINAH. A romance, published anonymously, the author of which we hardly think the public will take the trouble to inquire about. It sparkles with originality and humor, but the effect of the whole is spoiled by a certain affected smartness in style, which degenerates into flippancy, accompanied by a want of perspicuity. Some passages and descriptions are very fine. The heroine, Dinah or Diana is well and delicately drawn, but the other characters are either too shadowy or distorted to stand in harmonious relation with her. Price $1 25.

THE UPRISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE. *The United States in* 1861. From the French of Count Agénor de Casparin. By Mary L. Booth. This is a new edition of the work by the same title, published at the commencement of our political difficulties. This edition has been revised and corrected by its author, and contains an addition to the original work, under the title of "A Word of Peace," treating on the differences between England and the United States. Price 75 cents.

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

JOHN BRENT. By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme." This is the second volume, published posthumously, by the late Major Winthrop, which confirms what the public discovered upon the production of his previous work, that the literature of our country sustained an irreparable loss in the death of this talented young man. The style is fine, without being finical, some of the descriptions are surpassingly excellent, and the characters tolerably well drawn. The chief incidents are made to occur on the overland route between California and the Eastern States, and one of the main characters, if not the hero is—a horse, one of the noblest specimens of his kind, seemingly almost possessed of human attributes. Price $1 00.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR APRIL.—"Ask for it, Nanny." is one of our very pretty series of plates. We have a goodly store of first-class engravings on hand, which our subscribers will receive as the months roll on.

To our Fashion-plate in this number we ask particular attention—we mean our colored one; for, in real beauty and variety, even we have never equalled it. It contains seven figures. We have also another extension Fashion-plate, containing five additional spring fashions; in fact, this number abounds in articles for spring.

Brodie, of New York, favors us with two engravings this month—front and back view of "The Valencian."

Spring costumes for children are also given.

Portrait and costume of the Prince Royal of France, we also give, that our subscribers may see how the visage and dress of the heir of France looks.

There will be found in this number nineteen full-length fashions for spring; this, with twenty-one given in the first spring month, March, makes forty in all. Certainly four times as many given by any other magazine, and a great variety, from which our subscribers may certainly be able to choose something that will suit them.

"An April Shower" is certainly an appropriate engraving for this month.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

All the music of the season appears to have been crowded into the last month or two. With opera, concert, soiree, and first class private entertainments, we have been quite overcome February brought with it the redoubtable Max Maretzek, and the Natali sisters of Philadelphia, the story of whose capture by the brigands of Mexico turns out to be a pretty fiction The arrivals also numbered Gottschalk, and the Grand Opera Troupe, the former of whom has been playing as well with a lame hand as he formerly did with a sound one. Master Rice, a pupil of our fellow citizen, Carl Wolfsohn, has been concerting. The Saturday afternoon concerts continue crowded. The Old Folks, returned from London, have also been with us, Mrs. Nichols appearing in a court dress, once worn by Queen Elizabeth. And Sanford, always up to fun in a musical way, has been burlesquing them and every one else at his comical establishment down Eleventh St.

New Sheet Music for Piano.—We again have a large, varied, and excellent list of entirely new music, never before named in this Column, to enumerate to our friends. We will cheerfully purchase and forward to any address any of these pieces on receipt of price; orders to be sent to J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

Songs and Ballads, from the press of Root and Cady, Chicago: Dream on, Lillie; pretty song by G. F. Root. My Heart is Like a Silent Lute; with a novel and pleasing accompaniment The Vacant Chair; suggested by an incident in the war. Home Far Away; arranged from Flotow, also by Mr. Root. Nellie Lost and Found; a touching song and chorus. Our Captain's Last Words. Song of the Egyptian Girl. Death Song of the Robin. Mine Own, answer to the favorite song, Call Me Pet Names. Price of each 25 cents.

For 50 cents. Parting Song, by Freitag, for four female voices Beautiful cantata of considerable length.

Polkas, waltzes, etc., from the same press; Fairy Polka, redowa, a fine composition by A. J. Vaas, 25 cents. The Lafner, waltz by Otto, 25. The Rogers Schottische, 25. Skating Polka, embellished with fine skating scene, 40. General Fremont's March, with equestrian portrait, 40. Hope Mazourka, by Klingeman, 30; Delusion, Mazourka Characteristique, by the same, 30; both fine practising pieces. Blanche, Valse Melodieuse, 40; Rosebud, Polka Rondo, 40; Marrie, Polka Mazourka, 40; these three are by Wollenhaupt, and are beautiful compositions. Faribol, 35; La Gaillarde, 40; these are two exquisite Morceaus de Genre, by Theo. Hagen. Revere, by the same, 50 cents; a brilliant and beautiful composition. Polka Gracieuse, by W. Mason, 12 pages, 60 cents, a splendid composition

Skating Quadrille, by Vaas, with moonlight skating scene, a beautiful and seasonable piece, 50 cents.

Enchantress Schottische, by Vaas, embellished with brilliantly colored title page, 50 cents. Root and Cady publishers.

Colonel Ellsworth's Galopade, with portrait. Price 50 cents H P Danks, publisher, Cleveland.

Tom, If You Love Me, Say So. A lively, saucy ballad by Mr. Danks, sung with great success by Ossian E. Dodge. 25 cents.

Meet Me Beneath the Willow, same composer. 25 cents.

This is the finest list we have yet published. All orders and musical communications to be addressed to Philadelphia, to J. Starr Holloway.

SCIENCE OF DRESS-CUTTING.

Did any of our readers ever suffer the tortures of dress-cutting by the old-fashioned method? Did they ever obtain possession, after long and patient waiting, of a handsome and coveted pattern for a silk dress, and, putting themselves into the hands of a dress-maker in whom they had not entire confidence, submit to be pinned up in a newspaper, and, in terror and torture, gagged here and there, under the pretence of being "cut out?" Doubtless they have, and must remember the cramped armhole, the flattened, compressed bust, the straight waist, without curve or line, which the self-satisfied *modiste* flattered herself was such an excellent "fit."

Some such experiences as these, and the conviction that scientific and mechanical rules could be applied to the human figure with better chances of success than an uncertain and indefinite method, whose grace and beauty of form depended entirely on individual taste, originated Madame Demorest's model of dress-cutting, a system which is founded absolutely on scientific principles, which is as accurate and unfailing as the art of the photographer, which is easily comprehended by a child who knows its letters, and the signs of numerals can be adapted to all the changes and caprices of fashion, and enables any lady possessing a model to make her own dresses perfectly, without the trouble or necessity of "fitting," which always forms an insuperable obstacle. We will now proceed to give some very plain directions for the use of the model, premising that the *first* measure should be taken by some other person than the one for whom the dress is intended; the number of inches for shoulder, length and size of waist, etc., having been ascertained, can be used, of course, on all future occasions.

HOW TO USE THE MODEL.

Lay on the table a large sheet of stiff white or brown paper, and upon it lay the model; have ready a card or a slip of paper, and pencil; and then, taking a tape measure in the thumb and forefinger of your *left* hand, make the person to be measured stand straight up, with her back toward you.

Commence by placing the end of the tape at the *bone* of the neck, bringing it down *under* the right arm *closely*, and round up over the top of the shoulder, until it meets at the same point where it begun.

Now mark down the number of inches, say twenty-four, for the shoulder.

Hold the tape to the same place again, and measure down the length of waist, allowing half an inch for what it will take up in making.

Mark that down, also, say fifteen and a half inches.

Now place the measure across the fullest part of the bust, drawing it round under the arms *loosely*, so as to give freedom to the chest, and allowing an inch for padding, if it is desirable.

Mark down the number of inches, say thirty-seven and a half, for the bust measure.

Last, take the measure *tightly* round the waist—most people like to feel the support of some slight compression there; and then mark down the number of inches twenty-three for the waist, and you will find yourself possessed of the following table:—

	No. of inches.
1. Shoulder measure	24
2. Length of Waist	17½
3. Bust measure	37½
4. Size round the Waist	23

This is an exact and well-proportioned measurement for a good-sized, full-developed person.

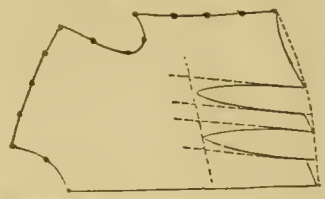
Now examine the model which lies on the sheet of paper before you (the diagram which accompanies these instructions will answer just as well for the purposes of illustration), and note the figures, which commence at 20, as the smallest size, and 31, which is set down as the largest. With the pencil make a dot through the holes in the chart on the paper, at each number, marked twenty-four, and also at the bottom of the back, through the hole left for that purpose. These dots will carry you across the lines for the neck, shoulders, arm-size, and arm-seam, as indicated in the engraving; then, with

your tape measure ascertaining the accurate length of waist, you may draw a straight line across, and the *back* part of the body is sufficiently defined to cut out a correct paper pattern. You may draw lines from dot to dot, to enable you to cut it more accurately, as indicated in the following engraving:—

For the front use the same No. 24, make a dot on the paper through the holes in the model at each twenty-four in the same way as for the back, and you will have an outline for the neck, shoulders, arm-size, and under the arm. Now obtain the front seam, and the easiest

way to do it is to double the bust measure (37½ inches), and take off the measure of the back from one-half, then lay the balance across the bust, and draw the line straight down. To get the length of the waist, rest the pencil on the point under the arm, and sweep a line round to the highest point on the shoulder; this will make a straight waist; if it requires to be pointed, draw the line to the middle hole in the neck of the chart, between the shoulder and the front, and if it wants to be very deeply pointed, to the lowest hole in the neck, directly in front.

To find out the quantity to be taken up in gores, take half the waist measure, subtract from it the size across the back, and take up the difference in the gores or "dart" seams. If the waist is slender, divide the surplus into three darts, if not, two will be sufficient. The first dart should be about one inch and a quarter from the line of the front, at a slope of two and a half inches. Get the size of the second dart seam, and then draw a line parallel between the first and second, three-quarters of an inch in width, so also the third; if three are taken, use the curved end of the rule (which accompanies the model) to point the dart seams, and then cut out your pattern exactly in the outside line drawn. Lay the dart seams together, and slope them off to a point, and the pattern will be complete.



It will be seen that the pattern allows for no turnings in, the size of these being left optional with the individual, who can allow more or less, as she pleases, in cutting out the lining.

The models of Dress-cutting, with full instructions, are furnished at $1 each, or $6 per dozen; and are sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. For which address Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

In some future number we propose to furnish full directions for cutting children's dresses by Madame Demorest's children's dress chart.

We commence, in this number, "Eastern Rambles and Reminiscences," with engravings. The portion now given is particularly interesting, as it contains "The Ground Plan of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem." This series of articles we commend to our readers.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, publish the following choice card photographs:—

A new copy from the original painting of T. Buchanan Read, Esq., of Prof. Longfellow's children, in card form, for the album.

Also photographs of Darley's celebrated painting of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Also,

Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," and Miss H. F. Gould's "Little Match Girl," companion pictures, painted by C. Swain.

Also the popular pictures of Barry's "Rector's Ward,"
Longfellow's "Hiawatha's Wooing,"
Longfellow's "Evangeline,"
Guido's "Beatrice Cenci,"
Barry's "Maud Muller."

Also a great variety of popular subjects, including all distinguished persons, American and European. They will send a list, if requested, and mail selected photographs for 25 cents each, post paid.

They manufacture a very nice album for the *carte de visite*, some fifty styles, of improved patterns, which they claim to be the best and cheapest in the market.

Rev. Edward C. Jones.—We have received the Thirteenth Annual Report of this gentleman, which gives a detailed account of his ministerial labors as Chaplain of the Insane Hospital, at Blockley. Mr. Jones is engaged in a truly laudable work, and has devoted his best energies for years to the amelioration of the suffering class to whom Providence has measured out the bitter allotment of mental disease. We hope his faithfulness will be rewarded by the sympathy and the substantial co-operation of our citizens, and that he may be so sustained as to feel encouraged to devote the rest of his life to a work in which he has been hitherto successful in a high degree.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.—HUMBUG.

BY BELPHEGOR.

Dramatis Personæ.

MONS. FELIX LE BON, *a virtuoso.*
MR. MOTTI MUTE.
MISS JOSEPHINE FROLIC.
ISABELLE, *her cousin.*

ACT I.—HUM.

SCENE, *a Parlor.* *Enter* JOSEPHINE *and* ISABELLE.

Isabelle. Well, Josey, what great secret is it that you would impart to me?

Josephine. No secret at all, my dear cousin; it is a mere piece of harmless deception which I have concerted in honor of this great day.

Isabelle. What great day, Miss Mischief?

Josephine. And do you pretend, Miss Serious, not to know that this is the First of April, or, as the children call it, "April Fool's Day."

Isabelle. True enough! I had forgotten; and what atrocity are you about to perpetrate in its honor?

Josephine. "Lend a serious hearing," as Shakspeare says, and I will enlighten you. You have heard of, and perhaps seen, that curious old Frenchman who lives in the stone house about a mile from here.

Isabelle. You mean Mr. Le Bon.

Josephine. Precisely! Well, I intend to make Mr. Le Bon the subject of a joke.

Isabelle. In what way?

Josephine. In this: You know he is what is styled a philosopher, a curiosity hunter, a geologist, a botanist, a—in fact, all that sort of that. Now I am going to invite him over here to examine a strange and unknown animal—a sort of dubitative "what is it."

Isabelle. And where will you be able to obtain such an animal?

Josephine. You silly goose! I intend that Mr. Mute shall make it. Don't you see the point of the joke?

Isabelle. Clearly! But don't you think it a piece of unwarrantable cruelty to make an old man walk the distance of a mile simply to be made a fool of?

Josephine. Not at all! He never stirs out of the house, so that a little exercise will do him no harm.

Isabelle. Perhaps not. But how will you manage to get him here?

Josephine. Oh, I'll send Mr. Mute to ask him over!

Isabelle. Mr. Mute! ha! ha! ha! Why, I never knew Mr. Mute to say over three words at a time. He'll never do!

Josephine. True! Poor Mute seldom can journey beyond Yes, No, and Hum.

Isabelle. Yes, hum is a favorite word with him. (*Both laugh.*)

Josephine. Poor Mute! 'tis too bad to laugh at him. Though his tongue never does run away with him he has the best heart in the world. I don't know what I should do without him. He runs all my errands, and does whatever I tell him. Poor Mute! But I am afraid I'll be obliged to send the Frenchman a note.

Isabelle. That would be the better way. Write a note, and Mute can take it.

Josephine. True! I wonder where he is. (*Calling.*) Mr. Mute? Mr. Mute?

Mute (*outside*). Ho—ha—hum. (*To be spoken as though clearing the throat.*) (*Enter Mute.*)

Josephine. Mr. Mute, will you carry a letter for me?

Mute. Yes. Ho—ha—hum.

Josephine. You know where Mr. Le Bon lives?

Mute. Yes. Ho—ha—hum.

Josephine. All right so far. Now, Bella, assist me to compose a suitable note. Here are pens, ink, and paper. (*They sit at table.*) You don't mind waiting a few minutes, do you, Mr. Mute?

Mute. No. Ho—ha—hum.

Josephine. Then, Bella, we'll commence.

ACT II.—BUG.

SCENE—*A Studio. Dried reptiles, birds, and other curiosities hanging up and lying around. Books, chairs, and floor. Le Bon seated in a large chair reading a ponderous volume. He wears a long dressing-gown.*

Le Bon (*taking off his spectacles and yawning.*) Je suis fatiguit! I am ver veary. I have read zo much Anglais zat I am sick in ma head. Vat for zey write zo books in ze Anglais? 'Tis zo stooped as I know not which. It grinds ze ear like ze ru-sty key in ze lock. Oh, 'tis no like ze langue Français. (*A loud knock at the door.*) Eh! Who knock at ma door? I vant noting. (*Another knock.*) Stop zat rap rap! I can no think if zo you do! (*Another knock.*) Grand Dieu! I shall have no ze door to ma room if it is always rap rap. (*Another knock.*) Parbleu! I shall go mat. Vere is ma bater? Now—(*takes stick, rises and opens door. Enter Mute. Le Bon seizes him, gives him a shaking, and threatens him with the stick.*)

Le Bon. Vat for you rap rap at ma door, you rascal!

Mute. Letter. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon (*taking the letter*). Ah! Vy you no put him unzer ze door? (*Opens letter.*) Let me look. (*Reads.*)

MR. LE BON—DEAR SIR: I have now in my possession a rare and curious specimen of a bug, which I am desirous of having you examine. Please call this afternoon, and believe me to be Yours, etc.,

JOSEPHINE FROLIC.

Eh! a strange a bug. Say, you man, vat is like?

Mute. Don't know. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon. Did you no zee it?

Mute. No. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon. Vell! zay I come.

Mute. Yes. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon. Zo zangulaire man I nevare zee! You go.

Mute. Yes. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon. Go to ze debel viz your ho—ha—hum. (*Exit Mute.*) He go. Now zis bug; vat is him? She give no description, zo I can no tell. Strange bug! I must zee! I must have him! By gar! she no geeve me him! I shall steal. I must go! Où est mon chapeau? Ah, I zee! Now mon habit est mon baton. Ver good! now I go. O zat grand bug! (*Puts on his coat and hat and exits.*)

ACT III.—HUMBUG.

SCENE—*a Parlor. Enter* JOSEPHINE *and* ISABELLE *meeting.*

Isabelle. How does our joke progress?

Josephine. As well as we could desire it. Mute has just returned, and reports that the Frenchman will be here immediately. I hope you are prepared to receive him?

Isabelle. O yes! only I much fear that I will not be able to preserve my gravity.

Josephine. But you must. To laugh in an improper moment would ruin all. But you hav'n't seen the bug yet; come and take a look at it! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter LE BON.

Le Bon. I am here. 'Twas ver good! I meet ze vaggon, or I vould have to valk so far. Is there no one? Ah, here comes Monsieur Hohahum! (*Enter* MUTE.) Vere is ze bug?

Mute. Don't know. Ho—ha—hum.

Le Bon. How, you don't know? You know noting! Tell somebody I come. (*Exit Mute.*) Great stoopeed man, Hohahum, bah!

(*Enter* JOSEPHINE *and* ISABELLE.)

Josephine. My dear Mr. Le Bon, how can I thank you sufficiently for this visit?

Le Bon. How you do? You have ze bug?

Josephine. Pray be seated; you have walked some distance.

Le Bon. No, I ride. Can I zee ze bug?

Josephine. You don't look well; you study too much.

Le Bon. Na, I stoody ver little. Is ze bug—

Josephine. You see, Mr. Le Bon, we have asked you here—

Le Bon. To zee ze bug.

Josephine. For the purpose of examining—

Le Bon. Yes, ze bug.

Josephine. A singular curiosity.

Le Bon. Yes, I know, ze bug. Vere you got him?

Josephine. In an adjoining room. I shall now order it to be brought here. (*Calls.*) Mr. Mute!

Enter MUTE, *with a wooden bug.*

Josephine (taking bug from Mute, and giving it to Le Bon). Here, sir, is the most remarkable curiosity of the age.

Le Bon (putting on glasses). Eh! (*Examines it carefully, then looks curiously from Josephine to Isabelle several times, they being hardly able to suppress their merriment.*)

Josephine. How do you like the bug, Mr. Le Bon?

Le Bon. Diable! Zis is no real bug, zis is—zis is von infernale humbug. (*All laugh loudly.*)

Le Bon. Haw! you laugh. Vat for is zis? You deceive a me! You make ze fool of me! By gar! vat you mean? (*All laugh again.*)

Le Bon. Eh! Mons. Hohahum, you laugh at me, you shackanapes! You rap rap at ma door, an' you laugh, eh! Take zat for your dena. (*Seizes him by the collar and shakes him.*)

Josephine. Restrain your anger for a few minutes while I explain.

Le Bon. Vell, explain!

Josephine. You see, sir, this is All Fool's Day.

Le Bon. Yes, I know; 'tis ze day for all ze fools like a you, but 'tis no ze day for ze vise men like a me!

Josephine. And we thought we would amuse ourselves—

Le Bon. By making von fool, von humbug of me. You have explain enough. I hear no more. Oh, disgrace! made ze humbug of by ze girls; everybody laugh at me, I shall die. (*Rushes out.*)

Isabelle. Poor fellow! he takes it very much to heart.

Josephine. Yes, he does not appear to relish the idea of having been made a humbug.

JOSEPHINE. MUTE. ISABELLE.

CURTAIN.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

BABY'S BOOTS.

Materials.—White silk, and fine lilac embroidering silk.

THESE useful and elegant little boots are made of silk or merino, wadded with fine flannel. The toes are made in one piece, the soles in another, the heels in another.

The soles are simply wadded and quilted; the fronts and heels are embroidered. The former have a double row of herring-bone all round them, and a small flower worked in satin-stich in the centre. The heels are merely herring-boned all round.

As these shoes come up very high on the ankle, they are extremely suitable for cold weather. Another very pretty baby's boot may be made of chamois leather, and decorated with beads. It is cut entirely in one piece, sewed up the front, and gathered in rather at the toe. Many colored beads should trim it, in imitation of the American Indian moccason.

TOILET PINCUSHION.

CUT out two rounds of pinked glazed calico, as large as you require, in the middle of which cut a small round hole, the size of a scent bottle, or small tumbler to hold flowers. Cut off a strip of the same, large enough to go round the outside, and the depth you require; then cut another shorter strip to go inside the small, round hole in the middle. Take one of the two rounds, and sew the longest strip to it on the outside, the two ends together; then sew on the shorter strip round the small hole in the centre, doing the same with the ends as already described. Take the other round and sew it on to the little strip, doing it on the wrong side; then sew the outer part to the long strip on the right side, leaving enough open to put in the bran. Having procured this, put it in the hole which is left, and fill it up as far as possible, then sew over the hole; make a cover for this in lace, cutting out one round, the long strip and short one, and sew them together as already described. Put on some lace

outside, and some narrow quilled ribbon round the bottom of the pincushion, and at the top of the lace, also round the small hole in the middle, in which you can place a small smelling bottle, or a tumbler with flowers in.

Blitz at the Academy.—The complimentary benefit to Blitz, the king of conjurers, brought into the Academy of Music more persons than ever before gathered that of five. The house was crowded, the aisles were all full, and we understand that two thousand persons did not succeed in getting an entrance into the building. The performance went off well, and Blitz has reason to be proud of the vast array of his friends who greeted him on that happy evening.

Coal Oils.—We have received a very interesting letter from Delphi, describing the death of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bowman. She was burned to death by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp. The writer wishes us to make the fact known as a caution to those who use the coal oil. We have, for many months past, pointed out to our subscribers the danger of using these inflammable oils. We could fill a column with notices of those who have met their deaths by the explosion of kerosene and other coal oil lamps. The establishments of several of the proprietors of coal oil works have been destroyed by their own inflammable materials. The Fire-Warden of Philadelphia has cautioned the public against their use, and the insurance companies have issued a manifesto against them. But what is the use of these cautions? Persons will go on using this oil, each one supposing that, of course, no accident can happen to them. Our informant also asks information how to render dresses incombustible? We have repeatedly furnished this necessary information.

Head Cushions.—About a year since we published the first pattern given in this country of a head cushion. Now hardly a house can be found that does not contain one or more of these useful articles. This shows how wide spread is the influence of the Lady's Book.

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.—Our terms are four copies for seven dollars. Some person, to "try it on," sent us six dollars for four copies, with orders to return the money if we would not send the Book on those terms. We did return it, and the money was stolen from the mail. Now how much was made by that transaction. Our terms are low, but they are positive.

PLAIN MODEL COTTAGES.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by Samuel Sloan, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

These designs are presented to show how much convenience may be obtained in the least possible space, and also to show how much more economical is the square than the parallelogram as a form for the small cottage.

The two elevations it will be seen represent different designs of the same house—one quite plain, the other more ornamental. The internal arrangements are quite simple; the first floor containing four rooms, of which the living-room, B, is 11 by 20 feet. The other rooms, a parlor C, dining-room D, and kitchen E, are respectively 14 by 16, 14 by 16, and 10 by 12 feet.

The second floor contains four well lighted and well arranged chambers.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

SPRING is once more upon us, and with it, also, the desire to adorn our homes with nature's floral beauties. Many heretofore have been deprived of rare and beautiful plants by the expense, as well as difficulty of obtaining them. To those living at a distance from the great centres of horticulture, and who desire but a few plants, and who have the skill and patience to nurse them after received, the recent Act of Congress, allowing seeds and plants to be mailed in packages not exceeding eight ounces in weight, opens the way for procuring many choice plants at little expense. As our efforts have always been directed to popularize flowers, and bring them within the reach of all, we have prepared a select list of a few of such kinds as may be safely carried by mail, and have grown them expressly in small pots for this purpose. We will mail any single specimen for twenty-five cents, or twelve for two dollars. The following comprise the varieties:—

GAZANIA SPLENDENS, a new bedding plant of great beauty of foliage, and large showy flowers of golden orange color with dark centre, constant bloomer.

JOCHROMA WARSCEWICZIE, an everblooming plant, with pendent, blue trumpet-shaped flowers.

AURICULA—FLOWERED SWEET WILLIAM, a new and beautiful variety.

DWARF HELIOTROPES, *Beauty of the Boudoir*, bluish lilac; *Petit nigresse*, dark purple.

FEATHERED, OR SCOTCH PINKS, two choice varieties. *Anna Boleyn*, *Gertrude*.

NEW VERBENAS, *Prince of Wales*, blush striped with crimson; *Major Boardman*, rich pink; *Mrs. Moore*, dark violet; *Welcome*, lemon yellow.

LANTANAS, *crocea superba*, orange; *Gigantea*, purple and yellow.

FUCHSIAS, *single* Wiltshire lass; Souvenir de Chiswick; *double corollas*. Sir Colin Campbell; Washington.

FLOWER SEEDS. Twenty-five varieties by mail for one dollar. H. A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
327 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

H. W. L.—Sent hair cross, January 24th.

E. R. C.—Sent photograph by mail 24th.

Miss E. D.—Sent pattern of Garibaldi suit for girl 24th.

Mrs. V. R.—Sent marine jacket pattern 25th.

J. W. P.—Sent cloak pattern 25th.

J. M. C.—Sent hair cross and earrings 27th.

L. H.—Sent *cartes de visite* of the Generals 27th.

M. S. R.—Sent Merinal flannel for Garibaldi shirt 28th.

Mrs. O. B. K.—Sent furs by Kinsley's Express 28th.

Mrs. T. K.—Sent patterns infant's wardrobe 29th.

Mrs. J. McG.—Sent infant's cloak and blanket 29th.

Mrs. L. R. A.—Sent crochet sacque for child 29th.

Mrs. S. T.—Sent sleeping cushion 29th.

Miss A. A. W.—Sent pattern of Garibaldi shirt 30th.

Miss S. C. H.—Sent mantilla pattern 30th.

L. E. C.—Sent writing-paper and envelopes 31st.

C. L. F.—Sent robe by Adams's Express, Feb. 3d.

Mrs. M. A. W.—Sent photographs of the Generals 3d.

D. T. H.—Sent braided jacket pattern 5th.

Miss J. S. R.—Sent Godenski cap 5th.

Mrs. J. N. J.—Sent pattern and materials for paper flowers 5th.

Miss M. J.—Sent net for hair 6th.

Mrs. H. F. W.—Sent zephyr 6th.

K. H.—Sent photographs of the Generals 6th.

Mrs. M. N. A.—Sent pattern marine jacket 7th.

Mrs. M. H. S.—Sent patterns infant's slip and dress 7th.

Mrs. E. C. B.—Sent pattern lancer's jacket 7th.

Mrs. E. B.—Sent hair ring 8th.

Miss T. B. G.—Sent Cleopatra jacket 8th.

Miss E. A.—Sent photographs 8th.

Mrs. F. F.—Sent Garibaldi shirt 10th.

Miss M. E. T.—Sent hair breastpin 10th.

Mrs. O. F. T.—Sent pattern walking-dress 11th.

Mrs. T. McC.—Sent cap and stockings by Adams's Express 11th.

Miss G. J.—Sent pattern for cloak 11th.

Mrs. L. A. R.—Sent evening hood 12th.

Miss B. E.—Shell pattern for a quilt. We published this about two years ago. Presume you have not been long a subscriber.

J. G.—Many persons write us who cannot be subscribers. For instance, you ask for charades. Do we not occasionally give them? And then you say the letters from Ella Moore to Susy, in 1860, were very useful; and yet you say nothing of Ella Moore's letter in December, 1861.

Veritas, of Crawfordsville, Ind., is informed that four of the portraits mentioned have been published in the Book. Remember that the Lady's Book is thirty-three years old; probably older than Veritas.

C. R. T.—All teeth, we think, may be kept clean by simply using white soap.

L. N. S.—The postage on the Book you will find on page 410 of this number. No postmaster has a right to ask any more.

H. A. DREER'S—SEEDSMAN—ANSWERS TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W. H.—For a complete list of bedding plants see Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1862. We are sending out one hundred choice plants, packed for ten dollars.

Mrs. Dr. C.—Plants rarely flower well when kept in too active a state of growth. This is probably the cause of your plants not flowering well. Guano and bone dust are not suitable for pot culture. A good compost of fresh loam and leaf mould is all that is necessary. See hints on *window gardening* in Dreer's Garden Calendar.

Mrs. E. L. McL.—The remarks above may also suit your case. Gardeners and florists rarely use artificial manures, where good decomposed barnyard manure is obtainable.

Centre-Table Gossip.

FEMININE PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. J. G. KOHL, a German traveller of large experience, has undertaken to describe "American Women;" and as every one is interested in their own picture, we lay a few of his photographs on our Centre-Table for discussion among the large representation of "American Ladies" who gather around it monthly. We fear they will not think the "cartes" very flattering.

AS TO GOOD LOOKS.

Clumsy, coarse features, striking deformities, original and characteristic ugliness are found neither among American men nor women. No one could dream there of asserting that *le laid c'est le beau*. The great majority of women are moderately pretty, very passable, or pleasingly pretty. Still, their charms are concentrated more in their features than in their demeanor, figures, or corporeal shape. A classical bust, rounded arms, and well-developed limbs are the greatest rarity among them. You may gaze on a hundred, and not discover one shapely waist. The effeminate manners of these anything but Spartan republican ladies, their horror of bodily movement and physical exertion produce a neglect and decay of the entire muscular system. Walking in the open air is something quite unusual with them, for in their country, where there are no footpaths or promenades, they move about in carriages, and rarely on horseback. The rest of the long day they spend, after the fashion of ladies in Eastern harems, on softly cushioned sofas or in their favorite rocking-chairs by the fireside. Full beauties, *à la* Rubens, are never found among them, and equally rare are those graceful, well-rounded, elastic, Junonic forms which may still be seen in Italy and other European countries.

HABITS OF EXPRESSION.

The American ladies have also received into their every-day English language many French expressions which the English employ rarely or give a very different meaning to. Thus, they have a remarkable propensity for the term "elegant." It has grown one of their favorite words, which they incessantly repeat, and whose broad and various application is no little characteristic of them. English ladies generally apply this word, borrowed from the French, to articles of luxury, to products of the lower branches of art, where it is in its place, and means so much as "pleasing in exterior and form." English ladies would never think of expressing their pleasure with things of greater internal value, which must be gauged by a higher standard, by employing the trivial expression "very elegant." Only American ladies do this; they describe as elegant the quiet and amiable behavior of their beaux, equally with the garish furniture of a room all glistening with ormolu and enamel. For the pretty verses an adorer lays at their feet they have, too, no higher praise than that they are "very elegant, very elegant, indeed." They also call the speech of a high-standing political orator "very elegant." A flower in a garden-bed, the fragrant lily, or the regal rose, is only called by them "an elegant flower." Even a picture by Raphael or Correggio receives in the outburst of their enthusiasm no other attribute. If they return from Switzerland, and are asked what they have seen amid the Alps, they praise the "elegant scenery" of the mountains. This unlucky word, and the more unlucky predilection for the elegant which is met with at every step among American ladies is so deeply rooted in them that they have extended the territory of the word to extraordinary lengths, both upwards and downwards. For instance, going downwards, they will talk of an "elegant dish" they have eaten; and, going upwards, what we call a good or classical taste is generally characterized by them as an "elegant taste."

THE POOR HUSBANDS.

In America this terribly degenerated reverence for women, which might be called more truly pampering and spoiling, is naturally felt most by the husbands, who have entered upon a lifelong slavery. If a lovely American girl sinks into the arms of a man, to be bound to him for life, she does so much in the same way as she throws herself into her easy-chair. Marriage is her pillow, her sofa, on which she intends henceforth comfortably to repose. Upon it she confidently throws all the burden of her cares and troubles; she regards her husband as her factotum, who has to provide for all her wants. He must procure her a house according to her fancy, he must furnish this house exactly as she wishes it, he must arrange and administer kitchen and cellar, and even go every morning before breakfast to make the necessary purchases for the day's meals. Even in Washington you may at times see senators, statesmen renowned in the world and influential in the papers, hurrying to market at an early hour with a basket on their arm, and carrying home salad, pastry, green peas, strawberries, or other vegetable produce.

Even farmers' wives often hold themselves much too high for business of this sort, and scenes of the following nature may be seen at market: A young farmer's wife I once saw sitting in a little one-horse chaise and holding the reins. In her elegant dress she could not, of course, be expected to go into the dust and confusion of the market, so she had sent off her husband. He was busy among the stalls, like a swallow collecting insects for its young, and presently appeared again laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels. These the farmer's wife, naturally, could not take on her silk lap, so the husband had to hold them carefully in the chaise.

SAPPHIRES.

We have heard ladies ready to break friendship in discussions on the true colors of different jewels, or, more properly, "gems;" as, for instance, the sapphire: "It is blue," they assert, "sapphire skies," and all the rest of the triumphant quotations! But it is worthy of notice that we can often "be right, yet wrong," as the following interesting article will prove:—

Next to the diamond in hardness, beauty, and value, comes the sapphire—the holy sapphire, "which renders the bearer pacific, amiable, pious, and devout, and confirms the soul in good works," which refuses to shine for the beautifying of the unchaste or the impure, and which, by the mere force of its own pure rays, kills all noxious and venomous creatures. How to describe that soft, deep blue—deepest in the males, fairest in the females—to which nothing living can be compared, save, perhaps, the exquisite glory of an Irish eye? The sapphire in its true color is blue—blue as an Italian heaven, blue as the deep blue sea; but it is also red, and yellow, and green, and violet, and hair-brown—such a brown as the Venetian painters loved, with a golden light striking through—and it is bluish-gray and blackish, and it is sometimes radiated and *chatoyant*. But when all these various colors, it is called by various names: it is oriental ruby when red; oriental topaz when yellow; oriental emerald when green; oriental amethyst when violet; adamantine spar when hair brown; emery when in granulated masses of bluish-gray; asteria, or star-stone, when radiated; corundum when dull and dingy-colored. Thus, all the finest gems are mere varieties of the sapphire, which stands next in order to the kingly diamond himself. The sapphire sometimes changes color by artificial light, and Mr. Hope's "saphir merveilleux," which is a deep, delicious blue by day, becomes distinctly amethystine at night. The finest

blue sapphires come from Ceylon, which is a very island of gems; and one of the most magnificent in the civilized world is that in the insignia of the Saint Esprit, among the crown-jewels in France. The dove is formed of a single sapphire of great size and marvellous beauty, mounted on white diamonds, and surrounded by the finest suite of blue diamonds in existence. The blue diamonds are almost as intense in color as the sapphire itself. The asteria, or star-stone sapphire, is a singularly lovely gem: grayish-blue in color, but turn it which way you will, you see ever six rays of brilliant silver light stream from it. Sometimes the stone is red, when the star-rays are golden yellow; and sometimes they are purely white on a ground of red or blue. The girasol sapphire has a most beautiful play of opalescent light, pinkish, aurora-colored, or bluish. The sapphire is pure alumina, colored by one of the magic agents by which Nature transforms her children and masquerades her servants.—*English Magazine.*

CLIPPINGS AT OUR CENTRE-TABLE.

KEW GARDEN.

THIS fine botanical establishment in England is under the sole charge of Sir Wm. Harker, and is one of the finest in the world. Our well-known horticulturist, Parsons, of Flushing, gives us a glimpse of its arrangements.

"In the midst of the grounds is built the large Palm House, which we thought more harmonious in its architectural proportions than any glass structure we had seen, and far superior to the celebrated conservatory at Chatsworth. This is full of beautiful and curious plants of great size, among which the palms and tree ferns are the most conspicuous. The gigantic Abyssinian banana has grown in five years more than thirty-five feet, with a stem seven and a half feet in circumference, and leaves sixteen feet long. Among the rare things are the zamias, the singular pitcher plants the cycads and their allies, the rice paper plant of Formosa, the ouvirandra fenestralis or singular lattice leaf, from Madagascar, the lace bark of Jamaica, the cinchona or Peruvian bark, the superb Sikkem rhododendrons, and many rare tropical trees, upon which the visitor looks down from a spiral staircase, or from the gallery to which it leads in the top of the conservatory.

"Beside this large house is one devoted to the Victoria lily, while orchids and other plants occupy more than twenty smaller houses. For these various houses there are six foremen, besides numerous laborers. One foreman has charge of the flower-beds, about 400 in number, for which each year a supply of 40,000 bedding plants is required. A new conservatory is about to be erected of great size, which will accommodate the palms, now getting too large for their present habitation. A very important feature connected with the garden is the gardener's library and reading room, the importance of which will be readily perceived, and doubtless imitated in the New York Park.

"It consists of two small apartments adjoining the Director's office, and contains a selection of works useful to a gardener, with horticultural journals, maps, and stationery for readers. It is open every evening for the gardeners, under the direction of the curator and foremen, who are responsible by turns for the safety of the books and good conduct of the men.

"The foremen also act as librarians. The gardeners thus educate themselves, and, in accepting private situations, are able to carry with them good testimonials."

FAMILY INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.

To meet at the breakfast-table, father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where all the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean, and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whencesover the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for, before the morning comes, some of the little circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather around that table not again forever! Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within all reasonable or bearable bounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhommie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect *abandon* of jabber, cachinnation, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family-table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature, which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health, and a long life.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson

& Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 anal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated stablishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or aldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here overn the purchase, therefore, no articles will be taken ack. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be onsidered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—Dress of black silk, with two narrow flounces n the bottom of the skirt, the upper one having a narow blue ruche. Above this is placed a fold of blue ilk slightly puffed, or perfectly plain, as may suit the ancy, braided on each side with a narrow ruche of black ibbon, and crossed diagonally by the same. The sleeves re slashed to correspond with this trimming, and diamond-shaped ornaments of the same style cover the ront of the corsage. The headdress is a coronet ruche, f blue silk and black lace.

Fig. 2.—Raspberry-colored silk, *à la Gabrielle.* There s a narrow flounce around the bottom; the rest of the rimming is a plaiting of wine-colored ribbon. The leeves are particularly simple and elegant. Bonnet of white crape and spotted thulle, with a frill of blonde on he edge of the brim, and a bird of Paradise plume.

Fig. 3.—Dress of rich brown silk, with *plissés* of the ame shade of ribbon, which has a pearled or pointed dge. The sleeve is noticeable in this figure also, as a ew modification of the favorite Francis 1st, and is exremely stylish; it is lined with white silk and has a laiting of white satin ribbon. Simple white chip hat, with mauve ribbons, and a row of daisies inside the brim.

Fig. 4.—An elaborate reception-dress of Pomona or pple-green silk; the bands are of black silk, the lower ne ornamented by a design in green braid work. Zouve jacket of black cloth, with green silk edging and asertings; the diamond-shaped ornament is in green raid. Cawl of white and black guipure, with a few owers in the plaited lace border.

Fig. 5.—Walking or carriage-dress of mauve silk, with lain pointed waist, and sleeves of moderate width; the kirt has a diagonal puffing of alternate mauve and iolet silk, separated by a mauve pipeing. Tablier antle, trimmed with volantes of silk, and rich crochet inge, with a pyramidal heading of crochet. Hat of hite silk, with mauve ribbon and black and white lace. Iauve flowers with large green leaves, and black and hite lace inside the brim.

JUVENILE FIGURES.

Fig. 1.—Child's dress of lobelia blue silk, with an pron front, and daisy ornaments. The sleeves are exellent, being left open at the top to display the full hite sleeve of the chemisette. Gray Leghorn hat, with hite plume.

Fig. 2.—Full trowsers and gaiters of ribbed *drap d'été;* aribaldi shirt and sash of scarlet *cachmerine*, with a mall braid pattern in black. Sailor's hat of Leghorn, ith velvet braiding and band.

SPRING COSTUMES.

(*See engraving, page* 327.)

Fig. 1.—A lobelia blue spring silk, with a small black ash in it, made low neck. The skirt, body, and sleeves re trimmed with box-plaited ruffles edged with a very arrow black velvet. Brown Tuscan hat, with brown lume.

Fig. 2.—Suit of gray Marseilles.

Fig. 3.—Mauve and white summer poplin dress, trimmed with bands of mauve silk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with field flowers.

Fig. 4.—Zouave jacket and skirt of white Marseilles, corded with scarlet braid.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the little demand for novelties that was anticipated at the time of the spring orders, we find many pretty things at Stewart's and elsewhere. By the kindness of Mr. Letson, of that establishment, we have been shown several new inexpensive materials, and a large selection of the new spring silks. Among the new materials, the most popular for early spring wear will be the *Taffeta d'Annecy*, a cotton and wool material, and in some instances, with a bar or stripe of silk crossing it. It is in stripes, checks, of the softest and most delicate spring colors, which we will give, as they pervade every material, as well as silks, ribbons, and gloves.

Rose d'Alpes, *bois* (wood colors), *gros vert* (a rich green), *chamois* (pale buff), *azurline*, *vert imperial*, and every possible tint and shade of mode as the ground. *Taffeta de Suez* is of cotton and wool, a thinner material, as is the Grenadine *barèges*, called also wool grenadine. These last are of a texture like an exceedingly fine *barège Anglais*, with mode, or mode and black grounds, and rich figures, *brocheé* (embroidered), in the colors we have mentioned. *Epinglorie brocheé* is a not very dissimilar material.

In silks it is thought that plain colors will be revived, and changeable grounds, with delicate *chineé* figures, will be much worn; also black, figured silks, the figure a small lozenge, dot, stripe, and even wreath. Very small plaids, a white ground, quadrilled with black, green, Magenta, *bois*, etc. etc., are in decided favor. The black to be trimmed with ribbon or ruches in bright colors, mixed with black, and are very effective. The most striking novelties are a *chineé* silk, alma ground (a bluish-gray), and *camaieux* figure, two simple leaves of *bois*, a wood color, in different shades, the one like a shadow of the other. Also a rich drab silk, quadrilled by a wreath of convolvulus blossoms and leaves, and the *Varsovienne*, a changeable ground, green and white, with a raised, satin-like, geometrical figure crossing it in *vert imperial*. The styles for making up are various.

We instance a dress of azurline blue silk, which is a brighter shade than the lobelia worn the past winter; the corsage is the pointed boddice worn fifteen years ago; the sleeves are flowing, moderately wide at the wrist, about the width of a *Mousquetaire*, with a few plaits at top, and no cuff at the bottom. A row of oval, black velvet *pateés* reach from the brooch to the point of the boddice, set on closely. These *pateés* are plain, with an edge of good, narrow, black lace, in pointed pattern; a row of them is set a little above the edge of the sleeve, in a straight line. The skirt is plain, set on the waist in plaits, not flat, of a moderate width, plain directly under the point, where a row of *pateés*, increasing in size, rounds away in a tunic line, and is carried around the whole dress, almost ten inches from the hem, at intervals of five inches.

A handsome black silk is made in the same form; a narrow ruche of silk forms a double chain pattern, from the shoulder to the point, on each side the corsage, where it is joined in an elongated, oval loop; the sleeves have the same trimming repeated a little above the edge, and

a single row across the top, where the bottom of a cap would fall. A row of the same forms a trimming around the skirt at the height of twelve inches.

Among the changeable or shot, spring silks, we have seen one of Havané and gray, the trimming ruches of the same silk, in a flat plait and space. This trimming, which is on the skirt, the open sleeves, and the girdle, is also placed around the neck, and a narrow ruffle of lace or muslin rises above it.

A dress of bluish-gray and white, has a narrow stripe of black, three-quarters of an inch wide, running through it. It is made up in a most stylish manner. The corsage *pointed* and turned back quite widely at the throat, with a pretty rolling collar, *en gilet;* from the collar to the hem it is closed by five good-sized, plain, black velvet buttons. The stripes are straighter on the corsage and sleeve, diagonal on the Mousquetaire cuff, which, with the collar, is bordered by an inch wide, black, velvet ribbon. The cuff has three small, oval *patés* of velvet and lace. The front of the skirt is apron-fashion, the apron sloping away to a point on each side, having the appearance of a broad gore, less than a breadth wide at top, and plaited into a point; the bottom two breadths wide. In the rest of the skirt the stripes are made to fall diagonally; in the tablier they are straight, which gives it a very stylish appearance. The back of the skirt laps to the width of an inch; wide velvet over the tablier; three *patés*, at the distance of twelve inches apart, are placed back of this on each side. In the neck a narrow row of lace, and a plaited muslin chemisette across the bottom of the vest-like opening.

We have room but for two more descriptions. A dress of plain gray silk; four inches from the bottom of the skirt is a band of black velvet four inches wide, headed by seven rows of narrow gray velvet, two shades darker than the dress. This may be again repeated, but is heavy, if so, for spring. The corsage is plain, with a *Medicis* girdle of black velvet, forming a point up and down. The sleeves are bell-shaped, brought into a loose band at the wrist, which is trimmed by rows of narrow black and gray velvet; they are entirely open from the shoulder to the band on the forearm, the opening being trimmed on each side with black and gray velvet. The same is carried round the throat, where a frill of gauffered lace stands upright. A full undersleeve, of course, must be worn with this open sleeve. It is a single puff of lace, drawn in close at the wrist to a ruche of lace, which extends the whole length of the sleeve on the forearm, showing prettily in the opening of the dress sleeve.

Pale green, or "water green," as it is sometimes called, is, as we have said, a favorite shade for spring wear. A dress of this has each seam of the skirt trimmed with a plaiting of silk, through the middle of which is passed a narrow black velvet. The same extends from the waist to the throat on the corsage, rather wider at the throat than at the waist; or the plaiting may be of black silk and the centre of green. On the sleeve it describes a series of "horseshoe crescents," a popular style of applying ruches, plaitings, etc.

A dress of black and white check, very small, may be handsomely trimmed by gauffered bands of Magenta, *rose de roi*, blue, or vert silk, with the velvet in the centre. We have seen one from the Fourteenth Street establishment of Madame Demorest with bands of *gros vert* and black velvet—very stylish, indeed

As to spring bonnets, the all-important part of ladies' toilets, they will be worn of straw, except for full dress, and the straws will be generally fine and close, or else very fine gimp; nothing showy will be found among the new styles.

From the Misses McConnel, of Clinton Place, New York, we give the following information: Bonnets will be very much the same shape as those worn during the winter; they may possibly be a little deeper from the crown to the front, and rather more square on top, though they will not droop at all over the face. All the best bonnets will have illusion tabs, though not quite so full as those worn during the winter. The caps will be rather long, and generally droop in the centre. The inside trimming is placed on top in the diadem style.

Among the many beautiful bonnets at this establishment we notice the following: A bonnet of chip, covered with cords of fine straw; cape of black silk and black lace, on the left side of the bonnet; very near the face was a cluster of rich scarlet pomegranates and brown, hanging berries, and on the flowers rested a beautiful butterfly, with black lace wings; inside was a drawn facing, one row of black and one row of white silk, then lace tabs, and over the forehead black lace, plaited and scarlet pomegranates.

Another was of white illusion, with a scarlet or Garibaldi-colored velvet cape, and trimmed on one side with scarlet velvet, plaited like an opened fan, the small end being toward the front of the bonnet; a band of black silk, two inches wide, was folded carelessly round the whole fan, and black feathers and coques of black lace were on the top and edge of the bonnet, which was also finished by a black lace being fastened inside the bonnet, then turned over, plaited down to form a binding to the bonnet, leaving a little frill all round on the outside, which had a charming effect. The inside was composed of black lace, scarlet velvet, acorns, oak-leaves, and white blonde tabs.

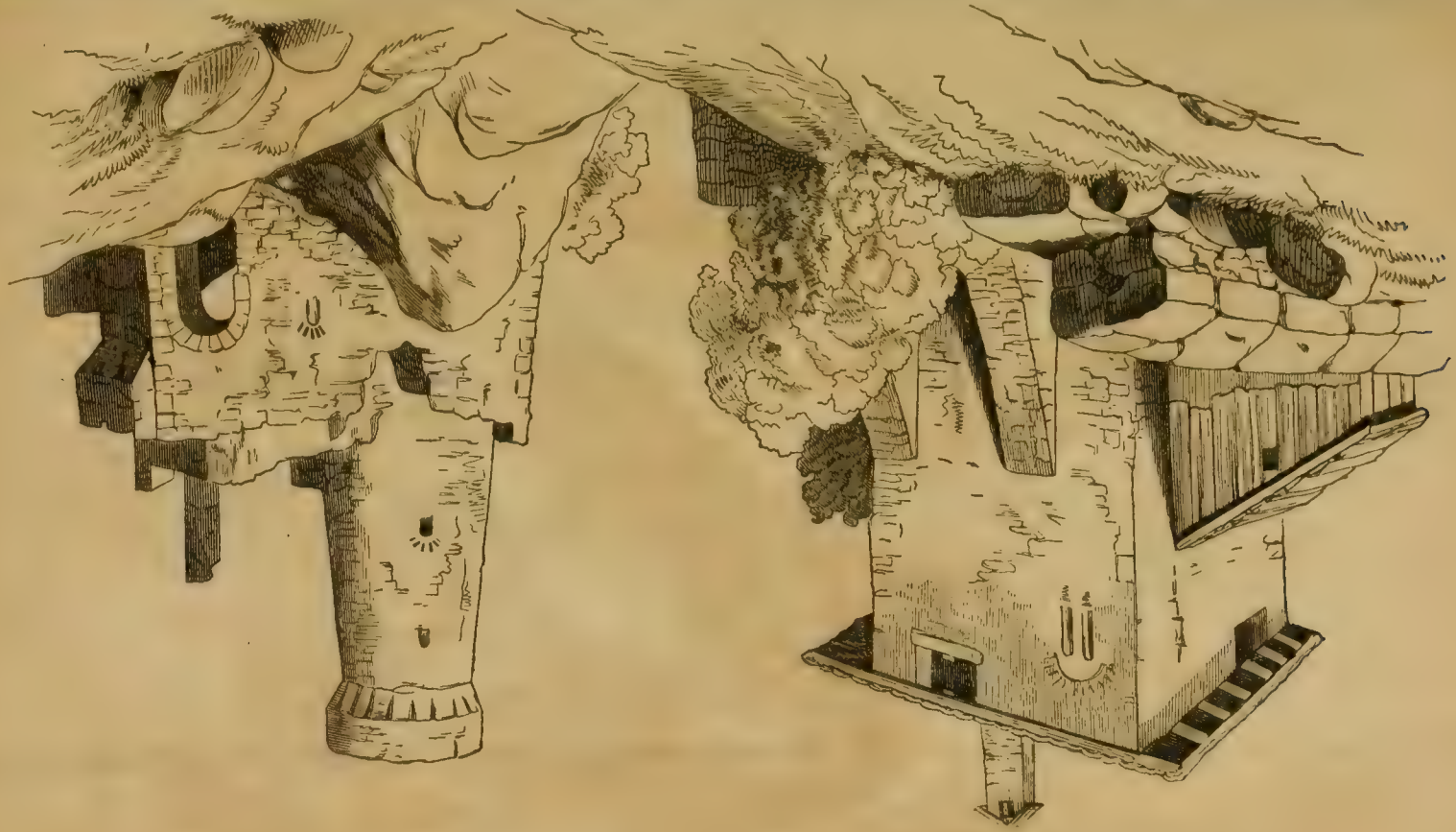
Another was of Dunstable straw, faced with a sea-green velvet, and having two bands of the velvet on the outside, one standing up on the edge of the bonnet, and the other about an inch further back. This bonnet was trimmed with a black veil of spotted lace, about ten inches wide and three-quarters of a yard long; it formed part of the inside trimming, then turned over on the outside of the bonnet, and was caught by an exquisite branch of roses and buds on the left side near the edge of the bonnet; it was then folded over once, and carried straight down to the crown, where was placed a black butterfly; the veil covered part of the crown, and fell over and below the cape, to which it was attached by a rose and bud. The cape was of white silk and black lace, and the inside trimming was composed of the veil, roses, and illusion tabs.

Another straw we admired for its simplicity and novelty; it had on the left side a bow composed of flat loops of white ribbon, two inches in width, on which was placed a bouquet of violets, berries, and a large white narcissus. The cape was of white silk, but in the centre were three rows of black lace, placed one above the other, the lowest one falling about two inches below the cape; and on the side of the cape was another bow of the white ribbon, the same style but rather smaller than the one on the bonnet. The inside was composed of loops of white ribbon and violets, on the left side was a blonde tab, and on the other was black lace drawn and passed from the inside of the bonnet to the outside, and so on, so that it formed the entire inside trimming for one side of the bonnet, and a very pretty outside trimming, also.

Of dress bonnets we will speak next month.

FASHION.

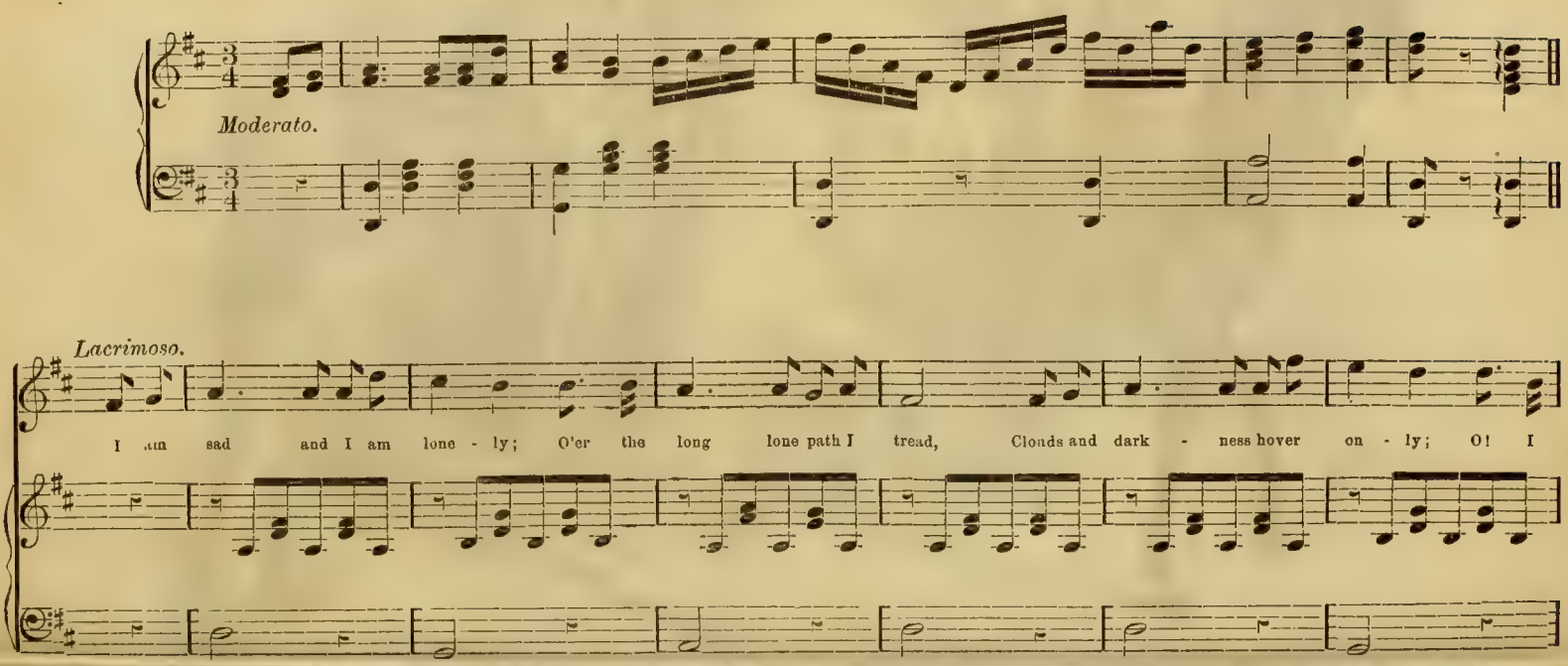
GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MAY 1862.



I am Sad, and I am Lonely.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY O. R. BARROWS.



would that I were dead, For the clouds will ne'er be riv - en, Nor the dark - ness dis - ap - pear; Nor the calm blue fields of heav - en Brightly

Lento. *Dim.* *Slentando.*

o - ver-reach me here. Nor the calm blue fields of heav - en Bright - ly o - ver - reach me here.

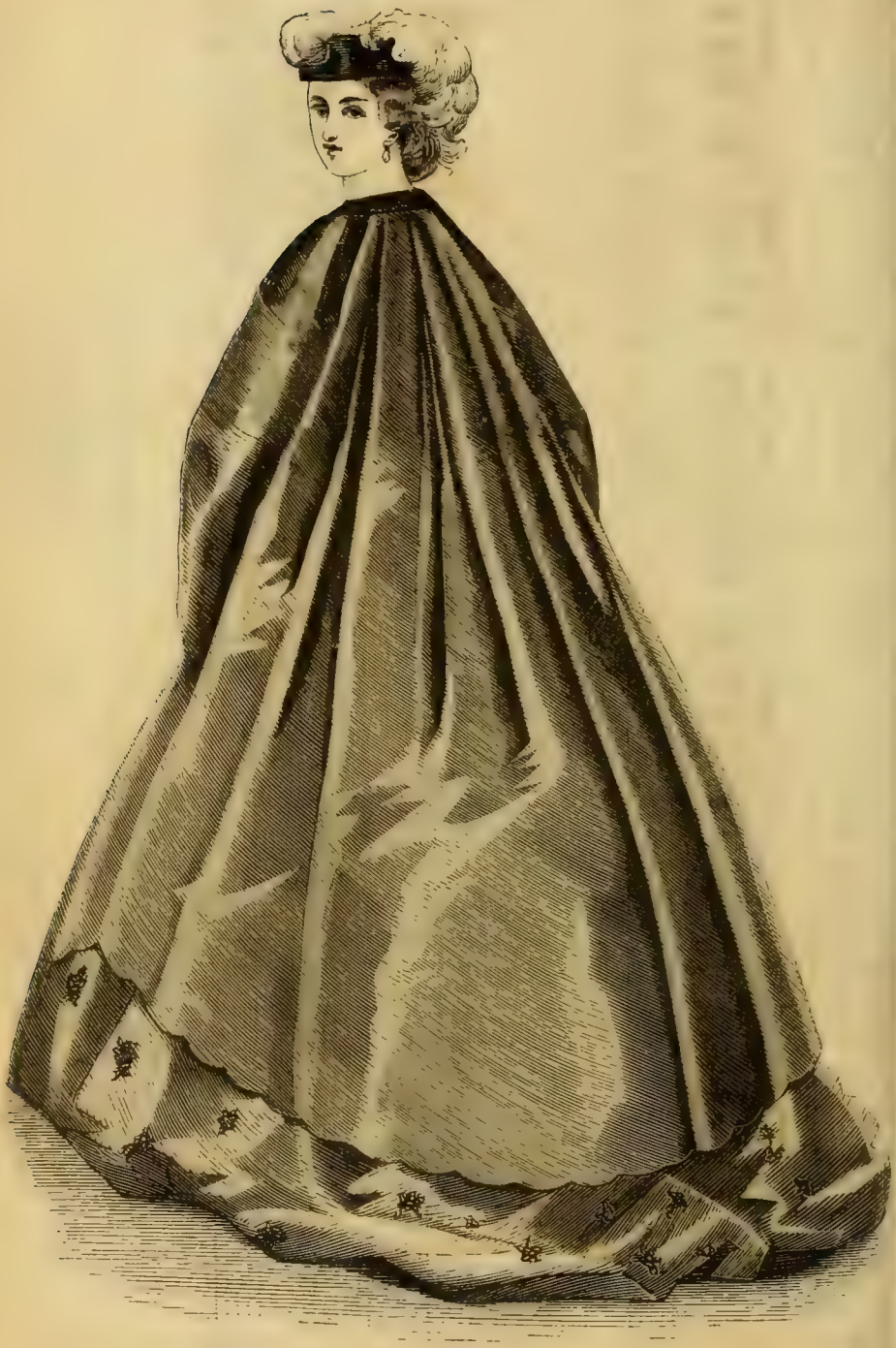
2.

All the world is dark and dreary;
Life's a toilsome march at best—
And my sad heart, worn and weary,
Sighs for peace and longs for rest.
Hope and joy have fled forever,
Love lies low with bleeding wing;
By my pathway never, never,
Pleasure's wild flowers will up-spring.

3.

O! the past was bright and pleasant,
But the future cannot be;
And the waters of the present
Lave the vale of misery.
All around is darkness only—
All around the path I tread;
I am sad and I am lonely,
O! I would that I were dead!

THE ETHELINDE.



Made of rich black silk, and trimmed with velvet.

HOME-DRESS.

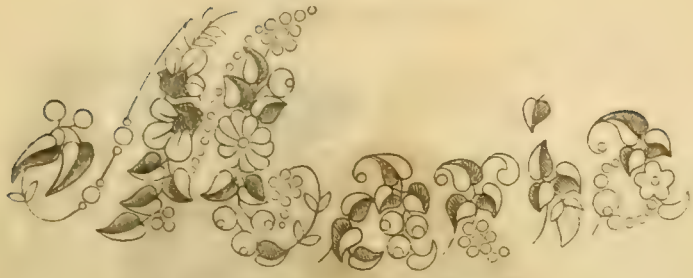
Made of Foulard silk—the ground lilac, and the figures in purple and gold color; the trimming on the skirt and sleeves is bound with gold-colored ribbon. The sash is bordered by a quilled purple ribbon.

THE ALMERIAN.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This style, made of heavy black silk, is among the most beautiful novelties of the spring mantillas. No description is required, as its mode is fully explained by the illustration.

NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

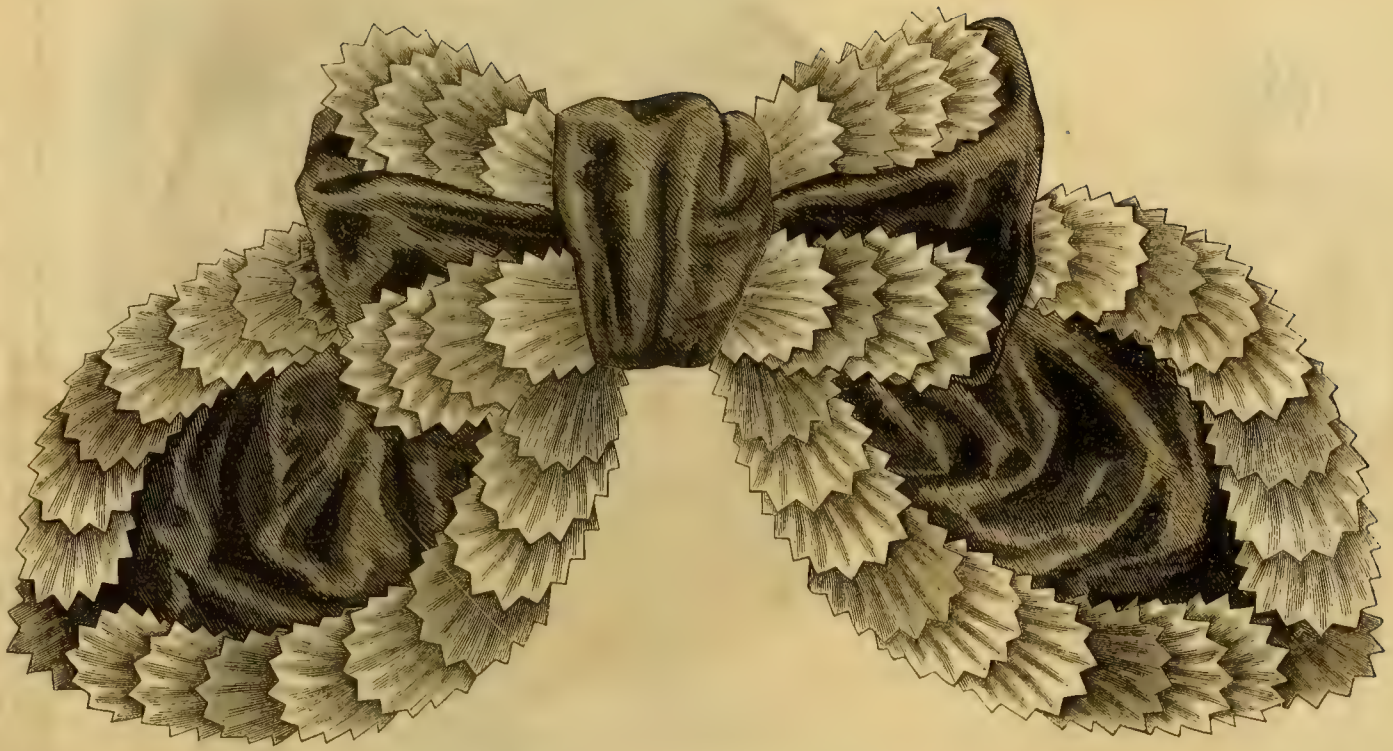
ig. 1.—Steel color poplin suit, trimmed with Azurline blue silk. Steel color straw hat, bound h blue, and having a blue thistle feather in front.

ig. 2.—Light green silk dress. Black silk sacque, braided with green cord.

ig. 3.—Light cloth jacket, white pants, crimson neck-tie, and Leghorn hat.

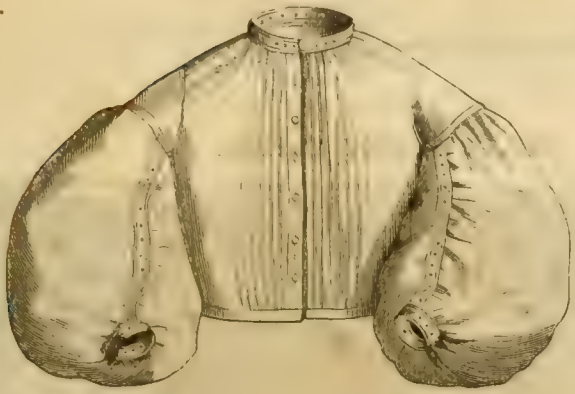
ig. 4.—Brown poplin Zouave suit.

NECK-TIE.



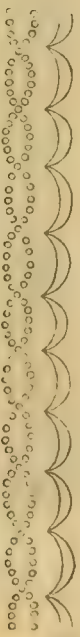
Made of black velvet, and bordered by two shades of Magenta ribbon cut in the shape of shells.

WHITE MUSLIN SPENCER.



CUFF, TO MATCH THE NECK-TIE.

EMBROIDERY.



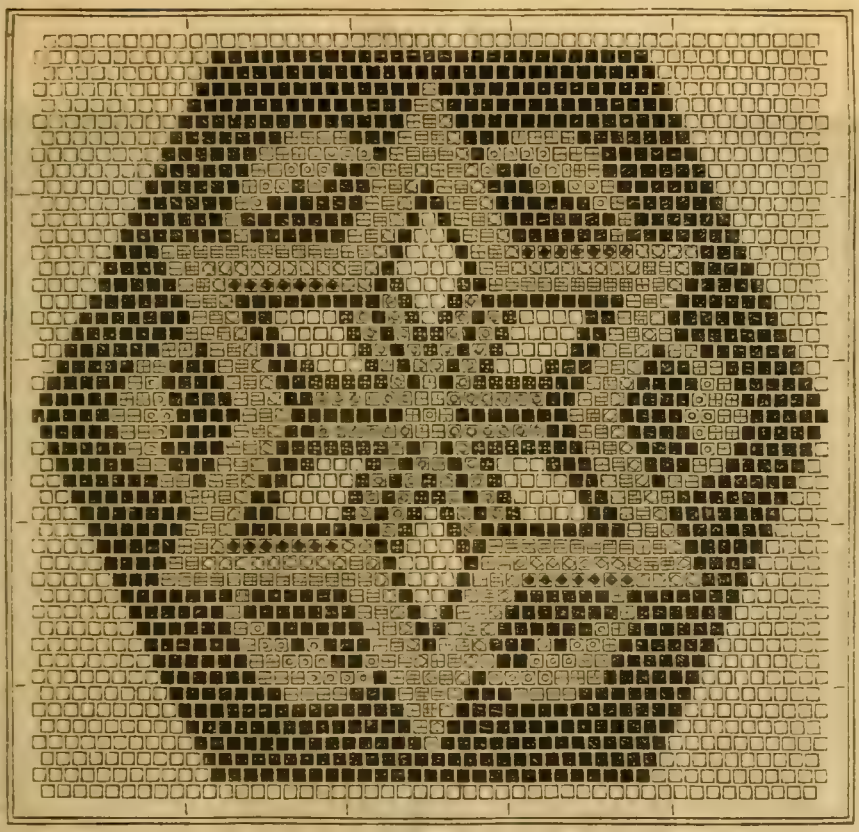
THE BUTTERFLY SLIPPER.

Materials.—Black cloth; violet, green, crimson, and blue silks; gold thread, No. 3; black and ruby cut beads.

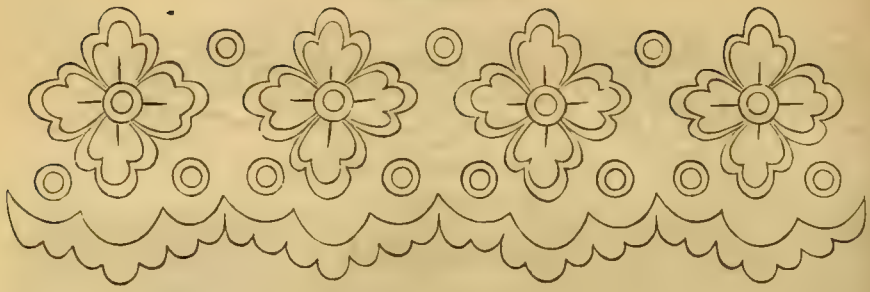
The butterfly is to be worked in chain-stitch, with the various shaded silks: the upper wings in green—the under in crimson, with blue spots. The body in lilac. On each side of the body a cut black bead may be put in every little loop.

CUSHION COVER

ON THE MATERIAL USED FOR MOSQUITO NET.

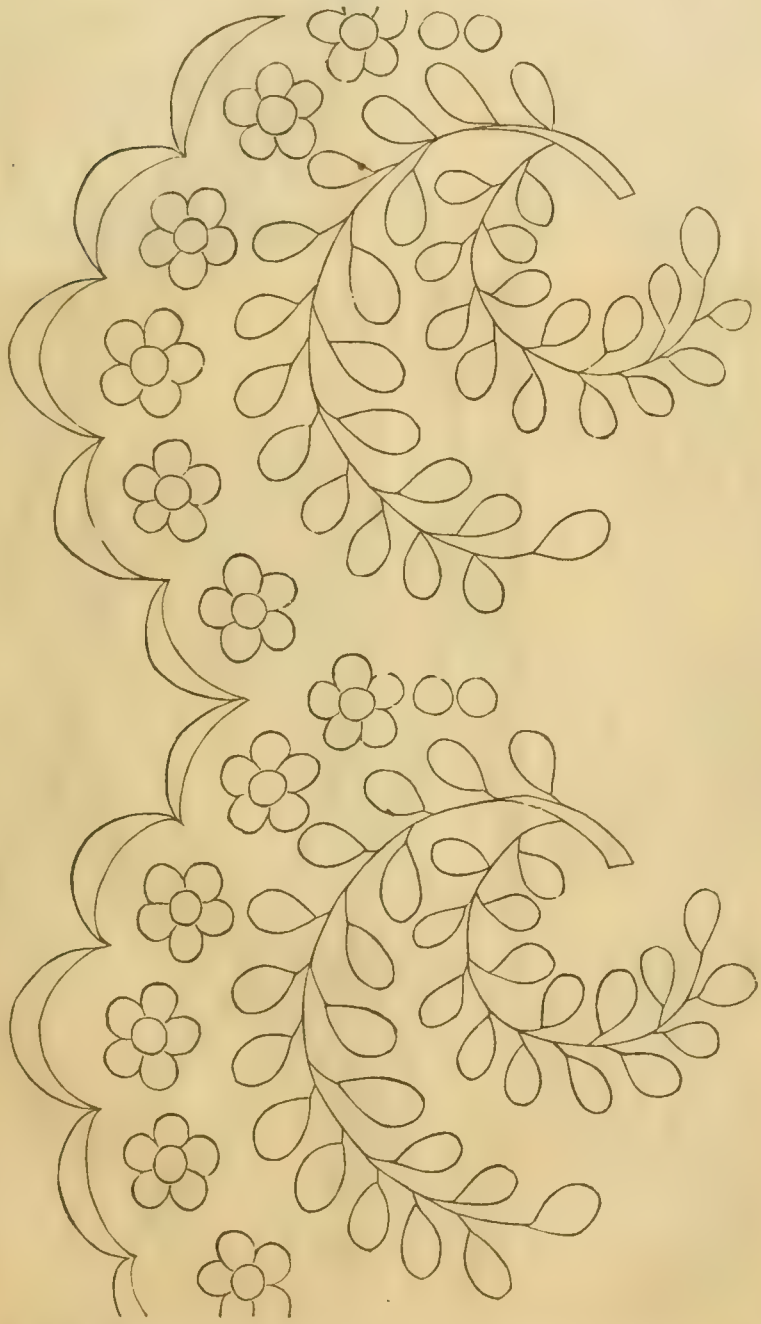


Very pretty tidies and cushion covers are now made on mosquito net, which is a very useful manufacture as a groundwork on which to work ornamental patterns in darning and fancy stitches. The pattern given is for this purpose, and when worked will be found to have a very lacy and good effect. The stars are worked in cottons of different degrees of coarseness, and the lines which form the stars are traced in the coarsest kind. The interiors of the points are filled in with different kinds of lace stitches, which are very easily executed on this coarse fabric, such as sewing lines of the net over, crossing in diamonds, and filling in with stars—but which have a very pretty effect introduced in this manner. The shape indicated by the black ground in the illustration is formed by running a line, in coarse cotton, across the net in the different directions. This gives a novelty to the style of work. To complete the tidy, a light lace in crochet, or a rich knotted fringe, should be carried all round. This will be found a very showy and pretty way of working on this net.



SCENT SACHET.

(*See description, Work Department.*)



FLOUNCING FOR A SKIRT.

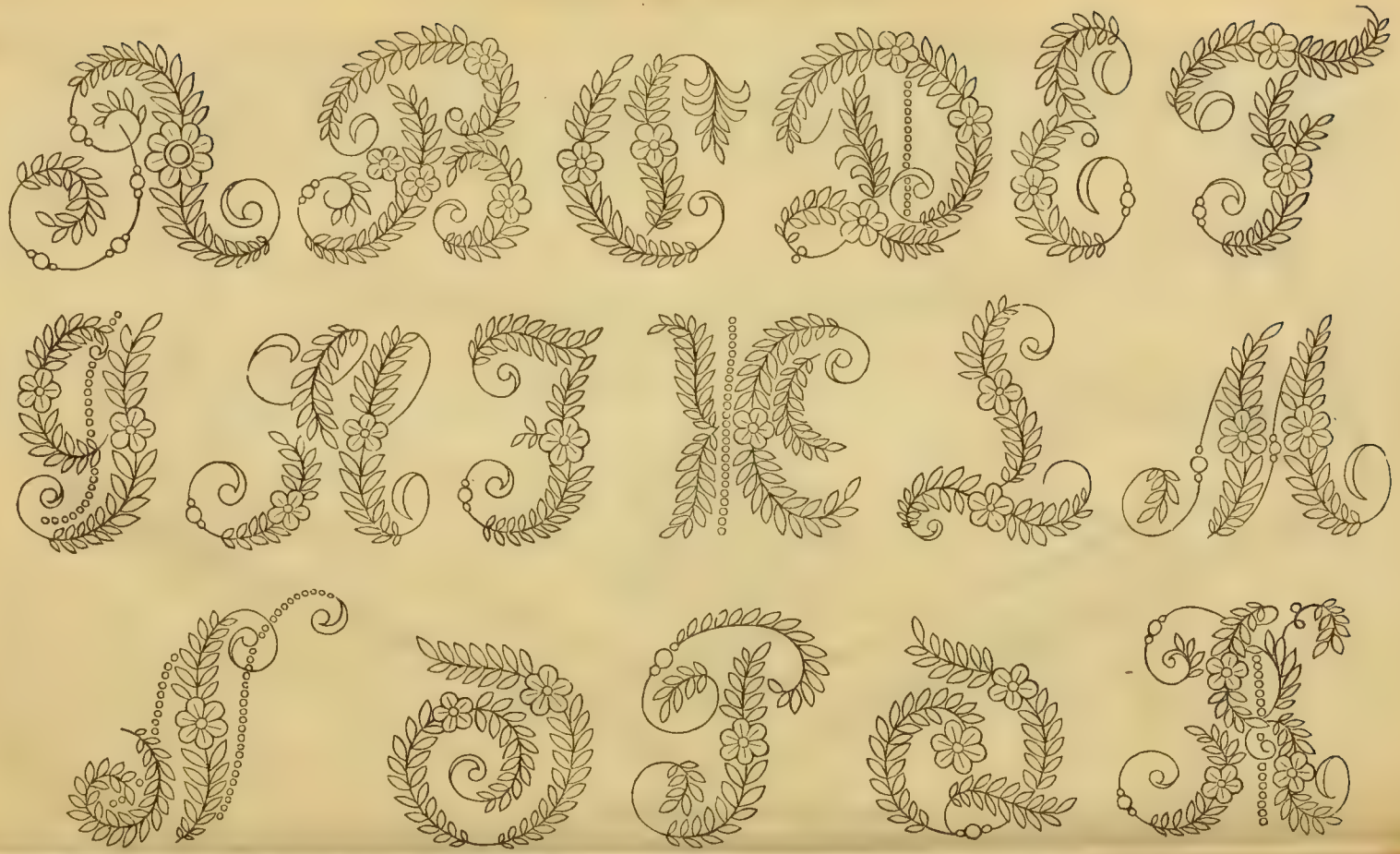
LINEN COLLAR AND CUFFS, EMBROIDERED IN SATIN STITCH.

CUFF, EMBROIDERED IN SATIN STITCH.

Materials.—Six inches of the finest Irish linen; for lining, six inches of a coarser make. Embroidery cotton, No. 40, and cotton, No. 38.

For morning wear there is nothing so pretty as a set of linen collar and cuffs, and ornamented with a small sprig worked in the neatest satin stitch, like that shown in our illustration, are, of course, more uncommon. The pattern should be copied in pencil on the corners of the collar, and in the centre of the cuffs; it should be well traced to give it a raised appearance, and then neatly sewn over. When both the sprigs are worked, the collar should be lined, running that and the lining together on the wrong side, and turning it over and stitching it twice on the right side, as indicated by the white lines round the edge of the pattern. These little sprigs would have a very pretty effect worked in scarlet ingrain embroidery cotton, stitching the two outer lines in the same colored cotton to match. A band of colored cambric, either bright red or mauve, might be stitched on to form an outer border to the collar, and in this style would be very effective.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

JERUSALEM.

In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin, in a frantic mood,
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handiwork—not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple.

* * * * * * *

Along the Sacred Way.
Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopp'd at the sacred stair that then appear'd,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As though it led to heaven.

* * * * * * *

Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss, and learnedly. ROGERS.

LEAVING the devout pilgrims to kiss "the Stone of Unction," we passed through a vast throng of people, in which we recognized Turkish, Arab, and Greek soldiers, mingled with Armenian, Greek, Coptish, and Latin priests. Such a Babel of worshippers and languages, such a variety of costumes and countenances, and such a mixture of expressed passions and feelings, I never remember to have heard or seen collected together in one place before or since that time.

"Now, Signor, look right to the Calvary, upstairs, where old man pray," shouted our guide, in a loud voice; and therefore following him, we commenced ascending a narrow, dark staircase (31*) of eight-and-twenty winding steps, nineteen of which are of wood, and run up the sides of the church wall, the remainder being formed from the solid rock. Many weary pilgrims pass over these steps during the day, and to

"Calvary's mournful mountain climb."

Calvary, or, as it is sometimes called, "Golgotha, that is to say, the place of a skull"—because, according to tradition, the skull of Adam was deposited there by Melchisedek—is about 110 feet southeast of the sepulchre; the upper part of it (K) is level, and forms a platform 47 feet square, on which is a chapel divided into two parts, and separated by arches. One is paved with mosaic, hung with tapestry, and lighted by lamps, whose dim light, shed upon the aged or careworn faces of the devotees, imparts a singular appearance to the whole. This is called the Chapel of the Cross (35), and the guide, pointing to a silver plate under the altar, at the eastern extremity of the other, informed us that it marked the spot where the foot of the cross rested, while on either side he showed us the holes where the crosses of the two thieves were fixed (33). A few paces from these is a long narrow opening, with brass bars over it. The guide removed the metal covering, and passed a lighted taper into the fissure, which is about three feet long and three inches wide; the edges being rough and corresponding, really *appear* to be a rent in the rock (34). This is said to have taken place when our Saviour, about the ninth hour, being in the agonies of death, cried out with a loud voice from the cross, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" (Matt. xxvii. 46, 51). The Greeks say that the soul of the bad felon went to perdition through this rent. Adjoining the place where the crosses were placed is the Chapel of the Crucifixion (32), but as there was not anything remarkable about it, we descended the staircase, and turn-

* See Plan of Holy Sepulchre at page 335, April number.

ing to the left, visited the lower part of Calvary (H), and the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon (36), and his brother Baldwin (37), which are almost destroyed. After this we proceeded towards the western end of the building, passing "the Stone of Unction" on our way, and pushing through a crowd of noisy Greek and Latin priests in the Vestibule (B), entered the nave of the church (C), in the centre of which is the Holy Sepulchre (D). The nave is about 100 feet in diameter, in the form of a circle, surrounded by eight square columns (15) and eight pilasters (16), supporting galleries above, and a lofty cupola. This is the Latin Chapel, in the centre of which is an oblong building of stone resembling marble, brought from the Red Sea. It is surmounted by a small cupola, pierced with circular windows, and supported by columns. This is the Holy Sepulchre (D), which is the object of the pilgrim's visit to the City of God.

Ascending a few steps we entered the vestibule or ante-chapel (6), in the centre of which is a small square block of marble, which, we were told, was the stone the angel rolled back from the door and sat upon, when he announced the tidings of the resurrection to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary: "He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay" (Matt. xxviii. 2—6). Stooping down, we passed through a narrow doorway, partially veiled from curious eyes by a curtain, and entered the sepulchral chamber (7), which is about seven feet square, containing the sarcophagus or coffin of marble, about six feet long, three feet high, and three feet wide, which forms a kind of altar. Above this a large number of gold and silver lamps, suspended from the roof, are kept constantly burning. They are the gift of princes and nobles, some of whom have made the pilgrimage. The sarcophagus, which is a modern production, is asserted to be the one wherein Joseph and Nicodemus laid the body of our Saviour (John xix. 38—42).

From the sepulchre we proceeded to the place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, as "she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus" (John xx. 14.) Near this is the Chapel of the Apparition (E), belonging to the Latins; and within the door, on the right, is the Pillar of Flagellation (22), which is almost hidden from view. This is said to be the *identical* pillar to which our Saviour was tied when he was scourged, before being crucified (Matt. xxvii. 26). The guide fixed a lighted taper to the end of a long stick, and passing it through a hole in the inclosure, showed us the broken shaft of a pillar. Near to the Altar of the Flagellation is the Altar of the Holy Cross (21), and that of the Holy Sacrament (20), but they are not worthy of special notice.

Retracing our steps from this spot, we turned to the left and entered the Greek Church, which occupies the largest space in the building. It is fitted up in a rich and costly style, and contains the spot where the head of Adam was found, which the Greeks also call the Centre of the World (13); the chair of the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem (11); the chair of the Greek vicar (12); and the Sancta Sanctorum (10), with the screen before the altar (9).

Outside of this is the prison (24), where, it is said, our Saviour was confined when he was bound and delivered to Pontius Pilate, the governor (Matt. xxvii. 2); and the guide showed us one of the miraculously created wonders of the priests—a stone with holes in it, on which our Saviour was placed when put in the stocks! Near to this is the altar of the Inscription over the Cross (25), where the soldier is said to have pierced our Saviour's side with his spear (John xix. 34); and, adjoining it, the chapel where the soldiers "took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part," and cast lots for his vesture (26) (John xix. 23, 24).

Keeping towards the southwest, we descended a flight of about thirty steps (27), leading to the Chapel of the Finding of the Crosses (G), which is a dark, damp chamber, about eighteen paces square, dimly lighted by some lamps suspended from a pole. The roof, which is rough and black, is supported by four large columns. In front of us was the altar (28), and, on the right, a seat where the Empress Helena sat, and watched the workmen digging below, when they were searching for the crosses. Below this is another chamber (29), darker than the other, which is reached by descending fourteen steps. The guide points to a slab marked with a cross, and says, "Eccolo! there cross found in big hole under him stone." You retreat from this dismal place, retrace your steps to the church, and, turning to the left, arrive at the Chapel of Derision (30), where a large block is shown as the one on which our Saviour sat whilst mocked by the soldiers, when crowned with thorns and arrayed in a scarlet robe (Matt. xxvii. 27—31).

I turned with intense satisfaction from viewing these pretended relics, to gaze upon localities that had, at least, more of the semblance of reality and probability. Indeed, I should not have trespassed upon the reader's patience thus

far, but for a desire to relate things as they exist at the Sepulchre, or, as it was formerly called, the Church of the Resurrection. A visit to the Holy City, that has been "trodden down of the Gentiles," and "ploughed as a field," leaves impressions upon the sober-minded Christian of a mournful kind.

A visit to the Sepulchre is replete with painful associations and feelings. The aged and the young, the noble and the beggar, undergo many a peril and privation, and encounter many hardships, to bow down before the supposititious sacred places and relics. The young and beautiful, the fairest daughters of other lands, were there, with pale faces and sunken features, that bespoke much mental and bodily pain, days of toil, and weary journeying. Yon man with a proud and haughty bearing, whose piercing dark eyes wander restlessly over the sea of heads, bespeaks a noble origin; but ever and anon a saddened look overspreads his features, and reveals a tale of hidden woe—perhaps the remembrance of some dark deed committed, that must now be atoned for by rigid penance and vigil. Contrast all the groups of devotees with the jovial-looking monks around; the impassioned fervor and intense devotion of the pilgrims, whose days are numbered, with the jocund laugh of the priest, well lodged and fed. Does not this scene of hope and sorrow, of joy and repentance, of self-denial and triumph, teach us a mighty lesson? Who can gaze on these people, who have sacrificed health and happiness, wealth and luxury, in exchange for poverty and all its horrors, with fell disease, and not be sad? Yet these people, who have braved so much, implicitly believe all they see, and all they are told, and go their way, faint and hungry, but buoyed up with the shadow rather than the substance—the illusion and not the reality.

How can we reconcile the discrepancies between traditional and biblical topography? Are we to believe that the Calvary of the present day is the Calvary of Scripture? Assuredly not. We are told in the Bible that Jesus "suffered *without* the gate" (Hebrews xiii. 12); "for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city" (John xix. 20); and there was a garden in it, and in the garden a new "sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid" (John xix. 41). In the face of all this, we are shown the spot of the Crucifixion, of the nailing to the cross, and the rent in the rock, in a space forty-seven feet square; and collected within a comparatively small space, the sepulchre where the body was laid, the place of anointing, the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and many other places. But we have to remember that the Holy Sepulchre was burned A. D. 614, and the true Cross, with the patriarch Zacharias, carried away; that it was set on fire again A. D. 969; that about A. D. 1010 the Sepulchre was razed to its foundations, and every exertion made by the Khalif el-Hâkim to remove all traces of its existence; and that, in addition to these, it has been partially destroyed on several occasions. It is but just, then, to conclude that the sites pointed out to pilgrims and travellers, by the monks and guides, do not coincide with historical and biblical accounts, and that the true sites are hidden for some wise purpose.

We must forbear mentioning the particulars of the enacted representations of the Crucifixion by the Latin church; the riotous scenes that occur on the eve of the Greek Easter-day, when the ceremony of receiving the Holy Fire is performed in the sepulchre, and other exhibitions of the same character.

Passing out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and through several narrow streets, we came to the Bab-es-Sham, or gate of Damascus, the outer part of which exhibits a fine specimen of massive Saracenic architecture. It was from

TOMB OF JEREMIAH.

this spot that the city was taken by Titus, and from hence the road leads to Damascus and the northern part of Palestine.

To the right of the Damascus road, and nearly

in front of the gate, is the Cave of the prophet Jeremiah, where he is said to have retired to pour forth his Lamentations, where he sat and looked upon the city, exclaiming: "All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying: Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" It is a cave wrought in the face of the rock, under a burial-ground, and divided from the road by a low wall of loose stones. Here hermits were wont to live, but the place is now untenanted, unless by a few goats that browse on the slope in front of it.

Proceeding a short distance from the cave of the prophet, we came to what was formerly called Bezetha or Cœnopolis, now occupied by olive trees, but formerly by people of the lower class, and inclosed by Agrippa with a thick wall of great strength.

Not far from this there are some fine ancient sepulchres, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings of Israel, but generally considered to be the tomb of the Empress Helena, Queen of Adiabene, who was buried near Jerusalem, with her son, Izatus. After clambering over some rubbish, and descending a little, we arrived in a large open court cut out of the rock. On the west side it is hollowed out so as to form a wide entrance, which has a band of carved work over it, consisting of large clusters of grapes and garlands of flowers, mingled with other ornaments, all beautifully sculptured, and bearing evidence of Roman skill. The sides of the entrance, which were once ornamented with columns, are now broken and defaced. On the left hand side of this entrance is a small aperture, through which we crept on our hands and knees, and entered an antechamber, about six feet high and ten feet square. We saw several passages leading from this into other chambers, where there are recesses hewn in the rock for the reception of marble sarcophagi, portions of which, with fragments of the panelled stone doors that closed the entrance to them, are strewn on the ground. The doors had stone pivots, which turned in sockets cut in the rock.

As the day was closing, we took a hasty glance at the Tombs of the Judges, that are situated a short distance to the north of the sepulchres we had just quitted; but were not repaid for the trouble, as they are far inferior in execution.

Crossing the fields in a south-easterly direction, we came to the head of the Valley of Kedron, where some vineyards and olive plantations form the eastern boundary of the deep bed of the brook, which passes in a southerly direction through the vale, between Mount Olivet and the hills on which the Holy City is built, thence through the wilderness of St. Saba, and is finally lost in the Dead Sea. Although the bed of the Kedron bears ample evidence of its former greatness, it is now dry, and no longer gladdens the eye of the pilgrim with its silvery stream; for, except during the winter months, when the rain has contributed with the snow to form a pool, there is never any water in its bed. There are associations of an historical kind connected with the brook. It is probable that David and all his people crossed the ancient bridge over its bed, which is near to the tomb of Mary, when he fled from Absalom (2 Sam. xv. 28). It was near to this brook that the idol of Maachah was burnt by her son Asa (1 Kings xv. 13); it was in the fields of Kedron that Josiah ordered the priests to burn the vessels that were made for Baal, and to cast the dust of the altars, which the Kings of Judah and Manassah had made, into the brook (2 Kings xxiii. 12); and

"Thou, soft-flowing Kedron! by thy limpid stream,
Our Saviour, at night, when the moon's silver beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would oftentimes stray,
And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day."

We passed over the bridge with one arch, mentioned above, and entered the garden of "dark Gethsemane," with its eight aged olive trees inclosed by a stone wall. It was

"Alone to the shade of Gethsemane's garden
The Saviour repair'd when the supper was o'er,
Weigh'd down with the load of their guilt, for whose pardon
Such wonders of sorrow and suffering he bore."

Although this may not be the actual site of the Garden of Gethsemane, still it must be in the vicinity, because we know that it was "over the brook Cedron" (John xviii. 1), and "near to the city." The guide pointed to a part of the garden, which, he informed us, is looked upon as accursed, being the place where the traitor Judas walked when he came with "a great multitude, with swords and staves," and betrayed his Divine Master with a kiss (Matt. xxvi. 47—49). The south-eastern corner of the garden—a ledge of rocks—is assigned as the spot where Peter, James, and John slept (Luke xxii. 43).

Commencing the ascent of the Mount of Olives, we were shown the Grotto of the Agony, which the monks assert is the one where our Saviour retired, and, kneeling down, prayed—

"'Oh, Father, behold in compassion thy Son—
Now let this cup pass;' then, as plaintive, he sighed,
Exclaimed, 'Not my will, but thine, Father, be done;'"

and his sweat was, "as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke xxii. 42—44). A little further on, the guide pointed to a spot where our Saviour is said to have taught the Apostles the Universal Prayer, and near to this is the cave where the Creed was composed.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a range of limestone mountains extending to the north and south-west. It has three unequal summits; the highest of them, rising from the garden of Gethsemane, is crowned by the Church of the Ascension, within which is shown a stone having a mark something like the impression of a foot. This is affirmed to be the print of our Saviour's foot, left upon the stone at the moment of his ascension; the mark of the other foot is said to have been removed by the Saracens, and placed in the Mosque of Omar. Helena, the mother of Constantine, founded a monastery on the spot, which was afterwards converted into a mosque; and the Turks now exact a tribute from all pilgrims who may desire to have an impression of the foot-print on the stone.

A little to the north of the church is a spot pointed out as the one where the Apostles retired after the ascension of our Saviour; "and while they looked steadfastly toward heaven," they were accosted by two angels: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" (Acts i. 11.)

The view from this part is very fine, and decidedly the most extensive. At our feet is the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Tomb of the Virgin near to it; the Valley of Kedron and the Vale of Jehoshaphat, with the Tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zacharias. To the south is the village of Siloam, the Mount of Offence, and the Pool of Siloam. Before us is a cluster of flat-roofed buildings, mingled with domes and lofty minarets, and relieved by long lines of streets and ruined walls, cypresses and olive trees, rugged cliffs and sterile banks; while in the midst we can see the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the bazaars, the Via Dolorosa winding from St. Stephen's Gate, and in front Mount Moriah, crowned with the Mosque of Omar, flashing its gilded crescents and spires in the last rays of the declining sun. Far away to the south the eye wanders o'er the barren hills of Judah, the Jordan, the still waters of the Dead Sea, and the distant mountains of Moab; and below us on our left is a fine olive tree, with gnarled trunk and branches, that stands near the road to Jericho, along which the Bedouin is leading his camel; while, afar off, a husbandman is gathering the flocks that have endeavored to obtain a meal from the scorched herbage during the day.

Although we saw many other spots from the Mount, including the Hill of Evil Council, Mount Zion, and the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, the day was too far advanced to remain there any longer; therefore we descended, and retracing our steps, passed through St. Stephen's Gate, so called from its vicinity to the spot where Stephen was stoned (Acts vii. 58), and entered the Via Dolorosa, the road along which our Lord passed to Calvary, which contains many traditional sites connected with that event.

Proceeding along this street, which runs from east to west, we were first pointed out the residence of the Turkish governor, and then the arch of the *Ecce Homo!* over which is a double window, where Pilate is said to have brought our Saviour forth to the people, saying, "Behold the Man!" (John xix. 5.) At this time of the year and day the street was thronged with pilgrims and Jews, and bore an unusual appearance of bustle; for camels with noiseless tread were bearing bales of merchandise along, while the hum of voices was louder than usual. A few yards beyond this are the remains of a church, built on the spot where the mother of our Saviour met him. Sixty paces further on, Simon the Cyrenean met the multitude, and was compelled to bear the cross when our Saviour fell down under the weight of it (Luke xxiii. 26). The guide gravely pointed to an impression in the wall which he said was made by the end of the cross! Near to this is the spot where our Saviour turned to the women that were following him, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me." After this we were pointed out in the following order, the Dwelling of Lazarus; the House of the Rich Man; the House of Veronica, the pious woman; and the Gate of Judgment, through which our Saviour passed as he went to Calvary.

But we have lingered almost too long amid these traditional sights, for

"The sun is set—and yet his light
Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory beautiful and bright
Of holy men that die.

"The dews fall gently on the flower,
Their fresh'ning influence to impart,
As pity's tears, of soothing power,
Revive the drooping heart."

A WOMAN'S BOOK.

BY ELMA.

(Concluded from page 341.)

CHAPTER II.

"Now," said Mr. Milford, "for the explanation."

"I have none to give."

"Then, of course, I can draw my own inferences. I found Psyche in the arms of Cupid, somewhat after the fashion of this"—pointing to the beautiful statue that adorned the room.

"You found a foolish boy at my feet, Mr. Milford; that was all you found."

"All! that is a good deal to the boy, Amy; the remembrance of that abject kneeling to the woman he loves, if that love be not returned, will remain forever branded on his heart as if with a burning iron."

"You give him credit for a lasting love, when it is only the passing fancy of a passionate boy."

"A fancy you have encouraged."

"I?"

"Yes; you have petted and fondled him into this state of love, and now you are striving to stem the wild current with a few cold words."

There was a slight degree of warmth in Mr. Milford's manner as he spoke.

"Mr. Milford, you are unjust; you talk like all men; you cannot understand how a woman can be kind, yes, even tender to one of the opposite sex, without having any wish to attract his love."

"But you saw the love that was gathering strength under your fostering care, and you took no pains to check it."

"Mr. Milford, I learned one lesson very early in life, which I have never wished unlearned. I have saved myself many a heartache by never thinking myself loved until I was told so. All attentions paid me, however devoted and flattering, I set down to friendly civility, and not to love. Many a woman makes herself miserable for life by her vanity; this great female blunder I have been spared. I build up no superstructure of love and hope on the baseless fabric of a little attention that simply said 'I like you;' not 'I love you.'"

"Women, Amy, know pretty well how to distinguish the true from the false. No woman ever inspired a genuine love that she did not know it."

"Women are as apt to go astray on this point as men. A few tender words, a few polite attentions, and the heart flutters and beats almost as wildly as if it had heard the words 'I love you.' My vanity has never led me into this snare."

"But, Amy, your heart must certainly have told you that there was danger to this boy in daily, close companionship with one of your—"

"Wonderful attractions," she laughed. "Well, no; my heart was altogether dumb on that subject, and told me nothing, excepting that here was a youth full of genius and noble impulses. We met frequently; I was attracted by him; we were attracted by each other; I loved to talk to him, to draw out his right ideas and his wrong ones. He came to see me, and brought with him his poems, which he read to me. I criticized them, sometimes lovingly, sometimes harshly. He paid me many attentions, which I accepted, in the same way that I would accept yours, Mr. Milford."

"Thank you." He smiled with his eyes.

"The thought never occurred to me that he would be foolish enough to think that he loved me. A very young man is not apt to fall in love with a woman several years his senior, and not pretty. So, without a thought of doing him any wrong, I showed him how much I liked him, and now—"

"You must be just, and marry him."

The color rushed to her face, and covered it with a crimson glow; she attempted to speak, but the words died away.

"To develop and strengthen that love, Amy, will be a far holier mission than to write a book."

She looked at him earnestly. Was he jesting? No; he seemed really in earnest, and she could scarcely restrain the indignant feelings that were burning within her heart as she answered, coolly:—

"Perhaps your advice is excellent; some of these days I may follow it."

"You could not do better."

"Doubtless you, that are so well skilled in the affairs of love, must be aware how much more devoted is the passion of innocent twenty than the love of—"

"Wicked thirty-five. Finish your sentence. Yes, thirty-five years of selfish indulgence have made me very hard, and very wicked, and very—"

"Unjust, Mr. Milford."

"Well, yes; and unjust. What else?"

"Utterly incapable of appreciating the kindly motives of a woman's heart; setting down as a positive crime that act which was beneficent, and prompted only by purity and goodness of thought and purpose."

"What a monster you make me out! Is there no goodness in me?"

"I dare say there is, but to me you are only harsh and unfeeling. I see but your dark shades; the bright side you turn to the world."

"Have I never done you a kindness?"

"Yes."

"Do I not show great pleasure in being with you?"

"O yes, and so does the house dog; but only this morning he bit my finger."

"Have I never shown you any tenderness, Amy?" His voice grew softer and more earnest.

She looked at him as if she would pierce to the very depths of his soul. The boy with his heart on his lips was so easy to read; but the man, whose very words seemed to conceal his thoughts, how could she fathom him? Her voice quivered as she replied:—

"Tender! no, you are only ruthless and savage; you accuse me of plotting to win a boy's love for the pleasure of trampling it under my feet; of being cruel where I meant to be kind; of doing that from which my very soul revolts, exciting a passion that I cannot return, plunging a young and loving heart into misery and despair, to gratify a woman's vanity. If this is the way you show your kindness, deliver me from your tender mercies. Mr. Milford, I do not believe that you have one glimmering of tenderness in your whole nature, especially for a woman. Why, the faintest spark that dwells in that boy's heart is a blaze of living fire, compared with your dead ashes."

Mr. Milford turned pale, his lips quivered, and he said, sadly: "Amy, duty may keep the man from saying what passion forced from the lips of the boy; nevertheless, the fire may burn alike in both hearts. It is you who are now unjust."

"Help me to close the piano, Mr. Milford. I don't understand one word of what you are saying. I only know that you have advised me to marry Everard. Good-night, most sage of Mentors."

He took her hand in his, and, as he held it, he said: "Oh, Amy! there is a woe upon my heart that is crushing me to the earth." And he released her hand.

She placed it, as if in gentle benediction, on his arm; and, looking inquiringly into his face, said: "What can I do for you?"

He did not shrink from that hand's light pressure, or from the look of earnest, inquiring sympathy that beamed from her eyes. He said, mournfully: "There is no help for me; some of these days I will tell you all."

She bowed her head; another low, murmured "Good-night," and she was gone.

The next morning Mr. Milford sought her in the conservatory, where she was picking the dead leaves from the plants.

"I have come to say good-by; I am going home again."

She started; but soon recovered herself, and said, "Now? this moment?"

"Not exactly this moment."

"Can you not wait until I pick off these withered leaves? and then I will go with you into the library."

"Yes; I have an hour to spare, and I wish to talk to you."

Listlessly she walked around the plants, scarcely seeing what was before her. How she would miss him! A dreary shadow had fallen on her heart—a heavy weight.

"You are plucking the green leaves," said Mr. Milford, as he sat quietly watching her.

"Am I?"

"Why, yes; see, here is a handful. I will take this one away with me, as the children say, 'to remember you by.'"

"You will require some reminder, no doubt; for my own part, I think there are many things we are far happier in forgetting than remembering."

"Yes; but I have no wish to forget you; the remembrance of those hours I passed here will be to me a thing of joy forever."

"I am ready to go into the library, Mr. Milford."

They entered the library. How tranquil and quiet it seemed! How many hours of pure happiness had they known there, when, mind revealing itself to mind, heart had learned to love heart. And now was to come that stern good-by that so often terminates life's pleasantest intercourse.

"I wish to tell you good-by, Amy."

"So you intimated to me before."

"I need not expect you to say 'I am sorry, Mr. Milford.'"

"No, you need not," she said, quietly, looking cold enough to freeze the warmest love.

"We have known some pleasant hours here," he said, glancing round the room—"at least, I have; hours that can never come again. My

visit has been all too short, and too long," he added, mournfully.

She merely looked at him, but made no reply, though she longed to give vent to her feelings, and the weight on her heart was growing each moment heavier.

"I shall miss you, but you will scarcely miss me, Amy."

She answered quietly, so quietly that you had to listen earnestly to catch the low tones: "It is the left that are ever the lonely."

"In this quiet little nook I have felt a perfect rain of sunshine coming down upon me; but I go, and my niche Everard will fill. You must write to me, Amy, and tell me when you decide to marry him. If you do not intend to become his wife, for Heaven's sake be less kind to that boy." And Mr. Milford arose, and paced the room with hurried steps.

Amy sat like a statue, the color forsook her cheek. "Are you going to attack me again on this subject?" she at length said, coldly.

Mr. Milford seated himself beside her. "Amy, forgive me if I pain you."

"I really do not understand you, Mr. Milford," she said, somewhat impatiently. "I wish to be true, but people will not let me. It is the law of my nature, and I must obey it, to give kindness to those who need it, even though it subjects me to misrepresentation and even scandal. If my motives are pure, I defy the world's opinion; I am willing to wait until justice is done me; if you will not give it to me, perhaps others may."

"I do not mean to be unjust, Amy."

"No; but you are, notwithstanding. In acting out the good impulses of my nature, I know I do no wrong. Everard needs my kind sympathy, and he shall continue to have it. You would make a statue of me, when I am a living woman."

"Amy, I am not so foolish as to think that a woman is bound to conceal her feelings until they become so frozen within her that they actually have not the power to flow forth. I would rather see her open, candid, honest, showing her preferences in a natural way. I despise cant, affectation; I admire truth; let every man as well as woman try to act it out. There is much in life that is utterly false, and much in the relations of man and woman—a falsehood engendered by conventional codes. I would not have a woman restrain one kindly impulse for fear that the world may misinterpret or ridicule her actions; but I would have her, in being true to herself, to try and not be false to others. If I speak warmly on this subject, you must pardon me. The darkest page in my life's history opens at this very place; and if I seem to pity and sympathize with this boy, it is because I, too, need pity and sympathy. I would ward from him the cruel blow that felled me, bleeding and bruised, to the earth."

Mr. Milford's voice quivered as memories of the past rushed over him. Amy did not look at him, but she felt that his gaze was fixed upon her.

"Scarcely twenty-two when I first met with Margaret Sommers, my whole being was absorbed in a wild worship of this fascinating but subtle woman. She drew me to her with a force I could not resist; one long, smiling look brought me to her side, one playful gesture of her soft hand laid on my arm kept me there. I was twenty-two, she was thirty-two; yet she had the power of adaptation to so wonderful an extent that no young man ever felt that he was not on a perfect equality with her, even in age. I never realized that she was one day older than I was; of the ten years that lay between us I was utterly unconscious. With that subtle power that women know so well how to use, she drew me on until my very soul seemed consumed by the devouring flame of love. I loved her madly—I adored her. Those are strong words; no man can use them more than once in a life; some not even that. She was the one thought of my life. I do not think she meant to do me wrong. She saw that I loved her, and the unselfish worship of a boy pleased her vanity. One day I told her my love with a heart whose wild beats almost smothered me. She interrupted me with a passionate burst of tears.

"'Oh, stop!' she said. 'I like you so much; you are to me as a precious young brother.'

"'No, no; not brother; I will not accept that name!' I exclaimed.

"'I can give you no other,' she sobbed. 'Oh, poor child, you make me miserable!'

"'I am not a child!' I exclaimed, passionately. 'Good heavens! am I not a man, with a man's passions, a man's powers? Can I not love as a man?'

"'Hush! hush! you only make me wretched,' she said.

"'I will go from you forever, Margaret, if you taunt me with my youth. Heaven only knows we grow old fast enough in this wretched world. Must I go, and come back to you when I have grown older in years, in selfishness, in worldliness, and in crime?' I felt mad; I scarcely knew what I was saying.

"She dashed aside her tears. 'Don't leave me, my young brother,' she said, calmly. 'I love you too well to see you go off in this mood, for I know not what the end might be.'

"'You do love me, then?'

"'Yes, as a brother.'

"That word brother—how I hated it! I never had a sister, or I might have known what a world of tender love that word brother sometimes means.

"'Stay with me; be wise,' she said. 'Love some sweet, gentle girl nearer to you in age than I am; less world-worn, less skilled in the deceits of society. A world of woe lies on my heart to-day, my young brother. I am fresh from the bridal of the only man I have ever loved. Did you ever see that picture of a wedding-train gathered around an altar, while at the door in the street stood a poor forsaken one, gazing in, through blinding tears, on the man she loved and the man who had deserted her? Thus I stood to-day. I knew they were to be married; I went to the church; I heard the words that made them man and wife. Wife! how sweet the name, when love puts on the ring of compact! Now I have come home; the world will never know what I suffer; you must stay with me to comfort me, but breathe not one word of love, for that instant you leave me forever!'

"She arose; I kissed her hand with not any the less wild idolatry, and we parted. I did not leave her, as prudence taught me to do. She was even more tender to me than ever; whilst I was vainly striving to cover over the burning coals of love with the cold ashes of duty and caution. She meant me no ill, but she wrought me a great ruin. She desired to see me happy. Emma Atwood was a beautiful young girl, but senseless and unprincipled. We met frequently at the house of Margaret Sommers. I was dazzled by her beauty, but nothing more. Margaret Sommers thought she would heal the wound she had inflicted by salving them over with a marriage with this girl. How she succeeded Heaven only knows; I do not. I only know that in a fit of desperation at not being able to marry the woman I did love, I married the one I did not. I am not the only man who has committed this fearful error, nor the only one who has bitterly repented it. A few weeks of married life, and I would have given all that I was worth to be free again. Alas for man or woman when the marriage tie is only a fetter more galling, more terrible to bear than the prisoner's iron manacles, and more degrading, too. For, unless the heart, the whole heart, is given in marriage, there is only a degradation in the union; there can be no sacredness in that tie which is formed only through interest, ambition, or indifference. One year I lived a joyless wedded life with the woman with whom I had not one thought in common. Margaret Sommers went to Italy; two years since she died there, and now the only feeling that is left me in regard to her is a passionate regret that my young soul ever bowed to hers in a sinful idolatry. I have learned to con over thoughtfully the pages of that boyish passion, and from them I have gathered wisdom and sadness, too. The remaining part of my history I cannot dwell upon; my wife deserted her home, and proved false to her marriage vows. To me she is now dead, dead! I seek not to discover the place where guilt and infamy hide their head. She is nothing to me, in this life or the life to come. When I think of her, I thank God I am free from her; but oh, Amy! Amy! I mourn to think that I am not free to marry another—that other in whose society I have found such charming companionship. I have told you my history; now you know why I lift my voice to plead the cause of your boy-lover; now you know why I implore you to desist from your cruel kindness. Good-by. How I shall miss you! But you will turn to your book, and in writing forget me, will you not?"

She smiled a faint, sad smile.

"Good-by, Amy."

The truthfulness of her nature triumphed, and she said, with trembling voice: "Miss you, Mr. Milford! there is not a place that will not bring you to my mind, not a song I sing, not a book I open!"

"Memory will linger lovingly around my image, Amy?" he said, with pleasure flashing in his eyes.

"Ah! yes, so lovingly."

"And regretfully?"

"Yes, yes!"

He took her small hand in his, he looked into her clear, honest eyes, and said: "Amy, now I can curse my sad fate; hitherto I have borne it uncomplainingly, but now, now—"

"Bear it as you have ever done, Mr. Milford. Oh! I little dreamed there was so sad a grief on your heart."

"In thinking of me, pity me, too, Amy. I go to my desolate, wifeless home. Good-by."

They clasped hands fervently, he lingered an instant, then, opening the door, went out. She caught the sounds of his retreating footsteps as they died away, and a passionate burst

of tears overcame her. It was but for a moment; her own impetuosity scared her, and she dashed her tears away. How silly, she thought, to waste all this feeling! I once met with a man who said that his rule was never to become so interested in anything that he could not relinquish it without an effort or a sigh of regret. It is a wise rule, perhaps; and yet that man did not seem happy with his cold, unloving heart, that had no affections and no regrets.

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Thus people meet on the great ocean of life; a strong sympathy attracts them, they interchange thoughts, exchange civilities, clasp hands, and part forever. Are they to be pitied that they have ever met, even though the waves of time have divided them again, after bringing them so closely together? Would it have been happier for them if they had never known, never seen each other? Surely not; they have spoken noble thoughts, and that 's a precious thing; they have acted beneficially on each other's nature; they have softened each other's prejudices; the strong man has learned a lesson from the gentle woman; she, in turn, has gathered some noble truths from him. It is good, then, that they met, even though they may never meet again; though restlessness and regret ensue for a while, they will relapse into their old accustomed ways again, richer in precious memories.

Amy now turned to her book; she worked at its pages undisturbed. Even Everard had gone; he had come to bid her good-by; he was going South. He was moody and reserved, and seemed rather ashamed of his display of feeling at their former meeting. The book progressed; thoughts noble and pure flashed out; she threw heart and soul in the task, and wrote without giving the audience she was to have one thought. She had no fear of "the kind public" before her eyes; she wrote from her heart to her heart. She attempted no popular style; she wrote out of the very fulness of her earnest and beautiful nature. There were unmistakable marks of talent in the pages; would the world recognize them? That public to which an author appeals for sympathy and recognition seldom errs in its decision regarding a book submitted to its judgment. True genius always finds recognition; and if an author does not succeed, do not let him set it down to the obtuseness of the public, but to his own shortcomings. And while Amy was busy with her pen, her thoughts reverted frequently to Mr. Milford. She had heard nothing from him, not even received a message. Men are not apt to treasure up the memories of the past like women; they have so much that is stirring to engross them that what to a woman is something to be remembered forever is often to a man only something to be forgotten. "Men," thought Amy, "have not the gift to recollect women as women remember men; we women cling with a tenacity of memory that is sometimes our greatest torture to every scene where a man is concerned in whom we took an interest. We think over what he said, how he said it, and how he looked. I can shut my eyes at this moment, and make a perfect likeness of Mr. Milford as I last saw him; I can close my ears and hear his exact tones; I can sit in the midst of a crowd, and see but him, though he is not present. We women make our hearts a vast gallery of beautiful pictures, and steal in the dim twilight to ponder among the images of what has been. How much wiser would it be, if with the occasion passed away the memory of it, if we would wipe off the impression, have no picture-gallery for memory to sigh and linger in. I am not particularly interested in Mr. Milford—"

Here outraged conscience rose up and said, with indignation: "You are; for months you have dwelt upon his memory; in writing your book the idea of him played like a subtle lightning through your thoughts. Ah! you have only yielded to woman's destiny; art is the husband to whom you have given your hand, but another has your heart." Was it so? She covered her face with her hands; a burning blush overspread her cheeks; a revelation of self burst upon her. Horrible, degrading revelation! she loved the husband of another, loved him before she knew the sad truth, and loved him unasked! She, too, who had intended to do without man's love, to lead a life devoted to art, unruffled by any thought of love; after all, she was only human—intensely woman.

But the book was finished; she must hunt up a publisher. "Hunt up a publisher"—how much is contained in those few words! She made a list of the principal New York publishing houses, and, with her manuscript in hand, went forth on her errand. The first gentleman to whom she applied scarcely deigned to look over the clean, delicately-written pages, so clear and so plain that the blindest printer need not err in printing. The publisher pronounced immediately upon the work; "it was not written in a style to take with the public."

"But you have not read it, sir; let me leave it with you for your inspection."

"My dear young lady"—and the gentleman looked down upon her as if compassionating her ignorance—"we publishers can tell at a glance the style of a work and its chances of success. I myself have a peculiar gift this way, and I am convinced your book will not sell. I decline having anything to do with it."

"Well, sir, then I will bid you good-morning." And Amy gathered up the leaves of her manuscript, which the gentleman had been carelessly turning over, and departed. When she cleared the office, she breathed freely again. How hard, how cold the man was! what a disagreeable beginning to the duty before her! Through some of the narrowest and dirtiest of the streets of the city she wended her way, and at length reached a publishing house. She opened the door and walked in. Piles of salable and unsalable books were heaped in disorderly array on the counter; the place had a dreary, dark look that sent a chill to her very heart. There was a youth perched up on a high bench behind a very high desk; she approached him.

"Could she see the publisher?" She laughed with a sort of desperation at her own question.

"He was in the back room; if she would walk in there, she would find him." And into the back room she walked.

She started back; she had hoped to find a gentleman as old and ugly as the one she had just left, but here was one both young and handsome. How should she face him with her rejected manuscript? He was seated before a pile of written papers, which he was busily engaged in reading. He looked up as he heard the unwelcome sounds of the rustling of a woman's dress, and not a very pleased expression flitted over his face. Amy colored as she met the inquiring look of the keen blue eye she found suddenly fixed upon her.

"I have brought you this manuscript to see if you will undertake the publishing of it," she said.

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, coolly; and he looked the question, "Pray, what is your name?"

"My name," she said, interpreting his look, "you will find on the title-page; here it is."

He looked at it; he remembered having heard it; she had written for such and such a magazine. Slowly he turned over the pages, while she examined his well-formed head, his straight features, and beard that a Turk would have rejoiced in. "Is he never going to ask me to be seated?" she thought.

"Will you be seated?" he said, suddenly, as if divining her thoughts. She seated herself, and he undertook to enlighten her as to the shadows of putting out a book.

"It was no trifle to come before the public, and invite criticism."

"The public! Why," said Amy, "I have not given that dreaded monster a thought while writing."

"Perhaps so; but that public is to be your umpire. Now, very few published books are successful; you must hit the popular taste. Why, one-half of the works that are published scarcely pay the expense of printing. I refuse a manuscript every day in the week—Sundays excepted." And he laughed.

"Dear me! This is certainly very cheering to a young aspirant. Why, then, do so many people publish, and why do so many publish again and again?"

"With the same feeling that induces some persons to continue purchasing lottery tickets, in the hope of getting a prize at last."

"Well, are you willing to read my manuscript, and to see if you think I have any chance of success?"

"O yes; but I warn you, even if I accept it for publication, that it is all a lottery in which you are embarking. Your book may be successful, and it may not; most likely it will not."

"I'll run the risk." And, bidding the publisher "good-morning," she found herself once more in the streets.

The book was published, and in due course of time made its appearance. It was a story of love, powerfully worked out, and natural, and true. The public were "astonished, amazed; the best book since 'Jane Eyre.' New York was delighted, immensely proud to point to the gifted authoress as a New Yorker." But, dear reader, we tell you, though it is not generally known, that piles of that "very successful novel," that "best book since 'Jane Eyre,'" lie heaped up, this very day, in the publishing room. And while the world congratulated Amy Dale on the entire success of her book, it was a sad secret between her publisher and herself that the sale of it little more than defrayed the expense of publishing. Weariness, disgust ensued; sharp criticisms assailed her; though many cried, "Go on; this is only a good beginning." "Go on!" why, she had not the power; she had rowed herself over the stream, and instead of finding flowers on the other side, her hands were bleeding from the thorns. Thorns!—what thorns? Only those sharp criticisms, dear reader, for which you freshly cut your pen and sat down with such pleasure

to write. Ah! when did ever a woman find it a light thing to write a book?

"Foremost among those who came to congratulate Amy on the success of her undertaking was Everard Lee. Since his parting with her he had run a fearful round of sin and folly; the evil and the good of his nature had almost ceased to strive and combat, and evil was about claiming the victory, when good rallied, and came off conqueror. Like all truly noble natures, when once released from the degrading enchantments of sin, he looked back upon this turning-point in his life with shame and horror. He had found, too, a new love, a young, gentle girl, intelligent, amiable, and loving, fit to inspire a poet's dream, with her large, dreamy black eyes and her soft, sunny curls. He must bring her to see Amy; she was then in the city; she was a child of the sunny South, a fair type, he thought, of all Southern women; gentle, affectionate, docile, and intelligent, but somewhat languid—what her Northern sisters would call lazy; more apt to look to others for support and protection than to depend upon self. But she was very young—only seventeen; altogether, she was charming, and he was very much in love.

Amy smiled. "She was delighted to hear it; and, now, thank me, Everard, that I saved you from the fate into which you were bent upon running. Think if I had been your wife instead of this bewitching young beauty."

"I do thank you," he said, quietly; "but I am all the better for having loved you, too."

"But did you really love me, Everard? Love has many counterfeits, you know."

"Yes, I loved you at the time."

"Do not imagine that you did, for I assure you I am not of the same belief."

Everard laughed, and said: "Do not be sceptical; it was love, I assure you. I have just read a little poem by Henry Timrod, called 'Second Love.' The idea is so quaint, and so ingeniously imagined. Listen to what he says:—

"'It was, indeed, that early love,
But foretaste of this second one;
The soft light of the morning star
Before the morning sun.

"'The same dark beauty in her eyes,
The same blonde hair and placid brow,
The same deep-meaning, quiet smile
Thou bendest on me now.

"'She might have been, she *was* no more
Than what a prescient hope could make;
A dear presentiment of thee,
I loved but for thy sake.'"

"Well, Everard, I am willing to be 'loved but for her sake.'" They shook hands, and parted.

And now Everard Lee sends forth tender and loving verses to his "wife;" amid the din and confusion of bustling New York, if you will only stop to listen, dear reader, you can hear the beautiful melodies that gush up from this young poet's loving heart. You have jostled past the poet and his wife a thousand times on Broadway, but you knew it not. They are always together; he seeks no other companion for his walks, and she asks no greater happiness than to be ever by his side.

When winter came shivering along in his icy garments, Mr. Milford reappeared in the city. He quietly opened the library door, one day, and walked in. Amy was reading; he went up to her; she raised her eyes, and looked at him.

"What has brought you again, Mr. Milford?"

"To inquire if you are still as much in love with your husband, Art, as when I left you."

"You have surely taken a great deal of trouble to inquire into what cannot possibly concern you."

"The result will be well worth the trouble."

"I have always been told that it is both indelicate and unkind to complain of one's husband; if mine is not what I hoped to find him, you can scarcely expect me to expose his shortcomings."

"To a friend you may. Amy, you gave to the world a noble book. Now, tell me if in such performances your *heart* rests satisfied. Your *mind*, I know, joys in its work. Is literature the sweet, refreshing stream beside whose still waters you can rest satisfied? Is there no yearning to realize the love you so beautifully paint? No desire to enter that paradise of domestic enjoyment whose calm beauties you know so well how to appreciate?"

The dewy light of tears filled her eyes; her heart was desolate, indeed; but every word he spoke seemed to pierce her very soul. Did he know that she was struggling to crush her sinful love for him, the husband of another? She quailed as if he had struck her a heavy blow.

"Are you willing to share all your beautiful thoughts with the world, and receive the world's poor meed of praise, that wreath of applause that burns a woman's brow like a circle of fire? I remember seeing in a cathedral a beautiful statue of the Virgin; a little above her head hung a chaplet of light, formed of very small jets of gas; it encircled her with a halo of

beauty, but nowhere touched her head; if it had, it would have consumed her. This, I thought, is the world's applause and woman; let but the glittering chaplet fall on her brow, and it will certainly scorch, if it does not burn her."

"But, Mr. Milford, is there nothing ennobling in the pursuit of literature, even to a woman?"

"Yes, surely, sometimes there is."

"My experience, Mr. Milford, is this—that literature, like many other pleasures in this life, has its dark as well as its bright side. There are many women who enjoy its pursuit keenly. For myself, I must say that I have not that divine gift of genius which urges its possessor again and again over the thorny road, though his feet are bleeding and torn. I have fainted at the threshold of the door; the beautiful temple stands open beyond; I see the scarlet wreaths, the glittering altars, the gorgeous display of the white-robed priests; I hear the bewildering music and the silvery tones that say 'come,' but I cannot go any farther; I shrink back like a coward from the toils, the dust, the fierce encounters by the way. Let women who are stronger than I am go on; but as for me, I am weary, utterly weary!" And she folded her hands in her lap, with a gesture of complete dejection.

"There is a rest for you, Amy; a joy in life far beyond that of writing books."

She looked up at him, and said, quietly—"Love, you mean?"

"Yes, love."

"Yes; but where can I get love? Even Everard has withdrawn his and given it to another; the love you warned me to crush has died of its own accord, Mr. Milford."

"Emma is dead, Amy"—his voice trembled. "Will you be my wife? I ask a great gift—your love; may I hope to win it?"

A sudden gush of tears filling the eyes, a slight tremor of the figure, a passionate grasping of the hand Mr. Milford held to her, a low murmured "yes," and Art was vanquished by love; in loving and being loved Amy Dale had found her true mission. From her we shall get no more woman's books. She was named appropriately—Amy, beloved, from *amata;* and in love she has found her true happiness.

But there are women who, having found love, have not lost a love of art; they have their mission, and their destiny cannot be overruled by love. More than one Mrs. Browning sings her songs, not from solitary Parnassus, but from the most sacred groves of Love himself.

DEPARTING FROM VENICE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

The last long rays of the sunset
  Light the room where I'm lying,
The fever cloud is lifted,
  I wake to know I'm dying.
Slow and slower, faint and fainter,
  Is running life's ebbing sand;
Yes, I'm dying—dying alone,
  Alone in a foreign land.
I am worn with wasting fever,
  I'm weary of wearing pain;
And I never shall see you again, darling,
  Never—never again.

Oh, for one breath of the breezes!
  One gleam of the mist-veil'd rays!
That sigh and shine around my home
  In these the autumnal days.
Oh for one look at one I know,
  One word of familiar speech!
'Tis hard to die, like spent-out waves,
  Afar on a foreign beach;
'Tis hard to dream of one dear face,
  And wake to this wearing pain,
I never shall see you again, darling,
  Never—never again.

I wonder, love, if you fancy
  The reason I do not write;
I wonder if you imagine
  That I am dying to-night!
O love! the fever-born vision
  Of your face so bright and fair,
That face that I shall see no more,
  Is hardest of all to bear.
I think I could greet death gladly,
  To rest from fever and pain;
If I only could see you again, darling
  Once—once only—again.

"Never!" so murmurs the Ocean,
  As I dream of what has been,
"No more shall home and love be yours,
  For I and Death lie between!"
Hoping, and fearing, and loving,
  All life save its end is o'er;
To-morrow I shall lie at rest
  On the Lido's lonely shore.
Slowly the mists of the fever
  Gather anew round my brain;
A last and long farewell, darling!
  I never shall see you again.

STANZAS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A PERFECT life is never lived below,
  Shadows will dim even our happiest hours;
Undarkened days we ne'er on earth may know—
  Nor can we always walk amid the flowers;
But if we bow in meekness, trusting still
  That all shall work together for our good,
Submissive to the Great All-Father's will,
  Who has our many frailties understood—
We know that, by and by, we shall come forth
  Into the glowing life of angelhood.

WHERE'S MY BABY?

BY MARY FORMAN.

He was a grand baby, this hero of mine. One of your splendidly-developed, stirring boys, with good powerful lungs, big bright eyes, tiny rings of tightly curling hair, and a frame that might have been a model for an infant Hercules. Not one of the fat, heavy sort, but stout, sturdy, and active. He was ten months old, and looked sixteen, and his name was Freddy Lawson.

Fred Lawson the elder, who was the proud papa of this wonderful baby, was a tall, fine-looking man, with a loud voice, a clear ringing laugh, and a heart as tender as a woman's.

Mrs. Lawson was the weest little blue-eyed morsel of a woman that ever fell in love with six feet of manhood (in this case spelt Fred), and Mrs. Lawson's proudest title at the time my story opens, was baby's mother.

There was never such a baby seen; *that* was admitted on all sides. The angelic patience with which big Fred trotted, walked, and dandled that boy, was a study for paternal fondness; and as the youngster repaid him by crowing and laughing all day, and *sleeping all night*, Fred's devotion was not to be wondered at. As for Mrs. Lawson, who went at home by the name of Pet or Petty, words fail to express her maternal tenderness. Such embroidery as her little hands could produce to adorn baby, such dreams for baby's future, such care for baby's comfort can only be shown by a young mother over her first child.

There was still another devoted attendant in the boy's train. This was his nurse, Keziah, or generally called Keezy. She was a red-haired, freckled country girl of fifteen, whose whole soul was bound up in love for her gentle mistress and *that* baby. Tall, awkward, and ungainly, her gentle touch was only for Freddy, her voice softened for him alone, and her care was so faithful and affectionate that even the loving parents were satisfied to trust Master Freddy with Keezy.

My little hero lived in the country, in the little village of Towerdale some five miles from the town of Duncan; there were many pretty villages within a pleasant riding distance of this town. To the north lay Towerdale, to the south Mount Mayview, and other pretty places east and west, though we have to speak only of these two.

It was Fourth of July, 18—, and a grand military parade, review, flag-raising and speech-making was promised by the good people of Duncan, and from all points the village people flocked to the town. Mrs. Lawson had promised to spend the day with her cousin, Amelia; and at an early hour Master Freddy was bathed and dressed for his ride. Keezy, proud of her charge, whose embroidered dress and pretty hat particularly pleased her, was put on the back seat, with a thousand charges about baby; Fred the elder, and Pet occupied the front seat, and the party started. Cousin Amelia would expect them early, and Freddy must not get sleepy and crush his new hat; so "White Boots" was whipped up, and they drove rapidly in the direction of Duncan.

One of the principal men, in the village of Mount Mayview, on the south side of the town, was Oliver Moseley, a bachelor of about sixty, who lived in the largest house of the place with his housekeeper, Mrs. White. Ill-natured persons did say that this lady was Miss White, until her hair, beginning to turn, suggested that she was far on the road to old-maidism, and that she adopted the matron's title with her caps. Certain it is, that nobody in the village had ever seen Mr. White, and that the lady was never heard to mention her "dear departed."

Now, Mrs. White wanted to see the parade and review, and Mr. Moseley had positively refused to have the carriage sent to town for any such "nonsense." But "a wilful woman will have her way," as Mr. Moseley soon discovered. On the morning of the eventful day Mrs. White found, to her utter astonishment, of course, that there was no sugar in the house; the little village store could not furnish the loaf which Mr. Moseley used, and after trying to drink his coffee unsweetened, the old gentleman surrendered at discretion and ordered the carriage to take Mrs. White to town to *buy sugar*.

The roads which led from Duncan to Towerdale and Mount Mayview met near the market-place, and here were assembled so great a concourse of vehicles that Mr. Lawson and Mrs. White were compelled to abandon the idea of driving through the town, and, hitching up their respective horses in the hotel shed, they started on foot to find a good place from which

to view the parade. The crowd was very great; from miles around the country people had flocked to see the show. Young and old, families and couples; farmers' wagons loaded with the representatives of three generations; smiling young farmers driving their sweethearts in the high or low chaise; young folks on horseback in couples, groups, or single, all were crowding round the market-place to obtain a good stand.

Giving Pet his arm, and bidding Keezy keep close to them, Mr. Lawson elbowed his way forward; his hearty voice, pleasant greeting, and allusion to the lady on his arm, winning for him an easy transit; while close behind him, with both Freddy's hands tugging at her flame-colored locks, came Keezy; her eyes and mouth wide open with anticipation of the sights she had come to behold. An open place was gained at last, and Pet stationed upon the porch of a small store, obtaining a seat for a con-sider-a-tion. Keezy stood near trying to obtain a peep over the heads of the assembled multitude.

"Can you take that baby on the other arm?" said a pleasant voice near Keezy; "his hat is right before my eyes."

Keezy turned at the request, to see a very small, tidy elderly lady just behind her, who was trying in vain to look round Master Freddy's hat.

"Freddy, take his hands out of Keezy's hair," said the nurse, trying to move the baby, and proving that a second effort would certainly dislocate her neck.

"Let me try," said Mrs. White; for it was the housekeeper, who was Keezy's neighbor. "What a beautiful child!" she added, as Freddy, taking his hands from Keezy's hair, turned his large dark eyes upon the little old lady, and signified his approbation by a crowing laugh.

"He 's a booty," said Keezy. "Ain't him pooty, pooty boy?" she said to the child. "Ain't him dood boy? come to see sojers!"

Another crowing laugh from Freddy completed his triumph over Mrs. White's heart. His rosy cheeks, pretty dimples, and merry eyes were captivating enough to move a sterner nature; and his bright good humor was contagious. After a little chat with Keezy, Mrs. White held out her arms to Freddy.

"Come to me! come for a little minute!" she said; and Freddy held out both arms to accept the invitation.

"Here they come!" was buzzed in the crowd, and Keezy was all eyes for the show. Mrs. White, delighted with Freddy's appreciation of the music and gay uniforms, held him up, moving a little away from Keezy as she saw a vacancy in the crowd, and a chance to get a little nearer to the front line of people. She was almost unconscious of these movements till an alarm was made in the crowd. One of the carriage horses on the outside of the throng had pulled himself loose from his fastening, and was dashing through the people, dragging the vehicle after him, and scattering the good folks right and left. Mrs. White looked round. The tall, gawky nurse was nowhere in sight, and the crowd was pushing, trampling in all directions, threatening to crush her to death unless she moved forward too.

Separated by the alarm in the crowd, it was some time before Mr. Lawson discovered that Keezy was not behind them with Freddy.

"Where 's Keezy?" he said, stopping suddenly, as the alarm subsided.

"Where 's my baby? Oh, Fred! Where 's our baby?" cried Pet. "She 's been killed by the runaway horse!"

"Hush, Pet! Nobody was killed; and see, they have caught the horse. Stay here, and I will find Keezy in two minutes."

Two minutes, five, ten, thirty, sixty passed, and the anxious mother could endure the suspense no longer. She started to return to the market-place, and met her husband returning, pale and breathless, after a fruitless search. A heavy rain now began to fall, to add to their troubles.

"Perhaps she has gone to Cousin Amelia's," said Pet, ashy white with terror.

"Certainly! What a fool I was not to think of it!" said Fred, cheerfully, his handsome face brightening as he spoke. "Come, we will find the carriage and drive over. How it rains!"

It rained harder before they reached the house, to meet another shock. The baby was not there. It was useless to talk of staying; the last hope was that Keezy might have started for home, and they drove rapidly out of town, hoping to overtake her. Anxiously they looked through the pouring rain for baby's white dress and Keezy's blue shawl, but in vain; and when Fred unlocked the house door to find it empty, poor Pet fell fainting at his feet. Leaving her with a lady who lived in the next house, with a few hurriedly spoken words of explanation, Fred put up the carriage, saddled a fresh horse, and dashed off again towards Duncan.

Keezy's despair, when, after running like the rest from the horse, she missed the baby, cannot be described. She was not a very bright

girl, and fright was too much for her intellect to bear. A thousand terrors flitted before her mind, not the least of which was the vengeance she was convinced Mr. Lawson would take upon her for the baby's loss. She well knew the idolizing love of both parents for the boy, and she had lost him. Not knowing a street of the town, after one wild look around her, she turned and fled from the place, uncertain where to go, only anxious to escape from the parents whose treasure she had lost.

All the afternoon, until late in the evening, did the father pursue his inquiries for a girl with a blue shawl and red hair, carrying a baby. Some had seen her early in the day, but the rain had driven people away from the town, and no trace of her was left. It was near midnight when, after leaving an advertisement for the *Duncan Daily News*, Fred went home. I draw a veil over the scene that followed. The hope that had sustained poor little Pet through the dreary afternoon and evening fell to the ground as he entered the room *alone*.

In the mean time, where was the baby? Mrs. White's search after Keezy was as unsuccessful as Mrs. Lawson's, and she was still looking for her when William, Mr. Moseley's man, joined her to urge the necessity of returning home before the rain fell.

"But goodness me, marm!" cried the man, "wherever did you get that baby?"

"We must find the nurse, William," said Mrs. White. "Look for a tall red-haired girl with a blue shawl."

"Bless me, marm! there 's fifty of 'em here," said William. "There, it 's raining! Do come home."

"But the baby?"

"Lay it on the steps somewhere, and let the nurse find it."

"In the rain!" cried the horror-stricken little old lady. "How it pours! Poor little fellow! he will be wet through."

"You 'll have to take him home, then, and find out where he belongs to-morrow. You 'll never find the nurse now, and folks is all going away with the rain. Wonder how the old gentleman will like a *baby!*"

Mrs. White wondered, too, and somewhat uneasily; but there seemed no help for it, so she got into the carriage and drove to Mount Mayview. A little moaning, fretting noise from Freddy was but the beginning of trouble. Before half the drive was accomplished it was settled into a shrieking cry, and when they reached home the lovely baby was crimson with his efforts in the screaming and sobbing way. Mrs. White coaxed and scolded, whispered and screamed, soothed and shook him.

"Now, baby, dear baby, be good!"

A long yell.

"Will you be quiet, you brat!"

A longer yell, with a gasping sob at the end of it.

"Hush, baby! He 's a pretty boy. Hush, little boy; be quiet. 'Itty baby! You imp, be still!"

Only a succession of shrieks answered the appeal, and by this time they were at home.

Mr. Moseley was on the step. Could he believe his ears? A baby, a *screaming* baby in his carriage, in Mrs. White's arms.

"Where did you get that brat?" he thundered.

"Oh, I 'll tell you all about it in a minute," gasped the poor little woman. "Hush, baby."

But baby was determined to make all the noise that was made, and only screamed the louder.

"Perhaps he is hungry," said William.

"Of course he is, poor little fellow! Have dinner immediately!" said the housekeeper, in a loud tone, in order to be heard above the darling infant's tones.

Suddenly, with one of the freaks which beset infantile minds, Freddy stopped crying, as abruptly as if he had been choked, and after a few sobbing sighs, dropped his head wearily upon his new friend's arm, and went to sleep. With a sigh of relief Mrs. White unfastened the little hat and cloak, and put him gently upon the velvet-covered sofa, and then went to take off her own bonnet.

Mr. Moseley would deeply resent the fact being known; but, after watching the little white-robed figure from a distance for some minutes, he approached it softly, and stood looking down upon the little stranger. The round white arms and shoulders, set off by their crimson background, the flushed cheeks, long, wet eyelashes, curling hair, and the attitude of unconscious grace which the child had taken formed a lovely picture, and the artist part of the old gentleman was gratified. His had been a lonely, unloved life, and something in the innocent loveliness of this noble babe stirred a new emotion in his heart as he stood watching the deep respirations and weary sighs of the little slumberer. A smile hovering for a moment on the baby's lips brought a strange moisture to the old man's eyes, and only a feeling of shamefacedness prevented him from kissing Master Freddy.

Mrs. White found him still looking down at

the sleeping boy; and, to her surprise, the only answer made to her communication respecting the child was: "Well, he must stay where he is till to-morrow, at least. It is too late to return to Duncan this afternoon."

For two hours Freddy slept peacefully, and woke with his peculiar crowing laugh, just as the late dinner came upon the table. Mr. Moseley, to his own astonishment, took him in his arms, and gave him his watch, delighted to see how tenderly he held it.

"Let me take him now, sir; dinner is ready," said the smiling housekeeper.

Crash! The watch was hurled across the room; and, coming in contact with the small mantel clock, struck that against a mirror, a piece of which knocked over an expensive glass vase, while Freddy laughed aloud at the noise all this destruction occasioned.

Mrs. White trembled; but Mr. Moseley said: "My fault for giving him the watch." And sat down to dine.

"What do you give the boy, Mrs. White?"

"I am sure I don't know. Soft things, I guess; he 's got no teeth; I never fed a baby in my life."

"Take care; he 'll grab that knife."

This weapon removed, Freddy made a dash at a tumbler, succeeded in upsetting that down into his bosom, and began to scream.

"Give him something to eat," roared the old gentleman. "Here 's some mashed potatoes; they 're soft."

The baby was hungry, and a mouthful of food quieted him.

"He must like it; see how he eats," said Mrs. White, as she gave the child spoonful after spoonful of the white, soft food.

"Here 's some soft bread with gravy on it; try that," said Mr. Moseley.

Baby made a hearty meal. All the soft food on the table was tried, and met with his approbation. Squash succeeded potatoes and bread dipped in gravy, and some strawberries mashed in cream and sugar completed the repast.

A crowing, romping evening with his two old friends, and at about nine o'clock Master Freddy fell asleep, and was laid in his clothes on the housekeeper's bed. An hour later the whole household retired, and still the baby slept.

It was near midnight when Mrs. White was awakened by the crying of the child beside her. At first she was bewildered by the sound, but after a moment she recollected the little stranger, and began to pat and soothe it. All in vain; the cry was one of pain, and, after some minutes passed in a futile attempt to quiet him, Mrs. White rose, and lighted a lamp, drew on a wrapper and pair of slippers, and took the baby in her arms. Some instinct told her that this was a cry, not of fretfulness, but of pain. The poor child's hands were hot and his face flushed, while his screams of agony were varied by moans that went straight to his new nurse's heart. She had no idea what to do. She shrank from the thought of awaking Mr. Moseley, and then she doubted if he knew anything about the matter himself. Meantime, while she was walking up and down, trying in vain to still the baby, the old bachelor was dressing himself, after tossing about, endeavoring not to hear the yells in the housekeeper's room.

"What 's the matter? Gracious, what a row!" followed his thundering knock at Mrs. White's door.

"Come in! Oh, sir, the poor baby 's sick! I 'm sure he 's got the croup, or the measles, or some of those things babies have."

"Sick! nonsense! he screams like a young hyena! Most likely he 's hungry again!"

"Seems to me babies do eat in the night. They do; I remember hearing, now, and they give them a drink of milk!"

"Is there any milk in the house?"

"Yes, in the cellar. If you will take him, I 'll get some."

"No; you keep him," said the gentleman, shrinking back; "I 'll go for it."

But baby positively refused to drink the milk; the improper food he had already taken was torturing the poor fellow, who writhed and screamed with pain.

Mrs. White walked him till she was ready to drop; then she rocked him, trotted, petted, and scolded. All useless; pain conquered all her blandishments and threats, and baby screamed on. Then the old gentleman tried his skill, until, wearied out, he tossed Master Fred on the bed with an impatient—"There! scream it out, you little imp!"

And baby obeyed! Shriek followed shriek, moan came after moan, yells were piled up, each one more intensly shrill than the last, till Nature came to aid baby, and he threw the improper mess from his poor little stomach upon Mrs. White's snowy counterpane. The vomiting eased him, and, tired out, he slept soundly.

Morning found the old gentleman cross and the old lady crosser over their broken rest, and they came to breakfast with savage glances at the innocent cause of their trouble. All his merriment was gone; he was only a pale, fret-

ful baby, and his moaning cry was only an aggravation of his former injurious conduct.

"Mrs. White, we have got rid of that baby!" cried the old gentleman, gleefully; and from the newspaper read aloud Mr. Lawson's advertisement. "Order the carriage, and drive over immediately after breakfast. I don't want him in the house another *night!*"

Mrs. White shuddered at the idea, and ordered the carriage.

"There 's a woman at the door who has been asleep in the barn on the open lot over the way, asking for a piece of bread," said William, opening the door of the dining-room. "She 's got red hair and a blue shawl, marm, and I thought—"

Mrs. White was gone. There at the door stood the cause of all her misery, Keezy, poor Keezy, who had wandered to the old barn, and now, faint with hunger, stood begging a bit of bread. One rapturous cry, and she was at Mrs. White's feet, and ten minutes later the whole party were on their way to Towerdale.

My pen cannot paint the parents' joy when their treasure was once more safely in their home. Keezy was forgiven; and Mr. Moseley never made but one remark about it; he said: "Mrs. White, the next time you go to a parade don't offer to hold a baby."

LADIES ON THE POINT OF MARRIAGE.

How truly important a thing it is to have all worldly concerns fully understood between the fair bride and bridegroom, prior to the wedding! In rich families, or where there are large estates, these affairs are regularly arranged by the lawyers; and should there be (by bare possibility) *any dispute* after marriage, deeds of settlement can be readily referred to. This is, however, but the adjustment of that highly desirable matter that has been termed "filthy lucre." All the lawyers in the world, putting their imposing heads together, could not control the effect of opposite tempers; and as it is undeniable that young lovers, in their period of courtship, are totally blind to each other's imperfections, it is not until after what is called "the honeymoon" has passed that the little thorns appear which inflict the first wounds on matrimonial bliss, and, if neglected to be soothed and healed at once, grow into more serious maladies. Young brides, it is at this critical juncture, or puncture, that your tact, your best good humor, must be exerted! The admiring man on whom you have bestowed your hand will be too much gratified in observing this conduct not to meet it more than half way, own perhaps his hasty remark, kiss off a soft, indignant tear, and mutual forgiveness of each early petty offence may prevent the growth of many a future grievance.

Although riches have been pronounced a blessing, how often does it occur that the wife who brings money on her side is disappointed—nay, disgusted, in what she fancies may be the niggardly appropriation of the finances? Why ought not she to have a new carriage like Mrs. ——, or Mrs. ——? Has not the fortune flowed in from *her* family? When this notion has found its way into the female head, farewell to matrimonial bliss! The wife remonstrates, and, nine times out of ten, she is the most expert in argument, and her defeated helpmate walks off moodily to the hall of selfishness, his club—where in splendor he endeavors to regain good humor amongst the loungers and idlers that haunt the establishment, and where, if in pique he determines to dine, his palate is tickled with, perhaps, superior cookery to that of his own domicile.

We have been led to these remarks by the accidental perusal of an existing and authentic document, which, if only descriptive of the manners of the period in which it was written, is curious and entertaining.

We cannot imagine that any wife of the present day would propose such preposterous stipulations as those of Elizabeth Spencer, heiress of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, some time about the year 1630, and who was married to William, Lord Compton. The lady had made few previous demands, but not long after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, she sent her husband a modest and consolatory letter, which is yet extant, and from which the following items, among many others, are verbally taken. It may not be impertinent to add that Lord Compton, as might reasonably be conjectured, after the receipt of such a letter as the following, reaped little comfort from his wife, and less from her large fortune.

EPISTLE FROM LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON TO LORD COMPTON (LITERALLY RENDERED).

"My Sweet Life: Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what ALLOWANCE WERE MEETEST for me; for, considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, re-

ligion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me £1,600 per annum (quarterly to be paid).

"Also, I would (besides that allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

"Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other left. Also, I believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with good estate.

"Also, when I ride a-hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I MUST and WILL have for either of them a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watched lace and silver, and four good horses.

"Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

"Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all orderly purposes: not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', nor theirs with washmaids'.

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before with the greens, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent to crowd myself up with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

"And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have, to put me in my purse, £2,000 and £200, and so for you to pay my debts.

"Also, I will have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and also my servants (men and women) their wages.

"Also, I will have my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit—as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like; so for my drawing-chambers in all houses I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair-cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also, my desire is that you will *pay all my debts*, build Ashby-House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain (Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk), which would have all—perhaps your life—from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me when we were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruth concerning the Charterhouse; but that is the least: he wished me much harm—you know him. God keep you and me from such as him.

"So now I have declared to you what I would have, and what I would not have, I pray that when you be an earl to allow me £1,000 more than *I now desire, and double attendance!*

"Your loving wife,
"ELIZA COMPTON."

Certain contemporary historians have asserted that the lady's large fortune turned her lord's head. Query—Had the above letter nothing to do with that calamity?

GOD'S LOVE.—The following lines are said to have been written by a person commonly esteemed an *absolute idiot*. A ray from the sanctuary, revealing the mercies of redemption as well as of creation, must surely have glanced across his mind.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade:
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

THE SECRET OF LOUISE HASTINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"SOMETHING *must* be done; I can bear this no longer."

I remember just the spot where, as I spoke these words, I paused between the table and the rug in my small parlor—small, but pleasant and tasteful, as I had often congratulated myself, looking at the pretty lace curtains and the Brussels carpet, its dark moss-green ground flushed and warm with tropical roses.

I, Louise Hastings, had carried for a whole week a slow, steady heartache. Sometimes this aching had suddenly sprang into a quick, fierce life, and pain which seemed as though it would smother my breath and drive my reason into a great whirl of madness. But that was when I looked off to the future, and remembered the past; and my will was stubborn and my pride was strong; and I held down memory and imagination with all the might of both, for I dreaded every recurrence of that fierce, choking pain as I would have dreaded tongues of fire leaping suddenly along my shrinking nerves. So I had borne myself before my husband and any one with whom I chanced to be thrown steadily enough, perhaps with a little added dignity; but that no one would be likely to observe who had not the key to it.

I had been a wife, loving and deeply beloved, for a year, and that winter was the twenty-fourth of my life. It was the thirtieth of that of Maurice Hastings, my husband, who had been for four years a physician in the old town of Woolcottville, where we had resided ever since our marriage.

I was an only child, and my parents died before my remembrance. My aunt, who had adopted me, was a childless widow in very comfortable circumstances, and she was very fond of me, and had indulged every wish of mine, so far as her fortune permitted. At nineteen, with small knowledge of the world and smaller of my own heart, I had become the betrothed wife of Henry Somers, whose mother was an old and beloved friend of my aunt.

Harry was a spoiled child; so was I. We fancied that we adored each other. He had all those charms of conversation, those graces of person and manner which are so apt to attract the fancy of a young, inexperienced girl; he was intelligent, enthusiastic, full of warm, generous impulses; but I could not penetrate beneath these, and see that the character of Henry Somers lacked moral force and discipline. For a while we got on very smoothly together; then certain antagonisms in our characters began to develop themselves. Both were high-spirited, both unconsciously selfish and exacting; so, during the second six months of our engagement, we had frequent jars, recriminations, and reconciliations. Then Harry went West to survey some lands in which his father had been speculating.

We were to have been married on his return, and we parted with mutual protestations of eternal fidelity. But Henry Somers was impulsive and susceptible; his absence was necessarily prolonged; and an old friend of his father's with whom he passed several weeks had a young and beautiful daughter, in whose society he was constantly thrown. I was grieved to find that his letters grew less frequent, and that there was a sensible diminution in their first ardor.

My aunt was not a woman to submit quietly to this, if I had been; and she soon obtained indubitable evidence that Harry had involved himself in a flirtation which was most dishonorable, with the relations that we occupied to each other. Her indignation was keen; her fears were aroused for the happiness of the child who was dearer to her than life. She laid the facts before me, and stimulated my pride into dissolving our engagement.

But the knowledge of Harry's perfidy was a terrible stroke to me, for my faith in him had been boundless, and he was the idol of my girlish dreams and fancies. But the bitter experience did me good. That great sorrow thundered in a wild storm over my soul, but it passed away, leaving it better and stronger; and as I have lived to know that the aim and end of all living is to become this, I have thanked God for the rain in the morning of my life.

A year and a half later I met my husband for the first time at a quiet little watering-place situated near a cove where we had gone for the sea air and bathing.

Maurice Hastings was unlike any of the men with whom I had been thrown; he was grave,

thoughtful, studious; yet there was a spring of keen humor in his nature, which sparkled in his deep gray eyes and flashed in ripples of light over the fine, grave face.

Each was interested in the other from the beginning. His conversation formed a vivid contrast with that of any other man's I had ever known, as we walked down on the beach in the sweet summer evenings, and watched the great white temples of mist rising slowly up from the ocean, and lifting their silver colonnades to the stars. Our talk ranged everywhere; on nature and art, philosophy, history, religion. I felt my whole nature expanding and intensifying as I listened, and the graceful flatteries and insipid talk with which I had formerly been entertained now grew vapid and disagreeable. Not that Maurice Hastings was pedantic, but to me his conversation was full of stimulation and suggestion.

It did not take us long to penetrate the mutual interest which each took in the other. Maurice was the sincerest and most candid of men, and though he seldom flattered me, still the look of pleased interest and amusement which flashed down on me as we stood on the yellow sands bordered with a great silver blossoming of spray, deepened into one of tenderness before that fair chapter in my life was closed. My aunt was pleased with Maurice, still she was very ambitious for my future, and the thought that I should marry a country physician with no prospect but his profession was not gratifying to her pride. But, spite of herself, Maurice daily compelled more of her respect, and my engagement with Harry Somers had shown her how much better than wealth is it for a woman to have a strong, true heart to depend on.

Woolcottville was not so far from New York but that Maurice could see me for a few days every month; and in a little while those days had become to me the precious jewels strung along the thread of the weeks.

My mind and heart had found before they had passed out from the gates of girlhood the companionship which they had lingered and thirsted for, and life had something better and holier than the mere living for selfish enjoyment and happiness. And in one of those visits Maurice told me those most blessed and tender words whose memory still thrills my heart, and shakes, while I write, the old, sweet tears into my eyes.

My aunt gave her consent to my choice, on the whole, with cheerfulness; and the next spring Maurice brought me to his home, the small, graceful cottage lying like a white shell among green surges of larches and cedars, and here there went over my head in great light and love my first year of wifehood.

Sometimes there stole across my heart, when I sat by the side of my husband, a little shadow, and that was the thought that my life had one secret from him, for I had never revealed my engagement to Harry Somers. It had been my intention to do this, but my aunt had dissuaded me from it. I was young, and had great faith in her wisdom and discretion, and I did not altogether perceive that her standard was a worldly and politic one; that she had no lofty stand-point, no high ideals of living; and, kind and generous though she was, that her wisdom was only that of her day and generation. So when I turned suddenly to her, one morning, from the piano, where I had been practising my music-lesson for the day, while she was carefully washing some old-fashioned china, which had been preserved as heir-looms in the family, and said to her: "Aunt Eliza, don't you think that it is my duty to inform Maurice of my engagement with Harry Somers?" she answered me:—

"Don't do anything of the kind, my child; a man has no right to be inquisitive about such matters, so long as they in no wise concern himself. You would only annoy and pain Maurice by making any allusion to the subject, and it will be much wiser to keep still. I have known serious trouble to result from injudicious disclosures of this kind."

"But, aunty, it doesn't seem quite honorable, somehow. If Maurice were in my place, I should want to know the whole truth."

"That is quite natural, Louise; but he would be wiser to lock up the secret in his own heart. You will be glad if you take my advice."

And I took it, but I was not satisfied. One night, not long before our marriage, I said to Maurice, as we sat together on the divan in the alcove beyond the parlor:—

"I wonder what your faults are; I haven't found one out yet!"

The grave face bent on me its sweet and tenderest smile. "They will come soon enough, my little girl. You know the true work and aim of marriage is to improve each other; to grow better, nobler in all aspirations and living."

"But everybody, almost, fancies it is only to be happier in one way or another, according to their tastes and feelings."

"I know it; but we must get at a higher range of vision than that. As for my faults, you 'll find them out soon and fast enough, I 'll promise you."

"Tell me one, just one of them, Maurice; please, now"—drawing closer to him.

"Why do you want to know?" drawing his arm around my waist.

"Because—because I do."

"Most satisfactory reason for a woman, but you shall be gratified for this time. One of my faults is, Louise, that I 'm naturally jealous—that is, if there be any cause for it. I've tried to curb and control this quality, and you will never experience any trouble from it, my little girl. Then, as I am exclusive in my fancies and affections, I am apt to be exacting."

My conversation with my aunt flashed at this moment across my memory. "Maurice, you must have perfect confidence in those whom you love!"

"Perfect; if that is once shaken, it is generally never restored. If I am once deceived there, it is not in my nature to trust again. I can forgive much, but I must have faith in which there is no change, no shaking."

A confession trembled on my lips; but the words of my aunt came back to me, and my heart played me traitor.

It was the first anniversary of our wedding-day. Maurice and I had been out to ride, for it was the time of the year's awakening, and her pulses were full of the youth and the joy of the spring. Maurice had set me down at the gate of our home, in the late afternoon, and driven on farther to see a patient of his. I had gone up stairs, and only removed my bonnet, when our solitary domestic put her head in at my door, saying there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see me.

"Louise Carlton!"

I knew him with the first glance, and it was not strange that my heart gave a quick flutter, for the last time that I had looked on that face and listened to the bright tone I had been the betrothed wife of Henry Somers. He came forward, now, with all the old grace and assurance of manner, and gave me his hand. My greeting must have been awkward and constrained, for the thought of my husband made my guest an unwelcome one.

"I was within a half dozen miles of Woolcottville, and the longing to look on your face, Louise, had grown so strong that I could not go farther until I had been nearer it." And a shadow crept over the handsome face of Henry Somers; and, sitting in my own parlor and listening to his tones, my heart went back to the past for a moment, and I almost believed that I was a girl again. But only for a moment; that heart had given no disloyal throb; in its depths was not one feeling of lurking tenderness for the man before me; and I said, with a calmness and dignity that Harry Somers could not have remembered: "You forget, Mr. Somers, that our relations make a little less freedom of manner more acceptable with me."

A shadow darkened his face; he looked a moment in mine. "Ah, Louise," he broke out, "have you no warmer welcome than this for the man who has come to entreat your pardon, and who must go mourning all his days for the wrong which he has done you?"

"Mr. Somers, you, the husband of another woman, I, the wife of another man, have no right to listen to words like these."

"No, Louise, I am *not* the husband of another woman!"

"Are you not married?" I asked, bewildered and amazed.

"No; I was a fool and a scoundrel, Louise, and for a while I was fascinated, bewildered by the beauty and arts of one who penetrated my weakness too well, and took advantage of it. But she never superseded you in my affections, though I was too angry and too proud, when I got your letter and your aunt's, to tell you this. I lived on, after I awoke from that mad intoxication, for which I have cursed myself in bitterness of soul ever since, in the hope that all would yet be restored betwixt us, until, just as I had finished up my business, and was about starting for home, I heard—oh, Louise, have pity upon me for all that I have suffered!"

He came over to my side, and sat down by me, and grasped my hand. The handsome face was white with anguish, and, looking on it, I pitied Harry Somers for his folly and his weakness, and this feeling must have faltered through my tones.

"It is sin for me to listen to such words from you, Harry Somers. What if my husband should hear, should know"—I caught and choked back the words, remembering.

"What, Louise, have you never told him of our engagement?"

I did not answer with my lips, but the pain and anguish in my face told Harry Somers what he asked. A look of gladness, triumph flashed over his face. I saw the hope which he had gathered from that knowledge, and it galled me as a great wrong done to my husband. But the next moment all other feelings were merged in the dread of his return. What would he think, what would he say, if he should return and find Harry there? Oh, I saw my mistake then, and all the misapprehension and misery to which it might lead, and I resolved that

before I slept Maurice should know all that I had to tell him. But every moment that my guest remained was dangerous now. I rose up.

"Harry Somers, I forgive you for all that is past, and with these words I beseech you to leave me this moment. I am the wife of a good and noble man, and I love him too well to prolong our interview now. Forget me from this hour, and may the lesson which it teaches make you a wiser and a better man. You have all that my heart can give you—its best wishes. Now, go!"

He rose up with great reluctance and great pain in his face; he grasped both of my hands, and kissed them wildly.

"Oh, Louise, of whom I was not worthy, farewell!" And he was gone.

I drew a long breath of relief as the front gate opened and closed sharply. "Thank God, Maurice has not met him!" I murmured, and then I sank down into a chair, and great jets of tears poured over my cheeks; but the bitterness in them was the thought of my husband, not of Harry Somers. I did not weep there long; it would not do for Maurice to come in and find me thus, and I started to go up stairs.

My way crossed the sitting-room. The shadows had begun to steal into the corners; but in one of them was a shadow darker than that of the early evening. It rose up and came forward.

"Oh, Maurice, is that you?"

"It is I, Louise."

He had heard all—the changed, strained voice told me that, without his uttering another word.

I grasped his arm. "Oh, Maurice, only hear me; I can satisfy you, I can explain all!"

He shook off my hand, and stood stern and still before me. His lips were white as the lips which never give forth sound or smile. "Louise Hastings, you were once the betrothed wife of that man who has just left you?"

I could not deny it; and before my lips could stammer out any words my face had given answer.

"And you have never told me this; and he has dared to come into my house and pour into your ear the old story of his passion; and you have listened to it, and only sent him away because of your fear that I, your miserable dupe, your wronged and wretched husband, should know the truth."

"Only hear me, Maurice; only let me explain."

He shook me off again, and the anger in his eyes was terrible enough to strike me to the earth, if I had not the consciousness that I was far less guilty than he supposed. But the facts were against me, and Maurice was a jealous man.

"Out of your own mouth do I condemn you, Louise Hastings; my confidence in you is lost forever. The wife that I believed in and loved better than my life has gone out of my heart forever. It would have been better for us both if we had died before this hour."

I shivered and staggered under the terrible words, but there was no pity in Maurice's face. Then my pride roused itself.

"I shall not stand by and hear such words from your lips, Maurice Hastings, no matter how the facts may condemn me, so long as you will not listen to the explanation which I could make. And as you send me out of your heart forever, it is best that I should go out of your home, also, to-night."

"No, unless you insist upon it; you can stay here if you like, and what I have learned this night need never again be alluded to by either of us. Only remember my confidence in you has gone, and my love with it!"

I did not stay to hear another word. I went up stairs with a deep weight and pain in my heart. I was proud as well as Maurice, and I knew that he had been unjust to me. No matter how strong the facts were against me, an explanation of them was my right and his duty. But for once anger and jealousy had hardened the noble heart of Maurice Hastings, and his reproaches had stung me into silence and endurance. We were both in the wrong—God forgive us!

Of the week which followed I must write briefly. Its long, slow days went down into dark, slow nights, and brought neither rest nor peace to my spirit. Maurice and I preserved towards each other a grave reserve, which would not have attracted the notice of a stranger, and as we had company for three or four days at this time, we were left but little alone. I managed to preside at my table and supervise the household affairs in a way which elicited no observation, and I wondered often at my own self-control and at the calmness and ostensible interest with which I often found myself discussing indifferent matters with my friends, while I carried that pain in my heart which leaped into such vivid life and anguish when I was alone.

As for Maurice, I could see that he grew paler every day, and the grave, kindly mouth had a look of fixedness and pain which had never borne its witness there before.

Sometimes a thought flashed across me that I would leave my husband and go out from his home, as he said that I had done from his heart —forever; and then, looking off to my future, it rose before me so hard, and bare, and desolate that I had not the courage to set my feet on its way, and I put the thought back; I *could* not live without him! Sometimes, when I caught the glance of those stern, sad gray eyes on my face, a great temptation would sweep over me to rush to his side and cling there fast, and compel him to hearken while I told him all the truth respecting my engagement with Harry Somers. But the harsh repulse, the bitter words which had once met me came back, and steeled my heart and silenced my lips. And I cried to God, and there came no answer, and I did not know that the sin of my pride lay darkening betwixt my soul and Him!

I had uttered the words with which my story commences half an hour after my guests of the three or four previous days had gone. I had been pacing the floor to and fro ever since I had smiled and waved my farewells to them. It was a beautiful day in the closing up of May, the winds came through the windows like the breath of sweet spices, the year was full of the strength and joy of her youth, and the trees stood up in their white fluting of blossoms, and the sunshine wrote on the earth the old, new prophecy that the summer was at hand. But for me this beauty had now neither voice nor meaning. The darkness in my heart lay like a shadow on the fair face of the day, and when the first words I have written crept out of my lips, my resolution was taken. Afterward I did not hesitate long in making up my mind what course I should pursue; I would go up stairs, write my last letter to my husband, pack up my trunk, take the afternoon train for my aunt's that very afternoon, and leave forever the house whose proud and happy mistress I had been for a year.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, my heart will break for leaving you!" I sat in my own room, before the open window, and the song of the spring birds, that had hung their nests on the green rafters of the old pear tree, surged sweetly in and out of the room. The pen was in my hand, and the cry was wrung from a heart too weak to write the words which were to part us forever.

"Oh, Mrs. Hastings, have you heard the news?"

I was quite startled at the abrupt entrance of my nearest neighbor, the wife of a lawyer, with whom I had been on quite intimate social terms; but her white, shocked face fully apologized for her abrupt entrance.

"No; is it anything very bad, Mrs. Maltby?" as I rose up and offered my guest a seat.

"Michael, our gardener, just brought me the dreadful tidings, and as there was no one in the house I ran over here to share my horror with you! The cars ran off the track this morning, on the long bridge between Woolcottville and Glencove, and a large number of passengers were killed outright or shockingly mangled!"

"My husband was on the morning train to Glencove. He left about two hours ago to visit a patient there!"

I believe I spoke these words very calmly, but I felt a cold tremor stealing over me.

Mrs. Maltby's face grew whiter as she gasped out: "Oh, Mrs. Hastings, have I killed you too?"

"I guess you have," I said, as I passed my hand across my forehead; "but it 's no matter; Maurice wouldn't care!"

She thought the sudden shock had driven me wild. She chafed my cold hands amid her great jets of tears, and begged me to grow calm, and not yield until I knew the worst.

And at last a great cry rushed up from my heart as the thought flashed across me that Maurice might be lying cold and stark on that fair spring day with the life suddenly choked out of him. And we had parted in silence and bitterness, and my last memory of him was not one of blessing and caress. And then the wrong and sin of my conduct for the last week rose up and reproached me. I did not excuse Maurice; I knew that before God he had somewhat to answer for his harshness when his young wife had hung upon his arm and pleaded to be heard, and he had repulsed her. But grief and despair had well nigh maddened me. I dashed Mrs. Maltby's arms furiously away, when they crept entreatingly about my neck. I stamped my feet at her when she implored me to be quiet, and at last I dashed out of the house, out of the front gate, and down the road, where her cries followed me for a while, and then grew faint, and were lost in the distance.

On, on I rushed, for a resolution possessed me to walk to the scene of the terrible disaster, five miles distant, and know for a certainty whether my husband was among the living or the dead. But in descending a steep hill on my way, I suddenly caught sight of the familiar chaise approaching me. My heart stood still;

so did my feet. The inmate of the carriage must have discovered me, for he suddenly spurred his horse, and a moment later I caught sight of the face of my husband!

"Why, Louise, are you gone wild?" And Maurice sprang from the carriage, his face white with wonder at the sight of me.

The great joy of my heart must have its way. I put my arms about Maurice's neck; I shouted, and laughed, and cried. "Oh, Maurice, I thought that you were lying there cold, and white, and dead!" And I shook him to and fro, as I held his shoulders, in my frantic joy.

"My dear child, what has happened to you?" And I felt the great tenderness and the great fear which surged through the tones of my husband; and a sudden faintness went all over me. He lifted me into the carriage as though I was a little child, and, drawing one arm tightly around me, urged the horse slowly homewards. And his words and his voice were after the manner of a mother soothing her frightened child: "There! don't be scared, darling. Nothing shall harm my little girl. Try and be quiet;" for he evidently thought that I was partially demented.

"How came you to be here, Maurice?" I gasped at last, as long shudders went over and shook me as winds do autumn leaves. "I thought that you took the train for Glencove."

"I intended to, but when I left the house I found a hasty messenger for a man who had broken his arm about three miles off. And so I delayed my trip to Glencove for the afternoon."

"Thank God! thank God, Maurice!"

"What do you mean, my dear wife?"

"There was a terrible accident—the bridge broke down—the dead and the mangled lie heaped together. Oh, Maurice, I thought that *you* might be among them."

He understood all now, my frantic fears, my wild flight, and, drawing me closer to him, Maurice Hastings bowed his head, and reverently repeated my prayer—"Oh, thank God, Louise, thank God!"

We stopped at a tavern on the road home, where Maurice procured some cordial which restored me. And now all the barriers of my pride were broken down. I knew that the deep well in the heart of Maurice Hastings had not grown dry in the last dreadful weeks, and that its springs had burst and overflowed his soul like the freshets of April.

"Oh, Maurice, it shall not be as it has been between us any more?" I whispered, in the old tavern parlor where we were left alone with the sunshine and the singing of the birds of May.

"Never, Louise, never!" for he knew now that my heart was his.

And laying my head down on his shoulder, I told Maurice the history of my engagement with Henry Somers, and all the weight and pain which the knowledge of that one secret hidden from him had caused me, until the day on which he presented himself in my parlor, and Maurice coming in to the sitting-room a moment later had heard nearly all that passed betwixt Henry and me. My disclosures set the whole matter in its true light. There was no need that I should say to Maurice—"You will forgive and forget it all?"

"All, Louise. It is I who have sinned more in my anger and harshness than you."

We drove home in the golden May noon, our hearts flooded with light and gratitude fairer than its sunshine. On the way we encountered Michael, Mrs. Maltby's gardener, whom she had dispatched in a fruitless search for me.

And so the only secret which my life had held from Maurice Hastings was revealed at last. It has its message and its warning. "Oh breathe," the ballad saith, "some sweetness out of each."

A GOLDEN HOPE.

BY J. BRAINERD MORGAN.

When fragrant flowers shall stand again
In blooming beauty o'er the plain,
Again shall deck in bright array
The fertile vales and hilltops gray,
My heart shall be with deep joy filled—
My soul with sweetest rapture thrilled,
And life be but one song of glee,
For then thou 'rt coming back to me.

How sweet and bright shall be the day
When winter's storms have passed away!
How full of gladness and of mirth
When spring shall smile upon the earth!
My eager eyes each passing hour
Will closely search for bud and flower,
For when they stand upon the plain
To me thou 'rt coming back again.

Oh may the hours all swiftly fly,
The days in quick succession die,
The weeks and months, in rapid flight,
But kiss the earth then fade from sight—
Until the happy time shall come
When I shall greet thee at my home,
While purest joys do live again
When blooming flowers stand o'er the plain.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN ROME.

BY J. F. G.

It is the First of May, and we are in the Campagna! To those who have been in Rome what a scene of beauty do I summon up with those words. The most exquisite wild flowers growing in varied and blithe profusion; foliage of the softest, freshest green, garlanding ruins, mounds, and walls; picturesque slopes studded with white blossoms, and massive rocks of a burnished red, in which are set like jewels the purple cyclamen and golden jonquil; the whole picture framed by the distant hills, ever varying in shade from ash-gray to opal blue—and over all the radiant skies of Rome!

It is the First of May, and there is unusual stir and bustle on the road. We meet first slow droves of dun-colored, majestic eyed oxen, then herds of black and white goats, those frisky sages whose sidelong gambols misbecome their beards; yonder come the buffaloes, with their rude, earthy, sphynx-like look, as if the mud from which they were made had not been thoroughly animated, and scattered along the road their savage-looking drivers mounted on fiery little horses, and clothed in tattered goat-skins. There is something wild and primitive in these pastoral appearances in these broad prairies. But besides these, strange-looking horsemen and charioteers are gaining on us every moment, and momently they increase. Here is a good-looking young man equipped in a helmet and feathers, a slashed doublet, and a velvet mantle; there is another dressed like a Mousquetaire, and as handsome as Aramis himself; there is a third in the picturesque dress of a Roman Senator. I wonder, but am suddenly enlightened: it is the First of May, and the artist's festa. Kept up with less spirit than of old, it is still a pleasant holiday to persons willing to make the best of this work-day world. A society of artists of every nation assembled to spend an idle jovial day in the open air, dining together, and concluding the festivities with rustic and athletic games. It interests me, for I am not one of those who think the whole duty of Christian sympathy is centred in weeping with those who weep. I can spare some of my brotherly feelings to those who rejoice.

As the cavalcade proceeds, it increases in picturesqueness of costume; flag-bearers join it, then come carriages filled with gay dresses; others of a less grotesque description, but adorned with as bright colors from gay bonnets and light mantles. Several of the fair visitors of Rome take this opportunity of spending the whole day in one of the fairest scenes of God's fair creation. Last comes the elected king of the day, in his barouche drawn by six horses. Let no judge of horseflesh critically examine these poor beasts. By his side are his two squires, with gigantic shields, and swords with the inscription "Thou shalt not kill."

Five miles out of Rome the encampment takes place, and the artists look out for a convenient sheltered spot for their dinner. The preparations are commenced with the earnest solemnity which distinguishes humanity, anticipating feeding time. And it is a struggle with difficulties, this mid-day repast. Soon, however, baskets are opened, fringed table-cloths, like gigantic daisies, are spread on the grass, and there is an encouraging jingle of knives and forks, and tumblers. Voices in a Babel confusion of language are heard on all sides—Russian, Swedish, Danish, German, Italian, English, and French. Sometimes the irrepressible joy of some young heart, intoxicated by a sense of youth and hope, breaks forth into song with as natural and musical an expression as a lark or thrush. Some more steady ones, who cannot forget duty in pleasure, have set up their brown umbrellas, and are sketching. They have drawn on their wide-awakes, and perched on their low stools look like the whitish roots of giant mushrooms.

Yonder, ascending a steep bank, I see two figures, one a young lady in a fluttering muslin dress, and bonnet thrown back from a lovely face; the other, a handsome youth in a light blouse. The air, soft and bright as liquid crystal, which they breathe, gives a glow to her cheek and a light to her eyes. The small curved mouth, with its half open full red lip, showing the prettiest infantine-looking teeth, and the bright gold-colored hair, identify her. She is an English girl, an orphan heiress, frank and spirited in her manners, and more unconventional than the English generally are. Given a certain quantity of white muslin and dancing lessons, and the supply of English "young ladies" shall equal the demand. None but a countryman could take such liberties

with them. Remember, I do not say "English girls," but "English young ladies," who seem all cut out from one pattern: their conversation, their appearance, their manners being identical. My "English girl's" companion was a young American sculptor. He was evidently very much delighted with her beauty, and her genial lively remarks. Was he in love?

"O Primavera, Gioventii del'anno;
O Gioventii, Primavera, della veta."

Hackneyed phrase; but where shall we find one as true to the feeling? Are not the "blend motions of the spring" similar to the rapturous indistinct yearnings of youthful hearts? Both so brief, yet more delicious than all the riper felicities of more perfected seasons.

A little lower down stood the English girl's friend—a matron, occupied in watching a group of rosy, laughing children. Hers was the unmistakable presence so beautiful in its serene comeliness of English mature womanhood. Beauty in no other nation wears as well. Other women may preserve an air of youth as long, but when once the dread foe Time does manifest itself, they are no longer beautiful. Whereas an English woman, even after her hair be silvered, her complexion faded, her form enlarged, still manages to look well—her beauty ripens into an autumnal phase, unknown to the fair of other countries. With American, French, and Italians, beauty has no twilight. Something of this may be owing to the fact, as regards Americans at least, that the English woman never does possess that exquisite, aerial, and Psyche-like freshness which is seen, during their flower, on the cheeks of her American sisters.

Look at that girl, for instance; she has just arrived, and has cast a searching look once or twice up that bank, and followed, with eyes as large and dove-like as those of the Beatrice Cenci herself, the pretty little bonnet and its wearer. A skin as fine and pale as a primrose, but with a delicate bloom on the oval cheek, features so delicately cut and spiritual in their expression that sculptors look at her, as they do on the Psyche at Naples, with a "divine despair," hopeless of emulating such perfection, yet desirous of doing so; a brow as lucent as wet marble, and a mass of chestnut hair braided back in rich soft waves from that perfect outline. In a ball-room the English girl might be unrivalled, but here, there is no doubt. The sunshine gives a radiance to the transparent skin which brings out all the delicate perfections of the face.

Presently a loud blast of horns is heard, and the different groups gather together, for it is dinner time. Huge wooden trenches are laid on the ground, with slices of beef and ham cut in Gargantuan proportions; dark-looking but fresh loaves, bowls filled with sparkling Roman lettuces and flasks of wine are for the artists. Flung down upon the grass in careless ease, in good humor with all around them and with themselves, that most important item in our social enjoyments, the artists dined with satisfactory appetite and infinite merriment. Their vivid dresses, like tulips amid the solemn green prairies around, looked picturesque and romantic. All men, who, either from necessity or choice, habitually tasked themselves hardly, they rose from the daily pressure with an elasticity and a freedom which was as unusual as it was delightful. Mostly young, the same enthusiasm for Art and Rome, however variously manifested at other times, seemed to establish a bond of fraternity for the moment. The mirth and laughter grew fast, though not furious. Later the more languid groups seemed touched by the magnetism and drew nearer. Then some of the Germans, after a little consultation, withdrew a space and commenced singing. With what precision and harmony they sang can be understood only by those who know what German choral singing is. How beautiful! as the melody of these manly voices rings out truly and with such perfect accord. There are tears in the eyes of some of the Germans who do not sing. I suppose it carries them away with an unutterable longing from these southern skies to their far distant homes. But those who sing seem to find a vent for a thousand feelings in this divine utterance, and are absorbed in it alone. Present enjoyment, past regret, future hope, are all blent in, yet subservient to, the music through which these contending feelings are upborne into a region of pure and spiritual triumph. Commonplace as these men might be in the ordinary acceptation of the term, the music crowned them—sinking away in wild notes of inexpressible sweetness, down, down, like the bright Arethusa, through dreary depths of earthly sorrows, or climbing upwards again through echoing galleries of pleading deprecation, till the blue skies are again overhead and the united streams flow into a blissful sanctuary of calm seraphic joy, and transfigures those who give it voice.

Poetry must be translated; painting is often misunderstood; music is universal as love. Lowell calls it rightly "God's great charity." Whatever utilitarians may assert, music like

color is a pure, gratuitous blessing. Form predicates purpose; sounds an end, but color and music are unnecessary, and therefore free bounties and divine.

After the music there is a pause; hearts have been lifted too high during these Sabbath moments to resume at once daily life; but after a while there is a move, and many disperse. Some wander about and gather flowers, aided by urchins who have assembled like an army of vultures to feast on the banquet deserted by nobler bipeds. Others linger on the spot where they have been entranced.

Then, after a period of rest, commence those sports to which from time immemorial the afternoon of the festa is devoted. More and more carriages, more and more horsemen crowd up the road. There are horse-races, donkey-races, pig-races, races in sacks, mock-fights, and every kind of game.

During this time a little incident I witness moves me much. I am near a group who are watching the games. There is the English lady, her children, and her fair young friend; also the lovely American and her party. They are all apparently intimate acquaintances, and the girls talk to each other in the pretty caressing manner so common to youthful friendship. I do not see the young sculptor—yes, here he is, hastening to them, accompanied by a ragged, barefooted, dark-eyed little fellow, who holds in his hand one of those beautiful small green serpents which are sometimes found in the Campagna. Writhing in his grasp, and changing in color with every motion, it looks like a superb molten emerald varied with gold. Every one admires it; but I confess to an instinctive abhorrence for these reptiles, a deep and mystic dread.

"What a lovely bracelet it would make!" says the English girl, and with a pretty show of bravery she holds up her wrist. "Try it on."

"Judge of its effect on me;" and the young man evidently shudders at her wish, but draws up his sleeve to place it on his own arm.

"Let me try it on," says a gentle voice, and a hand like a white flower is held out, and the green serpent coils round the wrist in a moment. It is all done so quickly no one can prevent it. The young man turns pale as death, and his eyes are riveted on the exquisite face which droops beside him.

"It is quite harmless," calls out another voice, a great authority on all matters of natural history, even to wise and learned societies, an oracle to us poor dunces of the Campagna. I am sure we all breathed more freely. An undefined terror had shot through all, at the possibility of harm to so fair a creature as that gentle American.

"It is lovely," said the English girl. "But how rash you are, Emily."

Every one admires the lithe and flashing circle round that delicate arm. No queen's armlet, not even the rare Egyptian's, could have been more gorgeous. It is then undone and returned to the little boy, whose speculation on its beauty has answered well, to judge of the pauls he is pocketing so fast. Had I been the American sculptor, I should have kept it, and had it oxidized on a piece of marble, like the lizards in the Via Condoth; perhaps he did.

The attention of the party is attracted to some other object of interest, but two still remain together, and I linger (unseen by them) so near that I can hear them speak.

"Did you know it was stingless, Emily?"

"No."

"Was it a voluntary act, putting out your hand so quickly before mine?"

"I was afraid for—you." This last word is breathed rather than uttered. There is no immediate reply; but I see the young man stoop and kiss that wrist with reverential adoration.

"And yet I know that for some days past you might have perhaps thought you had reason to doubt me; but believe me, my darling, and if it were not the truth, I feel I should this moment be struck dead at your feet. We artists may in fancy flutter moth-like round every new and beautiful face, but the heart is true, and wavers not. Say that you believe me."

The downcast face is raised, and I see a glance which reassures him. So angels look when they rejoice over "He who was lost, but is now found."

But see, gathering up towards the west, that panoply of flushing clouds, deepening and deepening from palest green to fiery orange, and then on to vermilion; the day is dying, and with what a glorious hectic on its cheek! With the dew of the fast approaching evening a pathetic sentiment seems to enter many hearts who have not many such bright days as this to enumerate. Yonder the evening star has gleamed out amid the purple. A moment since and it was yet day; and now the day is dead, and that star is the first torch lit by the mourners over its corpse.

We must hasten home. All are now on their way. We leave the large, dark mounds, the

wide-spread fields, the lonely rocks to their silence, and are on the road towards Rome. Laughter, but more subdued and broken, yet rings upon the air; sometimes a few notes of a song, more and more hushed as we advance. We have taken a different and more roundabout road, and lo, there, looming up like the "hull of some great admiral," faint, but large, on the horizon is the giant dome!

The whole line of carriages seems as one cavalcade, and the gradual feeling of silence steals over all. Scarcely a sound but of wheels and the trampling of horses as we reach the gate. Then again a hurried murmur of farewells as we disperse to our respective tenements through those streets which wear their squalor with such an air of majesty, and the gentle glory of the young May moon shines high in heaven over many faces sad with the consciousness that the first of May is over!

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DURFEE.

CHAPTER I.

"See this ripening spring! How the gathered life-tide throbs and quickens! I feel the pulses. I am buoyant with this springing life. If we are ever elastic and happy, it should be in the spring, Cousin Thane."

"Ay?" said Thane, raising his eyebrows with sarcastic questioning.

"If," I proceeded, with a little conscious bombast, "we are true healthy atomies of this great being, this bounding life must needs wake in us, as elsewhere; in the part as in the whole."

"And if not healthy, if laden with rheum and catarrh and bile, what then?" inquired Thane, with some querulousness.

"Then, Heaven help us, and renovate us! we have more need of the spring-time. Let such poor, acrid souls repose themselves upon the full heart of the great mother, passively and trustingly, until she warms them to new vigor. She will do it, Thane."

"She will give them, still, cold and rheumatism."

"Cynic! she will do no such thing. See how lavish she is with her abundant energy. The green earth fairly stirs with awakening and growth. Outermost twigs upon the gray trees tingle with the bursting tide that clothes them in leaf and blossom. Glad waters gush. The air, glowing from the rosy west, undulates with full, contained breathing. Everything thrills with life. Let us be in *rapport*, in harmony, with this grand nature, passive even, and we shall partake in this manifestation."

A faintly perceptible shrug was the only response to my enthusiasm. It was not encouraging, but I was in no mood to be disheartened. Everything was, as I said, redolent of spring glory. The pure, impurpled firmament hung over all with tender, dreamy embrace; a broad band of light flashed across the bay, responding to the flaming disk of the sun, near setting. As I looked abroad, and inhaled the air fragrant from the blossoming trees, I felt myself elated almost to ecstasy, and this fullness of joy overflowed at the lips, as was usual with me.

"Thane," resumed I, breaking abruptly upon an interval of silence, "do you believe in omens?"

My companion looked curiously into my face. He had all along, I believe, been perusing me rather than the landscape.

"Omens? what do you mean by omens?"

"As if I were a dictionary?" cried I, with mock testiness. "Say, for example, the flush that is abroad for me, in this particular aspect of spring beauty."

"And for me! why not for me?"

Something of irony marked this query, which made me turn and regard the interrogator searchingly, as I had not done before. Thane was never demonstrative. He even maintained, for the most part, a reserve often painful to me. But as I looked, then, into the face always obstinately refusing to second the reticence of the tongue, it seemed to me that lines of trouble and constraint marked the brow, and drew themselves about the lips, producing in their effect little less than contortion upon those fine, manly features.

"What has happened, Thane?" said I, quite startled.

"Nothing," replied he, quickly, averting his face as he spoke.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

I saw that he was ill at ease with the questioning, and forbore to press it farther, but fell back upon the previous topic.

"Why should there not be an omen for you, and for good?"

"'Oh, lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:'"

Thane quoted, with something of grimace; "I see no omens; unless, indeed, the flight of this bird at my side; that means something, doubtless. Not propitious, though," he added presently, with a slight and rather constrained laugh; "no; *avibus sinistris*—my avis makes her flight at my left, it bodes me no good." He ended with a second attempt at a laugh as futile as the former.

As Cousin Thane played in this manner with my name, which is Avis, I could not avoid regarding him with wonder. The tone and manner, more than substance, struck me, to say the least, as odd and unusual for Thane.

"An evil bird! alas! do I croak?" I exclaimed with mock horror.

At this moment my sister Alice came into the room, and courtesying to Thane, with an air of secrecy adapted to reveal, rather than hide, the errand, placed in my hands a small packet; and, after lingering a moment with girlish curiosity as to its contents, seeing that I still held the missive unopened, left. Thane, likewise, conceiving himself the cause of my delay, rose to take leave, pointing playfully at the packet as he did so.

Perhaps the color deepened in my cheeks. Perhaps the mingled emotions that engrossed me, and thrilled with pleasurable tremor my every nerve, were sufficiently visible in my countenance to make it, for the time, worthy of study. For some cause, certainly, the look which Thane bent upon me was penetrating; and again, while he looked, I became aware of the constraint which but poorly concealed the painful emotions that struggled for expression in his usually placid countenance. As my thoughts, which had been diverted for an instant, were thus recalled to their former channel, a vague, improbable notion rose in my mind that I, or my present position, had somehow or other somewhat to do with this state of feeling, which Thane seemed so desirous to keep from my inspection.

I knew that in some of my later movements I had not acted with my customary openness toward this tried and true friend. But tried and true though he might be, the claim, if claim he had, upon my confidence, rested, not so much upon the safe basis of reciprocity, as upon a womanish impulse, leading me to crave and bestow sympathy; if, therefore, in any case, I fell back upon a more dignified reserve, who so well prepared to understand and appreciate such a course as himself, by nature unconfiding? And I was unjust to him, perhaps; but I had often, more often of late than formerly, thought him not merely unconfiding, but chilling and repellant, as if annoyed by the foolish freedom that sought to embroil his dignity with all the trivial and commonplace experience of my simple life. It could not, therefore, be possible that he was wounded at this cessation of communicativeness. So I concluded, as I took this brief mental review; and yet, while reasoning so sagely to a contrary issue, the old impulse was awakened within me, and I hastened to gratify it and to appease the little complaint of conscience; for, with the habitually frank and open in disposition, reserve toward a friend appears as a wrong. Following this impulse, I stepped quickly forward as Thane was about leaving the room and touched his arm.

"Now, please be seated," said I, laughing at the start with which he received my hint to stop.

"Why?"

"There," placing a large rocker near the sofa upon which I seated myself.

He sat down with a puzzled, expectant air. He sat thus some, as I suppose, seconds; but the time seemed long. I wavered—blushed, it is likely—for that very awkward sensation of suffused and burning forehead and nose, as well as cheeks, reminded me of my need of resolution. One has great need of resolution in making a disclosure to a reserved person. It is like making a blind plunge through a tolerably impervious hedge. Besides the difficulty of forcing a passage there is to be encountered all the uncertainty of the landing on the other side, which may offer to the venturous foot thorns or flowers, rock or slough—possibly, a pleasant, firm turf. As is altogether natural in such circumstances, I began upon a topic quite remote, and rudely enough, I confess.

"You are so grave to-day, Thane. The lines upon your countenance bring vividly to my mind the twisted limbs of the old tree by the wayside, under which, as school children, we used to search for apples—so sour and bitter!"

"The fruit of the tree of knowledge," retorted Thane, dryly and enigmatically. "As for my face," he added after a pause, "it was never charming." He spoke, as I thought, bitterly.

I felt my deplorable lack of tact, but I had made the plunge, and was not to be driven back by one thorn; so I put it gently aside.

"There you are wrong. But smooth the

forehead, and relax the sharpened lines elsewhere a little, and there shines as noble a countenance as"— I stopped here, conscious of a trifling awkwardness in observations so personal.

"Straighten the limbs and infuse new sap, and you have a fair tree and choice fruit," Thane suggested, with a wry smile. "Can you work the miracle?"

"I think so," dreamily; for my thoughts were centering to the task in hand, and I fingered the packet which I held, nervously, with but slight relish for what I had undertaken.

"Now look!" I cried, finally, speaking with assumed eagerness to cover the silly tremor I could not wholly subdue. "Of course I am dying to see what this rather bulky letter contains." And I broke the seal with impatience corresponding to my words.

A small locket miniature dropped from the envelope, not much to my surprise, for I had already guessed the contents. Glancing for an instant at the familiar features, I extended the picture to Thane, busying myself, meantime, with the accompanying note, which ran thus:

"THANKS, my dear Avis. This note shall contain nothing but thanks for your favorable reply to the question that I hold so *momentous*. Thanks, and therewith this poor image of your humble servant, to give you some faint notion as to 'how he may look' until this day week, at which time I count upon the pleasure of presenting to you the *original*.

Your ever devoted ROSS SANDS."

The pleasure which I had in the rapid perusal of this note did not prevent me from catching the voice of Cousin Thane in the half-suppressed utterance of the name, "Ross Sands."

"You know him, then?" said I, but half pleased at the manner in which the recognition had become apparent

Thane did not speak. I raised my eyes inquiringly. A blank rigidity had settled upon the face usually exhibiting the mobility indicative of a sensitive, nervous temperament. Though his look was still bent upon the miniature, he had evidently ceased to take note of it. Wrapped in stern stillness, his breath even seemed suspended, and I held mine in sympathy, while I watched in anxious wonder this new phase of Thane's strange mood.

"You know Ross?" I repeated. "You do not like him. Thane."

Something like a spasm broke the petrifaction which was beginning to awaken alarm in me. He dropped the miniature into my extended hand, and, rising, walked hurriedly to the window. Still, not a word.

I could not understand it; I began to grow fretful. It was unbearable, this cavalier way of setting at naught my open-hearted confidence. As usual, I had made a fool of myself; but it should be the last time. And yet—was I right? I was selfish. Thane was suffering from some hidden trouble, as was sufficiently evident from the emotion which he did not, indeed, choose to evince, yet which, I could not but feel, was stirring within him. But what? Why could he not answer me when I asked him of Ross?

Thane was my cousin only through his mother's marriage with my uncle, at whose death, while Thane was yet a lad, the charge of his education had been confided to my father. Hence the intimacy, which we named that of cousinship, but which, in reality, destitute as we both were of brothers and sisters (the sister I have named being but a step-sister of recent acquisition), served rather to fill such deficiency. As cousin or sister Thane regarded me, so I was well assured; yet, seeking the possible source of his present disquiet, I own the query stole upon me: "It cannot be that Thane has anything like jealousy?" The question was simply absurd! Much more likely he considered me a troublesome simpleton; and pride again stood by me as ally.

It is perfectly right for a human being to show a little more thought and feeling, and to crave a little more sympathy than a stock or stone: but if Thane prefers the social economy of stocks and stones, I will be so accommodating, hereafter, as to see that he is served according to his taste. Hereafter, yes; but Thane's sanction of my preference was of some moment to me, and it annoyed me that a doubt should darken the prospect of this sanction. I began, therefore, in a chiding tone: "It is so like you, Thane!"

He turned slowly. His countenance might, possibly, have seemed to me fraught with reproach. Could he have been conscious of all that was passing in my mind? But no trace was there of the immobility or stern bitterness that had previously marked it. A resolutely subdued yet tremulous sadness had taken its place.

I could not go on as I had intended, but earnestly urged my previous question: "I wish you to tell me why you do not like Ross."

His brow clouded, and something like the former sternness came again, but he said, quietly: "Why do you assume that I dislike him?"

It was a relief to hear him speak, though his utterance was far too gentle.

"Why do I assume? Your manner tells me."

"Manner is often a traitor, Avis; at least, it would seem that I *ought* to like one who is plainly a dear friend to my—friend." He said this with an attempt at playfulness, and, stepping toward me as he spoke, pressed my hand with a quick, nervous grasp, and ere I comprehended his intention, had passed from the room.

I was bewildered at his unwonted manner and abrupt departure. Mechanically I betook myself to the window which Thane had just quitted, and watched him as he strode down the walk, mounted his horse, and rode away with headlong speed. "May he reach home safely!" was my mental comment.

This home, something more than three miles distant, Thane shared with an invalid mother and Aunt Relie, as we called her; otherwise, Reliance Greystone, a maiden sister of Thane's father, who had taken up her abode with Aunt Leyle in some time of need, and had thenceforth become an indispensable member of the household. Who but Aunt Relie could be found to assume such multifarious duties as devolved upon her, through Aunt Leyle's feebleness? Nurse, housekeeper, adviser, purveyor-general, and in case of need scorning not even the uncongenial tasks of the housemaid; add to this that she had been the active second mother, as it were, of Thane, and Aunt Leyle would have been quite eclipsed but that she had a noble womanly nature, which constantly demonstrated the simple dignity of *being*, as Aunt Relie's did that of *doing*.

But this gloomy mood of Thane's, did it involve, also, mother and aunt? I felt strongly tempted to go and see for myself; but the remembrance of the steady repulse I had received from Thane warned me not to subject myself to a repetition. Moreover, the light had faded from the sky, and a gray haze already obscured the sunset glow; night was at hand.

Unwittingly Thane had cast a shadow upon my future, but it should not rest there; if he had really a dislike towards Ross, it was just some schoolboy's difference, which I would set myself the task of adjusting, and that right early. Thus I resolutely combated intrusive doubts, and a sort of half expectation of finding something in the little portrait to justify the effect which it had seemed to produce upon Thane, I hastened to dispel by actual inspection, nothing loath to renew my admiration of the original through this faithful semblance.

No; even in this faint light there was nothing sinister. The sportive grace that played about the facile mouth—too facile, as some might say, for lofty masculine beauty; the rather small nose, just enough relieved from Grecian straightness to insure something of vivacity; the full hazel eye, replete with tender feeling, yet trembling the while into saucy pleasantry; the sufficiently full forehead, with the careless wave of brown hair; this was not the face to turn one to stone; *I* was not in the least stony as I waved the prettily chased case this way and that to catch the fading rays and bring out to the best advantage the traits so. It was very plain Thane must be in error.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS about to receive Ross at my own home for the first time. Our acquaintance and intimacy had grown up during a sojourn of some months with friends at B——, whither I had repaired to enjoy the release from the cares of housekeeping which had come to me upon my father's second marriage, the October previous.

That I did not at first hail this change in the home dynasty with perfect satisfaction I need not hesitate to own. It is not in the nature of things—of daughters, I should rather say—that this transfer or reduplication of a parent's affection should be regarded with pleasure; but I resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and do my best that the acquiescence should not be solely external.

The lady whom my father had selected to fill the place of my truly mourned mother was a widow, her former husband for a long time copartner with my father in certain manufacturing concerns. A beautiful and accomplished woman, she had lived much in society, which, as the phrase goes, she was well fitted to adorn. With such advantages, indeed, of person and social training, and combined, as I had reason to suppose, with the lively appreciation of what, by way of antithesis, may be termed extrinsic excellence, which is the almost unfailing result of such a course of development, her selection of my good-humored but plain-mannered father, with his retired home and habits, was somewhat enigmatical. Not less surprising did the match appear when this gay though fascinating lady was regarded as the deliberate choice of my father. But such incongruity is of everyday occurrence, and I set myself to welcome, with the regard due to such connections, the new mistress of the home and

her daughter, a girl of sixteen, whose rare beauty I contemplated with ever growing wonder and pleasure; and, after seeing them duly installed, prudently retired, that they might the more freely familiarize themselves with the homestead and its surroundings.

When the attachment between Ross and myself had wrought itself to the conclusion which has been hinted in the foregoing chapter, it was a source of sincere satisfaction to me that my father had secured a companion for his old age.

I had been nearly a month at home when the letter arrived which prepared me for the visit I was now awaiting. It was full two hours after the time when, by my computation, Ross should have appeared; I began to wonder at the detention. By way of diversion and consolation, I took a handful of letters from my writing-desk, and, selecting one, of a date immediately preceding the last I had received from Ross, ran my eyes over it.

"It is so completely Rossy!" murmured I to myself, amid smiles that I did not, indeed, see, but felt rippling irrepressibly at the whimsical style; even more, perhaps, at the joy brimming in my heart. Who but that odd, cheery body would think of concluding a serious document as this should be thus:—

"And now, my Avis, my Latin-Yankee woodbird! the gist of the whole scrip lies here. I have a question for you—*the* question—the most undeniably *momentous question*: Will you mate, and make the *grand passage* with me as early as August at farthest? There, it is plainly writ—the question! Let the answering note, I pray you, be short and sweet. *Yes;* as many carolings and quaverings subsequent as you choose—the more the better, my Avis; only, first of all—*Yes!*"

The return note, hastily scribbled on the envelope, to be copied at leisure, was not more ceremonious:—

"Now, my best friend Ross, I have well nigh forgotten how you look, and I certainly cannot make you hear a note, be it ever so short and *sharp*, at such a distance; so, if you can conjure any business to draw you to this neighborhood, do come. How do I know you will continue to like me at all amid my plain country surroundings?"

Ross's rejoinder, which accompanied the miniature, and in which he assumed *the question* to have been satisfactorily answered, was not less characteristic than the one I apostrophized as *Rossy*. I pleased myself with the fancy of teazing him, and gathering amusement from the quaint turns for which he had a liking, and, as I thought, a talent.

Still, the laggard did not come. I smoothed again the bands of hair which I had arranged with especial care this bright May afternoon. I had no beauty; I do not hesitate to own it was a source of regret to me. In a simply artistic point of view, I love beauty, and beyond this acknowledge its power in attracting and cementing regard. The lack of it tended to make me distrustful of myself. For a long time I had repelled the possibility of attachment to me on the part of Ross, merely from a consciousness of my deficiency in this respect; and in view of it, even after the attachment was recognized, had accepted the happiness with fear and trembling, dreading that I might at any time be called to yield the tenure to some more happily gifted successor. This feeling, however, very properly branded as morbid by the nobler part of my nature, had long since succumbed, either to the ban thereby imposed or to the fascination of the pleasant social intercourse which seemed to become more and more necessary to us. I was not beautiful; but it is no new discovery that happiness is the prince of good fairies in the art of beautifying, and as I stood before my mirror in faithful expectancy of the joy in store for me, I did not ask a cheek that might rival the blossoms in my hair; I ceased to inquire if blue, or hazel, or compound were the term best adapted to the color of my eyes; and the rather dull neutral tint of the hair that I smoothed mechanically while seeking to pass the slow moments, failed, for once at least, to give umbrage.

"My dear, a gentleman wishes to see you."

I turned to meet the arch smile of my stepmother. The blood mounted to my face at the scrutinizing gaze which she bent upon me. My heart was beating time to the immortal pibroch—

> "Faster come, faster come,
> Faster and faster."

Just then it would have served me in good stead had I owned the easy self-possession I had never known to waver in the handsome woman before me. As the best substitute, I busied myself for a moment in restoring the scattered papers to my desk and in rearranging sundry other articles, until my pulse had in a measure resumed its wonted play.

"If I mistake not," said my step-mother, after observing me quietly for a little—"no, I do not mistake; our Avis is about to take flight."

"A very short one, if you please." And I

made a movement to pass her, as she still occupied the doorway.

"Nay; just a moment, Avis. You are looking well to-day!"

I can hardly account for it, but it rather annoyed me to be complimented in this manner. It was perhaps too plain a reminder that something extraordinary was needful to render me passable, and from my beautiful step-mother it was much as if the moon might peep out for a moment some very dark night upon the ugly street lamp, remarking, benignly: "You light up your lantern extremely well, my little lamp!" Nevertheless, the words acted as a wholesome sedative, so that when my mother continued—"Yes, if I read aright, I should offer my congratulations," I thanked her, and, bending to meet the caress which she proffered (I was a trifle the taller—it was my only personal advantage), I glided down the stairs.

I had a natural pleasure in the cordial reception tendered to Ross, both by my father, to whom he was not altogether a stranger, and my step-mother, with whom he was evidently pleased in turn. No less a source of pride to me was the grace with which Ross sustained his share in the table-talk; but of this the only portion that lingers with me related to his arrangement for a sojourn of some weeks at the neighboring hotel, and a proposition to myself for a drive on the morrow.

We climbed the hills in the rear of the house, hills crowned with copse and intermingling bramble, but relieved here and there by cleared ground and bald rocks. The elevation afforded a fine view of the sunset, with the intervening bay, with headlands, sweeping curves, and wooded islands. As we threaded our way leisurely up the craggy slope, the mischievous prompting which I had pondered an hour or two earlier returned to me.

"And so you found business this way, Ross?" said I, with a demure questioning look likely to accompany such an interrogatory.

"Yes, my dear innocence, of course I found business; I wish to settle everything, for you know we are to be married in August."

"Are we, truly?" I interposed, with affected surprise.

"In August, at farthest," Ross went on, heedless of the interruption. "And then—why, then we must post immediately for the wedding tour. What shall it be, Avie? Say, a trip to Niagara, with an excursion down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, or, if you choose, return to the mountains—"

"Mountains of the moon?"

"Honeymoon, exactly! Delicious cloud-capped summits! I am in haste to commence the climbing. Are we about it already, do you think?"

"A rugged road if we are," I said, laughing; "and the clouds, how dreary you will find it when you reach the clouds."

"Never fear; the clouds disappear as you ascend. Ah, Avis! one might suppose you had kept to the ground all your life, rather than soared away in airy flights, as I know you often do. Yes, indeed, when you reach them, the clouds melt into a delightsome balmy atmosphere, a soft, golden haze!"

"Which shuts everything else from view."

"Possibly; but, being in Paradise, what can one care for the outside?"

We were climbing a steep, rocky ascent. When we rested upon the height, Ross turned his eyes suddenly upon me.

"Seriously, Avis, that question is settled?"

"So you have been saying."

"Ah, I talk so lightly! Avis, dear Avis! I speak with all seriousness and truthfulness—I love you forever, unchangeably!" Ross clasped his arm about me, and imprinted a kiss, impassioned, yet with delicate reserve, upon my cheek.

All the light mockery died out of me at the gentle earnestness of this speech and action. Tremulous with emotion, I, not unwillingly, permitted him to draw me to a seat upon a convenient gray boulder that peeped forth opportunely from its nook of rustling birch.

I certainly had faith in the deep tenderness of Ross's nature; but so much was he accustomed to bedeck everything like sentiment in the fanciful drapery of a gay badinage, not at all distasteful to me, leaving me, as it did, a similar freedom of raillery, and thus relieving our interviews alike from the stiffness of undue reserve and mawkish sentimentalism, that an instance like this, of truly earnest demonstration, came rather as a surprise, and broke down at once those light bulwarks by which I was accustomed to parry overtures from the same source. I was quite disarmed; gone the propensity to *teaze*, which I had held in prospective for our mutual amusement. A true life-reality was arrayed before me in a guise to bear no paltering; and the *momentous question* was decided, and as Ross willed.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN.

We extract the following from a lecture lately delivered. The lecturer said: "There were in woman's nature heights and depths, lengths and breadths of love; profound mysteries, anomalies, eccentricities, and peculiarities. But she possessed also a nature endowed with lofty aspirations, full of fidelity, untiring devotedness, and affection to the object of her love. Her influence restrained the evil passions of man, and was a solace to him in his griefs. Man, weary with the toils and cares of a busy world, found a peaceful refuge in the society of woman. Her ready, self-denying devotedness compensated for the infirmities of age, and she was both feet and hands when they failed. Her soft hands smoothed the pillow when sickness wasted the body. Her sweet kiss greeted man's first entrance into the world, and was the last impress of her affection as he departed this life. Without woman men would be sorry living lumps of humanity. She was the theme of the poet's musings, and the bard's sweetest songs. Viewing her as a woman and as a mother, poetry had employed some of its loftiest and tenderest strains, and idolized the name of mother. There were strains in the poetry of woman to which angels might pause in their happy course to listen. Although her mental powers were inferior to man, yet she possessed qualities far above him. Her depth of sympathy far exceeded man's. In the life of our Lord on earth woman never uttered a single word against Him; she tended Him in all His checkered life, and hung upon His lips as He spoke; she called down His blessings on the children's heads; she followed Him to touch the hem of His garment in lively faith; she thought nothing too costly that she might anoint His feet; she wept without the gate when He was condemned by Pilate; she followed Him to Mount Calvary, and was the last to leave Him at His death, and the first to announce His resurrection. And where did man find refuge in sickness but in woman? Her influence, too, was necessary to encourage as well as to console. There was" (said the lecturer) "a little haven, all joy, peace, and tranquillity; suspicion dwells not there; jealousy did not reign there, nor falsehood, with its double tongue; no venomous slander had a place there; peace spread her wings over it; man never entered it but he forgot the cares of a busy world; there he dwelt in happy confidence unmingled with remorse. Such a place was the quiet home of woman. There was no place like home, where woman received from man that tender care and guardianship which was her due."

SUPERIORITY OF NATURE OVER ART.

An interesting anecdote is told of Cecco and Dante, the latter an Italian poet, illustrating nature's superiority. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, but Dante asserted to the contrary. In proof of this principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he read or took his supper. One day Cecco paid Dante a visit; he went prepared to test the poet's philosophy, and requested Dante to show him an experiment with his cat. The animal performed her part with perfect satisfaction till Cecco lifted the cover from a dish of mice which he took with him; no sooner did the mice make their appearance than the creature of art showed the weakness of a talent acquired, and, dropping the candle, sprang on them with all its instinctive propensity. On beholding this, Dante confessed that the native faculties had the superiority, and that the position of Cecco was right. The microscope reveals to our view many striking illustrations of the "superiority of nature over art." This is clearly shown by the following examples: On examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife, rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly fine needle, when seen through a microscope, resembles an iron bar. The sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of fine lawn, when thus beheld, seem much coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors.

A Sister's Value.—Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble. He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate, indeed. It is not to be wondered at if the fountain of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in that sterner attribute of mankind.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

(Concluded from page 372.)

CHAPTER VIII.

What could it mean that Morgan Ash was at the depot awaiting his wife's aunt, Mrs. Pierson, and not only so, impatient for her arrival? It was not a week since he had almost sworn that she should never enter his house again; and now it seemed as if the evening train would never arrive, as he walked up and down the platform! It was a dreary night, a great change from the late pleasant weather, and the extreme heat of the week before. A chill wind whistled along the telegraph wires, and made him draw his coat together as he faced it. The red signal-lights shone out in the darkness; it was not even starlight, the clouds had gathered so heavily. "Five minutes of eight!"—he stopped under the lantern to pull out his watch. "Ten minutes behind time. Ten ages! and perhaps she had not come after all. What should they do if she had not?"

He had plenty of time for very unwelcome thoughts. He dreaded the meeting, while he longed for it inexpressibly. What would she say to him? How could he answer her? What was happening at home at that very moment? And yet he must be here and explain his hurried telegraph.

The distant shriek was heard at last—the rumble, the thundering, as the cars ran into the depot—the confusion of lights and voices, the baffling crowd; but Mr. Ash seemed guided by instinct, and drew in a great sigh of relief, as he recognized the slight spare form he was in search of. The two who had parted so coldly, with mutual aversion, hastened to each other with outstretched hands.

"Yes, she is living."

It was in answer to a look, rather than words; for Mrs. Pierson comprehended the strait that had broken down all the barriers of pride and self-will, and had so changed even the outward appearance of Morgan Ash.

"She will not know you," he said, as he leaped into the carriage waiting for them, and told the man to "drive like lightning." "But Dr. Ford hopes everything from your coming. She has called for you so incessantly; she will not have me near her; only Mrs. Ford, who is almost worn out. And they are to have a consultation; I suppose the doctor has come from Easton in this same train."

"O my poor baby!" groaned Mrs. Pierson.

The cry went to his heart. How much she loved her! how much better than he had ever done, and he had kept them apart! How Marie had longed for her was all revealed in these wild ravings, all of home, all of her girlhood; she seemed to have put him away from memory even as she repulsed him from her presence. If she had upbraided him, or revealed all his neglect and harshness, it would not have cut him so to the soul.

Mrs. Pierson spared him questions; the shock had almost stupefied her; she had but one thought, to reach the sufferer.

The roll of the carriage was lost in a thick bedding of tan as they neared the house, that almost fatal signal of the presence of disease and death. The house was dark; but as the street door opened to admit them, a wild shriek of laughter swept through the hall, in fearful contrast to the surrounding stillness.

"Isn't it horrible? Just this for three days; not an hour's sleep, with all the opiates. This was our room; she is in the one you had; Mrs. Ford is here."

But it was Mrs. Lockwood who looked up as the door opened and pressed her finger to her lips. A little helpless form lay extended in her lap, the trailing robes, poor Marie's proud task, sweeping to the floor. "It is just over!" and she motioned Mr. Ash to reach a pillow from the bed. "Poor little thing! its troubles were short!"

Mr. Ash knelt down and raised the little head, with its rings of golden hair, tenderly on the pillow, fixing a long pitiful look on the white, still face. "O my boy, even you would not stay with me!" he said at last.

Mrs. Pierson threw aside her wrappings, and stooped for her first look at Marie's child—the little one she had dreamed of so often, and loved already. Mrs. Lockwood laid her disengaged hand on the bowed head at her knee; her eyes were filled with tears.

"Poor Morgan! poor brother! Isn't it sad, Mrs. Pierson? I'm so glad you have come."

Even with rising memories of ill feeling, recalled by the house, and with reproaches springing to her lips with the painful ravings so distinctly heard from the adjoining room, Mrs. Pierson pitied him and forgave him. "The Lord has sent him punishment enough," she said to herself, taking the dead child to her motherly heart; and Mrs. Ford's silent grasp of the hand was all the sympathy she needed, in her apprehension of what her darling had suffered.

"Now," said Dr. Ford, opening the door near them, and beckoning to Mrs. Pierson, "speak naturally, as if you had been here all the while. Let her hear your voice."

There was a heavy musky smell in the room of the opiates that had been given to Marie. "This mania is not unusual, you know, under the circumstances; do not be alarmed," the doctor said, soothingly.

But though Mrs. Pierson thought she was prepared for anything, she quailed before the wild, maniacal look fastened upon her from eyes that had been all softness, now staring through the heavy masses of unbound hair. There was not a gleam of reason or a trace of recognition as she looked her full in the face; attention arrested for a moment, and her wild writhing and laughter suspended, but it broke forth again in an instant, the unearthly peals, the tossing, convulsive movements of the head and limbs.

Dr. Ford stood like a statue through the ordeal; he had hoped so much, and now there was nothing left undone, unless the new physician could suggest it. Rarely had his skill and his sympathy been so heavily taxed. He left Marie to her attendants, and motioned for Mrs. Pierson to follow him.

"Perhaps you had better leave her now," he said; "Dr. Wood has arrived, and you shall have his opinion as soon as I know it. You must try to rest, for you have much to go through with."

But there was no rest for any of them, watching for what seemed a decree of fate. Mrs. Pierson drew up a low chair to the smouldering fire on the hearth, and shivered although her shawl was still around her. Mrs. Ford, ever thoughtful, had gone below to prepare some refreshment for her, and Morgan Ash stood with his elbow leaning against the mantel, passing through a fiery baptism of self-communion.

Death would not have wrought the same mission. Death was a more natural event, inevitable, in a measure looked for. Marie dead would have been mourned over, and grieved for, but this was worse than death! This fearful oblivion of their life together, this repulsion from him, this total unconsciousness of her child's birth or death, and to think it might go on for years. It often ended so; and Marie must have a living burial away from them, away from all that made up life, in a maniac's cell.

Mrs. Lockwood came back after a time and urged Mrs. Pierson to go to the dining-room; her calm self-possession helped them all, though there was a gentleness added to it that was foreign to her nature. She, too, had come to question the past, and find herself not free from blame, as she sat watching the short life die out, holding the feeble little hands in hers, and listening to the wild ravings of the unconscious Marie. Almost a mother's feeling sprang up in her heart; thoughts of what might have been if her life had been brightened by the blessing of maternity, something of a mother's yearning over that little child, whose life, short as it was, had accomplished a heavenly mission; and when she saw Marie's foster-mother so bowed down by this sudden blow, she entered into her feelings as she never could have done before.

Morgan Ash was quite alone, and no word as yet from the sick-room. The suspense was torture; he walked slowly up and down the floor, pausing to listen, then went reverently to the bedside and drew back the light covering from the little still form. He felt as if he had been robbed on every hand.

> "O my little dear dead child!
> Death is thy father, and not me."

He pictured the happiness they might have had—a vision of Marie, pale but happy, lying with her child on her arm—of the baby laughter, and many romps that would have brightened the house—of the bright smile of recognition that would in time have lighted up that little face—of dimpled arms stretched out to meet him—of a child's kiss and crow of delight—of Marie's pride, and the inexpressible dearness that would have drawn them together. Poor girl! at best she had suffered so much, to be denied even the knowledge of the baby features. And then he turned away—there was no comfort there.

The doctor had been writing a prescription at Marie's little rosewood desk, and it still lay open upon the table. This longing to escape himself drew him to lift the lid where her chief

treasures were kept. The glittering of a ring caught his eye; it was Katie's, and below it the wedding-ring he had missed from her hand that first terrible day. So she had not lost them; but they were silent witnesses of how the case stood between them. She must have taken it off that night after he went out, for he distinctly remembered noticing it as they sat opposite to each other. But he did not resent this token of dead love and a marriage vow recalled; he knew that he had been the first to forfeit both. Below them lay a letter addressed to him; he seized it eagerly; now he should know all. But it had been written before that unhappy difference, only that morning, and she had loved him then, for it commenced "My own dear husband." He drew the light closely to him, and began to read hurriedly, though the writing was indistinct and blurred in many places, as though tears had fallen upon it before it was dry:—

I am going to write you a farewell, dear, for, bright and serene as this day has dawned, it has brought a heavy shadow with it to me—the shadow of death. And yet I do not dread to die, save for leaving you, my precious husband, and—*our child;* but for this I should long to go, for *I am very tired of life*, tired of struggling against my own wilfulness, of yielding to an unlovely temper, of alienating your love. If I die, you will remember our past love; it is not far off now; you will grieve for me, pity me when you come to know how hard I have tried in my heart to please you and make you happy. And Harriet, too; I came so ready to love her; I wanted her to love me; if she could have been more patient with me, and taught me gently how to be like her, you would have loved me better!

I was very, very wrong at first; I am not going to try and excuse myself. I was jealous, not of your love, but of your confidence, and exacting; but since our dear Mrs. Ford made me see this, and that over-sensitiveness was but selfishness, after all, I *have tried*, God knows, to whom I prayed for help. Believe this, will you not? And oh, Morgan, if you only knew how these estrangements have worn upon me, how I have suffered in body and mind whenever you have been displeased with me. I have turned away from you coldly when I could have knelt at your feet and begged you to give me back our old love and confidence. I have lain by your side at night when you have slept without a good-night kiss, and studied your dear face, and yearned to creep close to your heart and wind your arms about me.

I do not say this to pain you, but that you may see how I have loved you through all. I know you will suffer if I am taken, and I would not by one word add to it. Perhaps God will let me die, that for a time the old affection for me would come back again.

I hope to leave you our child. You do not know what the hope has been to me; the very thought of it thrills me with happiness, and yet perhaps even my child might not bring what I have longed for.

I know you will miss me for a while, daily and hourly; but I have tried to look forward to all that may happen in the future unselfishly.

"I can cast away, beloved,
In your future all my part.
No unworthy tears demean
Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Do you remember reading me that under the elm-trees at Inglewood, that happy, happy summer?

"I will look out to his future,
I will bless it till it shine.
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto other eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them—
Angels shield them!
Whatsoever eyes terrene
Then be sweetest his have seen."

"Sweetest eyes"—it was my pet name then; it is a long time since you have called me so.

Oh, my husband, those days crowd back upon me, and I cannot bear to give you up—yet! I am so young, only twenty; if I had been older, I could have made you happier. God bless you! bless you always, in life and death! You will sometimes think that I am by you, that my arms are thrown around your neck, that my head lies on your breast! Our child may have my eyes—my smile, perhaps. Bless you both, my darlings.

Your erring, but loving MARIE.

Not one word of reproach, and there might justly have been so many. How unselfish, how tender, how inexpressibly sorrowful! But though death had not come, no penitence could avail. And this letter had been the cause of her downcast looks that evening! Oh, miserable man! he deserved to see those rings lying there, and to be reminded that his own harshness had changed this love to bitterness.

The door opened warningly. It was Dr. Ford, who had come at last; and Morgan did not need to ask the result; he read it in the doctor's dejected look as he came and stood before the fireplace, with his hands crossed behind him.

"No hope? Oh, Ford, you don't know what I suffer; those shrieks will ring in my ears forever."

"There is nothing favorable, Morgan, so far." And the doctor put his arm around his friend, as a woman might have done; and, as women do, both men shed tears; Morgan's of bitter repentance and anguish of heart, the doctor's for the great blight that had fallen on that young creature and the whole household.

"Dr. Wood thinks that it has been coming on some time, or more properly preparing for by her previous state of health. She has naturally a most sensitive nervous organization; I told you so once, you know; he says, as I did then, that she has needed great care and soothing."

"Oh, Ford! I could not understand it; I see it all now. It is all my fault. That 's where it stings!"

"Don't blame yourself unjustly; her physical state was the disturbing cause."

"But it might have been helped; you know it; don't spare me; I deserve it all. You know how lovely she was—such a wreck! Oh, my God, what have I done! And to think she may never know me! never forgive me! Don't hate me, Ford!" And the tears forced themselves through the hands that covered his face.

"Morgan, if she did know you again; if you could make the acknowledgment to her that you are making to me—(I don't attempt to excuse it to you; I believe from what I have known and seen that you have failed in duty to her at this most critical time in her life); if you could open your heart to her, would she forgive you?"

"Yes, I know she would; she is just so unselfish, just so devoted."

"Then believe that she has done so already, and put away the past; you have enough to suffer in the future. How is the boy? he is very quiet!" And he turned towards the bed; he had been too much absorbed even to ask for the child before.

"He is dead!" and Morgan started to his feet again, "just as I began to know what he might have been to me. Oh, Ford, it is too hard; my punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Quiet, save in the room of sickness, settled down upon the household at last. Mrs. Ford returned to her own little ones; and Mrs. Lockwood sat by Mrs. Pierson, both unable to rest. In the sick-room, the new physician and Dr. Ford watched in silence and patiently, as they might, the effect of the new opiate that had been administered. Mr. Ash heard them pass across the floor above him now and then; for, wrapped in a shawl, he had thrown himself on a sofa in their once cheerful sitting-room, to wear out the night. But sleep came with midnight to his exhausted frame; and it was almost daybreak when a hand laid heavily upon his shoulder awakened him.

"Good news, Morgan; she is really sleeping—really. I could hardly believe it myself; I did not dare to stir. It is almost half an hour." And Dr. Ford, who had wept for sympathy, almost cried again for joy.

CHAPTER IX.

It was early in the afternoon of a short winter's day, and Mrs. Pierson's sitting-room was as bright as a glowing fire and a thrifty stand of greenhouse plants could make it, for all the clouds and moistiness out of doors. Ten years at least the room had worn that same familiar look; the carpet had been renewed, and the white curtains, with their blue ball fringe, were freshly done up; but all else stood as Marie had remembered it at first. The portrait of Gilbert's father over the mantel, the cheerful open stove, the ottomans standing on each side, the straight-backed, neatly-cushioned chairs, the oval mirror in which she had always given her new bonnets a parting glance, the slender-legged inlaid table beneath it, the wide chintz-covered lounge on which she lay, all were old acquaintances, and doubly endeared as a part and parcel of *home*.

Yet the black-rimmed mirror would scarcely have known Marie, had she stood before it now. Her face was almost as white as the pillow upon which she was lying, and almost as expressionless. The long lashes lay upon her cheek; a soft tress of brown hair just showed beneath the delicate border of her cap, which gave transparency to her blue-veined temples. Her thin hands were folded listlessly before her, and there was not even the glitter of a ring to break their wasted outline. It was nothing new; she passed whole days thus, and had done since her illness; not even the sight of her old home had roused her from the painful apathy which had followed delirium; not the devotion of her husband when he came, nor the unceasing tender ministrations of her aunt and cousin.

But to-day some memory of the past stirred within her. It was her birthday—twenty-one; a woman now, a girl no longer. Oh no; girlhood seemed very far away, even here, surrounded by its witnesses. Her birthday! what

a happiness it used to be! how eagerly watched for! how proudly she had counted up the advancing years! How much she had passed through since she had met a birthday here! She should have had another childhood in which to live over her own again!

Gilbert had brought her flowers that morning, just as he used to do; and her aunt had left her to make some little preparations to celebrate the day, just as in the last girlhood; but they were not all now. Her last birthday she had received but one offering, a slender bracelet; they were happy that day; it was one of the happy days; some one had bent over her with a kiss, and wakened her to find the bracelet clasped upon her wrist. By and by she would get her aunt to try and find it for her, and wear it that evening. She had no other token of *that time;* she must not quite forget it. Morgan had been very, very kind sometimes; only they had made a mistake when they chose each other for life. It was past now, all the pain as well as the pleasure. He would come to see her sometimes, and they would meet calmly and part so. Kind friends; oh yes! if there was one wish left to a dead heart, it was that he might be always happy; for herself it was no matter. Nothing troubled her now. There she was wrong; one other wish, which grew upon her daily until it had become a hopeless yearning, crept in now, and would not be denied a hearing.

The large, slow tears forced themselves through the closed lids and lay upon her cheek; a quivering, childlike tremulousness of the lips came, and went, and came again; then the door was unclosed gently, and she turned her head a little further from the light, lest her aunt should see the tears. Some one kissed them away softly, smoothed back the short, shining tress beneath her cap (it was all that was left of the wealth of hair she had wreathed up at her bridal); but the kiss and the touch were too tender even for her aunt's motherly hand, and she unclosed her eyes to find her husband kneeling beside her.

It was so unexpected; he had paid her a visit the week before; her heart was so stirred and wakened by the day and its associations, and he was so very near the cause of her quiet grieving; perhaps he could comfort her if she told him!

A little cry, half astonishment, half joy, escaped her; the watchful eyes brightened; it was so long since she had shown anything like emotion; her husband's arms were stretched out to her, and in another moment she had crept nestling to his heart, where she had not expected ever to lay her head again. He held her quite still, without speaking, until the convulsive paroxysm of weeping which came upon her had passed over, only caressing her gently, as one might soothe a frightened, panting bird. But a silent prayer of thanksgiving filled his heart, for in those tears lay a promise of returning health, and he knew he had not deserved the blessing.

"You do not ask me what I have brought you for a birthday gift," he said, when the sobs had died away, and he found her still content to be enfolded by his arms. It was so long since he had held her there—thus, at least—that he could scarcely bear to break the spell, though he longed to know how she would bear the test which had been, until then, his "forlorn hope." "It is a little picture, Marie; will you open your eyes, and see it for yourself?"

He disengaged one hand, and softly drew back the tissue-paper. A little photograph of a sleeping child, lying among pillows; the eyes were softly closed, showing the long lashes, the delicately curved lips were slightly parted, the broad, white forehead, shadowed by rings of soft curling hair, the tiny hands were folded lightly together, the very image of peaceful repose. Marie gave one glance, and then an upward appealing look.

"Tell me, Morgan!"

"Yes, Marie, it is our baby, *our child,* all we have left of him but one of those little curls; I have brought that for you, too. Both must speak for me."

She did not weep again, as he had expected, but a faint smile, the first he had seen in her face for so many months, lighted her eager eyes. "My own dear baby, my precious baby!"—and she pressed the little picture to her lips, to her heart. "Oh, I do not ask for anything more; but it seemed so hard that even when I went to heaven I should not know him! My own dear baby!"

"Not *our* child, Marie?"

"O yes, you must have loved him, or you would not have thought of this. We thought he would make us so happy, Morgan."

"He may yet, Marie, if you will listen to me; he has spoken for me already. For his sake—I do not ask it for my own—will you not forgive me, and love me again?"

"But do you care, Morgan?"—and her eyes were fixed on him earnestly. "I thought that was all over."

"As you say, Marie"—and the eager hopefulness died out of his voice. "I deserve it;

I have broken faith once. I cannot expect you to trust me. Do I care? Not for myself—not that I may be made happy, I mean; yes, I care to have you give me the right to prove to you that I have repented. Be it so; do what you choose with this." And he placed her softly back upon the pillows, and laid their marriage ring in her hand.

She gave it back to him. "You put it on before." And she held out her wasted hand.

"May I? Will you be my own dear wife once more?" And the emblem of united lives gleamed again upon the hand he held, as he repeated, reverently: "In sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part." "I promised to 'forsake all others,' then; but you had a rival left."

Marie looked up wonderingly, through the now tumultuous happiness that thrilled her heart.

"It was *self*," said her husband, gravely; he was always grave now; the whole expression of his proud face had changed. "I cared more for my own will than for your happiness; but I did not know it, Marie, I did not think so then. I had had my own way all my life, ever since my father died, and it was hard to bend."

"But I was wilful, too, Morgan."

He stopped the self-accusing with a kiss. "I undertook to be your guide, dear child; but I know what 'cherish' means now. I only thought of my own happiness before, in receiving you, in having you for my own, a part of 'self.' Oh, Marie, how blindly we start out in life!"

And bless God for the chastening, for the fiery trials that are sent to cure our blindness, before it ends in night eternal! But we do not say so when they are upon us, not till we see His light.

The old vow had been "in the face of this company," but the new marriage bond was as in the "sight of God."

"God help us both!" said Marie, softly, resting her head once more upon her husband's breast. And his "Amen" showed where he also looked for strength.

"Do you know what I was thinking all that while?" said Morgan, when the long silence was broken. "I have no right to be so happy."

"And I—I thought of baby, Morgan. But God knew best; now that I have seen him the worst is gone. How can I thank you enough for thinking of it?"

"You must not thank me; it was Harriet."

"Was it?"

"And she held our little darling when he died, dear Marie; she has grieved so over you, and over her mistakes. She came with me to-day."

"Did she really, Morgan? all this distance to see me, when she dislikes leaving home so? Where is she?"

Mr. Ash went out to find her, hating even for this pleasant errand to lose sight of his recovered treasure for a moment.

Two women, sitting in earnest, friendly conversation, looked up at him questioningly.

"All is well," he said, holding out a hand to each; "congratulate me." And he led them in to find Marie herself once more, roused at length from that long fearful torpor of heart and soul; looking out from the bitter past to a future that did not belie its promise.

A bright though wintry sunset lighted up a cheerful room in Marie's own home, two years after this new beginning of her married life. It had changed from the pretty but formal outlines of its old occupancy; a fanciful basket of muslin and lace occupied the dressing-table; as graceful a crib as ever Marie's heart could covet stood close to the smooth white bed; and in the middle of the floor, on a soft, old-fashioned coverlet, certainly imported from Aunt Pierson's housekeeping stores, lay a most amiable subject of nursery discipline, a white, plump, ever-smiling baby of six months old, intent on admiring its own dimpled hands, held up in the light. A coral and silver bells lay beside it, Mrs. Lockwood's gift; and the dainty socks which were revealed by its restless movements had just been offered at the shrine of this new idol, by Aunt Pierson herself.

Mrs. Ford sat quietly stitching away by the window, the children were well disposed of, and the Doctor was coming in to tea. She was thinking of that room three years ago, and its disheartened, downcast occupant.

"Morgan already? why he 's very early." And Marie, in her becoming home dress and somewhat ostentatious nursery apron, flew out on the landing to meet him. Mrs. Ford heard the cheerful welcome, the wifely kiss, and watched them coming in at the door—Marie's waist encircled by her husband's arm, and her face bright with health and happiness.

"You have no idea how much good it does me to see you and Morgan together," she said, as she sat watching Marie's motherly preparations for undressing and putting to sleep the rosy dimpled baby, when Mr. Ash had quieted her wants and carried the household treasure down stairs to see its Aunt Harriet.

Marie turned from the little night-clothes

with an affectionate glance. "It ought to make you happy; it 's so much your own work; and the comfort I have in Harriet too. You have no idea how devoted she is to baby, and myself, for that matter; and this is the third time she has been in since Aunt Pierson arrived."

"I can tell you something more wonderful than that; she has invited Sophie for Christmas!"

"And all their children?" Even Marie looked aghast.

"Not quite all, the two youngest; and there is to be a grand dinner in honor of Aunt Pierson—our children and your baby included. Now if that isn't a change?"

"Who would have believed it? But then I did not understand or appreciate Harriet in those days."

"We all alter," said Mrs. Ford, laconically.

"See how she and Aunt Pierson have been chatting there ever since I was called to baby; and she did not seem to mind in the least when you said you would come up too. Do you think baby has really improved so much?"

"Oh, wonderfully! but then she never was very delicate, and she has such famous nursing. Harriet was saying only yesterday that you made a most admirable mother. She told Grace Logan so."

"Did she?"—and Marie's face flushed a little, for she was as keenly sensitive to praise or blame as in the olden time, particularly from Mrs. Lockwood. "But then who could help being devoted to baby? she is such a little darling."

Both were silent for a time, Mrs. Ford over her needle, Marie looking dreamily into the cheerful fire, and then she rose and went to the rosewood desk, her depository of treasures.

"Yes, she 's a little darling! But oh, Mrs. Ford, not quite like my own first baby yet," and she drew out the picture of the sleeping child tenderly. "No child will ever take the place of my little Peace."

And when Marie knelt down and laid it on her friend's lap, in the clear wintry twilight, Mrs. Ford felt that the name was fitly chosen, from the placid face and the child's heavenly mission.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled, cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

UNDER THE SEA.

BY LLOYD WYMAN.

The bold sun splintered his golden lance
  In the cause of the beautiful Day,
On the starry shield of the conqueror Night,
  Who closed in the fiery fray,
And stained the vest of the shrinking west
  With a plash of crimson spray.

But the blood of the day soon paled away
  In the gleams of dying light,
And the violet flower of twilight bloomed
  On the highest heavenly height,
And silence fell! and over the earth
  Is the calm of a cloudless night.

The white moon hangs in the purple east
  Above the slumb'rous sea,
And a path of shivering silver runs
  From under the moon to me;
Like a sleeper's breast in quiet rest
  The sea breathes tranquilly.

A murmurous cry like a smothered wail
  Steals up through the moonlight dim;
Is it the crash of the crystal waves
  Which roll to the ocean's brim?
Or the broken notes of a song that floats
  From the banded cherubim?

A year and a day agone I climbed
  The headland's pinnacled spire,
And thrust my eyes through the blinding mirk
  In the pain of my wild desire;
And the midnight sky so bleak and high
  Was riven with shafts of fire!

A storm howled out from the black nor'west,
  With flame and crashing hail;
And the demon winds leap over the floods,
  And split the tortured sail
Of a goodly ship that was blown athwart
  The brow of the bursting gale.

And the horrible winds rushed through the sky,
  Nor moon nor stars were there,
But the shattered peaks of the struggling waves
  Were lit with the ghastly glare
Of phosphor flames and lightning jets
  That clove the moonless air.

The ship was caught in the sea's great arms,
  And crashed at a single twine;
A swift form sprang to the swaying rail
  And waved to me as a sign;
The ship went down, and the hope of my life
  Was drowned in the boiling brine!

O low sea muttering to the shore!
  I list to your horrid tale;
From the iron keep of the deathful deep
  Comes up that murmurous wail;
A year and a day has passed away
  Since you caught your captive pale!

My heart is stabb'd with a sudden pang,
  Alas, and alas for me!
As the mist creeps up from the sea, my cry
  Rises, oh God, to thee!
Pity, oh pity, and break the chains
  Of him in the cells of the sea!

THAT QUEER LITTLE BOX.

THEY were English people, the Evelyns; they had lived in our village many years, much respected, though a little reserved. Old Mr. Evelyn had been in the British civil service in India, and was reputed to have a nice little property. He had come to this country, and, taking a fancy to a cottage in the English style, situated in a retired part of the village, he had bought it and settled down quite contentedly among us, with his wife, a widowed daughter, and her child.

The family attended service at the Episcopal church, but Mr. Evelyn never made his appearance there. One of his inquisitive neighbors took the liberty to ask him the reason for so singular an omission; and Mr. Evelyn, with a most serious air, assured him that he could not possibly go to church in the village, on account of certain conscientious scruples which he felt at the omission of the prayers for Queen Victoria and the royal family in our church service. His interrogator seemed perfectly satisfied with the answer; but, considering himself quizzed, he spread a report about that old Mr. Evelyn was an infidel, and this imputation stuck to him till his death, which occurred not long after.

Soon after this event the widowed daughter, Mrs. Marston, sent to England for her little nephew, Godfrey Marston, who had been suddenly left an orphan, to come and live with her. He was about twelve years old, two years older than Lizzie Marston, the widow's little daughter.

It was beautiful to see these two little English children playing about the green lanes and shady groves of the village; they were always so neatly dressed, so blooming, so lively and full of vigorous health. The boy was a fine, manly little fellow, with light hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion; and the girl had dark hazel eyes, a profusion of auburn hair, rosy cheeks, and the whitest complexion in the world. They fraternized readily enough with the children of the village, and their good nature made them immensely popular.

At home in the cottage it was not very lively. Old Mrs. Evelyn was stately and formal, wore a high cap, of old-fashioned, elaborate cut, a rich damask silk gown, large, highly-worked ruffled sleeves, and silk mits. She sat in a high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair, bolt upright; and, as her failing eyesight did not permit her to work, her principal employment was thinking and talking of old times in England and in India, which somehow did not greatly interest the children.

Mrs. Marston was often ill; but she was most kind and affectionate to the children, and endeavored to render their lives as happy as possible. Their school instruction was carefully attended to, and they were rapidly improving.

One of the greatest treats the children enjoyed was to go into their grandmother's chamber, and take a look at the curious things the old lady had collected there. The furniture itself was a curiosity, being old-fashioned, dark-colored, and richly carved. The books in the book-case were old, richly bound, and many of them in the Oriental languages, with which Mr. Evelyn had been acquainted. But what pleased the children most was the multitude of beautiful shells, brought from the Indian Ocean, which decorated the what-not and mantel-piece, interspersed with grotesque images of Hindoo gods and goddesses, cut in marble, and soap-stone, and other stones of which they did not know the names. Grandmamma, it is true, was not very communicative. She knew little and cared less about the shells, which had been collected by her husband; and the idols she abominated, although she did not like to throw them away, because they had belonged to her husband. So the children had to content themselves with admiring the beauty of the curiosities, without learning their history.

One day, seeing the door of this mysterious apartment ajar, they crept in and surprised grandmamma at her little old ebony desk, which she had just opened. She had in her hand a small, curiously carved ivory box, yellow with age, and not bigger than a pigeon's egg. Carried away with the impulse of curiosity, little Lizzie shouted: "Oh, grandmamma! do let us look at that queer little box! It is so odd. I never saw anything like it."

Instead of complying with this request, Mrs. Evelyn seemed a good deal disconcerted at the intrusion of the children into the room; put the box into the desk, locked it, and, turning round in her chair, said, gravely: "Little children should not be too curious; and they should not come into grandmamma's room without being invited."

Godfrey and Lizzie retired, greatly abashed. From that time forward, they were in a great taking to know what was in that queer little box, and why it was so hurriedly put out of

sight. All the other curiosities in the room lost their interest for months and years afterwards, and their desire to know the mystery of the queer little box remained unsatisfied.

When Lizzie was eighteen years old, her mother died; Godfrey was in Philadelphia, studying civil engineering; and the young girl, now grown very beautiful and rather highly accomplished, was left alone in the cottage with her grandmother and the few servants they required. Her life became rather sad and monotonous; she pined for the society of the lost and the absent, and her grandmother became more austere and distant than ever. Notwithstanding her advanced age, she appeared to retain perfect health, never complaining of sickness or ailment; but she spent much of her time alone in her room, rejecting the ready sympathy of Lizzie, even in the season of fresh mourning for her daughter. The management of her affairs she kept in her own hands, corresponding with her agent in England; but the details of household duties now devolved upon her granddaughter.

In the autumn after the decease of Mrs. Marston, Godfrey paid a visit to the village, and proposed to Lizzie to take a trip to the Falls of Niagara. No objection was made by the old lady, who seemed rather pleased that Lizzie should have something to divert her mind from sad recollections, and accordingly the young people set off on their journey. The old lady, meantime, was left in the cottage with a housekeeper, a man-servant, and two female domestics.

On the third morning after the young people had left, one of the hired girls came to the housekeeper's door, and called her to Mrs. Evelyn's room, saying that she was in a fit, and that she could not make her speak or move. On reaching the room, the housekeeper found her completely insensible. The family physician, Dr. Croft, when summoned to her bedside, pronounced her disorder apoplexy. She remained insensible for some twenty-four hours, and then expired.

There were no electric telegraphs in those days. Dr. Croft dispatched a letter to Niagara to bring the young people back; but they had gone on to Montreal and Quebec, before the letter arrived. The doctor found himself under the necessity of directing the funeral of the deceased, which was respectfully attended by the people of the village. But when it was over, no one seemed disposed to take the responsibility of staying at the house to take care of the property, and it was left in charge of Mrs. Dummit, the housekeeper, until Godfrey and Lizzie should come back. Several days passed, and still they did not return.

Meantime, Sam Blunt, the hired man, an ignorant pig-headed fellow, took a fancy to go to the western country; and demanded of Mrs. Dummit to pay him his wages. He wanted to be off, he said, and he did not believe the young folks would come back at all. In vain Mrs. Dummit reasoned with him, and endeavored to prevail on him to remain. She had not cash enough to pay his half year's arrears; and she was not a very good financier. So, when the blockhead proposed to sell off some of the furniture at auction and pay himself, she made but feeble opposition to his proceedings. A sale of some furniture from the house, strange as it would seem, was actually made; Sam got his money and went off; and this was the last that was heard of him in our village.

When his proceeding became generally known in the neighborhood, every body said it was an outrage, and ought not to have been allowed—especially in the case of such nice people as the Evelyns and Marstons. But it was now too late to remedy the matter, and everybody, as usual, acquiesced in what could not be helped.

In a week after Sam's departure, Godfrey and Lizzie returned to their desolated home. They had seen the announcement of Mrs. Evelyn's death in the newspapers, and had returned as quickly as possible.

It was early on a fine morning in October when the carriage drove up to the door of the cottage; and Godfrey, descending from it, conducted his cousin into the parlor, where they were met by Mrs. Dummit, and speedily made acquainted with all that had passed in their absence. They were both profoundly afflicted at the loss of their grandmother. She had been their only relative in the country, the only near relative living. They were now completely orphaned.

It had been taken for granted in the neighborhood that the orphans were engaged to be married, and that they were only waiting for Godfrey to acquire his profession. So, in fact, they were; but it was not known that Mrs. Evelyn was averse to the match. She did not like the marrying of cousins. Now they were free to marry. But Godfrey had not finished his engineering, and they were both quite young. He must return to Philadelphia, and poor Lizzie must remain behind in the cottage. The dilemma was an odd one; but Dr. Croft

came to the rescue, and placed a widowed sister-in-law with Lizzie, who thankfully received her as matron and companion, which offices, fortunately, Mrs. Croft was quite competent to fill.

All this was arranged on the day of their arrival. The next was devoted to an examination of the state of their grandmother's worldly affairs. She was reputed to be wealthy; and they had both been liberally supplied with money; but the strange old woman had kept them always ignorant of the source of her income.

Godfrey went into her room to examine her papers. Sam had taken them out of her beautiful old ebony desk, as that was one of the pieces of furniture which he had thought proper to sell, and thrusting them into a closet had locked the door, leaving the key in the keyhole. On opening it, Godfrey found them in utter confusion; but he soon reduced them to order. The letters were all filed; the accounts of receipts and expenditures were for many years, and seemed to be complete; there was a bank book and check book, showing, what he knew before, that she had kept an account at the village bank, and that there were some three or four hundred dollars to her credit there. Here ended his investigations for the first day.

In the evening, when he met Lizzie in the parlor, he communicated to her the unsatisfactory result of his researches. Lizzie did not seem much disturbed at it. Woman-like, she was less concerned to know where her grandmother's money came from, than to get back some of the pieces of furniture which had been sold by that stupid blockhead, Sam Blunt, the old furniture particularly. The carved arm-chair which her grandmother used to sit in was gone; a nest of carved tables, two beautiful Indian screens, some curious lacquered boxes of Japan manufacture—unique! priceless—and to crown the whole, that fine old ebony desk. It was too bad!

"By the way, Godfrey," said Lizzie, "did you find that queer little box?"

"What box?"

"Why, don't you remember the little carved ivory box, so yellow with age, which we surprised grandma looking at one day."

"Oh yes, very well. I was always puzzled about that box."

"Well, don't you remember that she put it in the ebony desk?"

"So she did."

"And didn't you find it among the papers?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll look again to-morrow."

"I hope you'll find it. It was the oddest thing grandma owned. It had a crown carved in relief on the lid, you know, a sort of Oriental crown surrounding a kind of a turban."

"I didn't see all that."

"I did; though we had but a few seconds to glance at it, before grandma whipped it into the desk I took a good sharp look at it. Now don't fail to hunt it up in the morning."

Presently Dr. Croft came in. He had been reading the evening papers, and was full of news. The United States Bank, he said, had failed—gone to utter ruin. He did not believe the stock would ever be worth five dollars a share. This formed the topic of conversation for the rest of the evening; and they were all very sorry for the people who had been ruined by the bank failure, particularly widows and orphans.

"Have you found that queer little ivory box yet?"

"No, not yet. I have been searching after something of more importance—the memorandum of our earthly possessions."

"I don't believe you have looked after the box this morning."

"To tell the exact truth I have not; I forgot all about it. There was the estate to search for, you know; and what was of more importance still, there was this walk with you to come off at half past six. I was up tumbling over books and papers at four."

They were out on a breezy hill, walking very briskly, and enjoying in a high degree the keen October air. They did have an interesting walk, and a still more interesting conversation on that morning, often referred to in after years. The beautiful pair, somewhat recovered from the shock of their recent bereavement, laid out plans for the future, all tinted *couleur de rose*. Godfrey would finish his studies; then they would be married. The cottage, sacred to remembrances of the past, should be kept as a homestead, and Lizzie should accompany her husband on his engineering expeditions, and should see, literally, "many lands"—and they would be *so* happy!

On returning from his walk Godfrey resumed his search among the papers. A careful examination of the closet where they had been deposited failed to disclose the hiding-place of the little ivory box; but in one corner he found a small morocco-covered blank book, in which was a memorandum of at least a portion of Mrs. Evelyn's property. First on the list was the cottage and furniture, which she valued at only

three thousand dollars. Then fifteen hundred shares in the Bank of the United States, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and two hundred shares in the Schuylkill Bank, which had failed some time before. Here the memorandum ended; and with it ended Godfrey's hopes of a handsome inheritance. All was lost but the cottage and furniture! How could he tell this dreadful news to Lizzie?

He passed the time till the late dinner-hour in revolving plans for the future; but although naturally of a firm and courageous disposition, and careless of the future, so far as himself was concerned, he was deeply concerned for the effect which the revelation of their ruin might produce on his beloved. To his great surprise, however, she made light of the affair.

"Think how infinitely worse it would have been, Godfrey," said she, "if anything had happened to you. If you were sick, or wounded, or compelled to go away and leave me for a year or two, that would be a misfortune, indeed. But this is really a matter of no consequence. Grandmother always lived so economically that I never supposed she was rich, so I suffer no disappointment. We can sell the cottage, you can go to Philadelphia and finish your studies, and I will go there and teach music till better times come, and we are ready to be married and to set up housekeeping."

Delighted with Lizzie's sensible and matter-of-fact views of the case, Godfrey readily assented to her proposal, which was forthwith carried into execution.

When they had removed to Philadelphia, however, things were not quite so easy and delightful as these sanguine young people, in the excitement of the moment, had anticipated. Lizzie, it is true, found suitable protection with a lady who had been acquainted with her mother, and who readily obtained her pupils enough to secure a handsome support. But Godfrey was annoyed at her subordinate position; it was something so strange in the aristocratic family of the Evelyns and the Marstons; it did not suit his English ideas. For himself to choose a profession was well enough; English gentlemen did it often. He would have preferred it if he had been wealthy; but his darling Lizzie seemed out of place. When it was first proposed by her, he had not realized the bare actuality of it; it seemed a pretty piece of heroism, and quite poetical. In practice it seemed a degradation. Lizzie did not enter into his views. She was fond of being fully employed; she was treated kindly by her patrons, though sometimes, she thought, a little too condescendingly. But she laughed it off gayly, and told Godfrey she was none the less an Evelyn for being a music-teacher.

Time passed rapidly, and the education of Godfrey was nearly completed. He could now pass long evenings in the little parlor which Lizzie's kind hostess, Mrs. Jones, had assigned to her particular use, and which was quaintly fitted up with some of the old-fashioned furniture from the cottage. One evening he came in quite elated.

"I am going, with your permission, Lizzie," he said, "to make a small addition to the furniture of your little parlor."

"Indeed. I am greatly obliged to you. Pray, what have you got for me? A screen, perhaps."

"No. Better than that. Guess again."

"An ottoman?"

"No, indeed; you have too many ottomans already; I am always stumbling over them."

"Not a work-table?"

"No, nothing of the sort; but you shall see it at once. I hear the porter who was to bring it home ringing at the door."

And presently, sure enough, it was brought in—the old ebony writing-desk of Mrs. Evelyn, covered with dust and a little bruised, but safe and sound.

"I am so delighted!" said Lizzie. "Now, tell me where you found it."

"I was passing along a narrow street in one of the suburbs, and, being attracted by the sight of a case of mathematical instruments lying open in the window of a second-hand furniture-store, to buy them; and, by the way, Lizzie, I got them a great bargain. The case is silver-mounted, and the instruments are fine—"

"Oh, never mind the instruments! Tell me about the desk."

"When I had made my purchases, I loitered a few minutes in the shop, looking at the different articles of furniture, some of which was old and very curious."

"But the desk! the desk!"

"Presently I spied it out in a dark corner; and recognizing it, eagerly inquired the price. The rogue of a dealer saw I was determined to have it, and made me pay soundly for my prize. But I was determined to have it for your sake. How do you like your present?"

"I am delighted with it. Nothing you could have brought would have been half so acceptable. Come, let us rummage over all the pigeon-holes and drawers. You know we were never allowed by grandma to see the inside of it."

"It seems to be pretty well emptied," said Godfrey, pulling out one drawer after another; "nothing left but some scraps of waste-paper. But here is a place in this corner where there is some room not accounted for. Here must be a secret drawer. I must find the spring."

He now pulled out a drawer contiguous to the space, found a spring, pressed it, and out flew a drawer without any knob or handle to indicate its existence. In this drawer lay the long lost ivory box.

"There is that queer little box, I declare," said Lizzie. "Now let us see what is in it."

It was speedily opened and a brilliant flash of light dazzled their eyes, reflected from the numerous facets of an enormous diamond. It was immense. Neither of them had ever seen anything like it. It was not set. There was only the bare gem.

They took it out and held it up to the light, admiring the beams of light which it caused to flash round the room.

"I wonder what it is worth," said Godfrey.

"Who can tell?" said Lizzie. "See if there is no memorandum in the box."

"Yes, here is a piece of paper at the bottom of the box."

This being unfolded was found to contain the following memorandum in the hand-writing of Mr. Evelyn.

"This diamond was presented to me by the Nabob of Arcot, after I had cured him of a dangerous fever. Rom-di-dol-Day, who is a good judge of gems, says it is worth half a million rupees."

"I did not know that grandpa was a doctor," said Lizzie.

"Yes, he studied medicine when he was young; but getting a clerkship in India, he gave up practice."

"How much is a rupee?"

"About half a dollar."

"Then we are rich. For the diamond is certainly ours. I always thought there was something queer about that little old ivory box."

MR. FITZQUISITE—SETTLES IN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

I 'M awfully tired of being cooped up like a felon. I 'd give ten dollars for a good promenade on Fifth Avenue, such as I used to indulge in every afternoon before I met that fatal green merino. For four weeks I 've been confined to this fifth-story back room. Might as well be boarding with the Hottentots as in the St. Nicholas, as far as improving opportunities goes. My clothes are getting out of date, and the people here begin to look as if they thought I needed watching. Very particular to send the bill up at the end of the week. Expect they 've made me out a forger, or a counterfeiter, or a political spy by this time. Wouldn't believe, if I 'd swear to it, that I was hiding away from an old green merino dress.

I can't decide what to do. I 've not got money enough to pay for a first-class passage to California, and I shall never have any peace of mind in this country. It 's giving me the dyspepsia, eating my meals alone in my room, when I might be the observed of all the handsome young ladies who happen to stop here. If I *should* venture down to dinner, Bangs would be sure to be hanging around, and put that woman on the track. I wish he 'd marry and leave the city.

There 's no telling how many chances I 've lost since I made that miserable mistake. As I was promenading in the hall this morning for a little exercise, a young lady came out of the room next beyond mine on the opposite side, with a couple who seemed to be her parents. They had such a distinguished air; I haven't the least doubt they 're immensely wealthy—travelling for pleasure. She was pretty, very! and she noticed me with so much interest. I was looking my best, I think, for I had just finished my hair. She was evidently struck with my appearance; I presume it would have become a case of love at first sight if I 'd been free to follow up the acquaintance. A lovely purple silk, with pearl-colored spots; a lilac bonnet, uncut velvet, with a silvery plume; lilac gloves, with pearl-colored embroidery; a velvet cloak, with purple cording. That creature, whoever she was, was one whose taste is as fastidious as my own. It has made that wretched phantom which haunts me appear more unbearable still. I could tear out my own hair to think what a fool I made of myself. I can't endure it another week; *something* must be done.

Waiter, bring me the morning paper.

Dull work, this reading. When a fellah has to read the dailies for amusement, he 's badly off for a way to spend his time. I never took to print before; but I 'm suah I've perused this stupid sheet from A to izzard every day for the last fortnight, advertisements included. Speaking of advertisements, I've read so many matrimonial ones I wonder I didn't resort to that plan long ago, before it was too late.

I have it! If I can't pay my own way to California, I 'll get somebody else to do it. I 'll advertise, not for a wife, but a situation. Maybe I can find somebody who 'll be fool enough to pay my expenses for the sake of my company. I 'll not be particular about California; a trip to Europe would be more agreeable, and perhaps by the time I return the green merino will be defunct. Let 's try it:—

WANTED—A situation to accompany a gentleman's son on a tour through Europe, as travelling companion. The advantages of style and air guarantied. Or would go to California as agent, or take care of ladies committed to his charge. Is young and agreeable, and of the highest character. No objections to overseeing a young gentleman's wardrobe, and allowing him the use of my Hair Tonique. Address
E. G. B., St. Nicholas Hotel.

E. G. B.—Ellerly Guy Babington—that 's the name I've registered; obliged even to drop my own name to escape that woman. I 'll have that in the papers to-morrow, and see what comes of it. It 's costing all I've got to stay here, and giving me nothing but dyspepsia in return.

Three days, and no answer to my advertisements. Ah, here 's a note; my fingers are quite in a quiver as I try to open it. (*Reads.*)

If E. G. B. has not pre-engaged himself, and can give satisfactory references, a gentleman would negotiate with him to take charge of his aunt, an elderly invalid lady, timid about travelling, who is obliged to go to California rather suddenly, and who has no escort. His expenses would be paid in return for his services, which would simply be to see her safe to her destination. She wishes to sail in Saturday's steamer, and an immediate interview will be necessary. Please call at office No. 14, Blank Building, this afternoon, at four o'clock.
M. N.

"Elderly invalid lady;" not quite so agreeable as it might be; but, as nobody has offered to take me to Europe with them, and I 'll have all my expenses paid for sitting beside the old lady at table, and handing her off the steamer at the end of the journey, it isn't so hard as footing my own bills. She must be in easy circumstances, or she couldn't afford it. It may be that she will take a fancy to me—aw! and adopt me, if she has no sons of her own, and leave me her estates when she dies. It 's altogether likely she 's going to look after several square miles of gold mines. She 'll get fond of me, and make me her confidential adviser—aw! There 's two difficulties; one 's about references, and one 's about getting out to that office in broad daylight. I can't possibly give any references, when I 'm sailing under an assumed name. I shall have to refer him to a few of the most conspicuous of my acquaintances, and then trust to his not taking the trouble to hunt them up; and in order to escape the possibility of meeting that virago I must muffle up, without regard to my looks, and take a hack.

I got along with it much better than I expected. Very nice, gentlemanly person, with weak eyes; had to wear green goggles; must be a terrible misfortune to have to wear goggles—spoils one's looks. He wasn't so particular about the references as I feared. When I mentioned Jenkins' name and Bangs', he said: "Bangs, Bangs? I know the whole family well. It 's enough." And now, if he doesn't happen to meet any of 'em, and speak about that nice young fellow, Babington, friend of theirs, etc., I shall get along well enough. It 's only two days to Saturday, and I must trust in Providence.

Now that the time approaches for sailing, I feel quite exhilarated. I haven't been myself for the last two months. Nothing on earth would tempt me to live them over again. I 'm not fond of the ocean, and I expect to be frightfully seasick; yet I 'm quite sure that I shall rejoice to see the green shore disappear, and that the last glimpse of it to me will seem like bidding farewell to the old merino. I sha'n't feel really easy till we 're outside the bay; then I 'll give up and be sick, with pleasure.

"I hav'n't seen the elderly person yet, of whom I 'm to take charge. The gentleman, her nephew, called on me yesterday and presented me with my tickets, telling me to be sure and be on hand at twelve o'clock, when he 'd resign my charge into my care, on board the steamer. That pretty girl with the lilac bonnet and her parents have gone away, I presume, as their rooms are vacant now; it 's lonely enough here; I feel desperate—quite up to the scratch of going to a new country and trying something novel. If I 'd stayed in

my uncle's store, as he wished, and sold stoves and kettles for a moderate salary, maybe he 'd have set me up in life, by this time, and I 'd been free to marry some pretty girl. But I speculated on my good looks, and got in the hands of sharpers.

There 's one of those lilac gloves on the hall oil-cloth just by *her* door. I suppose I can take it and keep it, as she 's gone away and left it. She 's as particular about her gloves as I am—not a spot of soil on it—No. 6, plump and tiny. What a splendid couple *we* would have made! We 'd have been remarked whenever we went abroad. Heigh-ho! And here I am crossing the ocean to get rid of a pair of black lace mittens. What I shall do when I land in a city of strangers is a mystery to me. If this unknown elderly lady doesn't present me with a gold-mine, I believe I 'll go to manufacturing my Hair Tonique. It will sell, I know it will—there are men living on Fifth Avenue now, who 've got rich with smaller things. It 'll be more valuable to mankind than sarsaparilla. I 'll have my own picture put on the wrappers as evidence of its beautifying results-aw. It 'll be the most convincing proof of its merits. Yes! I 'll manufacture Hair Tonique—it will sell; I shall grow rich; Miss Mudge, that *was*, will die; I shall return to New York; hunt up the owner of this perfumed glove; throw myself—haw! waiter, "baggage for the steamer?" Yes.

Well, here I am, sir, all right. Oh, no—no danger of my being late. Where is the lady whose welfare it will be my constant effort to secure? I trust that she is as well as usual, and safely on board. "Your aunt is in the cabin, at present, but will come on deck before the boat leaves, when you will commit her to my charge."

Yes, a very fine day for leaving port; a very auspicious day, I may remark. (Confound it, it seems to me there 's something strangely familiar about my gentleman of the green goggles, now that I see him outside of that dingy office.) "Wonder why your aunt doesn't come up on deck. Perhaps you 'd better speak to her, as the last bell is ringing, and they 're about to cast off." (His voice is peculiar—it reminds me of Bangs' every time I hear it. I wish he 'd hurry up the old lady. The wheel is already beginning to splash, and it 'll be awkward to have to introduce myself, after all.)

The boat 's actually beginning to move, and he 's down in the cabin yet. No! he isn't—that 's him on the dock; he got off in the nick of time. No, it *isn't* him—it 's Bangs! He 's holding the green goggles in his hand, and yelling something. Good Heavens! a horrible suspicion begins to take possession of me. That wretch has been playing off another trick on me. Captain—haw, captain, stop the steamer—do! I 've forgotten something; I want to get off! Yes, it 's the green merino looming up from below, and that incorrigible villain yelling from the dock: "My deah Frederick, allow me to introduce you to—Mrs. Fitzquisite! I 'm rather late about it, but it don't mind. Take—good—care—of—my—dear—aunt."

I 've been sick, have I not? Are we on shore now? How dreadfully those waves tumbled and rolled! my brain kept going the same way. Did you say we were safe on shore? What 's been the matter with me? "Brain fever." Well, really, I didn't know I had brains enough to get up a fever; I've been told I hadn't. You 've taken good care of me, I know; but I don't believe I should ever have recovered if you hadn't taken off that green merino dress. You see, I 'd taken a prejudice against it, and every time it came around my bed I had such horrible fancies. What shall I call you, my dear—Mudge? Although we 're bound together in the bonds of matrimony, I don't know your first name. "Belinda." Well, Belinda, you 've been kinder to me than I deserved, considering the manner in which I treated you. I have got over my dislike to your worsted headdress and your black-lace mittens; I don't know but that I could even see you resume your green merino with composure. You 've been patient and good with me; I could feel considerable affection for you if you were *my aunt*, and I wish you were, I do, indeed. I 'd be willing to go to work as soon as I got strong enough, and help support you, and be a good nephew to you.

Yes, I believe I *could* eat a little chicken-broth. I feel hungry to-day, and you 've made this so nice. But say, Belinda, these rooms are dreadfully plain, and I 'd like to know what keeps you so busy out in the other one all day, and what that queer rub-a-dub is, that I hear so much. "Does it hurt my head?" Not particularly, only it bothered it, guessing what it could be. "Washing!" And what are you washing so much for? "To earn something to keep me in wine and broth, and pay for these rooms, mean as they are." Haw! is it possible! Do you really sit up with me half the night, and then wash and iron all day to keep me comfortable? Haw! well, I never! You 're a splendid woman, Belinda, if you don't know

how to dress in good taste. You make me awfully ashamed of myself; you do, indeed! I'll never marry another woman for the sake of being supported. Taking in washing! for the fellah that treated her so shabbily. My gwacious, it's enough to make me excuse her mittens!

Belinda, have you such a thing as a mirror in the room? I'd like to look at myself. I've just been putting my hand up to my head—ha! it's a fact! Where's my hair gone? say, what's been done with my hair? "Obliged to shave my head." Oh, horrible! what a fright I must be! No, it won't hurt me to look in the glass; it'll hurt me more not to; I'm in such suspense it'll be better to let me look. If you don't, I shall fret myself into another fever. Come, my dear woman, give me a mirror, do! Ridiculous! you don't pretend that's *me* in that bit of glass! Bring me another mirror; it must be the fault of the glass. Well, if that's really myself, I must say that if I'd met Frederic Fitzquisite in his own old rooms, before his own old mirror, I shouldn't have recognized him. Heigh-ho! My dear, have you such a thing as a pair of old curling-tongs? I wish you'd get them out of your trunk, and lay them down here on the pillow. They remind me of old times. I've no occasion for them now, but I'd just like to *look* at them.

Belinda, what on earth is that fellah coming in here with his instruments for? Is he going to survey me? "Only a photographer." What's a photographer to do here, I'd like to know. Going to take my picture! No, he isn't; I won't allow it. Belinda, do you think I'm going to die, and yet keep it from me? or what can be your reason for wishing to take my likeness now, when I look so perfectly frightful? "You'll tell me when I get well." I believe you're out of your head, or are trying to get me out of mine. Look heah, fellah, you needn't get things ready, for I *won't* be taken. I'll put my hands over my face, I'll scowl, I'll scare everybody. "That's just what you want; you don't care how bad I look; the worse the better!" Belinda, you're playing some joke on me; you're going to mortify me by sending such a picture home to my friends. You sha'n't, you sha'n't. Photographer, if you *dare*, I'll thrash you as soon as I get well enough. Let go my hands! let go! I'll make a horrible face. There!

I told you I would, my dear, and I did. I'll wager that fellah never took a worse looking man in his life. You think so, too! you're delighted with it! "Will be worth a fortune to us within a year." Well, my dear, if you're not about half crazed, I am. I didn't think you'd be so mean as to take advantage of a sick man.

"I mustn't be sick any more, but must get well as fast as I can, and go to manufacturing Hair Tonique. And in the mean time, I must use up what I have on hand on my own head." That's a good idea, my dear. I never expected to stand in such need of that Tonique. But, now that I've nothing else to take up my mind, I'll attend faithfully to my head. I'll rub it in six times a day, half an hour at a time. While you're busy with that dismal washing, I'll attend to my hair. I shall feel happier to have something to do.

Six weeks has wrought perfect wonders! It's six weeks to-day since I began the use of the Tonique. Have you observed, my love, how abundant my hair has become, and what a beautiful natural curl there is to it. I shall never have to use the curling-tongs again. These ringlets are as lovely as a young girl's. I don't wonder you was tempted to kiss me this morning, my dear. I believe I look bettah than I did before I left New York. I'm growing confounded handsome—aw! My dear wife, don't you think so? My color is so fine, and my hair perfect. "Would like to have me walk out, and get my picture taken again?" Haw! there's some sense in that, now. Willingly, if you've got the money to pay for it. You must think a good deal of me, to be willing to do up six dozen shirts to pay for my photograph. It does a fellah good to be appreciated; if I ever get able, I'll return the compliment, my dear. And, to tell the truth, Belinda, if you'd follow my taste in your dress, and would use the Tonique, too, you'd be a very passable woman yet. (A fellah don't feel like finding fault with a woman that takes in washing to keep him comfortable.)

I wish you'd tell me what business you have on hand that you keep such a secret from me. My curiosity has been aroused for some days, and here's a perfect haystack of printed paper coming into the house. Let me see one of them, Belinda. Good gwacious! what have you been about! If you haven't gone and got that frightful likeness of me engraved and printed on all those bills. Oh, ho! here's the other, too! "Quite a contrast!" I should think there was! Why in thunder didn't you tell me what you were about, so that I needn't have made up such a terrible scowl. Really, my deah, it's too bad! I can't consent—"That's going to prove the success of the

whole matter." Haw! I suppose so; but a fellah don't like to be caricatured for the benefit—"But the other likeness is flattering enough to make it all up." So it is—aw! it 's very fine; in fact, I may say, excessively handsome, though I hardly think it flatters. And now let 's see what further you 've done. (*Reads.*)

PRESTIDIGITORIAL HAIR TONIQUE.

This wonderful invention of the proprietor is very properly called the "prestidigitorial," not only because it requires nothing but a faithful application with the digits to the capillary roots, but because of its sudden and marvellous effects, resembling those produced by the most celebrated magicians of the day. It would be idle to attempt to set forth its merits in words; the resources of the printer are not sufficient; we have therefore called to our aid the photographer. The sun cannot be made to tell lies; he has here faithfully depicted two likenesses of the same individual; one taken immediately after the total loss of his hair by brain fever; the other *only six weeks later*, during which period he relied solely upon a constant application of the TONIQUE. We feel that no other proof is required of its remarkable and astonishing efficacy. Look at these two photographs of the same individual, and go immediately to any respectable druggist or merchant, and buy a bottle of the HAIR TONIQUE.

You 're right, Belinda. The loss of my hair is going to be the gain of my fortune. All we need to do is to advertise. Just get these two faces before the public—print 'em in papers and magazines, frame 'em and hang 'em up in shops and steamboats, wrap 'em around bottles—that 's the idea. Hail Columbia! I didn't think you were so much of a woman, when I dodged you so desperately for so many weeks. For that injustice I beg your pardon. Let bygones be by-gones. I married a fortune, after all, when I married you, my dear. We 'll sell our Hair Tonique all over the world, and when we get able, we 'll go back to New York, and build a brown stone on Fifth Avenue, and I 'll resume my old occupation of promenading the fashionable thoroughfares, and being admired by the ladies—aw! No objections, I s'pose, my deah, seeing I can't help being good-looking.

"Did I ever guess how it was that Bangs came to answer my advertisement?" No; how was it? "It was the reference to the Tonique that betrayed me." Haw! I shouldn't wonder! Really, I never thought of it before. Well, my deah, I 'll give you the receipt for the Tonique, and you can get help, and set to work and get it into market. *My* part will be to look well on the wrappers. I always had a presentiment that I wasn't created so confounded good-looking for no purpose. I've found out now it 's my destiny to adorn the labels of the great Prestidigitorial Hair Tonique—aw! All right. Go ahead. Some men are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I belong to both classes. If the public are as satisfied with the results of the great prestidigatorial, as I am with my destiny, they 'll never quarrel with the Tonique. Go ahead, Belinda.

SKELETON FLOWERS.

IN a recent number of the Book we asked for a receipt to prepare Skeleton Flowers. An obliging subscriber has furnished us with the following. Another method will be found on page 80 of the July number, 1861.

Directions.—The leaves should be steeped in rain-water in broad open bowls, and exposed to the sun and air until all the soft parts are perfectly decayed. The water should not be changed, but the bowls filled as the water evaporates. Some kinds of leaves will be ready to clean in the course of three or four weeks, others will require a much longer time; but as it depends very much upon the heat of the sun and the age of the leaves when gathered, no precise period can be named. In some leaves the skin will peel off in small particles, in others it can be peeled off entire, or it may decay altogether.

The bowls should be examined occasionally, and the leaves ready for cleaning removed to a basin of soft water; they should then be gently rubbed in the water with the fingers till every particle of skin or green pulp is removed from the fibre: should this not succeed, the stronger leaves may be cleaned with soap and flannel. This will finish the skeletonizing process. The fibres should then be carefully dried, having first pressed them in a soft towel, in order to remove the moisture. They are now ready for bleaching, and may be laid away until a sufficient quantity is collected.

The liquor for bleaching is prepared by pouring a quart of boiling water upon a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime, in the powder. This should be allowed to stand until cold, and the clear liquor strained off, which may be bottled for use. When wanted for bleaching, mix with cold water in about the proportions

of one part of the liquor to twenty of water, in shallow dishes; lay the leaves in, and let them remain until perfectly white, when they must be removed immediately, and dried in blotting-paper. If this solution should not be strong enough to bleach them in ten or twelve hours, a little more of the liquor must be added, but care must be taken not to use too much, or the finer fibres will be destroyed.

In the dissecting process, the leaves invariably come off their stems; they may be mounted, when bleached, either among branched stalk, previously dried and bleached, or on fine wire, covered with white tissue-paper.

The leaves should be gathered when fully grown, or the fibre is not sufficiently strong, and some leaves dissect much better than others. Amongst these are the poplar, maple, pear, ivy, holly, magnolia, etc.; the seed vessels of the large oriental poppy, the thorn, apple, and henbane dissect well, and many smaller seed vessels, after they have shed their seeds, may be dried, and then bleached without steeping in water, as first directed.

SOME HINTS ABOUT LADY'S BONNETS.

A BLACK bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion. A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white rose, or particularly blue. A light blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions; it may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose. A rose-colored bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-color may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable; a wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect. A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the ensemble of the type with black hair as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, and yellow. A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connection with the blonde type, except that for the brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue. Bonnets of rose, red, cerise, are suitable for brunettes when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose. A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and headdress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange color more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers are preferable to all others. A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or bright red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange-brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings. A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow will suit. Yet if we interpose between the violet and the skin, not only the hair, but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this color may become favorable. As an important memorandum, it must be added, that whenever the color of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the headdress by masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

WHEN shades of evening fall on all around,
And silent are the woodland warbler's tongues,
Near by my lowly cot thy notes resound—
Thy thrilling notes—bird of the bellows lungs!
And doth thy welcome evening's serenade
My soul with new-born inspiration fill,
As o'er the bosom of the sleeping glade
Thy weird notes fall, thou plaintive Whip-poor-will!

Thine is a life of solitude profound;
Thy mid-day absence, too, a mystery!
What fate induces thee to rest, spell-bound,
Till Sol sinks deep beneath Hesperia's sea?
Art thou the spirit of departed clay,
Erst doomed to roam a trackless woodland goal?—
Thy cancelled notes throughout the live-long day,
And evening anthems, penance for a soul?

Nay! legends eld would weave a witchery
Around thy being, linked with solitude;
But God, in his great wisdom, gave to thee
The night-realm, where no day-bird dare intrude!
Nor marvel I at superstition's spell,
When man God's own immaculate would wrong!
That song is Heaven's gift; thou, too, canst tell,
Thou feathered one—thou poet-bird of song!

NOVELTIES FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4

Fig. 2.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 1. *The Finland Hat.*—Very becoming for a little girl. It is made of sewed straw, and the brim is not turned up. It has a band of black velvet, and a bouquet of coquelicots in front.

Fig. 2.—Dress for a young lady.

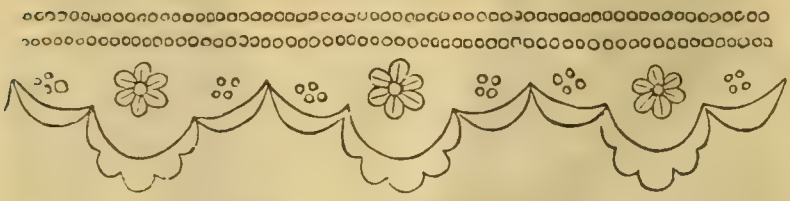
Fig. 3.—Dress for a school girl.

Fig. 4.—Infant's dress, made *en tablier;* material *piqué*, or fine muslin.

Fig. 5.—Dinner-dress of light green silk, surplice waist, trimmed with narrow ruffles edged with black velvet.

Fig. 6.—Braided jacket for boy or girl. A pretty style.

EMBROIDERY.



BORDER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 Broadway, New York.

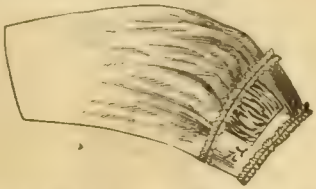
Metropolitan Jacket.—This is a Zouave of a new pattern, and is much admired. The body is three quarters high, so as to display the tucked undershirt, with its tiny standing collar; it has a small cape attached, which is cozy,

and just now the vogue. The sleeves are the loose coat style, scalloped on the back, and slit up the depth of the cuff. The trimming consists of five rows of very narrow velvet. Three yards of material is necessary for this body, and a corset must be worn with it, as it fastens only with a strap across the chest.

Plain Zouave.—This is a remarkably pretty body for a simple morning-dress, and makes up well in any plain material, and much admired. It is cut nearly straight around the

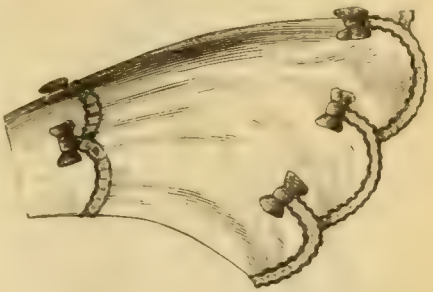
waist, and is trimmed with three rows of velvet, of a graduating width. The sleeves are slit at the back, the depth of the cuffs, and are trimmed with velvet and buttons. The quantity of material required is three yards.

Half Bishop Sleeve.—This sleeve is plain at the top, and gathered at the wrist, at the sides of the sleeve, leaving a space plain at the



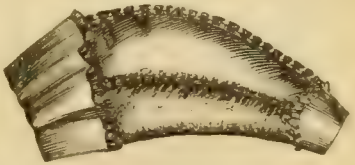
front, and back of the sleeve. The garniture consists of a double box-quilling in silk or velvet, according to the material, and in two colors.

Flowing Sleeve. A very stylish sleeve for corded or rep silk, when it is desirable to display an under-sleeve. The top of the sleeve is laid in a box-plait at the back, under the cap, which,



as well as the bottom of the sleeves, is laid over in sections, and trimmed with double ruching in two colors; each section surmounted with a flat bow without ends.

Madonna Sleeve.—This is a coat sleeve with a seam on the back of the arm as well as the inside; a puff runs down the length of the

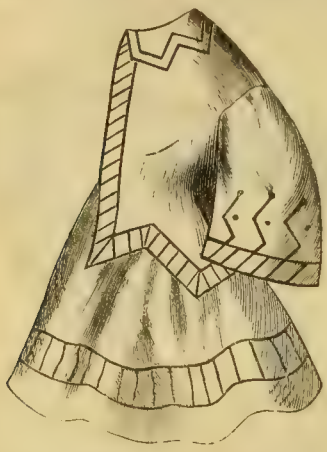


sleeve, from the inside seam to half the width of the upper part; it has a box-plaited cape at top, and a small cuff at the hand.

Zouave Dress.—For a child of three years, requiring one and a half yards of cloth, or merino, or two of narrow poplin, all of which are suitable materials. The skirt is full, and laid in box-plaits on a band, and trimmed with velvet in borders, to which figures are attached. The jacket is cut away from the front, and the open sleeve rounded up on the front side, and both trimmed to match the skirt. The under

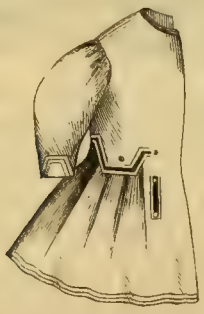
skirt is of fine tucked cambric, with little turn-over collar.

Vincent Coat.—This is a handsome coat for a boy of five years, and takes two and a half yards of material, one yard wide. It may be made in cloth or merino, and trimmed with narrow



velvet in the manner indicated in the cut. The pattern is the plain sack, with the jacket part cut in point, and loose half-flowing sleeve. The side pockets in the jacket are indicated by a black curved line.

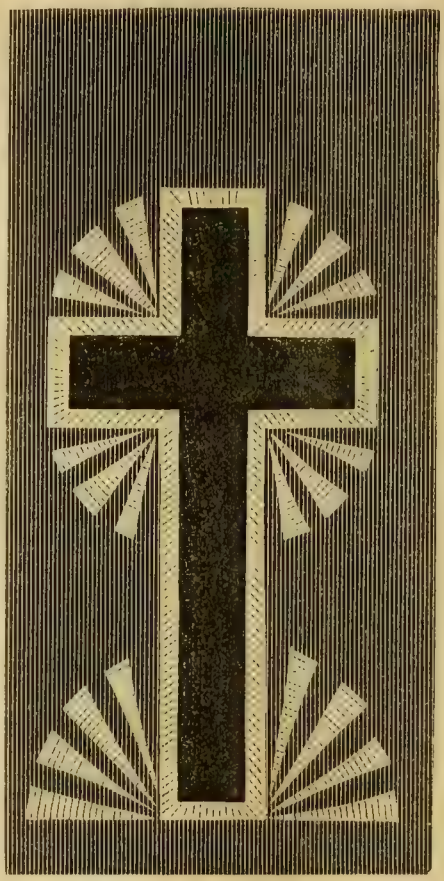
Boy's Apron.—Requires two yards of material. The front and back are alike, except the



pocket set in the front. Coat sleeve, with a seam on the outside of the arm, but none inside. Cuff is cut on the sleeve.

BIBLE BOOK-MARK.

This little article can be worked either on velvet or watered ribbon; if the velvet is preferred, the design should be executed with fine gold thread; but if the ribbon, gold-colored silk has a very good effect. The outline of the cross is a thick line of sewing over, with the stitches worked in the same manner as the branches in muslin embroidery. Sometimes the cross is



left with only the outline, as given in the illustration, or it may be filled up with slanting stitches, meeting up the centre, but all emanating from the middle, where the two pieces form a square. The rays are worked solid, the stitches taking the same direction as the ends of each, producing a circular effect. When the cross is worked on ribbon, the ends are turned up at the back, so as to hide the stitches; but velvet is too thick to be finished in this way, and therefore will require lining. A gold fringe should be added to the end to complete this book-mark.

WORSTED FLOWERS.

DAISY.

Cut a card mould, the shape of the petals, one inch and a half long. Encircle this with a fine silver wire, or wire covered with white silk, and then cover, as in the pansy petals, with white zephyr. Make thirteen of these petals. Then form the heart of the flower as that of the

Ranunculus was formed, but a little smaller, of yellow worsted. In sewing the petals to this centre, allow the heart to be a little in advance of them. Twist the wires at the end of the petals together to form the base of the flower, and let two or three remain nine inches long for the stem. Cover both base and stem with green zephyr.

POPPY.

This flower is formed of four petals, exactly alike. The mould should be two and a half inches wide, and should be a half circle at the top, sloping gradually towards the base, but not to a point. The petals should be of a dark crimson. Thirty rounds of worsted are necessary for each petal. The heart is made thus:

Take raw cotton, and make a tight little ball about the size of a pea; fasten this to the end of a wire nine inches long. Let the top of this little cotton ball be larger than the part where it joins the wire. Cover this cotton with green papers, and pass black silk threads, like fine net-work, over the paper. Then fasten the petals round the heart, and cover base and stem with green.

NARCISSUS.

The heart of the Narcissus is made like that of the Ranunculus; the pistils are pink and white instead of yellow. The petals are one inch and a half wide, and the wire is covered with rose-colored silk. Make the petals like those

of the Pansy, of white zephyr. Five of these petals form the flower. The base is larger than that of the Ranunculus, and the stem of the same length. Cover both with green.

PRIMROSE.

This flower has four petals of white zephyr. The mould should be one inch and a half wide. The veins are in cherry color, and are made like the violet veins in the yellow petals of the

Pansy. The heart is formed by grouping yellow pistils as seen in the engraving, and surrounding them with loops of cherry-colored zephyr. The base is very small, and the stem nine inches long. Cover both with green.

These flowers are not only beautiful when formed into bouquets, but they trim prettily both moss and net-work.

In the spring, the yawning chimney-places, covered with a green net, may be beautifully decorated by wreaths or bouquets of these flowers, the largest in the centre, and the others around them. The varieties are infinite, and vases, baskets, and jars may be filled with them. Small ones are beautiful upon green lamp-shades. They are easily made, and occupy fingers and taste without becoming tedious.

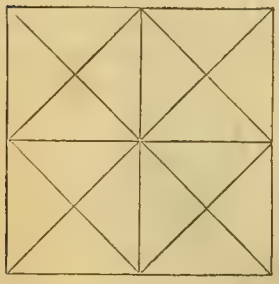
CARD PURSE, IN EMBROUILLEMENT.

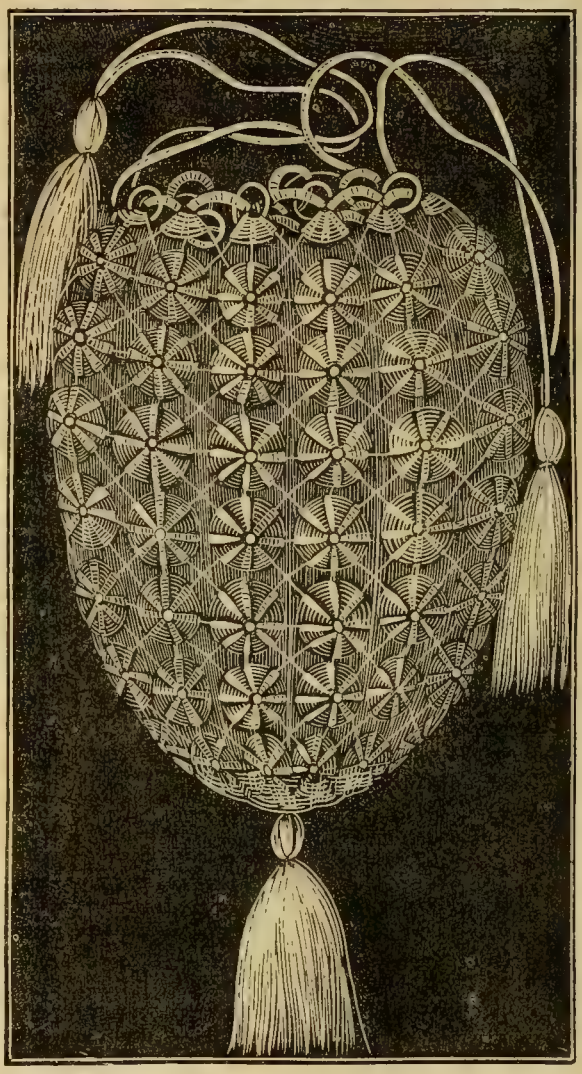
AN ENTIRELY NEW STYLE OF WORK FOR LADIES, FIRST GIVEN IN THE LADY'S BOOK.

Materials.—Three skeins of dark green coarse purse silk, two strings of gold beads, twelve small rings, three silk tassels, three-quarter silk cord.

TAKE a piece of card ten and a half inches by six. Mark on the side which measures six inches six squares, the size shown in diagram No. 1, and on the side that measures ten and a half inches. Mark 12 spaces the same size, leave a margin on three sides of a quarter of an inch, rule the whole of the card across, and you will then have 72 squares; then rule diagonal lines from side to side after the manner shown in the diagram No. 2. On either side of the long way of the card cut a notch at every square.

No. 1.

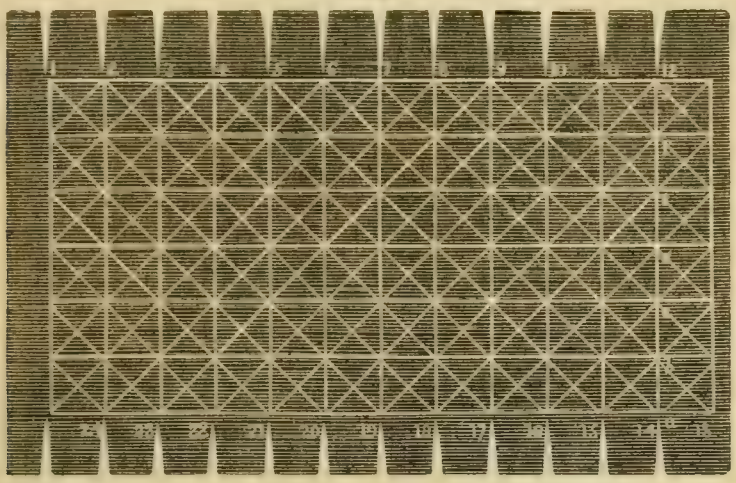




Sew the card up round, folding it over on to the margin which is not notched. Take the purse silk and make a slip noose, and pass it round the two notches marked 1 and 2, pull it tight, and bring the end out at notch 1, and pass it down the perpendicular line to the one marked 13; passing it inside and out again at 24; then up the line to 2, inside and out at 3, and down again to 23, and so on till the whole of the perpendicular lines are covered, with the exception of the line at 14. Then pass the silk along the diagonal line from 14 to 6, pass the silk inside to 7, and across to 13, out at 24, from thence to No. 8, and so on, till you have crossed all the diagonal lines, ending at 15; pass inside and out at 16, returning across to 4, out at 5, then across to 15; and so on, till the whole of the lines are covered, ending at 17. Then pass it at the back of 16, in front of 15, to the back of 14. Now pass the silk round the line marked *a;* take the end of the silk, pass it under the part which is passed round, and fasten it at 14.

Then carry the silk down to *b*, keeping the thumb pressed upon the silk to keep it in its place, and pass the silk round the line *b*, fastening as before, and continue to pass the silk round and fastening it till the whole of the lines from *a* to *g* are covered.

No. 2.



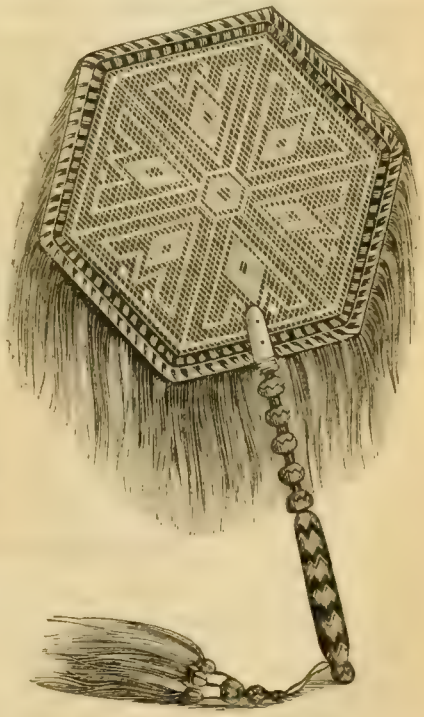
To form the rosettes, take a piece of silk, on which thread a bead, make a slip-knot, and bring the bead in the centre, leaving the loop and short end; then pass the needle under the centre of one of the stars where the silk is crossed, 8 times, pass the needle through the loop, holding the short end down, and pull the knot tight; then commence working round by passing the needle round one thread of silk and under the second; then pass it round the second and under the third; repeat this nine times, and fasten off by passing the needle up one of the ribs, but do not cut the silk off close until the purse is taken off the card. The half rosettes which are at the top and bottom of the purse are worked in the same way, only instead of being round are worked backwards and forwards and without a bead. When finished, slip the purse carefully off the card, and take hold of a bead and slip the silk down so as to make the rosettes stand up in little points. When they are all done in this manner, cut off all the ends of silk close, work a row of double crochet at the top, and sew on the rings, draw with quick strings of cord with tassels, and draw up the bottom and sew on a tassel.

The purse will also look very pretty made in black silk with gold beads, and lined with gold-colored silk. The cord and tassels should match.

NETTED HAND SCREENS.

Materials.—Skeins of blue silk, ten skeins gold thread, a half skein of claret and cerise silk, one and a half yards of blue silk fringe, three yards of fancy cord to match (or, what looks still better, half the quantity of each of two different kinds). Frames, satin, and passementerie handles. Use a steel mesh, and a fine netting-needle.

On a foundation do six stitches; close it into a round by doing two stitches in the first; then the same in every one of the others. There will now be six short and six long stitches in



the round. Do two stitches in every short stitch and one in every long one in the next round. There will still be only six short, but twelve long. In this way you will continue to increase, by invariably working *two* in every

small stitch, until there are 30 in each of the six sides, when three or four rounds, without any increase, will probably suffice to fit the frame.

When both the foundations are done, stretch them on a piece of *toile ciré*, and darn them according to the design in the engraving. The gold thread is used for all those parts which are represented as perfectly white: a line is darned on each side of the close line, so that the radiating bars of the hexagon are double. The open diamonds and small spots are in cerise, and the rest of the pattern in claret.

To make up the screen, cover the frame on both sides with satin, of the same color as the netting, which stretch over one side, and sew it round the edge. Add the fringe and cords, and fasten on the handles with gilt screws. Of course the colors of the screens may be varied to correspond with any style of furniture.

SCENT SACHET.

(*See engraving, page* 434.)

These elegant little articles of taste and perfume furnish one of the most tasteful means that can well be imagined of scenting a lady's drawers of linen, or of dress. They take little space, cannot well be injured in their appearance, are extremely durable, and not at all difficult to manufacture.

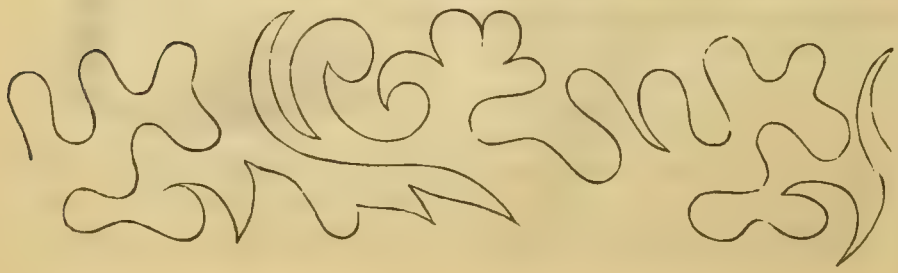
The foundation of the sachet is made of two squares of white-sampler canvas: on these the design given in our illustration is to be worked in two sorts of beads—the one transparent white, the other of gold, which ought to be of the best quality, as the inferior sorts invariably tarnish in a short time. The white are, of course, for the ground, the gold for the pattern. The beads are put on in rows with a single stitch, counting each in our illustration, and requiring all the regularity of marking. When the two squares are thus worked, they must be sewn together with a bead on each stitch, which not only makes a pretty edge, but also conceals the canvas thread. Before closing the last side, a little cotton wool must be introduced, on which a few drops of essence have been sprinkled. The choice among the various perfumes must rest with the lady worker. Either verbena, or jasmine, are very refined scents, and just now they are also fashionable. Musk is almost imperishable, but as some persons have an objection to its odor, we merely mention without recommending it. Ottar of roses has also the disadvantage of becoming extremely disagreeable in its decline, when its first delicious fragrance has passed away.

The sachet being thus far completed, it only remains to attach the fringe, which consists of a loop of beads carried all round. This fringe may be varied according to taste. It may consist of alternate white and gold beads, of white with a few gold beads introduced into the centre of the loop, or of white with a mixture of turquoise blue, or ruby, or emerald green. Of course we give some preference to the gold, but the others are only of very slight extremes, and yet look extremely well.

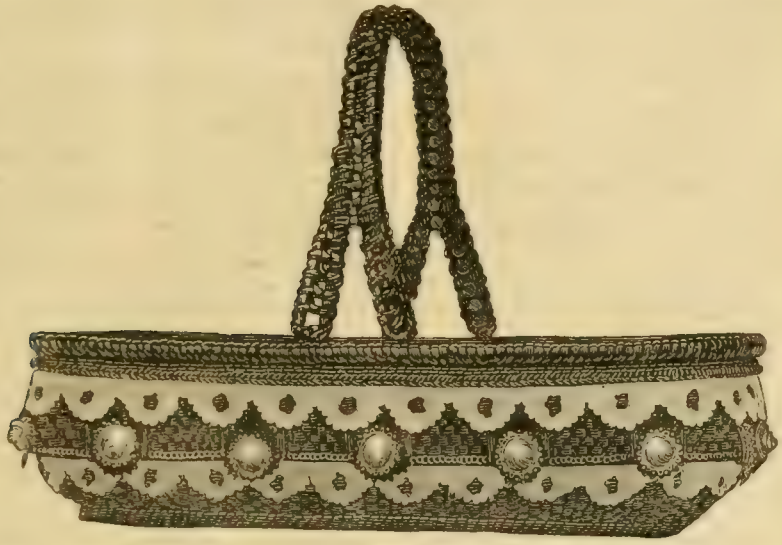
These sachets make very pretty presents, and are not great undertakings for young ladies who have a pleasure in making kind offerings to affectionate friends.

EMBROIDERY FOR A SHIRT BOSOM.

BRAIDING FOR A LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER BLOUSE.



WORK-BASKET, ORNAMENTED WITH SCALLOPED CASHMERE.



Materials.—An oval brown wicker basket; a strip of sky-blue cashmere; a strip of scarlet cashmere; a few pieces of black cloth; one dozen small shells; four rows of gold beads; some straw trimming; a skein of white purse silk.

There are many ways of trimming and ornamenting work-baskets, but we know of nothing so new and uncommon as the small Venetian shells, which are threaded and secured to the wicker, and which give a very pretty finish to these useful little articles. Any shaped basket may be trimmed like the one shown in our illustration; and any size may be selected, according to the purpose for which the basket is intended. Our model, being of a long shape, is especially adapted for a knitting-basket; but, if fitted with silk pockets for holding reels of cotton, would answer nicely for a work-basket. The trimming before us consists of strips of scarlet and blue cashmere, pinked at the edges, and embroidered in white purse silk. Pieces of black cloth are placed at intervals round the basket, on which the little shells are sewn, ornamented with a row of gold beads. The bottom row of cashmere, which is scarlet, must be embroidered in small dots on each scallop, and then tacked on the basket, ornamenting the top with a straw beading also tacked on, making the large stitches come on the inside of the basket. The tabs of black cloth must now be sewn on at regular distances round the basket, and a shell put on each tab, bordered by a ring of gold beads caught down. The bottom of the tab on which the shell is placed reaches to the centre of the scarlet cashmere. The upper row of blue cashmere is embroidered and put on in the same manner as the red, and is likewise finished off with a straw beading. The inside of the basket may be lined as fancy dictates, with quilted or plain silk, either blue or scarlet, and ornamented round the top with a ruche of satin ribbon. A quilted cover with a ruche round it may also be made to cover over the basket, which gives it a neat appearance when it is filled with work, and, besides, keeps the work free from dust.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR KNITTED MITTENS AND CUFFS.

LADIES' MITTENS IN BERLIN WOOL.

Military scarlet, bright apple green, and dark hair brown. In long lengths, if possible. Three pins, 16 or 18. Brown sewing silk. Cast on sixty, sixty-two, to sixty-four stitches, according to size; we will suppose it to be sixty stitches. Cast on sixty stitches in *scarlet.*

1st row—Knit across in plain knitting, and in going back knit in open work; that is, by putting the wool forward and taking two stitches together.

2d, 3d, and 4th—Brown. Plain knitting.

5th—Green. Knit across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

6th, 7th, and 8th—Brown. Plain knitting.

9th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

10th, 11th, and 12th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one stitch on the *left* hand side, in the *front* of the work in the *last stitch but one* in the *11th and 12th* rows.

13th—Green. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work, as before.

14th, 15th, and 16th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one on the left, as before, in the *15th and 16th* rows.

17th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work, as before.

18th, 19th, and 20th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one as before, in the *19th and 20th* rows.

21st—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

22d, 23d, and 24th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in *each* of the last two rows.

25th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

26th, 27th, and 28th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as above, in each of the last two rows.

29th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

30th, 31st, and 32d—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in *each* of the last two rows.

33d—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

34th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one.

35th—Brown. Plainly knit *twenty stitches only* on the *right* hand side (for the thumb) turning back *at* the twentieth, and leaving the remaining stitches on the pin, which will afterwards form the hand. With a third pin knit the

36th—Brown. Plain knitting.

37th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

38th, 39th, and 40th—Brown. Plain knitting.

41st—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

42d, 43, and 44th—Brown. Plain knitting.

45th—Green. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work.

46th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work. Cast off the twenty stitches loosely, and return to the thirty-fifth row, beginning at the *right* hand side.

35th and 36th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in each row.

37th—Green. Across in plain knitting, and back in open work, as before, without increasing.

38th, 39th, and 40th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as above, in the *39th*, and *two* in the *40th* rows. (There should now be *fifty-eight* stitches.)*

41st—Scarlet. Across plainly, and back in open work.

42d, 43d, and 44th—Brown. Plain knitting, increasing one, as before, in the *42d* and *43d* rows.

45th—Green. Across in plain, and back in open work.

46th—Scarlet. Across in plain, and back in open work.

Cast off loosely, and make the other mitten as previously directed. To be neatly drawn together with brown sewing silk, care being taken that the lines exactly meet. Where preferred, the above can be made in brown, with red (open-worked) lines only, omitting the green. Or in black, with scarlet open lines, following the same pattern in all other respects.

* Where a stitch is to be added, and the previous row is of a different color, the best way is by knitting a stitch *twice over;* that is, first at the back, and then at the front.

EMBROIDERY FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.

BORDER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

Receipts, &c.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR, EYES, TEETH, AND EXTREMITIES.

MANAGEMENT OF THE TEETH AND GUMS.

The teeth and gums together form a very important organ for the mechanical division of our food, and, being constantly called into play at the time of taking it, ought to be kept in good order, for the purpose to which it is designed. The teeth are commonly considered to be parts of the *bones* of the body, but this is not the fact, either in man or in the lower animals, in many of which last they are mere scales attached to the mucous membrane of the mouth. Indeed, this is plainly the case in the teeth of man also, as will be seen if their formation and development are carefully examined in the condition of the embryo, which will be hereafter alluded to; prior to this, however, it is necessary to ascertain of what materials the tooth, as existing in the adult, is composed.

Each tooth is divisible into—1*st*, a *crown*, apparent above the gum: 2*d*, a constricted portion round the base of the crown, called the *neck;* and, 3*d*, of a *root* or *fang*, which is contained within the socket. This root is covered with periosteum, which also serves as a lining to the socket, and connects the two together. The base of the crown is hollowed in the interior into a small cavity, which is a continuation of the fine canal running along the centre of each fang. This cavity, with the canal, contains a soft vascular organ, the *pulp*, which receives its supply of bloodvessels and nerves through the small opening at the apex of each root. Each tooth is composed of three distinct structures: 1*st*, *ivory*, *dentine*, or *tooth bone;* 2*d*, *enamel;* and, 3*d*, a cortical substance called *cementum*. When examined in a microscope, the *ivory* appears to consist of very minute tapering and branching fibres, imbedded in a dense, homogeneous, inter-fibrous substance, commencing from the cavity, and radiating towards the circumference. The *enamel* forms a crust over the whole exposed surface of the crown, and gradually becomes thinner as it approaches the neck. It is composed of minute crystalline fibres, of a hexagonal form, with a direction extending from the ivory upon which they rest towards the free circumference. The quantity of animal matter in the enamel of the adult is extremely small, not exceeding two in one hundred parts. The ninety-eight mineral parts consist chiefly of phosphate of lime, with a small proportion of carbonate of lime, and a still smaller of phosphate of magnesia. Lastly, the *cementum* has the character of true bone; but in the human tooth it exists as a very thin layer, enveloping the root of the tooth, and commencing near the termination of the cap of enamel, and it is the part which is enlarged and thickened when the fangs become diseased.

The tooth is developed within an inclosure or capsule, which at one period completely covers it. A papilla is first formed, from which the dentine takes its rise; and between this and the inner surface of the capsule a layer of thin membrane is formed, which ultimately becomes converted into enamel, whilst the cementum is nothing more than the capsule itself, converted into bone by the deposition of lime in its meshes. The various stages of this development must, however, be studied as they occur *before* birth. At about the seventh week of embryonic existence the dental papillæ begin to make their appearance upon the mucous membrane covering the bottom of a deep, narrow groove that runs along the edge of the jaw; and during the tenth week processes, from the sides of this "primitive dental groove," particularly the external one, begin to approach one another so as to divide it by their meeting into a series of open follicles, at the bottom of which papillæ may still be seen. At the thirteenth week all the follicles being completed, the papillæ (at first round, blunt masses of cells) begin to assume forms more characteristic of the teeth which are to be developed from them, and by their rapid growth they protrude from the mouths of the follicles at the same time the edges of the follicles are lengthened into little valve-like processes, or *opercula*, which are destined to meet and form covers for the follicles. There are two of these opercula in the incisive follicles, three for the canines and four or five for the molars. By the fourteenth week the two lips of the dental groove meet over the mouths of the follicles, so as completely to inclose each papilla in a distinct capsule. At this period, before the calcification of the primitive pulps commences, a provision is made for the production of the second or permanent molars, where capsules originate in buds or offsets from the upper part of the capsules of the temporary or milk teeth. These offsets are in the condition of open follicles, communicating with the cavity of the primitive tooth; but they are gradually closed in and detached altogether from the capsules of the milk teeth. Soon after the closure of the follicles of the milk teeth, the conversion of the cells of the original papilla into dentine commences, according to the method already described. Whilst this is going on, the follicles increase in size, so that a considerable space is left between their inner walls and the surface of the dental papillæ, which space is filled up with a gelatinous granular matter, the pulp destined to become enamel; but this conversion, and the ossification of the capsule to form the cementum, take place at a later period. All the permanent teeth, which are destined to replace the milk teeth, originating in the above mode, by offshoots from the capsules of the former, there remains to consider the method adopted by nature in the formation of those which are not thus preceded by milk teeth. The first of these is found to be developed like a milk tooth, while the next is an offset from that, just as the permanent teeth are produced from the capsules of milk teeth; and, again, the last tooth is formed in an exactly similar way from this third molar, each of these teeth appearing at a considerable interval of time from its predecessor.

The permanent teeth consist of three distinct varieties in shape: 1*st*, the *incisors*, or cutting teeth, being in man four above and four below; 2*d*, the *canine*, scarcely distinguishable from incisors, and being two above and two below; next to them come the *bicuspids*, four above and four below; and beyond these again are the *molars*, six above and six below. But in the *milk teeth* the arrangement varies in some measure, the incisors and canines being in number and arrangement the same, but the place of the bicuspids being occupied by two molars, each of which has four tubercles. The permanent molars are not preceded by milk teeth.

After the closure of the capsule, the gum is also closed over it so as to form a continuous mucous surface, with a dense fibrous membrane beneath, so that the tooth, as it becomes developed, has to rise through this before it becomes apparent The process by which this is accomplished is called absorption, inasmuch as the

particles are absorbed or taken up into the bloodvessels or absorbents. Although the teeth are developed, to a certain extent, before birth, they are not so far as to rise through the gum, and they usually make their appearance at the periods marked in the annexed table, though not with anything like certainty, as there is a very great difference observed in the periods of the teeth first cutting the gum; and, therefore, the anxious mother must not be alarmed if her child does not comply with the arrangement here set down, which is the average only. Thus, many children are not furnished with a single tooth through the gum until two years old, while others cut them first at one, two, or three months of age.

Table of the Time of the Appearance of the Milk Teeth.

	Months.
Central incisors are cut at	7
Lateral incisors " "	8 to 10
Anterior molars " "	12 to 13
Canines " "	14 to 20
Posterior molars " "	18 to 36

Permanent Teeth.

	Years of Age.
First molars are cut at	6½ to 7
Central incisors "	7 to 8
Lateral incisors "	8 to 9
First bicuspid "	9 to 10
Second bicuspid "	10 to 11
Canines "	12 to 12½
Second molars "	12½ to 14
Third molars "	16 to 30

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Sago Soup.—Take gravy soup, quite clear and brown; add to it a sufficient quantity of sago to thicken it to the consistence of pea-soup, and season it with soy and catsup; to which may be added a small glass of red wine. It may also be made, *as a white soup*, of beef, by leaving out the soy and catsup, and using white wine, adding a little cream and mace.

Mutton Broth.—The best part for making broth is the chump end of the loin, but it may be made very good from the scrag end of the neck only, which should be stewed gently until it becomes tender, fully three hours, or longer if it be large, but not boiled to rags. A few grains of whole pepper, with a couple of fried onions and some turnips, should be put along with the meat an hour or two before sending up the broth, which should be strained from the vegetables, and chopped parsley and thyme be mixed in it. The turnips should be mashed, and served in a separate dish, to be eaten with the mutton, with parsley and butter, or caper-sauce.

If meant for persons in health, it ought to be strong, or it will be insipid. Cooks usually skim it frequently; but if given as a remedy for a severe cold, it is much better not to remove the fat, as it is very healing to the chest.

Barley Broth.—Take half a pint of pearl-barley, boil it in a gallon of water gently for half an hour, then take three pounds of lamb or mutton chops, with the fat cut off, or lean beef; put them into a separate stewpan with a small quantity of water, add any kind of vegetables—carrots, turnips, small onions, celery, and green peas if in season—salt and pepper; when tender add these to the water and barley; let the whole boil gently for two hours or longer, and serve it up all together.

Split Pea-Soup.—To three quarts of boiling water put a quart of whole or split peas; boil gently until the peas are dissolved, then pulp them through a sieve, and add three anchovies or a red herring, carrots, turnips, leeks, thyme, and sweet marjoram, and stew them together. Before serving, add some catsup and salt, thicken the soup with butter, and send it up with fried bread. Frying the bread will make the soup richer. The addition of mushroom catsup will partly give it the flavor of meat.

Fillets of Beef.—Cut the inside of a sirloin or rump in slices half an inch thick; trim them neatly; melt a little butter in a frying-pan; season the fillets; fry them lightly; serve with tomato sauce.

Fillet of Beef Braised.—Take the inside of a sirloin of beef, stuffed or plain, but rolled together so as to bring the fat into the centre. Put a small quantity of gravy into a stewpan, with a few slices of ham, and on this place the meat, covering it with chopped carrots, celery, button onions, and a pickled chili, together with a sliced gherkin, sweet herbs, salt, mace, and a little allspice, and let it simmer until tender; then brown it before the fire, skim and season the sauce, and send the meat, sauce, and vegetables up in the same dish.

To Stuff a Leg of Mutton.—Take a leg of mutton, cut off all the fat, take the bone carefully out and preserve the skin whole; take out the meat and mince it fine; mince with it about one pound of fat bacon and some parsley; season the whole well with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of shalot chopped fine; then put the meat into the skin and sew it up on the under side; put it into a stewpan with a little gravy made from the bones, two or three slices of veal, some sliced carrots and onions, a bunch of parsley, and a few slices of fat bacon; let it stew for three or four hours, and drain the liquor through a fine sieve; when reduced to a glaze, glaze the mutton with it, and serve in stewed beans.

Veal Cutlets.—Cutlets are cut either from the fillet or the neck, but chops are taken from the loin. Some persons have deprecated the practice of beating meat, but it is essentially necessary in veal cutlets, which otherwise, especially if merely fried, are very indigestible. They should be cut about a quarter or, at the most, half an inch in thickness, and well beaten; they will then, when fried, taste like sweetbread, be quite as tender, and nearly as rich. Egg them over, dip in breadcrumbs and savory herbs, fry, and serve with mushroom sauce and fried bacon.

A Rich Gravy.—Cut beef into thin slices, according to the quantity wanted; slice onions thin, and flour both: fry them of a light pale brown, but do not on any account suffer them to get black; put them into a stewpan, pour boiling water on the browning in the frying-pan, boil it up, and pour on the meat. Put to it a bunch of parsley, thyme, and savory, a small bit of knotted marjoram, some mace, berries of allspice, whole black peppers, a clove or two, and a bit of ham, or gammon of bacon. Simmer till you have extracted all the juices of the meat, and be sure to skim the moment it boils, and often after.

Curry of Veal.—Cut part of a breast of veal in moderate-sized pieces; put it in a stewpan with an onion and a shalot sliced fine, a slice of lemon, one ounce of butter, a little parsley and thyme, and a tablespoonful of curry-powder mixed with the same quantity of flour; let the whole sweat together until the meat is slightly brown; add sufficient broth or water for the sauce; let it boil gently till the veal is done; strain the sauce through a sieve, pour it over the veal quite hot, and serve with rice in a separate dish.

CAKES, BISCUITS, JELLIES, ETC.

Sugar Cake.—Sift two pounds of flour into a pan, and cut up in it a pound of fresh butter. Rub with your hands the butter into the flour till it is thoroughly mixed. Then rub in a pound of sugar and a grated nutmeg. Wet the whole with half a pint of rich milk (or a gill of rose-water and a gill of milk), mixed with a well-beaten egg. Add, at the last, a very small teaspoonful of pearlash or soda, dissolved in a little vinegar or warm water. Roll out the dough thick, and beat it well on both sides with the rolling-pin. Then roll it thin, and cut it into square cakes, notching the edges with a knife. Put them into a shallow pan, slightly buttered (taking care not to place them too near, lest they run into each other), and bake them a light brown.

You may mix into the dough two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds.

Plain Cake.—Four pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of butter, with clove, caraway, and coriander seeds to the taste, together with lemon-peel grated; wet it with milk and half a pint of yeast.

Butter Cakes.—To half a pound of butter add the same quantity of brown sugar, three eggs, the rind of two lemons, quarter of an ounce of pounded cinnamon, and half the quantity of powdered ginger; work into it as much flour as will make it a paste; cut it into shapes or leave it whole, and strew over the top some pounded almonds and candied orange-peel. Bake in a slow oven.

Macaroons.—Blanch four ounces of almonds, and pound with four spoonfuls of orange-flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth, then mix it and one pound of sugar sifted, with the almonds to a paste; and, laying a sheet of wafer-paper on a tin, put it on in different little cakes, the shape of macaroons.

Jumbles.—To one and a quarter pounds of butter, well creamed, put one pound of sugar and three eggs beaten well together, one and a half pound of sifted flour, and two spoonfuls of rose-water; mix these well together, and with a fork drop them on a tin, and bake in a quick oven.

Rout Drops.—Mix two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants clean and dry; then wet into a stiff paste, with two eggs, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, the same each of rose-water, sweet wine, and brandy; drop on a tin plate floured. A very short time bakes them.

Ginger Biscuit.—Work well one and a quarter pounds of butter, with the same weight of moist sugar; add eight eggs well beaten; stir in two and a half pounds of flour, one ounce of volatile salts, and quarter of an ounce of ground ginger; mix these well, roll out the paste, cut it in fancy shapes, and bake crisp.

Wine Biscuits.—Rub into one pound of dry flour four ounces of butter, four ounces of white powdered sugar, one egg, and a spoonful or two of thin cream to make it into a paste. When mixed, put currants into one half, and caraways into the rest. Cut them as before, and bake on tins.

Orange Jelly.—Take five oranges and one lemon; remove the thin rind off two oranges and half the rind off the lemon. Lay these rinds on one side; squeeze the juice from all the fruit into a basin. Into a stewpan or new tin saucepan put a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar and a half pint of water; let it boil till it becomes a thick syrup; then add the juice and rinds, cover the saucepan, and, as soon as boiling commences, skim well; then add, by degrees, a wineglassful of cold water, which assists to clean it; then add the jelly stock as above, stir all together, give it one boil, and pass through a jelly bag. Add a few drops of prepared cochineal to give it a tint; fill a mould, place it in ice, or in a mixture of saltpetre and salt, and, when cold, turn it out.

Lemon Jelly is made the same, only using six lemons, and the rind of one, and add a gill of sherry, but no coloring.

To Remove all Jellies from the Mould.—Slip the mould in lukewarm water, shake it gently, take it in the right hand, place the glass dish over it, turn the mould over on to the dish, shake the jelly gently and remove the mould.

PREPARATIONS OF FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Isinglass.—Boil one ounce of isinglass shavings, forty Jamaica peppers, and a bit of brown crust of bread, in a quart of water to a pint, and strain it.

This makes a pleasant jelly to keep in the house; of which a large spoonful may be taken in wine and water, milk, tea, soup, or any way most agreeable.

Gloucester Jelly.—Boil in two quarts of water, till reduced to one quart, the following ingredients: harts-horn shavings, isinglass, ivory shavings, barley and rice, one ounce of each.

When this jelly, which is light and very nourishing, is to be taken, a few tablespoonfuls of it must be dissolved in a little milk, together with a bit of cinnamon, lemon-peel, and sugar. It will be very good without the seasoning.

Bread Jelly.—Cut the crum of a penny roll into thin slices, and toast them equally of a pale brown; boil them gently in a quart of water till it will jelly, which may be known by putting a little in a spoon to cool; strain it upon a bit of lemon-peel, and sweeten it with sugar. A little wine may be added.

Strengthening Jelly.—Simmer in two quarts of soft water, one ounce of pearl barley, one ounce of sago, one ounce of rice, and one ounce of eringo-root, till reduced to one quart; take a teacupful in milk, morning, noon, and night.

Chicken Panada.—Boil a chicken till about three parts ready in a quart of water; take off the skin, cut the white meat off when cold, and put into a marble mortar: pound it to a paste with a little of the water it was boiled in, season with salt, a grate of nutmeg, and the least bit of lemon-peel. Boil gently for a few minutes to the consistency you like; it should be such as you can drink, though tolerably thick.

This conveys great nourishment in a small compass.

Calf's Feet Broth.—Boil two calf's feet, two ounces of veal, and two of beef, the bottom of a penny loaf, two or three blades of mace, half a nutmeg sliced, and a little salt, in three quarts of water, to three pints; strain, and take off the fat.

Chicken Broth—May be made of any young fowl which is afterwards to be brought to table; but the best sort is to be procured from an old cock or hen, which is to be stewed down to rags, with a couple of onions, seasoned with salt and a little whole pepper; skim and strain it.

Beef Tea.—Cut half a pound of lean fresh beef into slices, lay it in a dish and pour over it a pint of boiling water; cover the dish and let it stand half an hour by

the fire, then just bail it up, pour it off clear, and salt it a very little.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Windsor Toilet Soap.—To make genuine Windsor soap, for washing hands, shaving, etc., nothing more is necessary than to slice the best white soap as thin as possible, melt it in a stew pan over a slow fire, scent it with oil of caraway, and then pour it into a mould or frame selected for the purpose, or a small drawer adapted in size and form to the quantity. When it has stood three or four days in a dry situation, cut into square pieces, and it is ready for use. By this simple mode, substituting any more favorite scent for that of caraway, all persons may suit themselves with a good, perfumed soap at a most trifling expense.

Essence of Lemon.—Cut off very thin the rinds of any number of lemons, put the pieces of peel in a phial, and cover them with spirits of wine; after a day or two, this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon-peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold. Artificial lemon-juice: White vinegar, one pint; white sugar, three-quarters of an ounce; essence of lemon-peel, thirty drops. Syrup of lemon-juice: 1. To every pint of clear-strained lemon-juice, add two pounds of loaf-sugar. If not thick enough, put it in a slow oven for a little while to evaporate some of the moisture. 2. Squeeze the juice of lemons into a tall jar, let it settle, pour off the clear part, or filter the whole first, and add two pounds of loaf-sugar to every pint. A little of this in water makes lemonade at once. For this purpose it is better to have a little of the peel added. Seltzer water: Take twenty ounces of water, impregnated by the usual apparatus with carbonic acid gas, and dissolve in it four grains of carbonate of soda, two grains of carbonate of magnesia, twenty grains of common salt. It is a mild purgative.

Windows Open More would keep Doctors from the Door.—A very large quantity of fresh air is spoiled and rendered foul by the act of breathing. A man spoils not less than a gallon every minute. In eight hours' breathing a full-grown man spoils as much fresh air as seventeen three-bushel sacks could hold. If he were shut up in a room seven feet broad, seven feet long, and seven feet high, the door and windows fitting so tightly that no air could pass through, he would die, poisoned by his own breath, in a very few hours; in twenty-four hours he would have spoiled all the air contained in the room, and have converted it into poison. Reader, when you rise to-morrow just go out of doors for five minutes and observe carefully the freshness of the air. That air is in the state in which God keeps it for breathing. Then come back suddenly into your close room, and your own senses will at once make you feel how very far the air in your chamber is from being in the same wholesome and serviceable condition.

Soiled Carpets.—When soiled, carpets may be cleaned after beating with the following mixture: Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth.

To Revive the Color of Black Cloth.—If a coat, clean it well, then boil from two to four ounces of logwood in your copper or boiler for half an hour: dip your coat in warm water, and squeeze it as dry as you can; then put it into the copper and boil it for half an hour. Take it out, and add a piece of green copperas, about the size of a horse-bean; boil it another half hour, then draw it, and hang it in the air for an hour or two; take it down, rinse it in two or three cold waters; dry it, and let it be well brushed with a soft brush, over which a drop or two of the oil of olives has been rubbed, then stroke your coat regularly over.

The Chemical Barometer.—Take a long, narrow bottle, such as an old-fashioned eau de cologne bottle, and put into it two and a half drachms of camphor and eleven drachms of spirits of wine; when the camphor is dissolved, which it will readily do by slight agitation, add the following mixture: Take water, nine drachms; nitrate of potash (saltpetre), thirty-eight grains; and muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac), thirty-eight grains. Dissolve these salts in the water prior to mixing with the camphorated spirit; then shake the whole well together. Cork the bottle well, and wax the top, but afterwards make a very small aperture in the cork with a red-hot needle. The bottle may then be hung up or placed in any stationary position. By observing the different appearance which the materials assume as the weather changes, it becomes an excellent prognosticator of a coming storm or of a sunny sky.

Substitute for Stilton Cheese.—Families may produce their own *Stilton* by the following simple process: To the new milk of the cheese-making morning add the cream from that of the preceding evening, together with the rennet, watching the full separation of the curd, which must be removed from the whey without breaking, and placed in a sieve until of such a consistence as to bear being lifted up and placed in a hoop that will receive it without much pressure. The cheese, as it dries, will shrink up, and must therefore be placed from time to time in a tighter hoop, and turned daily, until it acquires the proper degree of consistence for use or keeping.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

Cucumber Sauce.—Take three dozen full grown cucumbers, and four white onions; peel the onions and cucumbers and then slice them; sprinkle on a large teacupful and a half of fine table salt; put the whole in a hair sieve, and let it drain eight hours (or do them just before going to bed, and let them drain all night). Then take a teacupful of black mustard-seed, half a teacupful of ground black pepper, and mix them well with the cucumbers and onions; put the whole into a stone jar, and fill it with strong vinegar; close it up tightly for three days, when it will be fit for use. It will keep for years.

Velvet Cream.—Half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a cup and a half of white wine (any good wine will do), juice and rind of a lemon, three-quarters of a pound best loaf sugar, and a pint and a half of rich cream. Let the gelatine soak an hour in the wine; then place on the back of the range in a china kettle, adding sugar and lemon. Remove it as soon as dissolved, and strain it. When cool, but not congealed, add the cream, stirring gently that it may not separate. Then place in the mould and set on the ice. Two-thirds of this quantity makes a large bowl

To Clean White Satin Shoes.—Put in the shoe something which will fill it out. Then rub the shoe gently with a piece of muslin dipped in spirits of wine Do this several times. Then wipe the shoe carefully with a piece of dry muslin.

Editors' Table.

THE ROYAL MOURNER AND HER SYMPATHIZERS.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."—ST. PAUL. EPHESIANS, *Chap.* v. *Ver.* 25–29

QUEEN VICTORIA is a Widow; that word of sorrow brings the Royal Mourner into the heart sympathies of all womanhood.

Her great loss, her deep grief, these have darkened the British Empire, and shadowed the Christian world. Never was an English monarch thus mourned; nor would the decease of all the living rulers among the nations cause such unfeigned sorrow and sympathy as the death of Prince Albert, HUSBAND of Queen Victoria, has called forth from every people.

Why should there be this universal regret? Why this real desire that the life of this one man, who had never held public office or official power, might have been prolonged? Comes it not from the feeling, or rather the intuitive belief, that Prince Albert was one of those true Christians who are the "salt of the earth," the "light of the world?" that he was "a city set on an hill;" and that his departure has left a blank in the realm of goodness which cannot be filled? has broken up plans for the benefit of humanity which cannot now be realized? has added a darker gloom to the cloud of troubles gathering, apparently, over the whole world?

The greatness of Prince Albert was unique. He has set a new star in the galaxy of man's glory. He has won his high place among the leaders of mankind by his perfect obedience to God's law of marriage. This obedience he illustrated in his life, as the great apostle expounded the sacred ordinance, which is the foundation of human law, and next to the requirement of "love to God," the foundation of moral law. Prince Albert "loved his wife as himself." He gave honor to her as the "weaker vessel" by devoting himself, with all his powers of mind and sympathies of heart, to her exaltation and happiness. He was the prince paladin of faithful husbands. No Knight of the Round Table has such a record of noble deeds for a noble purpose as this God obeying example of the husband of Queen Victoria, in his devotion to his wife, has left to the men of Christendom. All the tributes of the British press to his memory confirm our opinions. One eminent writer says:—

"From the first day of his marriage the young and royal husband sought that one thing, most creditable to his judgment and honorable to his heart, through which alone all other things could be safely added to him. That one object to which evey other ambition yielded, and for which even his remarkable powers were for a while kept from the public knowledge, was simply and solely the good and the happiness of our queen. This was the secret of that discretion which not even the most lukewarm could deny to him—no negative virtue, the offspring of cold calculation unnatural in the young, but the fruit of an entireness of self-devotion, of which man is seldom found capable

"Happy for both that he was met by a kindred spirit' Every advantage that the nation has derived from the Prince's career is owing to the perfect harmony of the two individuals thus loftily placed. Had the royal lady who bestowed her hand been less royally noble in nature—had there been the slightest jealousy of his influence, or of his personal participation in scenes and duties denied to the crown, it is not too much to say that the world would have known but little of the Prince's powers for those great departments of public utility which he has made so peculiarly his own, and that he would have hidden them contentedly under the cloak of a learned retirement."—*London Quarterly Review*, January, 1862

Another popular organ bears similar testimony to the faithfulness in duty which makes the greatness of this remarkable man:—

"In twenty-one years the late Prince Consort has never been absent, with the exception of a few brief weeks, from the Queen's side. No idle rumor, no breath of calumny, no dark insinuation, has ever ventured to approach his name; and from castle to cottage, throughout the kingdom, it was known that no domestic hearth was the scene of purer or more complete happiness than were the hearths of Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral.

"If the bright example of the husband was most grateful to the English people, it was succeeded by that of the father. By their parents the royal children have been regarded in a twofold light; as the children of the family, and the children of the nation. Wisely and comprehensively trained, they have been fitted for the destinies awaiting them at home or abroad."—*Westminster Review*, January, 1862

The same writer bears testimony to the wonderful ability of the Prince in comprehending every department of useful knowledge, and aiding in the progressive improvement of the people:—

"In general science he was one of the most accomplished and variously instructed men in the kingdom, welcoming zealously each new discovery, probing patiently its laws, its relations, and its powers of appliance to the general good, encouraging those who made it, and disseminating its claims to be known. He saw what was wanting in our manufactures; he set himself to supply the defect: the Great Exhibition of 1851 was his creation; that which will open the present year, with mournful recognition of its loss, was scarcely less his work. To him, agriculture, social science, the arts of design, and every combination and exhibition for their respective welfare, owe an incalculable debt, *and in this his authentic kingdom of the works of Reason*, science and art, long after the present edge of a nation's sorrow has been blunted, will lament their earnest patron and faithful counsellor."

Thus the wisdom of his career is proven by his success in every good work. Living in obedience to the ordinance of God, in the purity and love of domestic intercourse his mind was clear to discern the right, his will strong to perform duty, his time free from the interruptions and demands that vice and folly impose on their votaries.

What a noble example he has left as a legacy to the

young men of this generation! Not that any one of our American youths may expect to marry a queen; but "the girl of his choice," if he gain her for his wife, should be as truly beloved, as faithfully cherished, as zealously defended from evil, and aided in good, as the Prince Consort has, through his life, shown was his greatest earthly endeavor towards his beloved and honored Victoria. From this steadfast devotion to one holy duty, what countless blessings flow, and what priceless rewards may be won! The *Reviewer* truly says:—

"But let us not measure the rewards to such a mind by any standard lower than itself. He suffered injustice [from English jealousy]; he bore disappointment; but his joy no man taketh from him! Seen by the light which his peerless life has shed upon his position, it now appears the noblest that a noble mind could desire. His not the applause and homage; his not the pomps and the vanities of sovereignty; but his the wisdom and the forethought—the lofty, manly Christian devotion which surrounded a woman's crown as with an earthly providence. This has been a joint reign in all but the name, and let us pray that it may be so still; for not even death can sever that long intimacy of two hearts and two wills which God has joined together. Alone the royal widow must bear in time to face her loving subjects; alone, her loving and most deeply-sorrowing subjects must bear to gaze upon her august person; but the knowledge of that example none can take from her or from us. For his sake the Queen is already sublimely struggling to fulfil her duties; for his sake shall we not doubly strive to do ours? We can conceive no higher human spectacle than that of our sovereign lady thus bowing her head to the will of God, and raising it again by the Divine aid. If we have loved her in her years of virtuous happiness, shall we not venerate her now? And this, too, will be his doing. Who has done so much for her and for us? So that his influence is yet felt in the workings of that sorrow of which we venture to foresee the hallowed uses."

Yes, the Royal Mourner will remember her lost Husband. More than this, her whole future will show how deeply she reverences his memory, how tenderly she cherishes every token of respect to him, how religiously she follows every word of his counsel. She will live for him, to carry out his ideas, to fulfil his wishes, to keep *his name* identified with her own, will be the ruling thought in all that she plans or performs. The marriage union thus illustrated in its perfection is one of the noblest triumphs of human reason and virtue. It shows the goodness of God in making the earthly happiness of mankind attainable in household affections within the reach of all. It foreshadows the purity, happiness, and glory of the redeemed in heaven. "As Christ loved the church, so the husband should love his wife."

MRS. NORTON'S LAST POEM—"THE LADY OF GARAYE."

"It is the gift of poetry," says Washington Irving, "to consecrate every place in which it moves, to breathe around Nature an odor more exquisite than the perfumes of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

This last and best poem of the now greatest living poetess of our language is replete with these gifts of true genius. It is no dream of fiction, no creation of fancy. Mrs. Norton has taken the actual facts of life, as these were developed in a domestic "Idyl," far more touching and noble than any sung of "the King." The scene is at Dinan, in Brittany, where the ruined chateau of the La Garayes may still be seen. The story is true; the events occurred at the close of the seventeenth century.

The poem, in four parts, opens with the description of Claud Marot, the young lord of La Garaye, and Gertrude, his peerless wife, rich in wealth, beauty, friendship, and perfectness of love—all that makes the happiness of this world. The wife, the "Lady of Garaye," is one of the most charming pictures of youth, love, and loveliness ever described.

"Born, like himself, of lineage brave and good;
And, like himself, of warm and eager mood;
Glad to share gladness, pleasure to impart,
With dancing spirits and a tender heart.
Pleased, too, to share the manlier sports which made
The joy of his young hours. No more afraid
Of danger, than the seabird, used to soar
From the high rocks above the ocean's roar,
Which dips its slant wing in the wave's white crest,
And deems the foamy undulations, rest.
Nor think the feminine beauty of her soul
Tarnished by yielding to such joy's control;
Nor that the form which, like a flexile reed,
Swayed with the movements of her bounding steed,
Took from those graceful hours a rougher force,
Or left her nature masculine and coarse.
She was not bold from boldness, but from love;
Bold from gay frolic; glad with him to rove
In danger or in safety, weal or woe,
And where he ventured, still she yearned to go."

One fair holiday the young husband rode forth with his sweet wife by his side:—

"Alas! look well upon that picture fair—
The face, the form, the smile, the golden hair;
The agile beauty of each movement made—
The loving softness of her eyes' sweet shade,
The bloom and pliant grace of youthful days,
The gladness and the glory of her gaze.
If we knew when the last time was the last,
Visions so dear to straining eyes went past."

* * * * * * * *

"Across the water full of peaked stones—
Across the water where it chafes and moans—
Across the water at its widest part—
Which wilt thou leap, O lady of brave heart?"

Claud's horse, to save itself from slipping down the damp brink, springs suddenly across, and the husband—

"Oh! even while he leapt, his horrid thought
Was of the peril to that lady brought;
Oh! even while he leapt, her Claud looked back,
And shook his hand to warn her from the track."

She fell among the rocks; her horse was killed, and she was crippled.

"But never yet,
Through all the loving days since first they met,
Leaped his heart's blood with such a yearning vow,
That she was all in all to him, as now.
'O Claud—the pain!'

"'O Gertrude, my beloved!'
Then faintly o'er her lips a wan smile moved,
Which dumbly spoke of comfort from his tone,
As though she felt half saved, not so to die alone."

The first pangs of the wife, when she finds

"The body broken from the yearning soul,
Never again to make a perfect whole,"

are expressed with a delicate pathos; and the fleeting of the smile from the sick face, when

"Something sadder even than her pain
Torments her now; and thrills each languid vein.
Love's tender instinct feels through every nerve
When love's desires or love itself doth swerve."

At last her plaint finds utterance, and this brings comfort in her husband's argument of love thus ending:—

"'Oh! loved even to the brim of love's full fount,
Wilt thou set nothing to firm faith's account?
Choke back thy tears which are my bitter smart
Lean thy dear head upon my aching heart;
It may be God, who saw our careless life,
Not sinful, yet not blameless, my sweet wife,
(Since all we thought of, in our youth's bright May,
Was but the coming joy from day to day)
Hath blotted out all our joy to bid us learn
That this is not our home; and make us turn
From the enchanted earth, where much was given,
To higher aims, and a forgotten heaven.'"

Their sorrows were thus hallowed. This young, childless couple devoted their wealth and time, heart and mind, to the tender charities that relieve suffering, and give comfort to the helpless. Their grand ancestral home—

"Where once the shifting throng
Of merry playmates met, with dance and song—
Long rows of simple beds the place proclaim
A hospital, in all things but the name
In that same castle, where the lavish feast
Lay spread, that fatal night, for many a guest,
The sickly poor are fed! Beneath that porch
Where Claud shed tears that seemed the lids to scorch,
Seeing her broken beauty carried by
Like a crushed flower that now has but to die,
The self-same Claud now stands and helps to guide
Some ragged wretch to rest and warm the inside.
But most to those, the hopeless ones, on whom
Early or late her own sad spoken doom
Hath been pronounced; the incurables; she spends
Her lavish pity, and their couch attends.
Her home is made their home; her wealth their dole;
Her busy courtyard hears no more the roll
Of gilded vehicles, or pawing steeds,
But feeble steps of those whose bitter needs
Are their sole passport. Through that gateway press
All varying forms of sickness and distress,
And many a poor worn face that hath not smiled
For years—and many a feeble, crippled child—
Blesses the tall white portal where they stand,
And the dear Lady of the liberal hand.

"Not in a day such happy change was brought;
Not in a day the works of mercy wrought;
But in God's gradual time. As Winter's chain
Melts from the earth and leaves it green again;
As the fresh bud a crimsoning beauty shows
From the black briers of a last year's rose;
So the full season of her love matures,
And her one illness breeds a thousand cures."

PIANO PLAYING.

Selected from "My Green Grenadine."

[We are obliged to decline many articles which have passages of originality and beauty that we are sorry to lose. The following we select from one of these contributions, written by a young lady bearing the *nomme de plume* of "Grace Garland." We hope she will write for journals which have room to display her really promising genius.—Eds. Lady's Book.]

Now I played but indifferently myself, and had not much taste for music, but I had a perfect passion for watching the pianist's hands as they skimmed over the keys "This was one of my eccentricities," my stepmother used to say; but it was true that, while others were enjoying the effect of the playing, I was enchanted by the playing itself. I often wondered why some poet had not written about "this beautiful finger-dancing," as I loved to call it. Mr. Demay placed a chair for me near enough to the piano to gratify this most eccentric desire of mine, then resumed his seat on the sofa.

Miss Berlaigne's hands were not small, but as delicate as pearl, and as perfect in form as though chiselled of marble. A magnificent diamond glittered upon her finger, which, as it was borne over the ivory with electric speed, quivered and flickered as a living thing of light. Each hand was like a pearly canopy, supported on its light colonnade. The pale, shadowy fingers, as they moved slowly and waveringly over the long, slender chords of the prelude, looked like dim, mystical shadows in moonlight. Now the plump wrists crossed with infantine grace, and the diamond gleamed like a lone star in the distance; and now it seemed as though two opposing fairy forces had met to combat upon this glistening field of ivory. They would approach nearer and nearer, till at length, when quite met, one battalion would dart away with elfin quickness, the other pursuing as quickly. I continued to watch them, thus advancing and retreating, till at length, O strange to tell, I felt my real self resolving into two selves, each realizing an independent existence; one took possession of my eyes, the other of my ears. With the former I saw the same troops of fairies dancing lightly and nimbly as before, and the diamond glittering above them; but my ears, oh! shocking to relate what came to them, borne on perfume from a beau's handkerchief.

In a mincing voice—"Mr. Demay, will you be so kind as to introduce me to that young lady in grass-green?"

I had almost forgotten my dress; if I had not previously been so annoyed in consequence of it, I might have believed that the fairies had enchanted me, as green is known to be their favorite color. But the cool reply attracted me.

"With pleasure, sir, if you will have the goodness to wait until Miss Berlaigne is through playing."

I heard no more—that was enough; but I saw that the grand solo was terminating (as the Dutchman said) "all in fun crand refolution." The fairies were leaping and scampering as though mad with delight; then one long, shivering trill, in which the diamond flung out a shower of fiery sparks. At last it seemed to spring upward and melt away into light; the fairy battalions shrunk away, and became mere hands, quietly folded in Miss Berlaigne's lap.

Needle-Work.—Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," gives a description of the celebrated embroidery of Queen Catharine Parr. This is now, after three hundred years are passed, nearly as fresh and beautiful as when first wrought. She says:—

"The material on which both counterpane and toilet-cover are worked is the richest white satin, of a fabric with which no modern loom can vie. The centre of the pattern is a medallion, surrounded with a wreath of natural flowers, wrought in twisted silks and bullion. A spread eagle, in bold relief, gorged with the imperial crown, forms the middle. At each corner is a lively heraldic monster of the dragon class, glowing with purple, crimson, and gold. The field is gaily beset with large flowers in gorgeous colors, highly embossed, and enriched with threads of gold."

These queenly relics have been used on State occasions, by the family in whose possession they are held, as almost sacred trophies of royalty. This needle-work is kept as a show. The ladies of England, even among royalty, are now busy in all fancy-work accomplishments. It is the fashion. But they devote much of their work to objects of benevolence. They devise and execute the most beautiful specimens of woman's inventive genius, as contributions that give comforts to the poor, instruction to the ignorant, the light of divine truth to those whose lot has been in the darkness of heathenism. It is within bounds to say that the money contributed from the proceeds of needle-work, by the women of

England, during the last year, to aid charities at home and abroad, amounted to $100,000! What other branch of the Fine Arts has been thus beneficent?

FAMILY READING.—We have one remarkable book that we wish our friends would obtain and read before this month is over—Mrs. Mason's* "Great Expectations Realized." Our own predilections in favor of the authoress may lead us to over-estimate her abilities, and the extraordinary work, on behalf of women, she has been carrying forward in her missionary life. So we quote the opinion of an impartial and able writer, in one of our popular journals, as the testimony of men to the merits of her book.

"Beyond question this is one of the most interesting books on missionary labor in the East which has ever been published in this country. It is quite unique in character. It is neither history, biography, dialogue, nor poetry, but a combination of these and other elements bound together by a peculiar style, in which little regard is paid to stiff-starched correctness, but the enthusiasm, the living, deep-toned piety, the intense earnestness which are conspicuous on every page, carry the reader forward, and banish all tendencies to fault-finding. We remember to have heard a clergyman from Great Britain say that he had long been convinced of the fact that American women make the best missionary wives in the world. Had it been the good fortune of this genial critic to have known Mrs. Mason, we have no doubt but that he would have placed her in the front rank of her devoted countrywomen. She has produced a capital book on an important theme; for the mission to the Karens is one of the most successful of all the efforts which have been made during this century to convert the heathen to the faith of the Gospel."

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION.—We have a few names to add this month.

Mrs. J. E. D——, Higginsport, Ohio, $1.
Mrs. Julia P. Ballard, Williamstown, Mass., $1.
Mrs. S. B. Morley, Williamstown, Mass., $1.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Not a puff for Quack Remedies"—"My home beside the Sea"—"The Rain"—"The Likeness"—"Mildred's Resolve"—"A Token"—"A Memory"—"From Death to Life"—"Florence Knowlton's Fortune"—and "Out in the Red, Red Clover."

These articles are declined for want of room: "The Great Battles of the World"—"The Dove"—"To Miss ——" (very good; better send it to the lady for whom it was written)—"My Son"—"A Visit at Aunt Martha's"—"My Mother" (excellent; some publisher whose drawers are not crowded will want it)—"Lines" (we should like to oblige our correspondent, but these "Birthdays" have been printed, and the friends of the author have her "Lines" in their keeping)—"Strength from on High"—"Withered Flowers"—"Japan Women"—"Summer Morning"—"Fear not the sin-stained brow to touch"—"Sentimental Young Ladies"—"The Spring"—"Study to Please"—"A Day and its Doings"—"Sweet Mary"—"My Last Disappointment"—and "Yesterday."

We have MSS. still to examine.

* See "Book Table," page 510. Copies postpaid forwarded to order by the Editors of the Lady's Book Price $1.

Health Department.

WE have a new book,* on this old subject, that we wish to commend to our friends. The author, a kind-hearted, outspoken Scotchman, in his love of truth and love of innocent enjoyment, seems a true philanthropist. We can only give a few "nuggets" as specimens of this golden wisdom.

CHILDREN—AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy, and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased, and lazy, and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated, or inoculated with the cow-pock. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the smallpox, would disappear from the face of the earth.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make *free* with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me, as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book. "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then, cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

* Health: In Five Lay Sermons to Working People. By John Brown, M. D., author of "Rab and his Friends." New York: Carter & Brothers. Price 25 cents.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold—more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in heaven, and hears our prayers, both money, and meat, and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child: you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may, therefore, not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me. I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bedclothes kneeling. I said, "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma better," said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people—for of such is the kingdom of heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. "Abba, Father," is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance.

YOUNG PEOPLE, AND DANCING.

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know, and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost. Show them, moreover, the value you put upon health, by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon. By "well married," I mean that they should pair off old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin; but then the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you, and see how the land lies, and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I don't like walking into love, or being carried into love; or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which, after all, is not it. And by "soon," I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves; for a wife, such a wife as alone I mean, is cheaper to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion.

Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it—shabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this be done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field?

We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty, old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet, and the eyes, and the heart, and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a comely, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favorite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be "dealt with"—the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown, and her pretty bare feet. The doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie"

"I wull, sir; I wull promise," with a curtsey.

"Now, what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman.

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted doctor.

And so say I, to the extent that so long as our young girls think "nae ill," they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE EARL'S HEIRS. *A Tale of Domestic Life.* By the author of "East Lynne: or, the Earl's Daughter," "The Mystery," etc. The author of this book, Mrs. Henry Wood, has produced several readable romances, among which, her last, previous to this one, was "East Lynne," a work evincing more than ordinary ability, and attracting an unusual share of attention. Therefore, when it is announced that the author of "East Lynne" has prepared another work for the public, it is safe to expect something better than usual. The story begins with the murder of a young lady, no clue to the murderer of whom, or to her own identity, can be found. As the story progresses, years pass away, until the circumstance is apparently completely forgotten; when, finally, events arouse suspicion, and suspicion suggests renewed search and inquiry, which result in the discovery of the guilty person, and the unravelling of the mystery which surrounded the lady. The plot is ingenious; and if the characters were more individualized, and more force given to the tragic portions of the book, the story would be quite dramatic in character, and easily adapted for the stage. Mrs Pepperfly is amusing; Lady Jane, apparently the favorite character of the author, appears to us too stilted in her notions and behavior; her father is a copy of the usual style of gouty,

old sea-captains; while the governess, who promises well at first in the intriguing line, dwindles down into a very commonplace woman. Mr. Carlyon is well conceived as a character, and, if drawn more forcibly, would be admirable. Take the book as a whole it is a good one, and deserving of the praise bestowed upon it. Price 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

JACK HINTON: *the Guardsman.* By Charles Lever. This is the second number of the series of Lever's Military Novels, which the public have been promised. Anything of a military character is bound to be successful now. This is just the book for our soldier friends, with which to enliven the tedium of camp-life, and, by its happy and genial humor, distract the mind from gloomy thoughts. The cover is illuminated with an original design. Price 50 cents.

PETERSON'S COMPLETE COIN-BOOK. This book contains fac-simile impressions of all the various gold, silver, and other metallic coins throughout the world, with the United States Mint value of each coin under it. The whole are placed in proper order as regards the various governments to which they belong, arranged according to their different denominations and value, together with a complete and conveniently arranged index for reference. It will be found a most valuable book for curiosity hunters and coin collectors. Price 50 cents.

—

From AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, No. 530 Arch Street, Philadelphia:—

GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALIZED: *or, Civilizing Mountain Men.* By Mrs. Ellen H. B. Mason; eighteen years connected with the highland clans of Burmah. This will prove a volume of exceeding attractiveness to all who are interested in the work of foreign missions. The writer of it has herself been actively engaged in the missionary cause, having gone to India, and joined Dr. Judson, nearly twenty years ago, when the work of Christianization was far less advanced than now. Her personal experiences in teaching and everyday contact with the natives of that country are both entertaining and instructive; while the account she gives of the progress of religion is most encouraging. She first went on her mission accompanied by her husband, Mr. Bullard, who died at Maulmain, 1848; after which she married Rev. Mr. Francis Mason, whom she found engaged in the same self-sacrificing labors, and who had also recently lost his companion. Her husband is still engaged in missionary labor, and she has had the satisfaction of seeing her daughter turn her thoughts and devote her life to the same cause, being now actively working as teacher in a school which her mother established. Price $1 00.

—

From JAMES CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia:—

THE BRANCH: *A Sacred Poem, and Other Poems.* This volume contains twenty different poems on various subjects, of a religious, moral, or imaginative nature. They read smoothly, and possess a certain degree of poetic sentiment, but are not remarkable for any extraordinary merit. The book is a fine specimen of typography, and, both in appearance and contents, is not an unacceptable addition to one's library. Price 75 cents.

—

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A STRANGE STORY. *A Novel.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, author of "What will he do with it?" "My Novel," "The Caxtons," etc. Of the many good, nay, super-excellent works which Bulwer has produced, there is none, perhaps, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, and yet possessing a certain grandeur of conception, as this. Varying from the style which characterizes the "Caxton Novels," it resembles, and reminds the reader forcibly of "Zanoni," one of his earlier works. The cursory reader might accept it as a justification of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and even magic; for free use of these supposed sciences is made in illustration of the grand moral which he has striven to inculcate. It is, in fact, an allegorical work; and if it did not delve so deeply into the dry regions of metaphysics, would be a true prose poem. He has drawn, as one of the chief characters of the work, a man, such as he conceives one to be, endowed with every physical and mental advantage, possessing unequalled beauty, high health, and overflowing animal spirits, with a mind capable of the highest discipline, but, with all this, entirely destitute of moral principle—of a soul. Then the hero and narrator, Dr. Fenwick, represents a class of individuals, numerous in this world, and to be found in all professions and positions, who seat themselves on known facts in science, philosophy, and religion, and refuse to stir, or to give credence to anything contrary to what they, in their self-sufficiency, consider the truth. Mrs. Poyntz, "the queen of the hill," is made to personate "the world," and Miss Brabazon, scandal. Little Amy Lloyd is a beautiful illustration of feminine domestic virtues, while Lilian Ashleigh is an ideal, poetic character, of rare refinement and delicacy, which, perhaps, matter-of-fact people appreciate less than it deserves. The golden thread running through the whole, unseen very often, and overlooked, perhaps, by some, is the truth of the immortality of the soul, to establish which the complete argument tends. The book has a number of illustrations, but they are scarcely any addition to it, being most insipid and characterless. Price 25 cents.

—

From D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER: *or, a Chronicle of Mistakes.* By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," etc. In two volumes. A pleasing author has prepared another pleasing book. It is of a young stepmother who has three stepchildren advanced almost past the period of childhood, whom she finds possessing many serious faults. In her zeal to win their affection, and promote their welfare, she commits various mistakes, which result disastrously to all. Nevertheless, her efforts come to good at last, and she feels amply repaid for all she has done or attempted to do. Genevieve Durant, a lively young French girl, is a charming character; and Ulic O'More, an energetic and ambitious young Irishman, figures conspicuously in the second volume, and enlivens occasionally where otherwise there might be dulness. Price, paper, $1 00; cloth, $1 50.

—

From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MARGRET HOWTH: *A Story of To-Day.* This is likely to prove one of the best, if not the most attractive, books of the season. It is published anonymously, its plot is simple, and the whole story without pretension; but it fairly sparkles with originality and gleams with beautiful sentiments, expressions, and descriptions. It is emphatically a thoughtful work, suggesting, rather than inculcating in full, good and true lessons concern-

ing common life and its affairs. The heroine, Margret Howth, is a true woman, though she is represented as performing no heroic action—at least, as the world rates heroism—nor is she found in romantic situations. She has a lover, it is true, and she, with a loving heart, after he has once cast her aside at prospect of a brighter career than she could open to him, receives him back when he comes to her humbled and disappointed, and hungering for her love. We repeat—one of the best and worthiest books we have examined. Price 75 cents.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." Who has not read those "Recreations of a Country Parson?" Surely, no one overlooked them who could appreciate freshness and originality, added to good and true sentiment. With that book in hand, one saw, on the gloomiest day, the brightness of the summer sun, the glitter of the raindrops from the recent shower on the leaves, heard the twitter of birds, and realized the deep and quiet calm which the writer of those exquisite essays must have experienced in mind and heart. We believe there is no book which will be hailed with more delight by the many who have learned to love this author through his productions than these "Leisure Hours in Town." There are fourteen different essays within its covers, the subjects of which we have no time to speak about. They may be already familiar to a number of our readers, as they have appeared from month to month in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Price $1 25.

—

From JAMES MILLER, New York:—

THE SHADOWY LAND, *and other Poems*. By Rev. Gurdon Huntington, A M This is a fine large octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, printed in clear type, containing over sixty poems. These are well written, and denote in their author a cultivated mind. Yet, though we can find fault with none, we fail to detect any evidence of uncommon poetic genius that shall win for Mr. Huntington a place among the few whose names posterity will remember. It is a book that admirers of poetry of a religious character will take pleasure in reading, and, having read, will, most probably, think no more about. The first piece, "The Shadowy Land," is imaginative in character and illustrative, in allegorical form, of what the author holds as religious truths.

—

FROM J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston:—

LIFE'S MORNING: *or, Counsels and Encouragements for Youthful Christians*. By the author of "Life's Evening," "Sunday Hours," etc. This is a pleasing and instructive little book, full of varied suggestions and advice, and well adapted to the purpose for which it was written.

SUSAN AND FRANKIE. By the author of "Sabbath Talks about Jesus," etc.

FRANKIE'S BOOK ABOUT BIBLE MEN. By the author of "Susan and Frankie," etc. Two very pretty and interesting books for children, containing stories from the Bible, told in such a way as is sure to gain their attention.

TILTON'S SELECT TRACTS. Envelope series. This is an illustrated collection of twelve well selected tracts, of a size very convenient to send by mail, or in any other way.

THE PARLOR GARDENER: *A Treatise on the House Culture of Ornamental Plants*. Translated from the French and adapted to American use, by Cornelia J. Randolph, of Virginia. A well-prepared and arranged little work, giving us in a small compass an idea of those modes of embellishing our rooms and balconies with thriving plants, which French ingenuity and love of flowers have brought to perfection.

CATHARINE By the author of "Agnes and the Little Key." The popularity of "The Little Key" will win for this work instant favor, which its own merits will keep for it. It is a simple and touching account of the death of the writer's daughter, a young lady of twenty, with the thoughts and consoling reflections that were inspired by meditations on his loss.

FADING FLOWERS. By Mrs. Lander, author of "The Broken Bud," "Blossoms of Childhood," "Light on the Dark River," etc. A beautiful collection of poems by various authors, on the one subject of the loss of children. It was originally made by one who needed the consolation they give, and is published in the hope that others may derive from them the same comfort they afforded the compiler. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE PATHWAY OF PROMISE: *or, Words of Comfort to the Christian Pilgrim*. To those who need or appreciate "a word in season," this will prove a valuable and useful work, full of wise and gentle counsels and encouragements. Its purpose is "to set before the believer some of the gracious promises of God's word," and to suggest consoling thoughts, and this is accomplished in a manner at once attractive and earnest.

WEE DAVIE. By Norman Macleod, D. D., author of "The Gold Thread," etc. A beautiful and touching story, showing the power of an unconscious child for good over those who love them.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. Second series. By Horatius Bonar, D. D., Kelso. A beautiful and well-known collection of Christian songs, which seem to be the outpourings of a soul full of fervent religious feeling, and glowing with love to God and man. The writer is evidently a born poet, and his thoughts flow in harmonious and delightful numbers.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

GODEY FOR MAY.—"May Flowers." It is now pretty well understood that our steel engravings are very superior to those found in any other publication, be it periodical or book. This being the understanding, it would be as well, perhaps, for us to say nothing about them; but we cannot avoid it; when we have a good thing, we like to share it with others; when we have a good opinion of anything, we like to proclaim that opinion, and, this being our disposition, we call attention to "May Flowers," its beauty of design and execution.

Our May Fashions contain seven figures, as usual, and a beautiful plate it is. The Garibaldi shirt, now so fashionable, will be found amongst them.

Drawing-lessons, in imitation of lithographs, are also given.

The riding dresses for ladies are of the latest styles. Children's fashions and ladies' dresses for the month of May are also in this number. Brodie, the great fashioner of New York, furnishes "The Almerian."

Mrs. Haven's beautiful story of "Incompatibility of Temper," is finished in this number.

T. Buchanan Read's New Poem.—Philadelphians have recently been favored with a rare treat, no less a one than several readings by Mr. James E. Murdoch, from a new unpublished poem by T. Buchanan Read, entitled, "The Wild Wagoner of the Alleghenies." The Academy of Music has been the place of these entertainments, which have been favored with full audiences of our most intelligent citizens, who are fully capable of appreciating the united excellencies of author and reader. Mr. Read is well known as a poet and painter, and is particularly distinguishable for refined imagination and delicate beauty of style, whether his works are produced by pen or by pencil.

The scene of "The Wild Wagoner of the Alleghenies" is chiefly laid in and about Philadelphia at the time of the Revolutionary War; and many historical events and incidents of the war are used as the warp of the poem, into which is woven a woof of romance and fiction. The chief characters are Sir Hugh Berkley, a loyalist, and "the feared and famous Wagoner," who is discovered to be a brother of the former. The Wagoner is described, and his character maintained throughout, with striking vigor and effect, which contrasts finely with the delicate imagery of other portions of the poem. The crossing of the Delaware, the Battle of the Brandywine, and the route at Chadd's Ford, are among the noticeable historical facts which are introduced and presented to the reader, or rather listener, in vivid word pictures. Actors in revolutionary times, whose names are already set down in history, are given more or less prominence; while Washington is spoken of with the reverential love of a true patriot.

But it is impossible to give anything like an adequate idea, in the space to which we are limited, of the rare beauties, both descriptive and dramatic, of this poem. When the times shall justify its publication, an opportunity will be offered to every one to judge and enjoy for themselves. But before closing our notice of this poem, mention must be made of Mr. Murdoch's reading of it, which served to greatly enhance its graces. The gentler portions were recited with pathos, and elegant modulation; while the descriptions of combat or angry altercation were given with the effect and forcible expression of which Mr. Murdoch is so well capable. It was emphatically true in this case that the most beautiful composition borrows additional charms from appropriate elocutionary expression.

Indiana.

You will see that we still remember that Book which has contributed to our happiness, and which will still tend to dissipate the gloom. As Godey has become one of the head institutions of the day, we ever expect to be constant readers of it. M.

Club of $20.

The result of a novel experiment is given in the *Moniteur de l'Agriculture*. A farmer planted four potatoes in April last, in two of which he inserted a bean, and a pea in each of the other two. The peas and beans produced a good crop, and the potatoes were free from disease. One of the potatoes produced 58 tubers, the second 30, the third 29, and the fourth 25.

The Largest Club yet Received.—We received one day last month, from one person, and for one town, a club of three hundred and fifty subscribers, amounting to nearly six hundred dollars.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

At the Concerts of the Germania there is an evil tolerated which calls for remonstrance; we mean the loud whispering among portions of the audience. Ladies, silence! or, if you must talk, talk, as the *Musical Times* suggests, during the waltzes; but O leave us a morsel of quiet while we listen to the Pastorale of Beethoven, the Notturno of Mendelssohn, and the Symphony of Haydn, and we will forever pray, etc.

The Concerts of Gottschalk! ah, we could fill our column with outpourings of admiration over the Gottschalk—most unmusical of names! Where shall we find another

"Can trickle music down the keys"

so mellifluously as the "great American?" Grau, his agent, who deals in Italian Opera, and everything else, is full now of Gottschalk (he 's enough to fill any man), and has forsaken his other pets. So we hang up our opera hat until next fall, warning Mr. Grau, however, to get through with his man by that time.

New Sheet Music for the Piano.—Again we have to sum up for the month a splendid list of new music, particularly worthy the attention of our friends. According to our usual custom we will mail any of these pieces on receipt of price. All letters and orders to be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia.

From Firth, Pond & Co., New York: A Loving Daughter's Heart, from Balfe's new opera of the Puritan's Daughter, 35 cents; Annie of the Vale, song and chorus, by the author of Cottage by the Sea, the most beautiful of this author's compositions, 30 cents; Anthem of Liberty, by R. S. Willis, 30; Marching Along, Bradbury's Army Song, 25.

The following polkas, marches, etc.: Adele Polka, by Helmsmuller, 25 cents; Lester Wallack Polka, by Stœpel, with fine portrait, 35; The Reveille, Grand March Militaire, by A. W. Berg, 35; Army Parade March, by Louis Berge, as played at evening parade by the bands of the Potomac, 35; Drums and Trumpets, by Helmsmuller, descriptive of a parade down Broadway, handsome title, 40; Viva l'America, by A. W. Berg, beautiful variations on Millard's famous national air, 50; Dixiana, brilliant caprice, by Rich. Hoffman, 50.

From J. H. Hidley, Albany: I know a pretty Widow; I give thee all I may Love; I ask but for one Thrilling Kiss; three favorite songs, by Fred. Buckley, whose songs divide popular favor with S. C. Foster's; My Cottage Home, song and chorus; The Summer Brook, beautiful song, by Laurence; The Daughter's Secret, Mason's song for baritone; also, Sylph Polka, Snowflake Polka, Galop di Bravura, Lodowiska Mazourka, and Inglewood Mazourka, each 25 cents.

From O. Ditson & Co, Boston: The Land of Washington, quartette, by McNaughton, 25; The Bridge, beautiful song to words, by Longfellow, pictorial title, 30; The Magic of a Smile, 25; Song of the Nightingale, from the Marriage of Georgette, 30; The Golden Stars, 25.

Also, Burlesque Galop, Cassidy, 25; Salut à la France, a fine transcription, by Baumbach, of this vigorous melody, 35; Sibylle, delightful nocturne, by Brinley Richards, 35; Marie, companion piece, by the same, 35; Grand Valse Brillante, by Leybach, 50, a very pleasing, showy, and not difficult waltz, which all our friends should have; Battle of Port Royal, by Chas. Grobe, with finely illustrated title, descriptive of the bombardment, 60; this battle-piece is equal to the famous one of Prague. Always address J. Starr Holloway.

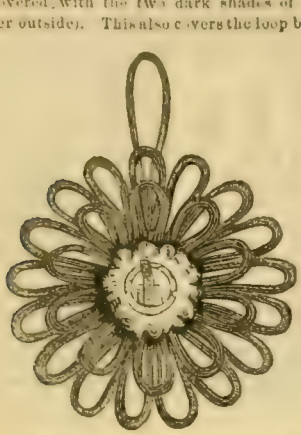
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

DAHLIA PORTE-MONTRE.

Materials.—A pair of wire frames, two shades of chenille ordinaire, and a small quantity of a lighter shade of wire chenille. Also a small quantity of chenille of another color, and a morsel of satin to match.

This porte-montre is a veritable Parisian novelty, and may, with great ease, be fashioned into a beautiful object. The frames have two rows of wires, which are simply covered with the two dark shades of chenille (the darker outside). This also covers the loop by which



they are suspended. Then a series of loops, bending inwards the centre. This flower pattern may serve as a model to our young friends, and enable them, by the exercise of their fancy and skill, to fashion others equally as pretty. It is not the mere copying of any article which constitutes ingenuity, but a certain originality of improving and devising. The hook with the round space is covered with the chenille, like the satin. Nothing can be more quickly or easily done than this porte-montre. The ends of the chenille must be neatly and securely sewed; but otherwise there is no *work* whatever in them.

We also give one or two little games for the entertainment of our young friends.

I VE BEEN TO MARKET.

The company being formed into a circle, one of the players says to his neighbor on the left—

"I've been to market."

The neighbor inquires—

"What have you bought?"

"A coat, a dress, a nosegay, a shoe;" in fact, anything that may come into the head of the *customer*, provided he be able, on pronouncing the word, to *touch* an article such as he has named. Whoever neglects or is unable to perform this ceremony, pays a forfeit. Naming an article previously indicated is similarly punished.

THE MOLE IN THE FARMER'S FIELD.

One player addresses another—

"Have you seen the mole in the farmer's field?"

The other replies—

"Yes, I have seen the mole in the farmer's field."

"Do you know what the mole does?"

"Yes, I know what the mole does."

"Can you do as he does?"

The secret is *to shut your eyes* every time you answer (all the answers being echoes of the questions in the affirmative). Failing in this, you pay a forfeit.

R. Spalding Again.—This ubiquitous impostor we have again heard from. He has been operating in Syracuse, N. Y. We have received a copy of his circular offering pianos, gold watches, and innumerable other articles. The person paying him the money draws his prize immediately, but very good care is taken that it shall be nothing worth more than fifty cents; and, as he gets two dollars and fifty cents for the book, this leaves him two dollars clear profit. One amusing paragraph in this grandiloquent advertisement is, "Whoever draws the piano will be required to keep it secret until the town has been canvassed." We will undertake to say that secret is well kept. But one paragraph, and that is the concluding one, is overwhelming: "We conduct our business on the square." Now, considering that we have advertised this fellow about five times, this is rather gorgeous.

Just our View of the Subject.—The *Easton* (Md.) *Gazette* says:—

"This number is the first of the new volume, and our ladies should send in their names immediately. It may be had at the following low terms, which we think any young lady ought to prefer giving, to having the trouble and annoyance of borrowing every month."

At a Roman Theatre recently, an actor played the part of a rake on his last legs, and, in his despair, cried out, "How shall I manage to get myself into prison?" Whereupon a wag in the pit broke in, "You have only to cry out 'Long live Victor Emmanuel!'" There was, of course, a shout of applause at the sally, and the darling national cry rang again and again in the house, to the utter discomfiture of the police.

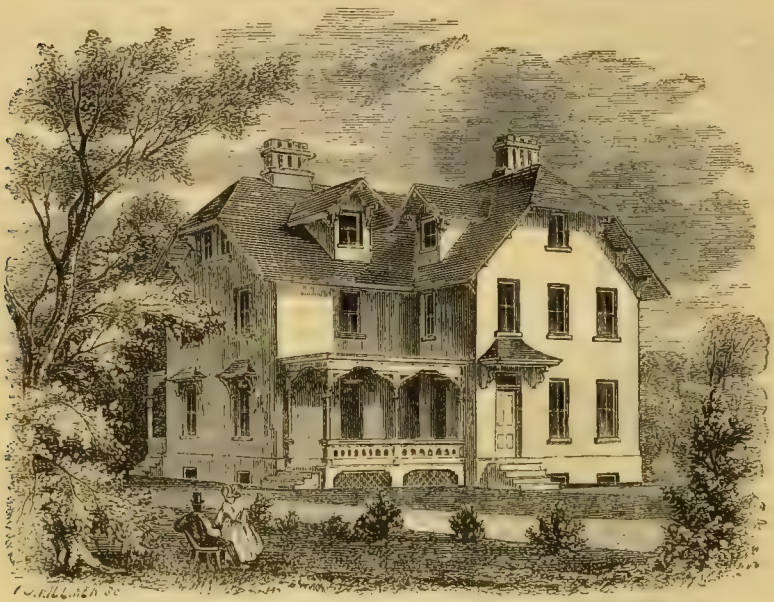
Read This.—We insert nothing in our Book that does not belong to it, and are not responsible for any circulars, catalogues, or advertisements that may be inserted by dealers to whom we send the Book. We are getting tired of these complaints. If people would only look for themselves, and see by whom these documents are published, they would not charge us with their insertion.

To Authors.—We frequently have MSS. sent to us, and the writers inform us that they have written for such and such papers and periodicals. They ask us for pay, when the fact is that they have written for the works they mention without remuneration, and when they have asked for it, have been told that their articles are no longer wanted. We consider that, in the introduction of new writers to the public, pay ought to come from them to us, and not from us to them. The mention of one thing prevents us even from reading a MS., and that is, when we are informed that "Mr. —— has read and approved of it," mentioning the name of some one that would wish to be considered popular in the literary world. We choose always to judge for ourselves, and take no one's opinion of what is suitable for the Lady's Book.

Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, who lived before Christ 550 years, wrote: "Do unto others as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest."

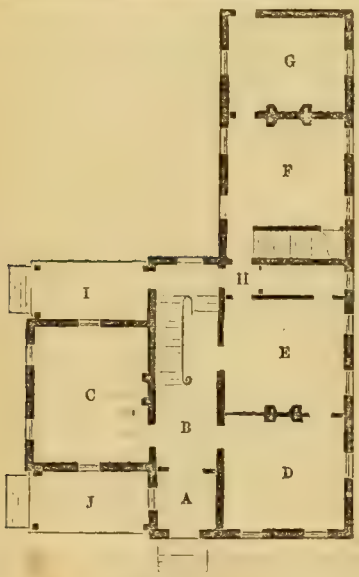
NORTHERN FARM HOUSE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*



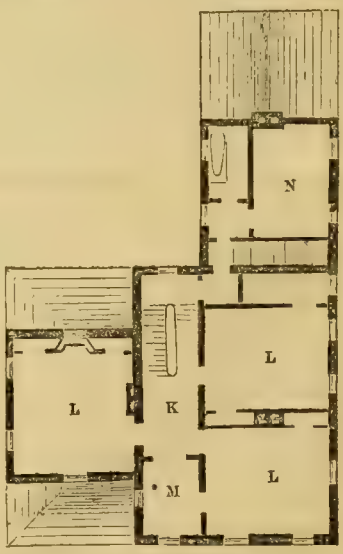
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

WE term this a "Northern Farm House," although the plan is such as would make a very pleasant residence in the "sunny South"; the appellation being founded rather on the peculiar treatment of the roof than any feature in the internal arrangements.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

Principal Floor.—A vestibule; B stair hall; C parlor, 18 by 20 feet; D library or sitting-room, 18 by 18 feet; E sitting-room or dining-room, 18 by 18 feet; F living-room or dining-room, 18 by 18 feet; G kitchen, 18 by 16 feet; H small lobby, with pantry adjoining; I and J piazzas.



SECOND STORY.

Second Floor.—K is the hall. L L L are large chambers, M dressing-room, N small bed-room with bath-room adjoining.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS—TWO GREAT AUTHORITIES.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence.—*Daniel Webster.*

Dr. Johnson, when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said: "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen—never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR SPRAGUE.—H. A. Brown, 35 Winter St., Boston, whose portrait of Gen. McClellan is generally acknowledged to be the best which has been issued, has just brought out a portrait of Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, which possesses equal merit, as a work of art, and is an excellent likeness. It was engraved by H. Wright Smith, from a photograph, and is a picture which every friend and admirer of the Governor will desire to possess. Artist's proofs, $1 50; proofs, 75 cents; prints, 50 cents. Sent on a roller anywhere on receipt of the price. "General McClellan" can be had in uniform style. Address as above.

CLUB of $12.

INDIANA.

I had no trouble in making up my club this year, and if I had begun in time, I think I could easily have sent two for one. I may get some more. I have more subscribers this year than last, despite the hard times. One of the ladies said she could not do without the Book, and if it were to cease visiting our home, the whole family would feel that it had lost one of its pleasantest visitors. D.

APROPOS.—John Adams being called upon for a contribution to foreign missions, remarked: "I have nothing to give for that cause, but there are in this city six ministers, not one will preach in the other's pulpit; now I will give as much and more than any one else to civilize these clergymen!"

EXPLOSIVE OILS.—Formerly our newspapers daily recorded the deaths from the explosion of camphene in lamps. Now it is from kerosene and other coal oils. Some half dozen of the manufactories of these death-dealing compounds have been destroyed.

MANY publications are gotten up at the present day under the head of Lady's Books, but all are mere imitations of Godey. Godey's is the standard whereby all others are guided. Other periodicals try to imitate Godey, but as soon as they come near his mark he raises his standard of excellence, and leaves them far behind. It appears to be the model beyond which they desire not to reach.—*Guardian*, Paterson.

HERE in Egypt the cry is hard times, but the ladies must have something to amuse them, and they all agree in saying that they can obtain the best reading, best fashions and more of them in your valued Book than any other, etc. H.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, publish the following choice card photographs:—

A new copy from the original painting of T. Buchanan Read, Esq., of Prof. Longfellow's children, in card form, for the album.

Also photographs of Darley's celebrated painting of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Also,

Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," and Miss H. F. Gould's "Little Match Girl," companion pictures, painted by C. Swain.

Also the popular pictures of Barry's "Rector's Ward,"
Longfellow's "Hiawatha's Wooing,"
Longfellow's "Evangeline,"
Guido's "Beatrice Cenci,"
Barry's "Maud Muller."

Also a great variety of popular subjects, including all distinguished persons, American and European. They will send a list, if requested, and mail selected photographs for 25 cents each, post paid.

They manufacture a very nice album for the *carte de visite*, some fifty styles, of improved patterns, which they claim to be the best and cheapest in the market.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. C. B. R.—Sent infant's wardrobe by Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express, February 19th.
Miss M. A. L.—Sent hair ring 20th.
Mrs. M. C.—Sent hair cross 21st.
Mrs. D. R.—Sent pattern for baby's wardrobe 21st.
Miss McG.—Sent cloak and dress pattern 22d.
A. C. M.—Sent worsted and silk 21th.
Miss A. A.—Sent pattern for Garibaldi shirt 24th.
Mrs. B. C.—Sent oil cloth 25th.
Mrs. O. C. K.—Sent pattern and materials for chair cover by Adams's express 25th.
Mrs. A. E. R.—Sent pattern of Victoria corset 26th.
Mrs. F. G. R.—Sent pattern of boy's blouse 26th.
Mrs. E. N. L.—Sent pattern of Zouave jacket, etc. 26th
Mrs. E. S. G.—Sent pattern of Garibaldi suit 26th.
Mrs. Dr. C.—Sent pattern Marine jacket 28th.
Miss W. F.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 28th.
L. O. W.—Sent hair bracelet 28th.
Mrs. E. H. P.—Sent patterns for baby's dresses 28th.
Miss E. E.—Sent hair breastpin March 1st.
J. M. D.—Sent infant's clothes by Adams's express 3d.
Mrs. W. A. S.—Sent pattern for Cleopatra jacket 3d.
Miss G. W. L.—Sent pattern Garibaldi shirt 3d.
Mrs. O. J.—Sent hoop skirts by Adams's express 4th.
J. W. S.—Sent hair ring 4th.
Mrs. L.—Sent silk braid, etc. 4th.
T. F. N.—Sent hair ring 6th.
Mrs. J. M. D. S.—Sent pattern for infant's clothes 6th.
Mrs. C. R. E.—Sent hair jewelry by Wells, Fargo & Co's express 8th.
H. C. S.—Sent hair ring 10th.
Miss M. S. M.—Sent pattern Zouave jacket 11th.
H. R. C.—Sent pattern Lancer's jacket 11th
Mrs. L. A. B.—Sent pattern boy's clothes 11th.
Miss J. L. S.—Sent pattern Lancer's jacket 11th.
J. N.—Sent infant's sack patterns and needles 14th.
Miss O. P. M.—Sent pattern of Victoria corset 14th.

Mrs. H. N.—Sent hair earrings 15th.

Mrs. M. E. W.—Sent pattern Marine jacket 15th.

Miss M. W.—Sent cloak and dress patterns 17th.

Mrs. A. W. S.—Sent pattern boy's pants, etc. 18th.

Mrs. E. M. A.—Sent sleeve pattern 18th.

Ordelia.—Thank you for the receipt for Skeleton Leaves, and for the compliment to the Book. Another lady has also favored us. See page 489.

Many Subscribers, West Chester, Pa.—We may emphatically ask, what next? A lady may accidentally tear her dress, but that is no reason for her not wearing a good one. We furnish you with a good article, and you must be careful of it.

Skeleton Leaves.—Many thanks to our friends for the numerous receipts received.

"Great Expectations Realized." By Mrs. Mason. We will furnish a copy of this work, post-paid, on receipt of one dollar.

J. B. W., Chicago.—The books are not to be had in this country.

A Subscriber's Mother.—Much obliged for the receipts.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XX.—(*Concluded.*)

474. Let us now proceed to the analysis of gunpowder, which analysis involves two considerations: (*a*) determination of the constituents of pure gunpowder; (*b*) determination of the impurities which may exist in gunpowder. Let us assume that we commence our investigation on gunpowder which is actually pure. Take about a teaspoonful of gunpowder, and, in accordance with a rule already inculcated (3), add distilled water, boil and filter, so that all that *can* be dissolved out by water *shall* be dissolved out—filter. Now carbon charcoal is insoluble in water, so is sulphur; but nitre is soluble; hence the filtered solution must contain all the nitre which may be obtained on evaporation. We must not extract the sulphur. Boil therefore with liquor potassæ, and proceed as directed at 382. Thus will the sulphur be removed, and the charcoal alone will remain.

475. Suppose the gunpowder *not* to have been pure, but to contain certain chlorides—most probably common salt. All chlorides save three (158)—and the presence of these need not be feared—are very soluble in water; hence, if present, they would be present in the first or aqueous solution. Test, therefore, a portion of this solution with solution of nitrate of silver. If a white precipitate results soluble in ammonia 26, 27, a chloride is present.

476. Does the gunpowder also contain a carbonate? If so, the white precipitate resulting from the addition of nitrate of silver will not dissolve totally in ammonia. Add lime-water to a fresh portion—a white precipitate will be thrown down soluble in acid, 419.

477. Does it also contain a sulphate? In that case the precipitate formed with lime-water would not be readily soluble in acids; but the absolute test would be, any soluble salt of barytæ, say nitrate, 395, when a white precipitate would be thrown down, insoluble in boiling nitric acid, 396.

478. Does it contain any calcigenous metal in the form of soluble salt? Test a portion of the watery solution with ferrocyanide of potassium (218 *et seq.*), another portion with hydrosulphuric acid solution, another with hydrosulphate of ammonia.

479. Does it contain a sulphuret? Mix in a test-tube a teaspoonful of the gunpowder itself with hydrochloric and a little nitric* acid, 388 and 397; apply heat gently, and hold a slip of white blotting-paper, dipped in sugar of lead solution, over the mouth of the tube. If a sulphuret were contained, hydrosulphuric acid would have been evolved.

480. Does the gunpowder contain black lead? This is frequently the case, this substance being used for imparting to the grains a shining appearance. If so, the black lead will remain with the charcoal after the sulphur has been extracted. Put the suspected charcoal into an iron spoon—make it red hot, and retain it so in an open fire with free access of air. All the charcoal will burn away in the form of carbonic acid, and all the black lead will remain.

481. *Hydrochloric, hydrobromic, and hydriodic acids.*—All, save the first, we shall pass over. To prepare hydrochloric or muriatic acid in the state of gas, which is its natural state, dry some common salt by heating it in an iron spoon; put it into a small flask—pour upon it a sufficient quantity of oil of vitriol to form a paste, and collect by displacement downwards.† The gas is very pungent, colorless, reddens blue litmus-paper (hence it is an acid); precipitates chloride of silver, the precipitate soluble in ammonia (hence it contains chlorine, 278, and 279); does not dissolve leaf gold (hence it does not contain free chlorine, 319, 320, 321), and is rapidly dissolved by water, forming muriatic acid, or spirit of salt of the shops. Repeat the experiment, using salt and water instead of dry salt; collect the liquid hydrochloric or muriatic acid which comes over in a tube cooled by wet blotting-paper.

482. Bring the mouth of a bottle containing ammoniacal gas, and protected with a glass valve, near the mouth of a bottle full of hydrochloric acid gas, also protected by a glass valve, thus. Let the valves be both simulta-

neously removed by a sliding motion, and the mouths held tightly together. Repeat the experiment, using chlorine instead of hydrochloric acid gas.

* Pure hydrochloric acid does not decompose all sulphurets, even under the influence of heat.

† *i. e.* The mouth of the collecting bottle being upwards. See 466.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s, mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York, bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MAY.

Fig. 1.—Garibaldi shirt of rose sublime silk, braided with black braid. Neck-tie of black velvet. Skirt of black silk, with a bias fold of rose sublime silk placed just above the hem. A Belgian straw hat trimmed with a bow of rose sublime ribbon, from which proceed two black plumes, which fall over on each side.

Fig. 2.—Silk dress, of the new color called *gros vert*, trimmed with ruffles of the silk, arranged in the form of medallions, and crossed with black velvet. Tudor head-dress of black velvet.

Fig. 3.—Mauve silk dress, trimmed with flounces, having the edges cut out in Grecian pattern, and bound with black velvet. The style of the dress is quite new, and is called Mousquetaire. Bonnet of Dunstable straw, trimmed with white ribbon and plumes.

Fig. 4.—Lobelia blue silk dress, trimmed with bands of the silk, finished on each edge with a box-plaiting. Black lace mantle, with two deep ruffles, and ornamented with ruches of silk, the same as the dress. White chip bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon and blue Marguerites.

Fig. 5.—Walking costume suitable for the sea-side. A Redingote dress of taffeta d'Annecy, trimmed with bias pieces of green silk, braided with black braid. A Buridan hat, of Belgian straw, trimmed with roses, tips of feathers, black velvet, and black silk. The brim of this little hat is turned up with a roll in front and downwards behind, the edge being only very slightly turned upwards; the whole edge of the brim is trimmed with black velvet. The head is rounded and encircled by a black silk scarf, the ends of which cross and hang down behind. On the brim in front there is a group of roses shaded by a group of six tips of white feathers.

Fig. 6.—Little girl's dress of taffeta de Suez.

Fig. 7.—Little boy's dress of taffeta d'Annecy—chamois color, bound with white, and braided with black.

DESCRIPTION OF RIDING-DRESSES.

(*See engraving, page* 423.)

Fig. 1.—Habit of mineral gray cloth, the body finished by a heavy cord of blue silk; buttoned with blue buttons. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with blue velvet. Neck-tie of blue silk.

Fig. 2.—Green cloth habit, buttoned with steel buttons. Cherry neck-tie. Leghorn hat, with white plumes.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

We resume our Chat this month with a description of full dress bonnets, which have just appeared in the show-rooms of the Misses McConnel, Clinton Place, New York. One was of white *crêpe*, the edge of the bonnet bound with black silk. The *crêpe* of the bonnet did not turn over the edge, but just met it, and was finished with a narrow black lace. For the space of about seven inches over the top there were two rows of the *crêpe*, about one inch wide, box-plaited on one edge only, which made the bonnet appear very high. A band of black ribbon passed over the bonnet, with a bow on top, and formed the strings. On the right side was a large bunch of flowers, composed of a heartsease, wild rose and buds, a bunch of mist, berries, and ivy, which trailed over the cape. The latter was peculiar, being made of black silk; then, over that, stiff white net, which was covered with two thicknesses of *crêpe*, with one tuck in it. The inside was composed of blonde tabs; at the sides and on top was a ruche of the *crêpe*, edged with black lace, and a bunch of flowers to match the outside.

Some of the French hats had thin but not drooping crowns, and the flowers set very far back, just at the crown above the cape. Violet, green, and white silks, very elaborately trimmed with puffings and quillings of the silk, blonde, and flowers were among the last importations; but black and white are the colors most generally adopted, brightened with gay flowers.

Another very *distingué* hat was of white *crêpe* with illusion front, covered with black thread lace, and a band of black ribbon edged with scarlet passing straight over the bonnet from ear to ear, and forming the strings. From the front of the bonnet, almost on top, was a cordon of scarlet geraniums and tufts of black feather grass, which extended almost to the crown, and on either side of this was a wide black lace, which was gathered round the flowers, and turned over to the inside of the bonnet. The cape was of alternate pieces of white *crêpe* and scarlet ribbon running lengthwise; over this was a fall of black spotted lace, with a thread edge sewed on it. The face trimming was blonde tabs, and over the forehead a very full trimming of the scarlet geraniums and black lace.

Another stylish bonnet was of white *crêpe*, drawn in puffs from the front to the crown. On one side was wide black lace running inside and out, and forming the entire trimming of the left side of the bonnet, and then was turned plainly over the rest of the front. A large cluster of flowers, consisting of a purple poppy, with buds, laurestina, mist, heath, etc., covered the right side of the bonnet. Inside was white and black lace ruching, a black poppy, one of the color called vesuve, and white tabs. The cape was of black silk edged with black lace.

We saw a very cunning little hat for a child, which was so simple and pretty that we cannot pass it without a notice. It was a white straw, with very close drooping brim, trimmed with a band of black velvet, and in front a bow of black velvet, with a bunch of lilies of the valley.

We should like to describe other bonnets, but must refrain, in order to do justice to other departments.

Among the admirable variety of children's and riding

hats at the establishment of Mr. Genin, of New York, we noticed the Irving hat for boys; it is made of Dunstable straw, the crown slightly bell-shape (as are most of the new styles) and rather higher than those of last winter. A broad band of garnet velvet encircles the crown, and on the upturned brim, which is semi-turban, is also placed a band of garnet velvet, leaving only a small portion of the straw visible.

One of the newest styles, intended for a riding hat, but suitable also for children, was a white Dunstable hat, with brim both back and front resembling the vizor of a cap, being three and a half inches deep in front and two and a half at the sides. This brim in front was bound and almost covered with a rich green velvet, which was graduated at the sides and rounded at the back. A white ostrich plume was on one side, and thrown gracefully round the hat were loops of the velvet, passed through large straw crescents. This style of hat will also be brought out in colored straws, and is decidedly the prettiest thing we have seen. We found, also, at Mr. Genin's, some very beautiful French hats, mostly Leghorn, trimmed with black and white feathers, and tufts of holly, berries, etc. In some the brim was trimmed with a narrow velvet sewed on in Grecian pattern, and others had pointed bias velvet sewed on and edged with straw. The shapes were various. Besides the Matelot, Tuscan, Hungarian, Garibaldi, and Cumberland, was a kind of Scotch or helmet shape, and others resembling the mushroom and Napoleon of last winter, though having some little peculiarity to distinguish them from those shapes. Many of them finish in an acute point behind, and are rounded in front.

The trimmings will consist of velvet and very light feathers, in many instances tipped with large straw pendants. For little girls flowers will be intermixed with the ribbons. Aigrettes will still be worn, and for infants ruchings and box-plaiting of ribbon and velvet.

For street wraps French jackets or sacques will be much worn, made of black silk and other materials. Those of silk will be trimmed with ruffles, pinked or bound. We were shown at Brodie's a very beautiful one made surplice. It was trimmed with one ruffle of black silk, headed with a ruche of black and purple silk; the same trimming was on the sleeves and on the lapels. The cording was of purple silk. The same style is being made up in fancy French cloths, which are something quite new and pretty.

We also saw one intended for a bride, made of cut plush, the ground white and intersected by narrow ribs of pearl-color plush, very much raised. It was very delicate, and we recommend it as one of the prettiest spring wraps.

The black and white checks which predominate in every style of goods will be made up in various kinds of mantles. As it is rather early, we have not been able to see many new wraps, but hope by next month to give a full description of all the new spring styles.

At Madame Demorest's, in Fourteenth Street, we saw a beautiful pattern for a wrap, suitable for silk or travelling materials. It consisted of a very deep pointed yoke at the back, the skirt set on this yoke in box plaits, rounded like a talma behind, and finishing in long square ends in front. The trimming was a very deep Grecian border of black velvet an inch wide, with a narrow velvet on either side of it, the yoke trimmed with the narrow velvet only. We have seen from the same establishment a number of beautiful dresses, part of a travelling outfit, made by Madame Ellis at very short notice, and which were in exquisite taste. Among them was a morning robe of figured material, gored, but the peculiarity being that it was not close to the figure, but was perfectly loose and comfortable, and at the same time stylish, and could be confined at pleasure by a belt. A rich bordering was sewed round the robe and cape; the latter could be removed at will.

We also saw a new style of Garibaldi shirt, made with a yoke which formed the shoulder bands and the band down the front. It was gathered at the waist into a waistband, with a deep point at each edge in front, and the same behind. The yoke bands and sleeves were braided.

Among the dresses was one of light wood-color silk; the lozenges were insertions of gimp, and inside the lozenges were checkers of narrow velvet. The body was plain, with a new style of Medicis girdle. It was of the same material as the dress, the waistband being one point up, and three down, in front and back, and on each side was a long flowing end, with a pocket on each, trimmed with gimp and velvet, as were also the ends of the sash and the part encircling the waist. This waistband, sometimes made with braces and trimmed with narrow *chicoré* ruches or fluted blonde, is much in vogue, and will continue so during the summer, either made of the same material as the dress or of some bright contrasting color. The Russian girdle is also much admired; in this the ends of the sash terminate in very deep points, on which are large tassels. A very elegant dress was a white ground silk, cross-barred with black and trimmed at the bottom with a white fluting, bordered by a smaller black one. The same trimming continued up the front, with black velvet buttons. The body, made with lapels, had the same trimming, and the sleeves had a row of buttons outside each row of the fluting.

The *Duchess* style—that is, with a frill running up in the interval between the plaits—is still in favor. For rich silks, points will be worn, and the sleeves flowing; the principal trimmings are *chicoré* ruches, sewed on in an endless variety of styles, lace, jet, bows, knots of gimp, bunches of flowers and fruit in guipure and crochet, buttons to match for the fronts of all kinds of dresses, pinked velvets, bindings, and ribbons of all descriptions. Ribbons have come out to match the checked silks, the wide for sashes and the narrow for quillings. Black and white will be "all the rage" this season, for the checks and the black and white ribbons are edged with fancy colors, such as Magenta, green, blue, and purple. For travelling dresses the shepherd's plaids in all sizes, with the *Taffeta d'Annecy* and Suez, will be the favorite materials. The wraps will be of the same material as the dresses, and in many instances trimmed with braids, galloons, and velvets, sewed on in Grecian pattern. A broad band of silk, stitched on the bottom of the skirt and on the wrap, makes a very pretty finish. Plain stand-up collars are most worn for travelling, with cravats of some bright tint; many of them are embroidered, and trimmed with lace. The sleeves are generally close at the wrist, and finished with a very narrow white cuff. Mode-color delaines and such materials will be braided either *en tablier*, in lozenges, or a wide band above the hem of the dress. The wrap will be of the same material, richly braided, with wide and narrow braids. This latter style makes a very beautiful travelling costume, and very suitable for a bride. Dresses and wraps braided in medallions with black braid have a very fine effect.

FASHION.

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE 1862

CATCHING BIRDS WITH FRESH SALT.

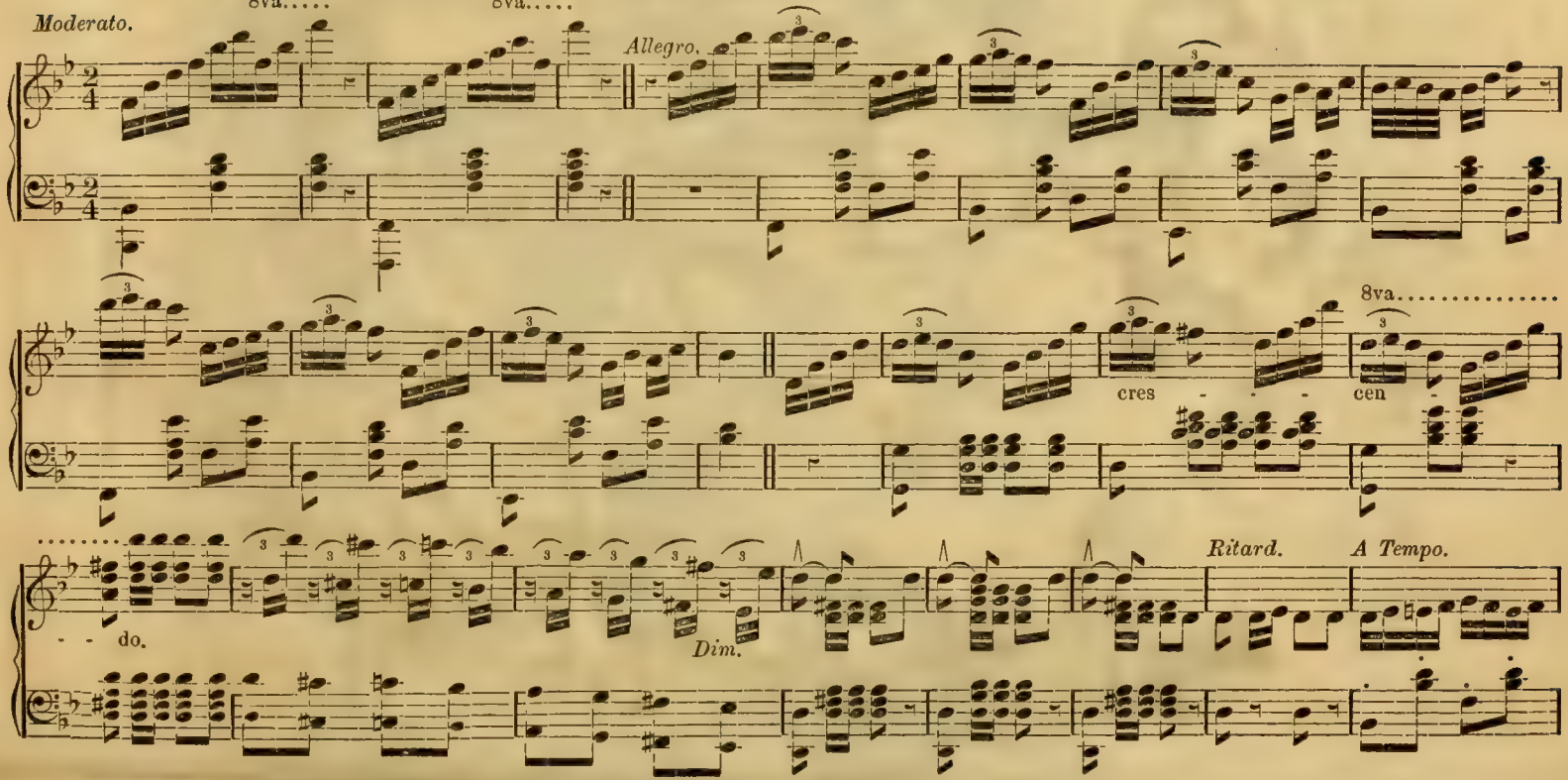
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See description, Fashion Department.)

CARRIE POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY MRS. H. W. T. PALMER.



8va.....loco.

Cantabile.

cres.

p

8va.....loco.

8va.....loco.

Basso Staccato.

8va.....loco.

ff

pp

THE SICILIENNE.

A Sortie de Bal or Opera Cloak. Made of white merino, embroidered.

THE ANDALUSIAN.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

(*See description, Fashion Department.*)

NAME FOR MARKING.

A GARDEN HAT.

Made of white or colored muslin, and trimmed with fancy ribbons.

CHAPEAU CLOCHE,

FOR THE COUNTRY OR SEA-SIDE.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—This hat may be made either of straw or Leghorn. The trimming consists merely of a band and bow of ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Brim turned up and lined with velvet. A white feather and black aigrette.

CALEDONIAN HAT.

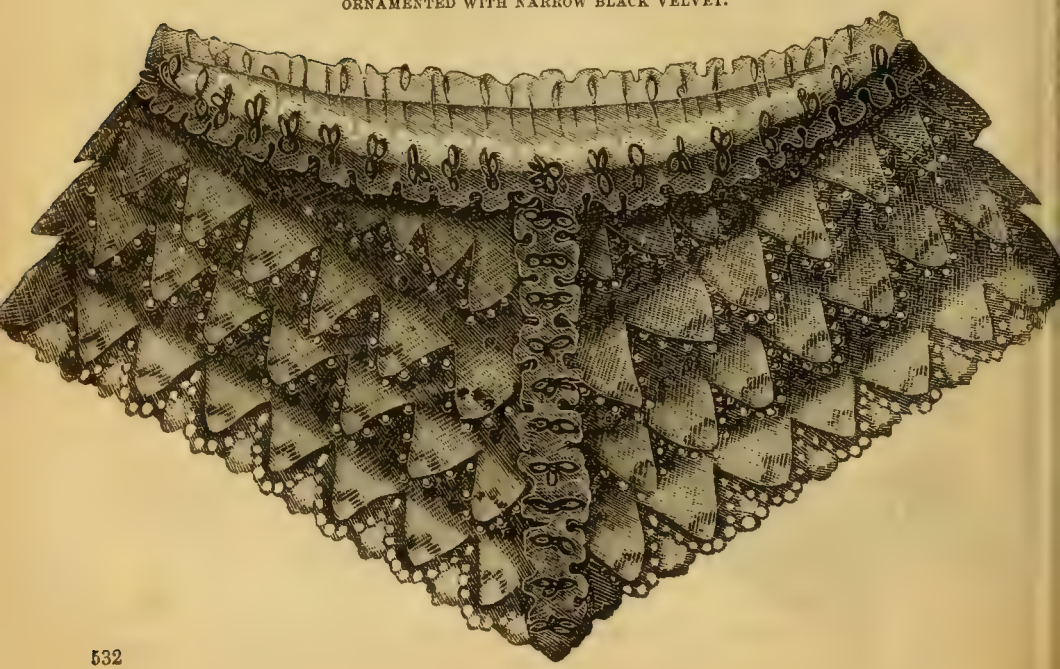
Fig. 2.

FICHU.

MADE OF WASH NET AND VALENCIENNES INSERTING, AND TRIMMED WITH MAUVE RIBBON.

BLACK LACE POINTED BERTHA CAPE.

ORNAMENTED WITH NARROW BLACK VELVET.



FANCY CAPE.

Composed of white illusion, black velvet, and blonde lace.

FANCY CHEMISE.

Made with rows of tucks and inserting, and finished with a worked edge.

FANCY TIE AND CUFF,

MADE OF VELVET, SILK, AND BEADS.

CUFF.

SWISS GIRDLE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

BRAIDING PATTERN.

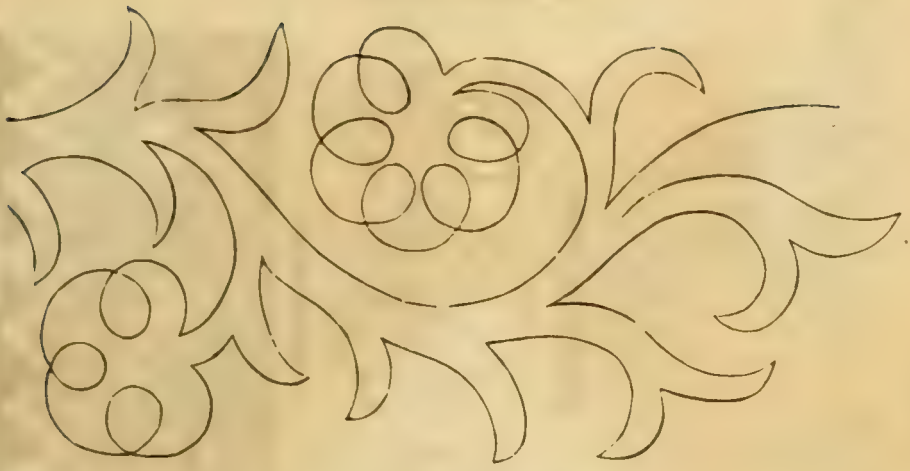
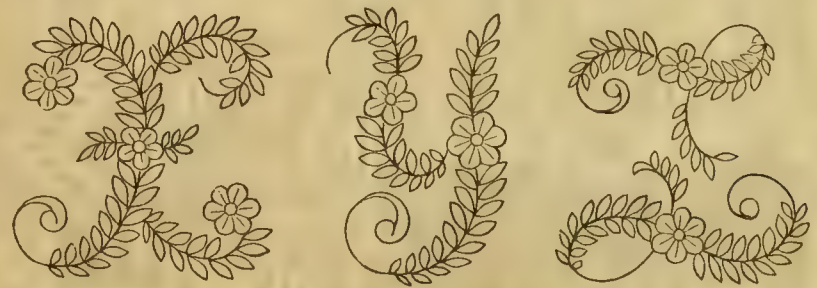


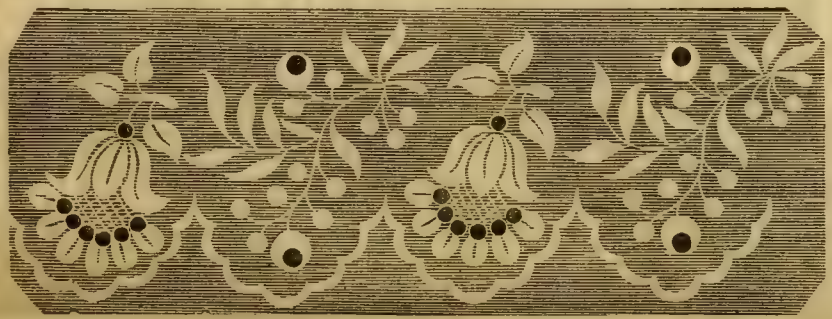
TABLE D'OYLEY.

(*See description, Work Department.*)

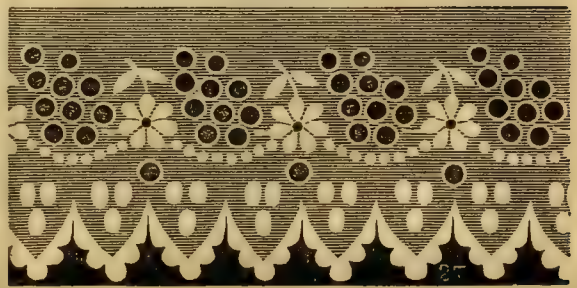
ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1862.

EASTERN RAMBLES AND REMINISCENCES.

JERUSALEM.

But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God.—MONTGOMERY.

Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close;
Nor leave one trace of ruined state,
To tell where Salem rose.—DALE.

A RESIDENCE in Jerusalem has something very peculiar in its associations—it is so different from other cities, so motionless, so gloomy and dispiriting, so silent and forsaken, that it appears more like a city of the dead than one having such a vast population.

Every spot has its tale—each rock its tradition. This pool, or that tomb, are both rendered memorable by some historical event, and the very trees share in the veneration with which everything connected with the Holy City is held.

If you want amusement, it is not to be found—unless a little more bustle than usual in the bazaars, which are generally crowded, will satisfy you. Perhaps a ramble to Bethlehem, or a lounge in the cafés, may please you; but, despite all your endeavors, there is no possibility of being amused in the city. When any travellers arrive they are weary, and seem to partake of the spirit of the place, so that you are obliged to retreat to your hotel, and dream away the hours of evening amid clouds of tobacco-smoke and dismal domestics. If you rise from your divan and take a turn upon the roof of the house, you have not grand mountains to gaze upon, such as Gaspar Poussin loved to paint, nor glorious sunsets, with the golden vistas of Claude, that are to be seen elsewhere—as on the coast of Syria, or even Palestine. There are no Ostade-looking interiors, or Teniers-like hovels, to gaze upon in this city. Pleasing recollections of the paintings of Rembrandt, Murillo, Guido, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, come crowding into the mind, associated with the poetical effusions of Heber, Tasso, Dale, Millman, Montgomery, Roscoe, and Knox; and as your eyes wander from dome to minaret, and from vale to mount, and from ruined wall to stunted tree, the queen of night casts her placid light on yon rugged hills and castled steep, and

"All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom below,
Touched by the smile, lone moon! in one wild splendor grow."

The morning mists are fast scattered by the fierce sun that pours his scorching rays upon this unhappy city; the air you breathe is as suffocating as that of an iron foundry; no eddying wind refreshes your parching skin as it sweeps along the streets; the inhabitants walk with listless step to pursue their daily labors, and salute each other only by gesture, for their very nature seems crushed, and their affections dried up.

If we enter the streets they are narrow, wretched, frequently unpaved, and almost deserted.

"Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
Was once so filled, the numerous throng
Was forced to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet."

The houses are dirty, irregularly-built square masses, some with domes, and some with flat roofs; and the shops are gloomy-looking squalid places, where ugly and ferocious-looking men smoke away the tedious hours. Silence reigns almost supreme, unless it be during the time the city is inundated by pilgrims.

The population of Jerusalem is very fluctuat-

ing, owing to the presence of pilgrims at certain periods of the year, and travellers, who only remain a short time, hundreds arriving and departing in a day. The estimate given by various authors exhibits a wide difference. Thus, we find it is calculated by Wilde to be 30,000; by Turner, 26,000; by Salzbacher 25,000; Richardson and Joliffe, 20,000; Scholz and Mr. Robinson, 18,000; Jowett, 15,000; Warburton, 12,000; Dr. Robinson, 11,500; and Buckingham, 10,000. My own impression is, that it is about 12,000, as a resident population.

If it is asked how such accounts vary, I would merely remark that it is because there are not any official documents accessible to travellers; that the required information must be obtained from residents, who may or may not be inclined to exaggerate; that the casual population is liable to large additions at certain seasons; that epidemics have reduced the numbers at other periods; that the informants themselves are frequently prejudiced; and finally, that some have included the garrison and foreigners. Mr. Wilde's information was obtained from the Latins and Jewish rabbis; Dr. Richardson's from a Turk; Mr. Joliffe's from a Christian; and Mr. Buckingham's from a Jew.

It is better to consider the population as two classes: 1, The residents; and 2, The partial residents, or foreigners.

The resident population consists of—1, Jews; 2, Mohammedans; and 3, Christians. The last class is again subdivided into Greeks, Latins, and Armenians.

The Jews have been variously estimated from 3,000 to 10,000. Dr. Richardson gives their supposed numbers as 10,000; Wilde, 8,000; Mr. Nicolayson, 6,000 or 7,000; Mr. Young, late British consul at Jerusalem, 5,000 or 6,000; Lord Nugent, 4,000; Joliffe, 3,000 to 4,000; Warburton, 3,500; and Dr. Robinson, 3,000. It is well known, by those who have taken any trouble about the matter, that the Jews do not like to give their true numbers, which may arise from a Turkish law forbidding more than 2,000 Jews to reside within the walls; and, therefore, as Mr. Nicolayson and Mr. Young have both had excellent opportunities of investigating the subject, we may fix the number at about 6,000.

The Mohammedans consist of Turks from Asia Minor; descendants of Turks by blood, but Arabians by birth; a mixed race of Turkish and Arabian blood; and pure Syrian Arabs. They are computed by Joliffe at 13,000; Lord Nugent at 12,000; Wilde at 10,000; Dr. Richardson at 5,000; Dr. Robinson at 4,500; and Warburton at 4,000. My own opinion is that they average, in round numbers, about 5,000.

The Christians exhibit a very medley group of creeds, for we find Greeks amounting, according to Joliffe, to 2,000, while Dr. Robinson only makes their number 460; Latins, estimated by Joliffe at 800, and Dr. Robinson at 260; and Armenians reckoned by Joliffe at 400, and Dr. Robinson at 130. To these we may add Copts, Abyssinians, Maronites, native Christian Arabs, Druses, Metawelis, and Syrian Christians.

The partial residents, or foreigners, consist of people from nearly every country, and may be calculated, in round numbers, at from 4,000 to 9,000. The fluctuation of the partial residents is very considerable, on account of the great numbers of pilgrims that are annually shipped to Jaffa, and travel thence to the Holy City. It is affirmed that upwards of 30,000 pilgrims visit Jerusalem every Easter.

The glory of Jerusalem has, indeed, departed; for when Titus besieged the city, the number of the Jews was 1,300,000, and the Arabians state that the population of the city when attacked and taken A. D. 1099, exceeded 200,000.

> "Alas, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
> Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
> To which the heathen monarchies did bow?"

She is "as a city which is compact together," even now, but yet not a vestige is to be seen of the Jerusalem of David or of Solomon; the course of the walls has been changed, and little remains but the valleys, the hills, and the pools, to identify its original site with the present one. But still, as we wander amid its ruined edifices, or gaze from the Mount of Olives upon its embattled walls and towering minarets, we feel that this is the spot where David's harp sounded; where our Saviour bore the cross upon which He atoned for our sins; where Israel went up to worship; where Solomon erected his brazen platform, and the glory of the Lord shone in his temple. Oh! let not the sceptic place his foot upon thy hallowed soil! and let not the remembrance of the associations connected with thee be blotted from my memory! for "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

The next place we visited was the Latin convent of St. Salvador, in the northwest corner of the city, on the edge of what is said to be Mount Gihon. There is not anything peculiar in this convent, except that it is the place where the pilgrims obtain a certificate of having visited the Holy City, and, perhaps, its irregular form

girded by strong walls. From this we passed on to the city castle, which is built on the ruins of the Turris Psephina of old Jerusalem, and is now called the Castle of David, and sometimes the Tower of Hippicus. It is situated near the vale of Gihon, which it overhangs, and tradition affirms that it is one of the three towers built by Herod, and spared by Titus when the temple and city were destroyed. The lower part of one of the towers is evidently very ancient, and composed of large stones bevelled at the edges. The guide pointed to a spot north of the tower, which, he remarked, was the site of the house of Uriah; and near to it is what is now called "Beth-sheba's Bath," a broken tank amid a heap of loose stones and weeds.

Passing on towards the south we reached the Armenian Convent of St. James, which stands upon Mount Zion, immediately within the city walls. It is, certainly, a fine convent, and so spacious that it is said the priests frequently lodge nearly 800 pilgrims at a time; attached to it is a large garden with a high wall. The church, which is the best attended, is the largest and richest of the Christian churches, and is said to have been built by the Empress Helena, on the spot where St. James the elder was beheaded. It was a strange sight to behold the priests scattered about the church engaged in devotional exercises; some in their dark blue dresses, and others in their sumptuous robes, mingled with pilgrims of all ages and complexions, and foreigners with quaint costumes; all forming a strong contrast to the beautiful mosaic pavement, which here and there was left uncovered by the carpet thrown over it, to preserve it from injury, and the pulpit in the centre of the church, with a cupola over it, both inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell; while the pillars, which are covered with porcelain tiles with blue crosses and other designs on them, up to a certain height, and the altars covered with rich embroidery, and church vessels, filled up the background. On the left, in a small recess, is what the priests term the sanctuary of St. James, sculptured in white marble, and adorned with painting and gilding; this is said to be the precise spot on which he was beheaded. Passing on, we came to the vestibule, where we were shown two large stones; it is said that one of them was taken from that part of the river Jordan where our Saviour stood when St. John baptized him; and that the other is part of the rock against which Moses broke the tables of the law at Mount Sinai.

Near to the convent is a small Armenian chapel, which is stated to be built on the spot where the house of the High Priest Annas formerly stood. Leaving this, we passed the lazar-houses on the left, where the lepers reside apart from the rest of the population, and went out of the Zion gate, which is the southern gate of the city, and leads to the summit of that part of Mount Zion which is without the walls.

Near to the Zion gate is an Armenian chapel, very ill-shaped and remarkably gloomy in its appearance, which is built upon the site of the palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest; within it is an altar inclosing a block of compact limestone, about seven feet long, three broad, and a foot thick, which is exposed in some places for the devout pilgrims to kiss it. This is affirmed to be the stone which closed the mouth of the sepulchre of our Saviour.

A few paces to the right of this chapel is the Christian burying-place, with its flat tombstones marking the last resting-place of many a Greek and Latin.

A short distance from the cemetery is the place where the Virgin Mary expired, and that pillar on the north side of the gate of Zion, or David, as it is sometimes called, is the spot where the cock stood and crowed when Peter denied his Master.

We are now fairly upon Mount Zion, one of the four hills upon which Jerusalem formerly stood; viz., Mount Zion on the southeast; Mount Moriah on the southwest; Acra on the northwest; and Bezetha on the northeast of the present city. Zion, which was highest, was formerly occupied by the upper city, "the City of David;" here was the residence of the ark, the palace of the kings of Judah; here our Saviour celebrated his last passover, and here the disciples assembled on the day of Pentecost. Desolate as Zion now is, deprived of her bulwarks of former days, and "ploughed as a field," yet it is doubly interesting for that very desolation, because, as we walk about Zion, and go round about her, "tell the towers thereof," and gaze upon the valleys below, we feel that the words of prophecy are fulfilled, for where her palaces once stood barley now waves, and the goats now browse on the scanty herbage on its terraced and sloping ridges. At its foot, about 150 feet below us, is the Valley of Hinnom, called Wady Jehennam, a narrow, steep, and rocky place, where the Jews sacrificed to Baal and Moloch, causing their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire; and before us is the Hill of Evil Counsel.

A gloomy mosque, said to cover the site of the Tomb of David, stands upon the summit of

Zion, and, as the last resting-place of the "man according to God's own heart," it is highly interesting, because it also bears some probability of truth with respect to its site, as we know that "David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David;" and, moreover, St. Peter says (Acts ii. 29), that "his sepulchre is with us unto this day."

Part of the building was formerly called the Church of the Cœnaculum, where our Saviour celebrated his Holy Supper with his Apostles, washed their feet, and instituted the Holy Sacrament. The guide pointed out a window in the upper part of the building, which he said belonged to the room where this event took place.

From this spot the Apostles departed "without purse and without scrip," to teach the religion of our blessed Saviour.

NIXON.

After a while, from the nebulæ of men I met, two resolved into positive friends, whom it was pleasure to meet. All the world professed to see my preference for George Buckingham. He was what Sallie Venarr and her set call handsome; his beauty attracted, his manner flattered me. He grew infatuated, but I only amused; either because I was sure of him, and puzzled by his friend, or from the instinct of coquetry. I always *favored* Mr. Nixon. About this latter personage there was, at this time, something extremely provoking. I, continually on the verge of an active dislike of him, was never to arrive at any positive state of mind, I thought. He touched me on my sorest points, handled my opinions roughly, but pleased me, as no one else had done, at times.

But it was from George Buckingham I gained that half-adoring admiration no woman can ever utterly withstand; certainly not a young girl as new to the world, and the ways of its men, as I.

When Fanny, my only sister and dearest friend, married Professor Ogden, I followed her from our painful seclusion into another life. Society bewitched me. My sister let me grow like a fern in the hot shade, and I put out all manner of premature fronds. She had been restricted until the very glance of her eye became deprecatory; she meant to give *me* the freedom never known by herself. So I winged my way. I allowed George Buckingham to wrest concessions from me, and wondered why Nixon, from the most attentive, though provoking of cavaliers, scarcely approving, yet never absent, had become the most indifferent of friends.

It grew towards tea-time. I, in a dreamy mood before the fire, was looking out at the amber west, and wondering whence came that peculiar green tint seen in no other but a winter's sky. My brother-in-law came to the door and put the dear old face inside. "Is Fan asleep?" dropping his voice. "There 's young Buckingham down stairs; you must look after him, then; keep him to tea, Rosey; Nixon and I will meet him there."

I rose, shaking myself as discontentedly as Zeph does when roused from his nap on the Turkey rug, and followed down the stairs. Mr. Nixon was waiting for his professor; a low bow was the sole exchange between us; I measured my manner by his. I had thought him presumptuous on slight favor; he should never count on mine so surely. He opened the door of the parlor without a word, and, as I passed in, one short glance I stole at his face. I don't know what expression I looked for; I found tranquil indifference, which did not alter as he witnessed Mr. Buckingham's elastic start towards me—his seizure of my hand.

"You don't look glad to see me, Miss Carhampton," said George, as the door closed.

"Don't I? It 's not so long a time since I 've had that pleasure that I can be violently agitated on the subject. You were here this morning."

"Only to bring back Bryant; I didn't stay a moment."

"I thought women only were unsound in their estimate of time. You never are correct in yours; it was forty-two moments, sir, you stayed, and had to run to your recitation; I saw you from the side window."

"Come, don't be severe on a poor fellow. If you want me to go now, send me off."

"I am forbidden. Oh, Mr. Buckingham! where did you get that lovely rose?" I exclaimed, for the first time noticing an exquisite cream-color, with a damask flush in the half-shut centre leaves.

He gave it into my hand saying, in his peculiar, half-hesitating tone—

"I wish the professor would give *me* a lovely Rose."

At this I blushed like a fool; he looked at me just long enough to make it worse, then gently took my hand, which I quickly snatched from him, and, walking to the door, said:—

"I must get a vase of water for the flower; come into the other room, Mr. Buckingham, it is much pleasanter."

He came after, in a very dissatisfied way, and was thrown off the track for that evening, at least.

"How is Miss Venarr?" I asked, as I filled a Pompeian vase with water. "I saw you walking with her yesterday. Is her ankle well, or does it still need attendance?"

He hastened to explain.

"I overtook her crossing the Park; I didn't even ask. Do you know Nixon has taken her up?"

"I thought he could spare no time from his studies to attend to destitute young women; at least, he hinted as much."

"He can find time enough; he says he is determined to find out what is in that girl; he says she flirts too much."

"She will be shown new points in her philosophy if Mr. Nixon undertakes her improvement."

"Do you want to know what he says of you?" asked Buckingham, with a smile in his blue eyes.

"Well, what is it?"

"I almost forget. You are a rose that pricks one's fingers when suddenly or wrongly touched, full of thorns, but of a most sweet savor."

"Did he say all that?" was my light rejoinder, but somehow I felt grieved.

"Yes, and more; but I must not tell you the rest, it will make you angry."

Of course I was doubly anxious to hear the reserve, but Buckingham kept his friend's counsel.

"You must have a charming time talking us over. Why doesn't Mr. Nixon write a tract, he has become such an ardent missionary to young ladies? Do ask him, with my compliments."

"Oh, you're vexed with him! I'm glad of it. I have felt like pitching him out of the window many a time when I've seen him keep you to himself the whole of an evening."

"Don't *you* get savage; he is to be here to tea, and the professor said I was to keep you."

"The professor is a brick," ejaculated the young man; then, "I beg your pardon."

"Oh, you needn't; *a brick* is a term of compliment, is it not?"

Here entered Fanny, with a dignified "Good evening, Mr. Buckingham." She seated herself at a table, and began to work. We tried to talk, but found it a hard matter, for Fan, when she pleased, was the most perfect negative. There was no rising above it to-night. We were all glad when Professor Ogden and Nixon answered the tea summons still out of soundings in some scientific subject.

Afterwards, I went off to a side light and a sofa, and George followed, under pretence of holding my worsted. Fannie's eyes coursed him; something did not suit her. That night she hesitatingly prefaced.

"Rose, seems to me Mr. Buckingham is here a great deal."

I drew myself up for a lecture.

"Well, Mrs. Fanny, what of it?"

"Five times a week, Rose, to say nothing of chance encounters, and walkings to the gate."

"I can't help it, Fan; I can't send him home."

"You don't want to help it," she said, with a sigh. "He is desperately in love, and you encourage him. I hate to have your name so connected with students; if you can't give him a hint, let me."

"Oh!"

A delicate, annoyed flush faded from her cheek as she looked up to me.

"Perhaps I am foolish, dear, but I wish it was otherwise with you. Why did you rebuff Mr. Nixon so completely?"

"I did not."

"Something has changed him; I thought it must be some haughty way of yours that had wounded him."

"Fanny, Mr. Nixon takes up young ladies to study as the Germans do bugs, who, when the examination is finished, let the unhappy being fly, or transfix it by a pin, as they choose. I suppose Mr. Nixon has closed his study of me, or his interest in the problem has flagged. I can't bear him, and I *do* like George Buckingham."

"There was an honest girl," pronounced the professor, who stood with silent, slippered feet behind; "I like young Buckingham, too. Mrs. Fanny, what whim have you in your head?"

Yes, I thought I loved him. As we think of our first love I thought of him. Youth, beauty, and a host of unexplained sympathies bewitched me. It was dearly sweet to be watched over; to have every word or gesture become of infi-

nite importance; to see in softening eyes how complete was my triumph.

Now I have outgrown the self of that time, and wonder at my blindness. But now was not then. My sincerity was equal to my delusion. He led me to talk, for love made him sympathetic; I would lay my heart and mind open to the dimmest corners (and some were very dim indeed), hardly noticing that his answers were too often by the eyes alone. There comes a time in the history of some natures—call it a kind of refined egotism—when they must speak of doubt and essay, hope and failure. One confides on paper to the public; I to the one who loved to listen, and who fully understood me, I believed. What man ever comprehends the woman nearest his heart? He guesses at her, accepts, admires, but never knows "one-half the reason why she smiles or sighs."

I soon recovered from my absurd belief in George's superhuman apprehension, but not until I had promised to marry him. The tremendous question had come at last, that had been silently asked and answered every day for the last two months. I think, even then, he would never have brought the matter to the touch had it not been for Mr. Nixon. I saw some delicate finessing on that gentleman's part. He took it into his head to covet my attention again, and often interrupted and perplexed George in the midst of some confidential statement. A feeling of uneasiness gave the lagging mind decision. I had promised to marry him; there was the unalterable fact. I could not avoid it, shrink as I might. Six months of delicious confusion had passed—now the turmoil was over; I resumed old employments with zest; circumstances ceased to hinge on him. I took the dimensions of my hero. Because I could criticize, was I no longer in love? In vain I tried to swing back to the old feelings—they had died out; there was nothing but the ashes of a flimsy passion.

The suspense that had kept him a little better than himself was over; his mind, at rest forever, sunk to its level. My duty lay plain; by whatever wretched mistaking of myself I had given an unconditional promise, I was bound to keep to it.

He came, with his shawl over his arm, to bid me good-bye. It was our first separation—the beginning of a series; for, until that fortune was made I was to share, we would be much apart. He looked at me from his height, so handsome, so miserable, so tender, that the test words I had resolved to speak half died away.

"George," I began, my voice trembling in spite of my care, "do you think we feel for one another as we used? Had we not better, after all, call it a college flirtation, and—"

Holding both my hands—"I expected something like this, Rose," he interrupted, "but you gave me your word. You know I can never release you; that bond cannot be cancelled. You promised me, Rose."

I bent my head.

"You expect too much of yourself; you have read too many romances; I always thought your ideas high-flown. Don't think how you ought to feel, but just keep firm. I know you love me, but if you hated me I could be happy with you; but you don't."

Oh, how *very young* we both were!

"O no, no!" I hastened to answer.

"Rosy, if you could change, it would be the ruin of me. My life and hopes are in your keeping." His eyes were cloudy with tears.

Is it not cruel treachery to bring a man's nature under yours so, by every thrall make him doubly your own, and when there is no escape for him, find out for yourself that you have made a mistake? Should not such an error be expiated by pain?

"Very well, George, if you are satisfied—"

"*Satisfied!* I should rather think I was. Never speak so again, Rosey, unless you want to drive me crazy."

So the bonds were clenched.

Was it a sigh of relief I drew as I tossed my trouble, for the nonce, into the future, and turned to the figures coming up the avenue? Sallie Venarr, swinging her parasol, and talking, according to custom, to Mr. Nixon. She had just met Mr. Buckingham, with *such* a doleful face, and couldn't help coming to have a peep at mine. Was horror-stricken at my composure.

"Miss Carhampton never looks as one might expect, I've noticed," said Mr. Nixon.

"Do I?" asked Sallie, who never lost the least chance of gaining information about herself.

"Always Euphrosyne—always gay and smiling," he explained, as she did not understand his allusion.

Sallie pulled on a sober mask. "I believe I am sober only in church," said she.

"Hardly then."

"How do you know?" she retorted. "If you were minding your prayers, you would not."

"Perhaps I pray to one fair saint, and therefore look at her. Let me see how the new expression suits."

"Rose looks much more like a saint than I do," deprecated the young lady.

"I think so, most emphatically, Miss Venarr: you are a very pretty sinner, though." Still keeping his eyes on her.

I was angry for her. How could she allow any man to address her in that tone of half sarcastic compliment, and look down into her eyes till they drooped from a feminine instinct! I half envied her *insouciance*. Like an insect angel, she sported all day long. I never saw her hands at work, never knew her to be in a hurry; day after day she came with the same swinging walk and happy idleness of demeanor. She affected Fan, and brought Nixon too often, to torture me and carry on her pretty warfare.

"Don't forget my party, Thursday night, Rose," was her injunction. "I 'm sorry Mr. Buckingham could not be with you; you will have such a stupid time."

"Explain the reason," Nixon demanded.

"Why," she answered, with a charming *moue*, "because engaged girls always do have. Nobody wants to dance with them. There 's no fun in it, at all."

"Indeed," said Mr. Nixon, with an odd intonation in his tone.

Sallie's house was within sight, and before I left the piazza Mr. Nixon came back and talked to me till I felt like writing a poem. It was one of the old time interviews photographed. I wondered for the thousandth time what had so strangely changed him, for I could not believe the opinions I had uttered of him, after all. Suddenly he chinked the current coin.

"You have concluded to forgive me, I conclude," said he, in a livelier tone.

"Forgive you! For what?"

"I thought you knew; your manner has kept me off for months. It is only since your engagement has become a settled fact that you have dispensed kinder influences. I am back in your good graces, I hope, if I cannot stand where I did before you made Buckingham so happy."

I did not stop to puzzle over his meaning. "I am conscious of no grievance, given or received."

"Coldness is as subtle as the plague," quoth he, "and about as effective. There is no use now in begging an explanation of some misty points on which I have lost all right to ponder. Accept me now as your friend's friend."

"I accept you as my own," I said, frankly, a sort of enthusiasm hurrying my words, for who could resist Nixon's grace, when he chose to exert it? "Be as you used to be."

"That is impossible," said he. "There is always a great deal lost or gained by estrangement; one cannot come back to the same old spot."

"You have been at other experiences, meanwhile," I said, glancing at a bit of Sallie's flounce in his buttonhole. I met his eyes: mine accused him.

"Miss Carhampton," said he, smiling, "it is the easiest connection in the world. You know how one can follow in a belle's wake without proffering more than the pleasant admiration of the hour. We are knights for the nonce. We rescue them from the giant *ennui*, we wear their favors; but, let us do as we like, we can't marry them all! it is not expected. Do you know how I saw her first? Picking cherries. Standing under the broad noon light, a great bough pulled down for her convenience made an arch over her. She looked like an illumination of some Byzantine manuscript."

"That was out on the farm?"

"Yes, last summer"—and he looked retrospective. "She was a gorgeous little figure. I've never seen her so pretty since. Good-morning." He turned to go: then stopped as if he had thought of something. "I may not see you before Thursday night. May I engage you for the first and last dances?"

"If I go, I shall be happy to dance with you." He bowed, and walked off as if he had been losing time. My cheeks began to grow hot; I walked into the house, and emphasized the door.

I went to the party. Mr. Nixon resigned a laughing nymph to the arm of an admirer, and came towards me. I returned his salutation with the distant courtesy of a court.

"You are late," was his remark, as we took our places in the dance; "but it is good policy."

"Perhaps so."

"Why didn't you wonderingly ask the reason? I had a pretty answer ready for you."

"Keep it for other ears; I am not used to pretty answers."

"I have been to New York since I saw you last; I have seen your friend."

"I had a letter from him to-day. Mr. Nixon, I should not have come here to-night if he had not bade me thank you for your kindness, and the success with which you have used it in his behalf."

His color rose. "He told you that? He promised not to speak of it."

"He was too grateful, I suppose." My words sounded hard and cold to my own ears.

"He overrates the matter. I knew he ought

to do better than his friends resolved for him. It is slow work, climbing that mercantile ladder from the lowest round. I merely mentioned his name to my uncle; his merits did the rest."

I knew better, and said so.

"Well, thank me, then," said he, drawing my arm through his with an impulsive gesture, "but not for George's sake. What I did was for *your* sake. I had no mind to see your roses fading ungathered."

They fled from cheek and lip at these words. Then I knew whom I loved, with a hopeless, sudden pang. I stood still. He saw how white I was.

"What have I done?" said he.

That night I fought the battle over again with myself. I saw now the whole of strange mistaking. How vanity and impulse had led me wrong, and how I had been slowly groping to this. My way was plain, I thought, but harder than I could follow. I must keep that solemn promise. I was as good as married to him; every hope of his clustered around me; all hopes and happy household fancies gathered round that dim spot in the future he hoped to call his wedding-day.

I hoped Nixon would marry Sallie Venarr, as the gossips of society declared he would. But that mutual flirtation seemed disturbed; Sallie came to me one day with chagrin, not heart deep enough to conceal. She told me the story, and then asked, with querulous great eyes: "What is the matter, do you suppose?"

"Overwork and the languid weather," said I.

"He hardly ever comes to our house now," she repeated. "I think it is too bad of him, and if you ask him the reason, he makes one of his queer speeches, that I never can tell if they are jests or earnest."

Her limpid nature was disturbed. It seemed useless for one to whom feeling was action, and thought expression, to attempt to conceal her mind, and appear in a state of ladylike indifference. She took the wrong way to win him back, I thought, for, he coming in just then, she assailed him in her pretty pouting way.

"Was he angry with her?"

"Could he look at her and be so?"

"Why hadn't he been to see her for ever so long?"

"Was it not well for Ulysses to leave the isle of Calypso?"

"She wished he wouldn't talk so. Was he never coming again?"

"He should be wretched if he thought so," etc.

Until Sallie, as near vexation as she ever attained, seized her hat by the string, and utterly refusing the gentleman's escort, left our door for her father's.

Nixon, who had gravely submitted to her decree, much to her disappointment, seated himself again, his lips quivering with a smile.

"What ails her?" I asked.

"Some strait circumstance of a toilet, or a pimple on her chin."

"Nonsense! You should not quarrel. You can make your peace in five minutes at this stage of proceedings; do go and try."

"Not I," said the conqueror, coolly. "If you send me off, I 'll go to my room and smoke myself into a state of Mahometan contentment."

"Why have you dropped her? For the same reason you discarded me, once on a time?" I daringly asked.

He looked at me with those wise blue eyes as if he would tell how much meaning my question held.

"From very different reasons, Miss Carhampton." But he did not explain.

A week later we three met again.

"I have followed your suggestion," Nixon said to me, as I arranged the lights on the piano. "You see I am reinstated; I thought it was best to end handsomely."

A superficial finger flight drowned his words, as he indicated Sallie, who was radiant and overflowing with such audacious gayety, alone enough to convince me she had gained her point. I called her up to sing with him, and then sat and watched them. Nixon always looked his best at the piano; his attitude was one of perfect grace, his face almost colorless, the whole countenance lighted up by some inward excitement. When his eyes met mine they intensified, till mine fell beneath them. He did not care to look at Sallie, who was the image of glowing youth and beauty; her satiny hair, rolled into its scarlet net, set off the round outline of the face—its shining eyes, its piquant features. I caught my own reflection, and wondered no longer that men follow the fairest, for good looks wear a spell. When the clock struck ten Sallie beclouded herself for home. I went to the door with them.

"Come, too," said Nixon; "the air is mild as June's, though the moon is October's."

We saw Sallie safely housed, and then turned back. Nixon drew my hand through his arm as though it belonged to him.

"I have something to tell you," he began; "an unexpected piece of fortune has come to me—a gauntlet with a gift in 't. You know, as the rest of the world, how I 've been hanging

about here reading law, because certain auxiliaries have made that profession a surer success; but *you* only know what kind of a life I've longed for. Now the rock has opened; the fortune that seemed needful has come, and on those conditions I would have been too happy to feel forced on me. To study abroad for a professorship has been my day-dream. But you are cold; I am keeping you out too long. You tremble like a leaf."

"Never mind; go on. When are you going?"

"I should leave next week, unless—no, that is the folly of a coward. Yes, I am to leave America next week."

There was a pause I could not have broken to save my secret; I dared not speak—I knew my voice was strange.

"Must I be dumb, Rose?" he asked, and stopped in his rapid walking to look at me. What stony look my face wore, what agony of entreaty, I know not.

"What a brute I am!" he exclaimed, half beside himself, and putting his arm around me.

I sprang forward towards the house; "I must get in," I exclaimed.

"Don't fly from me; can't you touch me?" he begged.

"Can I?" was my question; but I walked passively by his side. He stopped at the door.

"May I come in? Give me credit for some valor; see how well I will play my part. You may rely on my firmness."

"Come in," said I; "I trust you."

He walked after me to the drawing-room. The professor shut his glasses between the leaves of Tyndall's Glaciers. In a moment they were bristling with the news; the professor was delighted with his favorite's fortune, and they were soon plunged into a discussion of routes and universities, while Fanny looked at me.

The week of departure came. Nixon, resolved to show me how he could control himself, came and went as usual. The very eve of his voyage came, and we all spent a lively evening in talk and music. No one guessed the hidden fires that made this merry night a piece of consummate acting on the part of the principal personages. I left the drawing-room to get a breath of cool air, and rid myself for a moment of the lights and voices. Nixon followed me out.

"I am going in a few moments, Rose. Shall I see you to-morrow, or say good-bye now?"

"Better now."

He stood a moment, irresolute, by the table, played with a paper-cutter, dropped it, turned from me, then, with a sudden step, reached me. I held out my hand, and tried to smile; he took them both, and I felt the warm drops, the heroes of old did not disdain to shed, as he bent his face to them. Oh, what could I do? I longed to say one word of love—to send him away forever with no word or look of all that was beating in my heart. I was not more than mortal. I bent my cheek to his, and as he turned to me, holding me for one short moment, I begged of him to go.

> "Joys like winged dreams fly fast:
> Why should *sadness* longer last?"

I woke one day to find Fan and George beside me; she holding my nerveless hand in hers, he, leaning on the back of her chair, watching me with anxious eyes. I turned wearily away. "Doesn't she know me?" George whispered. Fanny hushed him, and said I was too weak to speak. I was too weak to think what it all meant, or understand how ill I had been; but it came to me at last, and, as strength began to increase, it was silently sapped by the inward concealed misery; but I got well in spite of myself, and George went back to his work. Spring came, with new promise in leaflet and floretted bough. The professor, bound on a scientific tour, looked at my languid face, and adopted Fan's idea. "Rosey," said he, "put some things in a bag, and come with me; I believe we can get back a little of the sweetbrier bloom to your cheeks if we get you out of your young lady life."

I was too indifferent to combat their resolve; the odd life suited me; I was wakened. The professor came back a most successful empiric, and for me, living was easier—I had turned over the hardest pages.

Fall came round again, and George and I were sitting in the back drawing-room together; he, in an easy-chair, such as his soul delighted in, stretched out his legs, with the evening paper spread out before him, but his eyes lazily fixed on the cheerful blaze; Fan and the professor had charitably left us alone. Conversation flagged; I took no pains to break the silence; George had nothing to say when we were together—no adventures, *rencontres*, bright thoughts, or criticisms; his lover's lore was long since exhausted. It was my fault, I know; I could have kept him above the average, I believed.

"George," said I, "what are you thinking about so steadily?"

He turned his head, and answered me with a puzzled expression.

"Some very gloomy subject. What is it?"

"I was thinking of you, Rose," he answered, with a little hesitancy.

"And what of me? Are you getting tired of me at last?"

Instead of the disclaimer I expected, he exclaimed, not very elegantly—but cultivated expression was not his forte—

"I 've been very selfish about you; I've kept you dangling along till you are actually growing old over it. I seem never to get above my book-keeper's salary, always too poor to marry, and I 've spoilt dozens of matches for you, I expect."

"Am I growing old, George?"

"There 's no shuffling the truth, Rose; there are two little lines, almost wrinkles, between your eyes; this morning I saw a white hair. If I 'd let you gone five years ago, and called it a flirtation, as you said; but I was bewitched. I knew Nixon was dead in love with you; nothing but knowing how I felt towards you prevented him from offering himself. I knew there was no chance for him, and told him so. But then you might have learned to love him; and he had money."

"What unusual consideration!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Nixon and you agreed who should have the first chance?"

"Not exactly. I was confoundedly jealous of him, and told him where I expected to stand. You remember how he dropped you until we were engaged; 'twas to leave me a free coast." He drew a deep sigh.

"George," said I, looking at his face as it appeared over the side of the chair, "you never would have arrived at all these conclusions about me if somebody had not been showing how a woman *can* love. Inclination only is wanting to marry on —— hundred a year."

I saw his countenance alter with a new embarrassment, and knew I was right. Slowly I drew off the ring of bondage, and dropped it in his hand.

"Well, tell me all about it." But words were out of his reach just then.

"Come, speak; you wish to release me? You love somebody else?"

"Oh, Rose!" He dropped his head like a whipped dog.

"How long has this been kept from me?"

"Over a year."

"You should have told me at first," I began, with a sudden spasm at the heart, remembering he was not the only one who had not been honest. I waited in silence until George ejaculated this summary:—

"And so we 've been engaged five years for nothing."

For nothing, indeed! My bloom and light-heartedness had long gone; all these years had been consumed in a painful adherence to a now useless point of honor.

"Don't be angry, Rose; don't hate me, for I can't stand that."

I assured him of my placidity, and burst into tears. He became dreadfully distressed, called me everything caressing and consolatory, got down on the knees of his best pantaloons, then thinking of hysterics consequent on woman's emotion, and the preventive salts, flew for the aromatic vinegar, upsetting Fan's workbasket, full of small accumulations, stepped back, aghast, on Zeph's tail, and set him off howling. I began to laugh, when in walked Fan and her husband.

"Julius Cæsar!" exclaimed the professor, "what 's all this?"

And, as it might as well be then as at any other time, we told him the whole story.

"And Rose is crying for joy, I believe," said George.

I believe I was.

One year passed; ten years passed; my mates were married and settled. One after another the birds had been plucked from the garland; I was the last of the coterie. Still waiting?

No, those who are hopeless do not wait; I had long ago grown calm, and accepted my discipline. The Buckinghams were making us their yearly visit. I had fulfilled a promise made to George, and had become one of Dickens' good aunts. Little Tom Buckingham and I were out in the garden; I had been walking dreamily up and down the walk to be suddenly recalled by perceiving the small marauder had gathered every tulip bud, and had filled his toy barrow with the professor's favorite hopes; rank on rank of the straight green stems stood headless, as I paused in reproach before the unconscious plunderer. "Tom," I began, but stopped, with his baby hand in mine. Who was this coming towards us? He came nearer; I gave him my hand, and gazed steadfastly in the face I thought never to see again. Those were Nixon's eyes, that drank mine with their thirsty gaze.

"I know the whole," said he. "Oh, my darling, I love you!"

ACTING CHARADE.—SUICIDE.

BY C. L. C.

Characters.

MR. JONES, *the hypochondriac, an old man who has recently lost his fortune.*
DOCT. GREENE, *the family physician, who is somewhat used to the odd fancies of Mr. Jones, and is not averse to a joke.*
JIM, *the servant.*

SU- (SUE).

SCENE 1.—*A room in* MR. JONES'S *house. Curtain rises, discovering* MR. JONES *seated in a large arm-chair, with his foot (bound up in a handkerchief) resting upon a stool.*

Mr. Jones. O dear! there's the bell again. Somebody with another bill, I suppose. I never *shall* get a moment's peace, and my foot has been aching terribly all the morning. I am continually tormented with some ache or pain, and haven't been free from disease these ten years. Troubled all last week with the dyspepsia; and no sooner did I get over with my neuralgia than this horrid attack of the gout commenced. Then I'm somewhat hard of hearing, and my eyesight ain't the very best. But "misfortune never comes singly." Debts are accumulating rapidly, and creditors who won't be put off are becoming clamorous for their pay, and threaten to sue for it (nothing uncommon, though, for me to be sued).

Enter JIM.

Jim. Please, sir, here's a small bill which the baker sent up; he wants the money right away, and says if you don't pay, he will sue you for it.

Mr. Jones (springing up in great rage). Sue me, will he! You tell him to clear out, and sue if he dares. (*Exit* JIM.) Bread, I know, is the staff of life, and I feel the need of a staff very much just now, on account of my foot, but I will starve before I get any more bread of him.

Enter JIM.

(Old man advances threateningly, and Jim retreats towards the door.)

Jim (manifesting great trepidation). Please, sir, here's the butcher, the grocer, the milkman, and the shoemaker at the door, and they have all got their bills, and say they will sue you if you don't pay right off. (*Gives the bills to Mr. Jones and accidentally treads on his toe: then backs out of the room in great haste. Mr. Jones fires his cane at him, and then limps around the room.*)

Mr. Jones. O my toe! What heartless wretches servants are; they think only of themselves. If things go on much longer in this way, I shall soon be in my grave. I suppose now that I shall be continually bored with these petty suits; and just because of that absurd report about the unsuccessful speculation sweeping away my whole fortune. All afraid they sha'n't get their pay; and they won't, either, if they persist in suing. But I suppose I must go, and see what can be done about it. Perdition take the whole crew! (*Exit.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

I- (EYE).

SCENE 2.—*Doctor's office. Curtain rises, discovering doctor, seated at a table, reading. Knock heard at the door.*

Doct. Come in.

Enter MR. JONES, *with a handkerchief bound over his left eye.*

Doct. How do you do, Mr. Jones? any thing I can do for you to day?

Mr. Jones (snappishly). Do—no. I've done it already, and want you to cure it. Don't you see my eye is quite inflamed? Caused, I suppose, by the violation of one of my rules for the preservation of the eyesight; which says: "That reading by a candle, when not lighted, is very injurious to the eyesight, and should never be indulged in, except by daylight." So, having violated this rule, I applied the remedy contained in the same list. "Rubbed the eyeball violently with coarse flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine." The result, you see, has caused a slight swelling there.

Doct. Will you permit me to look at your eye? (*Mr. Jones seats himself, and the doctor makes the examination.*)

Doct. (who with great difficulty restrains himself from laughing). Is the trouble in the cornea?

Mr. Jones. No, 'tain't in the corner; it's in the middle.

Doct. Oh, in the pupil.

Mr. Jones (fractiously). Nothing to do with the pupil: it's the eye, I tell you.

Doct. Yes, I see now; I think I can make it all right in a week or so.

Mr. Jones (*furiously*). You ought to see with both eyes. But, 'tisn't the right one; I tell you, it 's the left.

Doct. (*aside*). Well, I might as well humor him. (*Aloud*). The remedy I think you will find laid down in the same list of rules. "Take a curry-comb, and apply it vigorously to the eyes, rubbing from the nose outward, and you will find that a few applications are all that will be necessary."

Mr. Jones (*rising to go*). Do you think, Doctor, that it will have a permanent effect?

Doct. Oh yes! undoubtedly. If the requisite amount of friction is applied, you will never see any more trouble from that eye. (*Exit Mr. Jones.*) [*Curtain falls.*

CIDE (SIDE).

SCENE 3.—*Curtain rises, discovering the doctor seated as before.*

Doct. I wonder if old Jones will be here to-day. It seems as if he would bother me to death. What queer fancies he does take! I shouldn't at all wonder if his reason should become totally unsettled. But here he comes.

Enter MR. JONES *with a very long face, both hands clasped to his side.*

Doct. How do you do to-day, Mr. Jones? No more trouble with your eye, I hope.

Mr. Jones. Oh dear! (*faintly.*) No, it 's my side this time. (*Seats himself and the doctor examines it.*)

Doct. (*aside*). Here 's another siege now, but I will have my joke out of it. (*Aloud*). It is swelled somewhat; to what cause do you attribute this?

Mr. Jones. Well, lately I have drank a great deal of cider, and, comparatively speaking, it might have been that. Apples, you know, have caused a great deal of trouble in this world, first and last.

Doct. Which side did you say it was on?

Mr. Jones. Yes, on account of the cider. But you ain't a-going to tap me, are you?

Doct. (*taking from a drawer a piece of pasteboard, thickly studded with large nails*). O no! Here 's a plaster which I think will just suit your case. See, it is made very flexible, so as to fit any part of the person.

Mr. Jones. Yes; but will it draw? that 's the question.

Doct. Why, it will be likely to draw *blood* at first, but you will soon get used to that. You must apply it to the side, and drive the nails in gently at first, increasing the depth by degrees, until they project on the other side; then they are to be clenched. It will be apt, though, to make you walk rather one-sided.

Mr. Jones. Oh, doctor! you have conferred an inestimable benefit upon me. The poet says, you know: "That friends who are thick when prosperity grins desert when adversity frowns." I feel as if all the world was against me; but I shall have this plaster on *my side*, and I know that will be a sure friend, which will stick through thick and thin, especially if I clench the nails. (*Exit Mr. Jones.*)

Doct. There, I am glad he has gone. I never know how to treat his case. The old man's fancies are quite amusing, though, sometimes. But I shouldn't be surprised if he attempted his life in one of his gloomy fits, and he ought to be watched, I think. But (*taking out his watch*) I must be going; I had almost forgotten my appointment. (*Exit doctor.*) [*Curtain falls.*

SUICIDE.

SCENE 4.—*Same as the first. Curtain rises, discovering the old man, seated in a chair, with his face bowed on his hands.*

Mr. Jones (*in a despairing tone*). Shall I do it, and put an end to my misery? (*Raises his head, and draws from his pocket a phial.*) Here it is, prussic acid; only one drop, and I shall be forever free from the perplexities which so thickly crowd around me. And why should I not? why should I live, always struggling against the adverse fates. Everything is against me, and there is nothing that animates one spark of hope within me. The prospect is all dark and cheerless. (*Starting up.*) Yes, I am resolved. Thus I die. (*Drains the phial, and falls back in the chair.*) [*Curtain falls.*

NELLIE'S GRAVE.

BY J. WALLACE MORRISON

In the church-yard lone and green,
  Where trees in beauty wave,
And roses shed their blushing sheen,
  Is darling Nellie's grave.
The sunbeams fall aslant the sod,
  The flowers yield forth perfume;
But her pure spirit is with God—
  I weep still by her tomb.

Calm Evening, with her crimson veil,
  Adds charms around the spot;
And every murmur on the gale
  Brings back some lone forgot.
Oh, if within my beating heart
  A sacred spot I have,
Where all unholy thoughts depart,
  'Tis at dear Nellie's grave!

"AID FOR THE CHINKAPINS."

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

"WIFE, we had a most eloquent sermon this afternoon from Brother Beghard, in behalf of Father Chimpanie's colony," said Parson Trueberry, entering the sitting-room of the parsonage one Sabbath P. M., and seating himself in the rocking-chair with quite an animated expression on a thin, wan, intellectual face. "It was really a moving account of that suffering people, and one that calls strongly upon the churches for aid in their behalf. I had no idea there was so much suffering and destitution existing in our happy and Christian country! Brother Beghard has already raised contributions by representing this case to the different churches he has visited; and I do think our people showed evidence of interest, and will be inclined to take the matter up. I gave out notice for a meeting this evening in the vestry, at which our Brother will lay before us some additional statements; and then he will make an appeal for aid here. The ladies will be interested. Can't you try and get out to hear him, my dear? The babe will sleep."

Mrs. Trueberry, a slight, delicate-looking young woman of some twenty-eight years, with a babe of six or eight months in her arms, replied: "I hardly think Carrie will do to leave, Warren. I should like to hear Brother Beghard; but baby isn't well enough to leave with Margaret. If the ladies become interested, Miss Susan Piousmind can head any benevolent movement. You know I have little time for such, however much I might wish to engage in them, though I shall do all in my power to aid any really charitable object. But come, let us have tea, my dear; you look pale and tired. Where is Mr. Beghard? I thought he was coming home with you."

"He went home with Deacon Piousmind to take tea; but I suppose he will be back with me again after evening service. And I think it probable that he will remain a few days, especially if my people get interested in this cause; he hinted as much. We have a great deal of company, Caroline." And Mr. Trueberry cast a look upon the worn, slender woman who filled the position which was no sinecure: viz., that of a minister's wife.

"I know it, Warren; but mustn't complain if the coming of these ministers gives you now and then a day's rest. This supply was indeed a blessing, for you know how sick you were Friday with that nervous headache, and the Sunday's second sermon unfinished. But come; tea is waiting." And, transferring the baby to the cradle, and summoning Margaret, the little maid of all work, a girl of fourteen, she preceded her husband to the little dining-room adjoining.

The tea-table was handsomely spread, for little Mrs. Trueberry was a faultless housekeeper, and, after a grace, she poured tea and passed his cup to her tired, jaded-looking husband.

"Where's Edward?" asked the Parson, glancing to the unfilled high chair at his right hand, where his little five year old son usually sat—little Neddie, the sunbeam of the household, who had subsided into something of boyish dignity since the advent of Miss Carrie, his baby sister.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's unusual for him to stop after service. I think he must have gone home with some of the boys," replied Mrs. Trueberry. "We have two empty seats at our table—Neddie's and Mr. Beghard's." For the table had been laid for four. "I'm *so* glad you had this supply to-day, Warren! It'll give you a little leisure this week; your last sermons have been written under too much pressure." For the thoughtful wife had a memory of the days of depression and nights of mental toil under which her student, scholarly husband had of late striven throughout several clouded weeks.

"Yes, it is a *little* lightening of the load, Caroline"—and the young minister's brow grew anxious, for Parson Trueberry was a young man, scarce thirty-five, though his grave face, his reflective mind, and thoughtful, practical sermons seemed to proclaim him of much maturer age. "I suppose it's wrong—a temptation of the Evil One, perhaps—but I can't help thinking sometimes, and it grows upon me, that my labors here are not so blessed as they might be. I seem to get dragged down deeper and deeper in the Slough of Despond every day. I cannot write as I used to; my sermons are a weight upon my mind. It isn't the fault

of my people, though there 's that trouble I waded through when I first came here; I cannot quite forget *that* yet."

The "trouble" referred to by the young minister was a stout resistance which, in the first days of his settlement over his parish in Wheatley, he had met with from one stubborn old elder of the church, Deacon Giles, whose word had hitherto been, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable; and the rule of whose creed, particularly on the points of "foreordination" and "election," had been rather a stumbling-block in the path of more liberal-minded professors. Hence it was not strange that the new young minister who succeeded old Parson Powers, possessing somewhat less strict views than his stern, old-school Calvinistic predecessor, had been stoutly contended by Deacon Giles. With such epithets as "heretic," and "Free-willer," and "Armenian" had he been opposed; but, for once, the church, escaping from under the rule of their hard deacon, had shown disregard of his prejudices; and, unanimous in the choice of their new minister, had pressed him to the acceptance of their "call." And so, six years before the date of our story, young Warren Trueberry came among them, and was ordained and installed over his first parish, in which he had labored faithfully up to that period, and in which he would have been well content to live and die but for the hard face and continued harder opposition of the stern old deacon, who had never relented from his first prejudices and bitterness. And often, when Mr. Trueberry was tired and dispirited, as many a young minister has been before him, he would recur to his one great trouble, as he did this night at the tea-table.

"No, I cannot seem to forget *that*, as I ought to, wife!" he continued. "I can't seem to think of Deacon Giles with the feeling I ought to possess as a Christian pastor. It is not that I have laid up any ill will against him; but he tries me so, wife, with his speeches. Only this afternoon, coming out of the church, on the steps I heard him say to Mr. Coggshall: 'Another beggar come to drain us. Wall, I 'm glad we 've got the heathen *at home* this time—purty near us, too! But where 's the Home Mission Society, that it don't take care of 'em, and not be a drainin' every poor country parish that has a hard struggle to support its own minister?' He 's continually flinging out in *that* way, wife!"

"Oh, well, never mind old Deacon Giles, Warren!" said the minister's wife, soothingly. "He 's an old man, remember, and you mustn't forget the failings and infirmities of the aged. But about this new charitable object. I was so busy when Mr. Beghard was relating the condition of these people that I heard but little of it. They are really in a suffering condition, then?" And she strove to divert her husband's mind.

Recalled from a contemplation of his own troubles, the minister replied: "Yes, I had no idea of such a state of things! Brother Beghard has statements of their condition that he will read before the meeting this evening—a private letter from Father Chimpanie himself. You see, this Father Chimpanie is a converted Romanist, who has emigrated from Canada to the valley of the great West, and there has gathered about him a colony of converts like himself, mostly from the French Catholics. They have formed a little settlement, built themselves cabins, a school-house, and were about putting up a little church for worship, when the great drought of last year cut off their crops; and now they are not only without funds, but are suffering for clothing, food, and, in short, are in a very destitute state. Father Chimpanie is sending letters for aid to the various churches in the land, regardless of sect, and I hope something tangible will be done for their relief. Brother Beghard tells me that his own purpose in traversing the country to solicit aid is purely from philanthropic motives, as he has long been retired from the ministry on account of his ill health, and has been living on his little farm in Pennsylvania; but that, hearing of the condition of Father Chimpanie's colony, and coming into possession of this letter he bears with him, portraying their sufferings, he resolved to go out and make appeals in the different churches in their behalf. I hope our people, despite what Deacon Giles broaches regarding their 'struggle to support their *own* minister,' will feel to do something in this cause!" And the minister's face glowed with benevolence.

"Certainly, it is a worthy object!" said his wife. "We must do what we can; the widow's mite was accepted and blessed, you know, my dear."

"Yes, wife, we *must* do something. The text this afternoon was this passage: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' You ought to have heard the sermon. Brother Beghard must have been a talented and eloquent minister in his day, before his health broke down. He has the bronchitis, my dear."

"I dare say it was a fine sermon, and I should have liked to hear it. I hope to get

out to meeting with the spring weather. Baby is teething, and is not strong yet, but I hope she will grow better soon."

"Nor is the mother strong, either," the delicate woman might have added, but she did not. Devoted in her love for her husband, and realizing fully the many requirements of her position, like the self-denying, true wife that she was, she resolved to intrude no desponding thoughts upon his mind.

"But ah, here comes Neddy!" she exclaimed, as just then their boy made his appearance from the keen, winter, outer air, his chubby cheeks all aglow, and his blue eyes bright as stars with animation. "Where has my tardy little son been?" she asked with a fond smile, as the little fellow mounted to his high chair, and commenced unfolding his napkin.

"Oh, mother, I went home with Charley Smith, and up to his grandpa's, Deacon Piousmind's, and heard all about the *Chinkapins!*"

"The *Chinkapins*, my son?" And an expression of grave wonder overspread the minister's face, as he looked upon the sparkling eyes that beamed out under Master Edward's careless curls.

"Yes, papa, the folks way off *ever so far*, that the minister preached about, and I heard him telling you about up in your study before the bell rang. Charley says they 're named *Chittygongs*, but I knew better; he only said it for fun. They 're *Chinkapins*, ain't they father?" And the bright, roguish face was upturned to a grave one.

"No, my son; they 're *Father Chimpanie's* people," replied the minister, quietly, while Mrs. Trueberry, stifling a laugh which was prompted by her own keen appreciation of the ridiculous, helped the little fellow to bread and butter.

"Well, Chin—Chimpanie people, then—though my name *did* sound like it," protested Neddy, taking a huge mouthful, and continuing the information gathered in the company of his little friend Charley as soon as he had masticated it. "I heard the minister up to Charley's grandfather's say they hadn't *anything* to eat where these folks live. Only think, ma! little boys as big as I without any bread and butter! and no trowsers, nor frocks, nor anything but rags to wear in the cold weather! And their fathers can't get any work to do to earn money, and their mothers can't get any cloth to make 'em clothes of. And Charley's mother and Aunt Susan said folks here must send 'em money and clothing, ma; and mayn't I send all my frocks but this one to some little Chinka—I mean little Chimpanie boy?" exclaimed the excited little fellow.

"And what will Master Neddy have left to wear himself?" said his mother, with a smile.

"Oh, I can wear *this* one all the time!" answered Neddy, glancing down with especial affection to his neat velvet frock, with bright gilt buttons, the work of Mrs. Trueberry's skilful fingers.

"Ah, that 's rather questionable benevolence, I 'm afraid, to want to send away the old clothes so that you may wear the new ones yourself, my son," was the reply.

The boy dropped his head over his plate, with enthusiastic visions of wearing his best frock every day fading from his eyes; but, after swallowing a large mouthful, he turned to his father, exclaiming:—

"Papa, I don't want you ever to go off and be a missionary, same as I heard you tell ma once you wanted to be!"

"Why, my son?" asked the parson.

"Becos' I 'm 'fraid ma wouldn't have any new dresses, nor Carrie any new cunning little stockings, nor I any new frocks. I don't get so many as Charley Smith does, now, though!" he added. "He 's got a new one. And what do you think Charley said to-day? He said: '*Everybody* could get more pay than a minister! His father sells oxen and great big loads of hay, and gets ever so much money for 'em, and we don't get any, only what the people give papa for preaching.' Charley said *he* wouldn't be a minister when he grows up, nor *I* wouldn't, either, papa!"

"Ah, the loaves and fishes already!" said the minister, laying his hand on the boy's curly head. "But what was that I read to you the other day about the good Jesus? 'The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.' You haven't forgotten that our Saviour didn't think about pay for his preaching?"

Little Edward's eyes dropped for a moment, and then he lifted them with a charming frankness, to say: "Well, papa, I *did* tell Charley that I 'd rather have my papa, if he was a poor minister, than his papa with all his money, and horses, and oxen, for mine was the best."

With a smile, Mrs. Trueberry gave the signal for rising from the table, and, re-entering the sitting-room, released little Margaret from her station by the cradle, while the minister went up to his study to spend the hour before the evening meeting in contemplation and prayer.

But when, later, little Margaret had cleared

away the tea-table, and gone out on a visit to her own home in the village, and Neddy had said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me down to sleep," and slumbered in his little crib, and the minister had departed at the second ringing of the bell to the crowded meeting, where the eloquent Rev. Timothy Beghard was urging the imperative claims of the destitute Chimpanie colony, then, the little, careworn Mrs. Trueberry, sitting in her low chair beside her fretful babe's cradle, and reverting to the days when she was a happy, care free maiden in her father's home, and contrasting that life with her present one, with its shifts, its pinchings, and the contrivings of making household expenses meet on the salary of "four hundred a year and the parsonage," was it a wonder that, though loving her husband truly as she did, faithful Christian woman though she was, side by side with the text the minister had preached from that day—"It is more blessed to give than to receive"—rose another, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and her overcharged, tired heart found a little relief in a quiet fit of weeping?

This was not a weakness that Caroline Trueberry indulged in often; for, though burdened like Martha of old with "many cares," still the minister's little wife was brave-hearted and ready-handed; yet there are moments when such give way, and yield to depression, as did she that evening, sitting beside her babe's cradle with only her own sad thoughts for companions.

CHAPTER II.

In the large square parlor of Deacon Piousmind's house, over which his eldest unmarried daughter, Miss Susan, presided, were congregated the female portion of Parson Trueberry's parish, having there gathered agreeable to the appointment promulgated at the Sabbath evening meeting, to take into consideration the ways and means of devising aid for the distressed of Father Chimpanie's colony in the valley of the great West.

Miss Susan Piousmind, be it known, was a spinster of uncertain age, and the leader of all benevolent movements in the church and parish. If a Sewing Circle for "the dissemination of knitting work and the propagation of scandal"—as such societies have been defined—was gotten up, straightway the office of president devolved upon Miss Susan; was a benevolent project afloat, the same worthy lady stood sponsor to it; did a widowed missionary, with broken-down health and jaundiced liver, return to his native clime to look about for a second helpmeet to transfer, upon his recuperation, to the land of the Orient, Miss Susan busied her compassionate heart with assisting such "brothers" to their desires. It was even whispered that she had actually refused such an offer tendered to herself; and this rumor Wheatley people were inclined to credit, from the fact that the spinster had cast her own "eye single with matrimonial intent," in preference to the needy "brother," upon a stout widower near by, whose broad, well-tilled acres presented a far more enticing aspect to the practical Miss Susan than Indian jungles or Ummerapoora wilds, and whose three untamed children enlisted her sympathies in lieu of little idol-worshipping Burmese beyond the water. Be this as it may, Miss Susan had reached her fortieth year still arbitress of her own single destiny, though the stout widower, Abijah Holden, was yet unmarried; and on the afternoon of which we write, the Tuesday succeeding the Sabbath on which the eloquent Reverend Timothy Beghard, from Pennsylvania, had so urged the claims of the suffering Chimpanies, she surveyed with satisfaction the two score of ladies who filled her large parlor, ready to engage in the new benevolent enterprise.

Various methods for presenting their charities most effectually had already been discussed, until finally Miss Susan decided that the most practicable would be the filling of a large box with clothing, drygoods, groceries, et cetera, et cetera, and to forward said well-filled box, per the express line, directly to the colony, which decision she proceeded to lay before the ladies as soon as assembled, settling everything in her own dominant manner.

"We can each contribute some articles of clothing—dresses, skirts, basques, shawls, or whatever we choose to send, whatever we can spare, you know, ladies; and your husbands will give from their wardrobes, and children's clothing will be very acceptable, also, and do these poor creatures a sight of good; and then we had better select a committee to visit the gentlemen with a paper for subscriptions, and also another to call at the stores and solicit contributions. All our trades ought to give something—a piece of cotton, a calico dress, shoes, stockings, or anything they choose, if they don't want to give money. We shouldn't object to *both*, should we, Mrs. Andrews?"

The lady addressed, Mrs. Captain Andrews, wife of the principal storekeeper in Wheatley,

elevated her head with a full consciousness of her station, and replied that "she presumed the Cap'n wouldn't be behindhand; *she* 'd venture to subscribe five dollars at once for him, and the committee might go to the store and get as much more on account." Whereupon Miss Susan glanced round with a triumphant air, approving Mrs. Andrews' benevolent offer. Other ladies, determining not to be outdone by "*Mis* Cap'n Andrews," immediately signified their approval of Miss Piousmind's plan, and specified the amount of their individual donation, a few volunteering also to specify for their absent husbands; upon which Miss Susan proceeded to nominate the committee, and arrange that the packing of the Chimpanie box should be superintended personally by her sister, Mrs. Robert Smith, whose house was next door to the paternal homestead, and where all contributions should be handed in. Whereupon many a brain in the gathering hastily took an inventory of the "old clo'es" lying in attics and presses at home, the bestowal of which should establish their reputation for charitableness, and figure "a'maist as gude as new," on the almost nude forms of the distant, needy Chimpanies.

Meantime, amidst the business proceedings of the meeting, it must not be supposed that an ambushed running fire of small talk was not going on. When could not a convention of women transact business, choose committees, ply the knitting or crochet needle between whiles, besides filling in the interstices with a woof of ceaseless chatter? In the "good time coming," when their "rights" are recognized, in legislative halls, what a charming tide of soprano music shall mingle with the deeper bass of "lordly" demagogues, and circle outwardly from the Capitol over the nation!

"Mr. Trueberry offered some excellent remarks last evening. I really thought our little minister showed quite an earnest spirit," said one lady.

"Yes. His *wife* wasn't out, was she?" inquired another, in a voice modulated on the circumflex accent, after the style commonly called *a slur*. "Nor *here* this afternoon, either."

"Oh, we mustn't expect too much, Mrs. Perkins," said Miss Piousmind, who had overheard the query and its answer. "The Lord has given us a good little minister; we ought to be thankful for *that!*" It was doubtful whether this suggestion was not quite as equivocal as Mrs. Perkins', though apparently uttered in the most amiable manner.

"The least I expected was to see Mrs. Trueberry interested in this benevolent scheme," ventured a slender, bilious-looking female, with false front, mohair headdress, and guiltless of crinoline.

"Why, Miss Small, don't you know how sick little Carrie has been? And how *can* Mrs. Trueberry get out at all? I'm sure I shouldn't think you 'd *expect* it of her!"

This exclamation was put up by little Lucy Underwood, usually the slyest and most timid of girls, and, I am sorry to record, the only one among the younger members of the parish by whom the minister's palefaced little wife was appreciated.

"Hum, I did hear the child was teething. Don't misunderstand me, Miss Lucy. I didn't say we ought to expect *our* minister's wife to be like others, and take the lead in anything, only I did hope to find her a little interested in such a praiseworthy object as this." And Miss Small's biliousness took a darker tint.

But little Lucy Underwood for once was fairly aroused in defence of her assailed friend. "I don't believe Mrs. Trueberry ought to take more upon her than she is able to bear! She is all worn down now with care; and has enough to do, without attending to any of these charitable objects. I've heard her say many times that she is glad there are ladies in the parish who have the leisure to direct the sewing circles and female prayer-meetings, for she must content herself with being helpmeet at home. You don't know anything about the care of children, Miss Small."

This was a home-thrust. Miss Small subsided, though the dark yellow of her visage became green with suppressed rage.

Lucy Underwood's last remark had caught the ear of one in that group, an old lady in a brown silk, queer cap, and glasses, who sat knitting vigorously—an old lady whom all had been surprised to meet in that company—the wife of the obstinate old deacon, Mrs. Giles, or "Aunt Giles," as she was known throughout the parish.

"What 's that about *Mis* Trueberry, my dear?" she asked, thrusting her needle into the knitting sheath at her side, and turning her right auricular organ toward Lucy, for the old lady was slightly afflicted with deafness.

"Nothing, Aunt Giles; only I was remarking to Miss Small that the probable reason of our minister's wife's absence from this meeting is the sickness of little Carrie, the baby," answered Lucy.

"Thought I heern tell 'twas better," said Aunt Giles, in quick, jerky accents.

"Oh, she is. Poor little thing! she has suffered dreadfully, but she is better, yet Mrs. Trueberry doesn't like to leave her; besides, she has a great deal to do."

"Keeps a gal, don't she? *Mis* Parson Powers done her own work and brought up a family of ten children from fust to last. Didn't have hired gals in them days."

"Margaret is but a small girl, and can only wash dishes and do such work; she don't cook; Mrs. Trueberry is not strong; she shows that."

"Wall, she did look kind of pindlin when I see her last, though I didn't know but she'd picked up sence then. I ain't seen her for quite a spell," said the old lady.

"Why don't you go in and see her often, Aunt Giles?" asked Lucy, pleasantly. "If you only did, you'd see how ill she looks, and not blame her."

"O la, dear, I don't blame her! If the poor creetur's sick, she can't feel like runnin' round here and there; and then most likely the care of the children takes hold on her. *Mis* Parson Powers was a master hearty, halesome woman." And the old lady's tone was quite apologetic, for a deal of native kindness dwelt under her abrupt exterior.

"I wish you'd visit Mrs. Trueberry often. You'd love her as well as I do!" And Lucy's sweet face glowed with the praises of her friend.

"Dare say," said Aunt Giles, who, from the fact of a too blind adherence to her husband's prejudices, though regular in her church-going proclivities, knew as little about the domestic life of her minister as she did about the sittings of the cabinet at Washington. "But there, child, I don't go anywhere, except to meetin' with the deacon. I do'no' what'n all set me to think of comin' down here this arternoon; but I told the deacon I felt kinder interested in that powerful sarmon yisterday about them poor creeturs out West, and thought I should like to know what our parish felt to do for 'em. The deacon—he's dreadful set in these matters—says it's nothin' but beg, beg every Sunday, and a man might as well leave his hat as his *puss* at home when he goes to meetin', for you're sure to have the contribution box put under your nose; but, for all that, I told him I was comin', and he'd got to make up his mind to help 'em some. 'Tain't the givin' the deacon cares about—he's only set in his way; and when he takes a notion nobody's more openhanded. I shall tell him it's his *duty* to gin somethin' to these poor creeturs; but he'll do it in his own way, I s'pose."

"Well, everybody has a right to their own way, I suppose, Aunt Giles," said Lucy, with a smile.

"Yes, child; that's what I tell Benjamin, if it don't happen to come right agin anybody else's way"—and the old lady smiled slyly; "that makes the trouble, you see. Now, I allers told Benjamin he was a leetle too set about *doctrine pints*. 'Taint *all* that's clear on their articles of faith. I remember I had my doubts myself when I was a young woman and jined old Parson Powers' church; but he kinder explained 'em away to me. Dear suz! there's none of the ministers now as clear as the old Parson used to be, and I tell Benjamin he mustn't expect it. Sich a doctrine sarmon as that man would preach! Clear as the sun on 'lection, and close communion, and fall from grace. You never heard such preaching, Lucy. Your mother remembers it all; Parson Powers married your mother, my dear. They had a great sounding-board hangin' over the pulpit in them days, and a great square red velvet cushion, with tassels all round it, for the Bible to lay on; and when the old Parson preached his doctrine sarmons—he used to give us one about every month, communion days—I've seen the thickest cloud of dust fly up off that cushion. He jest hammered away so hard—the *powerfullest* preacher you ever see, dear!" And the old lady paused with the overwhelming recollection.

"So I should suppose," laughed Lucy. "How could cushion or Bible stand such attacks? Our minister is not so violent; uses more forcible *arguments* and milder *words*, perhaps."

"Wall, our minister *is* a purty spoken young man, I tell the deacon; and jest because they don't agree on a few pints they needn't stand apart so. Benjamin's *so* set!"—and the poor old lady's face grew benevolent. "I'm real sorry *Mis* Trueberry is so delikit, and mabbe I'll drop in to see her some day soon."

"Oh, do go in with me this afternoon, when we go home, Aunt Giles," urged Lucy, delighted at the prospect of removing the obstinate stumbling-stone from the path of Deacon Giles through the agency of his wife. "Mrs. Trueberry will be delighted. You'll see how it is with her, and that those who blame her for not going out more would do no better if they were in her place. You *will* call this afternoon, won't you?"

"La, yes, child. You've sich a coaxin' turn with you. Don't say a word about Dorothy Small or Susan Piousmind's blaming her. I've known 'em this forty year or more, and I never heern tell yet that either of 'em is likely

to be kept away from missionary meetin's by chick or child of their own"—and with a queer smile on her face, the old lady again took up her knitting. "Mabbe, Lucy, you can coax the deacon into goin' over to the parsonage, next."

"I wish I could," laughed the girl. "But do look! there is Mr. Beghard coming in! Guess he wants to learn how much aid the ladies are going to give these poor people."

The hum of conversation ceased with the entrance of the reverend gentleman, who was received by Miss Piousmind and her sister, Mrs. Robert Smith, with impressive welcomes. Miss Susan introduced him personally to several of the leading ladies of the parish, and then detailed to him the plan which they had adopted for aid to the destitute and suffering Chimpanie colony.

"Excellent, excellent, ladies!" responded the Reverend Timothy Beghard. "The ladies of several of the churches whom I have thus far visited have adopted this same method of sending boxes of clothing, together with a more tangible sum of money, contributed by their husbands, fathers, and brothers, all of which, given in the spirit of our Master, will, I am confident, afford relief to a suffering people. Ladies, allow me to tend you all the expression of my grateful thanks for your promptness in this Christian and philanthropic cause; and particularly to your most admirable president, Miss Piousmind, who seems so well adapted to take precedence in these benevolent movements." And the reverend gentleman sat down, after casting a most benign expression upon the lady mentioned.

Miss Susan acknowledged the compliment with a conscious deprecation of its application, and straightway introduced Mr. Beghard to Miss Anna Porter, a pretty, rosy girl of twenty-five, who, with unaffected ease and an amiable smile, commenced a conversation with the minister. To account for this feminine tact, I should have recorded that, during the preceding Sabbath tea-drinking at Deacon Piousmind's, the Reverend Timothy Beghard had alluded feelingly to the demise of the late Mrs. Beghard, and his loneliness consequent thereon, whereupon Miss Susan, still clinging to hopes of the stout widower, Abijah Holden, and resolving not to appropriate the glances of their guest to herself, set about casting her eye over the parish for "a supply;" and that there might have been policy in thus bringing him into acquaintance with Miss Porter seemed evident from a little spiteful remark of Miss Small, who, by some means having learned of Mr. Beghard's widowerhood, and knowing Miss Piousmind's proclivities, said, *sotto voce*, to Mrs. Perkins:—

"They *do* say that Mr. Holden is gettin' quite attentive to Anna Porter. Guess Susan Piousmind ain't introducin' her to that minister in search of a wife for nothin'; wants the coast clear for herself."

But female tongues will wag, and so pretty Anna Porter chatted with the stranger minister, and Miss Piousmind and the committee drew up their plan of operations for the relief of the suffering Chimpanies; and presently, after a closing prayer from Mr. Beghard, the ladies gathered up their knitting and their tangled skeins of gossip, and the meeting was pronounced dismissed.

CHAPTER III.

When Aunt Giles and Lucy Underwood reached the door of the parsonage, Master Neddie, who had watched their approach from the window, and greeted his favorite Lucy with delight, answered their summons, and, ushering them into the sitting-room, ran to call his mother. Mrs. Trueberry, looking tired and pale, made her appearance from the adjoining kitchen. It was Tuesday, and little Margaret not being competent mistress of the smoothing-iron sufficient for being intrusted with "doing up" the minister's shirts and baby Carrie's little dainties, Mrs. Trueberry herself had been ironing all the morning, besides directing the dinner; and now, while baby had caught her afternoon nap, she had stolen from its cradle to count out the fresh clothes and lay out the week's mending. She therefore made her appearance with a pile of linen over her arm, which she transferred to her work-basket on the sitting-room table, then seated herself to entertain her visitors. Welcoming her friend Lucy with a kiss, she turned to old Aunt Giles, who had improved the moment of "first impressions" in the bestowal of a keen glance upon the worn, delicate woman.

"Won't you take off your bonnet, Mrs. Giles, and remain to take tea with us?" she asked, a little nervous at this unprecedented visit from the hostile deacon's wife, for Caroline Trueberry supposed that she shared her husband's prejudices against them.

"You are too tired, child, for company this arternoon, and look as if you ought to be abed, instead of waitin' upon us," replied the old

lady, bluntly yet kindly. "Where 's the Parson? writin' his sarmons?"

"Yes; Mr. Trueberry is up in his study. He will be glad to know that you called; I will speak to him."

"No, don't interrupt him!"—and Mrs. Giles laid her hand detainingly on Caroline's arm. "Can't stop long *this* time; Lucy here got me in to see how you was."

"You are indeed a great stranger here, Mrs. Giles. I have thought often of going over to see you, but I have scarcely got out this winter. My excuse is there!"—pointing to the cradle as she spoke.

"And excuse enough, too!" said Aunt Giles, turning down the blanket, and looking upon the little wee babe, worn down with teething. "With this great boy"—glancing at Neddie, who had climbed Lucy's lap, and was untying her bonnet strings—"and a sick baby in your arms, no wonder you 're lookin' pale and pindlin'. I declare, *Mis* Trueberry, I 'd no idee you was so tied down, though I might a' known if I 'd thought on 't"—and the quick, jerky tone of Aunt Giles was considerably softened. "And your gal, she 's more plague 'n profit, I s'pose? Small girls ginerally are. I told the deacon I wouldn't have one of 'em in my house if I had as big a family as Noah took into the Ark."

"Margaret saves me some steps, and is as useful as she knows how to be; but she cannot cook much, or iron. A minister's household brings its work with it: we have considerable company, you know."

"No, I didn't know—that is I *wouldn't* know," said Aunt Giles, bluntly. "'None so blind as them 'twon't see.' But I see enough now, child! Tied down here at home with a sick baby—every stray minister that comes along makin' extra cookin', washin', and ironin'—some folks seem to think a parsonage 's a tavern! This minister a beggin' for them people off West—he 's stopping here, ain't he?"

"Yes, Mrs. Giles."

"And how long is he goin' to stay?" queried the old lady.

"I think the week out, probably over next Sabbath. At any rate, until the box of clothing is prepared, when he will take it on to New York with him. He says it can pass as his baggage and thus save the freight," replied Mrs. Trueberry. "Miss Piousmind told me they thought 'twas best."

"Wall, it 's my 'pinion that what 'll be saved at the tap 'll run out at the spile. To be sure, it 's none of an old woman's business about Miss Susan Piousmind's plans; but it *is* my business, and every woman's in this parish, too, that we don't let our minister's little wife get down sick with care and work. Now, *Mis* Trueberry, don't you object if I jest ask this Mister Beghard to take his carpet bag and go right over to our house and stop while he 's in Wheatley."

"But—"

"No 'buts,'" interrupted the old lady. "They 've jest put upon you, and I 'm goin' to take your part. I 'm ashamed to say it, *Mis* Trueberry, I ought to a' done it afore. I've kept away from you, and thought you might a' come over to see me oftener, when I didn't know how your hands were tied down. So, jest to show that I 'm in airnest, I 'm goin' to tell this stranger minister that he 's got to go home with me; and, as for you, you ought to go to bed and sleep a week to look any way rested."

"I should be well content with one night's sound rest, if baby's teeth wouldn't ache so," smiled Caroline Trueberry; but there were tears in her eyes, for it was something new for any of her parish to come to her with a full understanding of her cares. "But Deacon Giles, he does not like these missionary agents, you know?" she added.

"Oh, I 'll manage him! Of course the Deacon 'll *argu*—he 'd argu all night on his pints of doctrine if this stranger minister wants to—but Benjamin's harth and table are allers open to folks. And remember, *Mis* Trueberry, when you have any more company—exchanges, or anything of that kind, jest send 'em over to our 'us, or else into Deacon Piousmind's for Susan to take her share in waitin' and tendin' upon 'em. She can *talk;* but as to takin' *keer* on 'em, that 's another thing. Now, good day; I must be goin', though I won't hurry Lucy, for I see your little boy has got her bunnit and cloak off. She can tell you all about the doin's over to Susan's this afternoon," and shaking the thin hand of the minister's wife with her own hard, wrinkled, but warm one, the kind-hearted Mrs. Giles hurried away.

CHAPTER IV.

SATURDAY dawned over the parsonage. The household cares of the week had been a little lessened there, owing to the flitting of the Reverend Timothy Beghard from their spare chamber to the farmhouse of old Deacon Giles; but baby was still suffering that martyrdom incident upon the first advent of its little masticators;

and, in consequence of its nightly worryings, and her increasing headaches consequent upon loss of sleep. Mrs. Trueberry was fast lapsing into that state of physical ailment which good old Aunt Giles would have expressed as "all run down."

Affairs had not gone quite smoothly, either, with the parson, owing to many interruptions attendant on his profession; one or two of which were, that he had been called upon to attend two funerals in the absence of the Orthodox minister of Wheatley; also, he had been obliged to write an extra sermon for the preparatory lecture which occurred that week; his sermons for the coming Sabbath had not attained that state of completion he would have liked; and this Saturday found him with a fair prospect of being obliged to write all day and late into the night, when he should have been recuperating for the morrow's duties. This dragging of the sermons had often happened of late; for the young minister had fallen into a depressed state of mind rather unfavorable to mental application, brought about by a cause which has hampered more ministers than the pastor of Wheatley, and generally has more to do with "dull sermons" than parishioners are wont to admit. Pecuniary difficulties had fastened on Warren Trueberry.

"I thought we could live on four hundred a year, wife," he said that Saturday morning as he lingered a moment over the breakfast-table. "We have always done it; but this year I find myself forty dollars in debt. But we could not avoid it; we have economized to the extent of the letter. There never was a year when everything was so high: flour eleven dollars a barrel; wood, potatoes, meat, everything going up; and never was there a time but we had more from the people. Last year at the donation you know we had eggs, butter, and salt meat enough to almost carry us through the winter; and then that barrel of flour from Squire Gale, and the two cords of hard wood from Mr. Morey were the same as money. And this year—well, I don't mean to complain—they pay me my salary promptly, and I suppose they think I can live on it, but it 's getting next to impossible, Caroline. With Margaret to pay, for we must give her a little, and our expenses increasing, I don't see how we can get along another year. I shall be forced to lay the case before the committee next quarterly meeting, though I dislike to urge what they ought to see!" and the color which mounted to the young minister's forehead betrayed more than words the sensitiveness of his nature. "I must learn to economize more. There 's the cyclopædia I had promised myself for this year; I must do without it."

"And I the new black silk I thought of having in the spring," said Mrs. Trueberry.

"No, Caroline, you need the dress," replied her husband.

"Not till we are out of debt, my dear," she said gently, but firmly; "and that will be when you get your quarter's salary in April. I can turn and make over that blue cashmere I have, and it will do with my others."

"The dresses your father gave you when you were married!" said the minister, bitterly. "Caroline, don't you regret that you ever left your comfortable home, where you had more prosperous suitors, to follow the fortunes of a poor minister?" and the crimson spot was bright upon his cheek.

"Warren, can I ever regret that I *loved you?*" It was all Caroline Trueberry said, but it was sufficient, with the gleam of wifely devotion in her soft blue eyes. The minister checked his mood of doubt and depression, and, passing his arm about her as they rose from the table, said:—

"Forgive me, Carrie; but it galls me so to feel that I am in debt. We must struggle on till April; *then* 'the laborer must be worthy of his hire,' or we must make up our minds to accept a call somewhere else. The Lord will open a way for us. I will now go up and write; and, my dear, you had better make up your bundle for the mission box. Miss Piousmind told me last evening at lecture that nearly all the contributions had been received, and they should look for yours to-day, as they should close up the box to-night. I told her you would send up a bundle. I can't afford any *money*—they know that; but there 's my second overcoat, I can get through the winter without it, and the dark pants in the press up stairs, give them them; and you can gather up whatever you have in the house, a suit of Neddie's old clothes, or something you don't want yourself, if such a thing exists in a poor minister's household," he added, with a smile.

"But the overcoat, my dear," said Mrs. Trueberry, whose womanly prudence reached beyond this impulsive benevolence; "you will need that. You know you always wear it when you shovel the paths or split the wood, and on cold spring days when you work in the garden."

"Well, no matter, send it along. I can't send my best one, that 's true, and I want to donate something. I must work the faster, to keep up the circulation."

"As you think best, Warren," replied the

thoughtful wife, adding, with an affectation of gayety: "You will think I 'm growing miserly; and the parish ladies—if *they* could hear me!"

But when, after the minister had gone up to his study, she took down the well-worn, carefully-mended, but still comfortable garment from its nail in the hall, and surveyed it before she proceeded to fold it, she murmured: "Warren will need this. If he could only afford another, only a cheap, common garment, he takes cold so easily. But it shall go; we must learn to trust in Providence; and, after all, how many are poor and destitute while we are enjoying so much comfort!" And with alacrity she folded the overcoat. Yet it must be confessed that a little sigh was smothered beneath her apparent cheerfulness, for that garment had been worn on the wedding journey to Wheatley, six winters before, and it had received so many carefully set stitches, so many thrifty mendings from her skilful fingers that to send it away in the mission box seemed like sending an old friend from her side. But relinquishing it, and going to her own room, Mrs. Trueberry took down from the presses several articles of her own clothing to add to the contribution. There was a de laine slightly out of style, but she had contemplated altering it into a nice warm wrapper; a flannel skirt; a merino basque; and a print dress. "I can get along without them," she said, hesitatingly, turning them over. "The de laine, I thought, would be comfortable"—and she glanced down to the worn wrapper she had on; "but some poor woman there will need it more. The calico is good, and the basque, too. Here is a warm shawl"—and she took a Bay State from the drawer of her bureau. "I *would* send that, but old Mrs. Denning, with her rheumatism and her poverty, needs it quite as much, I fear"—and she did not add it to her list. "I do not doubt but it would be quite as charitable to bestow these things on one or two poor families in this parish; but if I did not send a bundle, as 'the minister's wife' I should be scanned and criticized." Then, adding a suit of Neddie's clothes, who wished to furnish his mite to "the little Chinkapin boys," she returned to the sitting-room, and, folding up her gift, dispatched it to Mrs. Robert Smith's by little Irish Margaret, who, under her burden, brought to mind the old mythological remembrance of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders.

"I wish I could have given more; but I could not, and as it was—" But Caroline Trueberry checked the words which, however truthful they might be, she would not suffer to pass her lips. For it *was* true that every garment the minister's wife had abstracted from her own scanty wardrobe was a sacrifice to her; it was moreover true that said bundle of garments, transferred from Margaret's arms to the table of Mrs. Robert Smith's sitting-room, and subsequently submitted to the inspection of that lady and her sister Susan, preparatory to their bestowal in the mission box, was received with some such remarks as these:—

"Mr. Trueberry's old coat—threadbare! Only *one* flannel skirt—Mrs. 'Squire Gale sent *three!* Dresses—hum! a de laine and an old basque. Why didn't she put in that eternal blue cashmere she 's worn so long? But ah! here 's a calico almost new. *I* can't afford to give away *new* dresses. Mr. Trueberry 'll be asking for us to raise his salary soon. A suit of Neddie's clothes—well, these *are* worn enough, I should think. Patches in both elbows of the frock. She does know how to mend, then, Susan."

But why linger on the censorious remarks of a woman who, though her name had stood twenty years upon the church records of Wheatley "First Parish," had yet to learn the first lessons of the Master she professed to follow? Sufficient that the box was packed. The Sabbath passed, during which the people of Wheatley First Parish, together with the Reverend Timothy Beghard, who had suddenly relapsed into an attack of his old bronchial difficulty, sat and listened to the two hard-wrought sermons of the pastor; and when Monday came, the reverend gentleman, whose cognomen was a synonyme of his occupation, bade his new friends, and last of all Miss Susan Piousmind, good-by, and departed *en route* for New York, from which city he avowed his intention of sending, per express line, the bountifully laden box, and the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars in cash he had collected in Wheatley, direct to the needy and destitute of Father Chimpanie's colony in the distant valley of the great West.

Strange, however, that when the traveller and his freight reached a station at a city some fifty miles distant from the quiet farming town of Wheatley, after a few explanatory words to the baggage agent, there was a remarking and rechecking of the box of "personal baggage" (which, as was averred, had been wrongly directed), and that thenceforth from the good City of Notions its route lay over the Grand Trunk Railway, via Portland, direct for a Canadian city beyond our border in the Queen's dominions! A singular mode this, Reverend Timothy Beghard, to reach New York, unless

you contemplate an extended tour down the St. Lawrence and through the chain of the great Lakes, returning by the way of the Lake Shore Line, on the principle of "the longest way round 's the nearest way home." And yet not so strange or singular, either, when we consider that man is a credulous being, and there be "wolves in sheep's clothing" who go about among us.

CHAPTER V.

When April arrived, the church and society of the First Parish in Wheatley were more than surprised, even astonished, at a special meeting, convened by request of their pastor, by his expressed desire for a dismission from his connection with them. "Did you evers," and "Who 'd have thought its," and "I wonders," if not openly expressed, were as rife upon the countenances of all present as the swelling buds upon the elms outside the door of the old vestry. Then, on the principle that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," the First Parish suddenly woke up, and as suddenly found that their little minister was very dear to them. What had they done? Why was this? So new, so sudden! And they sat, a convened body, in open-mouthed wonder, waiting the "reasons" for this unlooked-for procedure on the part of Mr. Trueberry.

The minister's face was pale, but his voice was firm and his manner collected and dignified as he rose from his seat near the desk, and spoke: "Unless you press me for my reasons for this step, I had rather they remained unnamed."

"But, Brother Trueberry, we *do* insist upon the reasons for your wishing to withdraw yourself from us!" exclaimed Deacon Piousmind, rising hastily from his bench close by, and looking very red in the face.

"Well, then, since I am pressed to name the cause of my asking a dismission," returned Mr. Trueberry, slowly, though without hesitation, "I will say to you that I find the salary paid me quite inadequate to the support of myself and family. My brethren, when I entered upon the Christian ministry, I did not choose it as a profession whereby to gain earthly honor, or emolument, or gain; rather from a sense of duty, and from a heartfelt desire to be an humble instrument in the hands of my Master for His glory; but, on the strength of what I read in my Bible—'The laborer is worthy of his hire'—I find that the tasks of mental toil incident upon the duties of my calling, combined with the mental depression incident upon a narrowness of income, which drags me down into the deepest earthly inquietude, conflict too strongly to permit me to labor longer with acceptance among you. I know that some of you"—and he looked straight at Deacon Piousmind and Mr. Perkins—"have complained, and with truth, of late, about dull sermons; but, gentlemen, I would say that, if either of you were to endeavor to reconcile the two professions of the financier with the sermon-writer, you *might* realize something of the unfeasibility of the fact." And, unconsciously to himself, the minister's voice took a little tone of sarcasm, for Warren Trueberry was but human.

The deacon and Mr. Perkins both winced under this language, and perhaps would have hazarded a reply; but 'Squire Gale, a plain, blunt-spoken man, rose, and said, hastily: "*I*, for one, don't blame you for this step, Mr. Trueberry! Who of us could live on four hundred dollars a year, and support our families?"—and he looked about on the meeting. "Impossible! We 've imposed upon our minister; and I, for one, though I ain't a church member, and don't profess to piety and doctrine, *do* profess and affirm that I honor Reverend Warren Trueberry as a Christian man and a minister whose preaching I like to sit under, and as a member of the society, I say it 's a downright shame to have it go abroad that we drove him away from us because we were—not too *poor*, but too *miserly* to support him!" A little hum of surprise at this boldness on the part of 'Squire Gale ran through the vestry-room, broken by the 'Squire's adding: "You've had no fat 'call' to leave us—hey, Mr. Trueberry?"

"I have a letter here," replied the minister, producing one from his pocket, "which gives me a call to become pastor over another people. I would rather not state the name of the town, from motives which are evident. And I will not deny but that the prospect of a release from the depressed, harassed life which I have led for some time past, leaving me more leisure to devote to my sermons and studies, has somewhat influenced me. Perhaps some of the brethren may construe this into an evidence of a worldly spirit, but my own conscience does not accuse me," he added, with a firm, open glance.

"*Nobody's* does here—at least I dare say so, Mr. Trueberry!" exclaimed 'Squire Gale, who, from the fact of his position as wealthiest man in the parish, was listened to with deference. "We can't expect to starve a bird or clip its

wings, and then expect it to sing or fly. This salary business, then, is the *only* reason why you want to leave us, sir?"

The minister paused, passed his hand over his forehead a moment; then a firm look settled on his lips, and, looking round a moment, he said: "No; I will not deny but that another cause has had its influences; and it is one that lies near my heart, too—one that, inasmuch as it wounds one who is dear to me, wounds me also. I find that she whom I took as *my* wife, *my* companion, and the partner of *my* cares, and helper in a Christian life, has incurred animadversion from the ladies of this whole parish. I regret to say this"—for there was a sudden drawing in of breaths and a crimsoning of faces among the females of the meeting—"but it is *true*. Mrs. Trueberry does not act as president of the circles, directress of fairs, take home garments to make for benevolent societies, nor enter very largely into visiting; hence she is blamed, judged, and condemned. And yet, without being accused of undue partiality"—and for a moment a smile relaxed the minister's lips—"I can truthfully say that I, as her pastor and adviser, find her in as good Christian standing as any other sister to whom I have ministered in my parish."

It was a cool day in April, but there was much fluttering of singing-book leaves and handkerchiefs in the capacity of fans in that little vestry-room. Deacon Piousmind coughed a long extempore, for he knew whose two eldest daughters had not hesitated to openly comment on these deficiencies in their minister's wife. Mr. Perkins reddened to the shock of thick hair that stood erect like a sheaf of ungathered corn on his forehead, for he knew whose wife had done likewise; but the fair culprits themselves sat petrified into marble silence. The hush of death was in that vestry-room. "You might have heard a spider run across the ceiling!" said old Aunt Giles, afterward, by way of describing the sudden spell of quiet.

Then 'Squire Gale rose, and blurted out, like a great bomb-shell thrown into a sleeping city: "Mr. Trueberry, I like your pluck! Sha'n't ask you to excuse the word, parson—I mean *pluck!*" And sat down again as quickly as he rose, to give place to one as little used of late to taking part in society meetings or matters (save for his "arguments") as one of the wooden posts that supported the desk railings.

"Brother Trueberry"—and it was a good deal for stern, hard old Deacon Giles to speak in that softened, trembling voice of his—"Brother Trueberry, I 'm an old man, and a poor, miserable sinner, and a stumbling-block, I dare say, and I believe in election and foreordination, and can *argu* doctrine p'ints with any man or minister; but I *don't* believe in starvin' our minister, and lettin' it be said he had to leave us becos' we were too niggardly to support him; and I don't believe, nuther, in expectin' the work of a whole parish, visitin', sewin', *and scandalizin'*, from one little woman who 's got her own household to attend to afore all outdoors. Now, Brother Trueberry, I know, as I said afore, I 'm nothin' but a stumblin'-block in your way; that is, I *have* been; but from this time henceforward, and I say it as before our blessed Lord and Master, I should be contented to set under your preachin' jest as long as you 'd a-mind to preach in Wheatley Fust Parish, if it 's the rest of your nateral life. And it sha'n't be my fault if I can't pay as much as any other man towards keepin' ye, unless you 're detarmined to leave us." And the old man sat down amid a dead pause.

"Brethren"—and Mr. Trueberry's voice trembled as he rose—"don't misunderstand me! From the day when I was first installed your pastor, over six years ago, up to the present hour, my whole heart has been among you; and my labors as a feeble worker in my Master's vineyard have, I trust, not been unrewarded. It would pain me deeply to part with you; it pains me to say what I have said to you this day, and, could it be shown me as the path of duty, I would gladly remain among you. I have been guided only by the circumstances detailed to you in my desire to go from your midst."

"Then, Brother Trueberry, let bygones be bygones, and stay with us." And the hand which grasped the minister's in a cordial clasp was one whose forefinger had often been raised in clenching some "doctrinal p'int" in argument; and Mr. Trueberry's closed firmly over Deacon Giles'. Other cordial words were spoken by the other "brothers" assembled in the vestry-room; and Deacon Piousmind and Mr. Perkins both united in the same request. "Brother Trueberry, we have just learned to prize you. Do not leave us."

It was a new scene, the softening of those iron-willed, fault-finding church-members to the humble and childlike spirit of their Master, while their pastor, with a warm tide of joy flooding his heart and melting away all the ice-floes of distrust and bitterness which had gathered there, stood among them with tears in his eyes. "Brethren," he said, laying his

hand upon the letter lying on the table before him, "I shall decline this call to leave you. This is the happiest hour I have known since the day I was installed your pastor. Let us pray that the spirit of love may not pass away from us, but may abide evermore in our hearts." And, amid stifled sobs and deep emotion, the voice of the minister trembled through the vestry-room.

That evening, while Mr. Trueberry sat beside his wife in the sitting-room of the parsonage, a brighter flush on Caroline Trueberry's cheeks than they had worn for months, for Joy is a better panacea than medicine—a formal deputation waited upon their minister, and handed him a paper which stated that "the Church and Society of Wheatley, First Parish, had voted to raise the salary of their beloved pastor to eight hundred dollars per annum, for as long a period as he chose to remain among them." And, foremost on the list of names, affixed to each of which was the yearly tax they donated, stood recorded "Benjamin Giles, fifty dollars." Doubtless Deacon Giles believed it had been "foreordained" before the foundations of the world that he was to pay that tax for the support of the ministry in Wheatley, First Parish.

Time passed; but it is not recorded that Mrs. Trueberry, ignoring her housewifely sphere, became extraordinarily active as president of the sewing circle or directress of fairs or missionary movements; but it is written in the annals of Wheatley, First Parish, that henceforth scandal and gossiping were considerably lessened; and, also, that the sweetness (?) of Miss Susan Piousmind's disposition gradually acidulated from the day when the stout widower, Abijah Holden, took, to preside over his house, and become the mother of his three romping children, pretty, amiable Anna Porter.

It is also recorded that, whenever the name of the Reverend Timothy Beghard was spoken, Miss Susan showed conscious signs of embarrassment such as maidens are prone to show when absent lovers are mentioned; hence became current the report that the widower minister was one day to return to Wheatley and transfer thence the second Mrs. Beghard. But as such an event never culminated; but, instead thereof—in some of those mysterious ways by which "murder will out," as time passed, and letters containing strange hints and revelations reached the minister of Wheatley—there did circulate a common report that "the *Reverend* Timothy Beghard" only existed save as an arrant swindler and confidence operator, who had villanously imposed upon Wheatley, First Parish, as he had upon other goodly and benevolent churches.

And, taking this story in connection with the fact that a large "old clothes" store in one of the most populous cities of the Queen's dominions suddenly received an unwonted invoice of goods, foremost among which, fluttering from its peg by the door, hung a well-worn, carefully-mended overcoat strangely like one once owned by Parson Trueberry, while within the shop were displayed basques, dresses, and shawls which had once figured as "the style" in the meeting-house of Wheatley, First Parish: Taking also into consideration the additional fact that a young and well-looking man, divesting himself of a clerical suit of black, blue spectacles, white neckerchief, and false whiskers which he had cultivated as a protection against bronchial affection, set out one day from the precincts of that Canadian city with a well-stocked purse (the net profits of his confidence operations), besides an eloquently written sermon from the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive" in his valise: Viewing all these facts in the light of a concatenation of events, it can scarcely be called presumption, I say, to draw inference that neither mission boxes nor funds raised by various New England churches (prominent among which stood that of Wheatley First Parish) ever reached that needy and suffering Colony in the Valley of the Great West, in whose behalf said mission boxes and funds were solicited by the very Reverend Timothy Beghard, as "Aid for the Chinkapins!"

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON HEALTH.

Cheerfulness is a great blessing, and is the parent of many others. It gives a relish to simple fare, adds a charm to plain features, and keeps down petty troubles. Cheerfulness, in fact, is another name for health; it is difficult for people, when out of health, to be cheerful. There are causes of cheerfulness, as well as causes of gloom and despondency; on dull, foggy, or rainy days we feel less animation than in fine, sunshiny weather; and light, if not the chief, is one of the principal causes of cheerfulness. Unless there be light in the dwelling, we can hardly hope for light in the heart.

The ill effects consequent on a deficiency of light, though often brought under notice, have not yet been considered with due attention. And it is a lamentable fact that, even in situations where a full supply of light may be obtained, people are often unwilling to take the

necessary pains for its admittance. There may seem to be a good reason why houses in the narrow streets and alleys of towns should be gloomy, but there can be no good reason why cottages and houses in country places should be dismal also. Yet we often see dwellings by the side of broad commons, or on the slopes of breezy hills, with windows so small as not to admit a tenth of the light required.

Darkness and gloom have a depressing effect on the health and spirits. The light of the sun is as necessary for the health and growth of human beings as for plants. Who is there that has not noticed the vocal liveliness of birds under bright sunshine; animals frisk about in the warm rays, and insects, which are seldom or never seen in cloudy weather, come forth by thousands. Infants, too, enjoy light; they turn their eyes eagerly towards it, and when restless or cross, are often quieted by the beams of the sun or moon. Plants grown in the dark, or by lamp-light, instead of being green, are of an unhealthy white hue, and the pores which open from every part of the stalk and leaves in the natural state, are but very few in number, or altogether wanting. Hence the plant is unable to perform its most important function, that of transpiration, or breathing, an act entirely due to the influence of light, for the pores of healthy, growing plants open in the sunshine and close in the dark. During the day they take in carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and give out oxygen; but in the night they take in oxygen, and give out carbonic acid. The taste of plants, too, is affected by light; some which are sour in the morning become tasteless at noon, and bitter at night. The peaches grown under the sun of America are as much superior to those of England as the latter are to sloes. Gardeners and farmers find that plants when crowded together struggle towards the light. Chlorine and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and kept in the dark, will never unite; the light of day causes them to mingle slowly, but in direct sunshine they combine instantaneously, and explode with a loud report. Colors fade in a strong light; and, as most readers know, portraits are taken by the action of the light. Some trades cannot be carried on without a good light; dyers find that brighter colors are obtained under a clear than under a cloudy sky. People who work in dark rooms, or in mines, are sallow and sickly in complexion, and sometimes deformed. One great cause of despondency and illness among emigrants while on board ship is want of sufficient light between decks. Some animals are tamed by being deprived of light; and it is a well-ascertained fact that tadpoles, which are young frogs, will never grow into frogs if always kept in the dark.

DREAM-LAND.

BY YELTHA HAMPTON.

ONWARD through the stilly twilight beaming,
Glideth my tranquil bark to dream-land sheen,
Where, with music low, and starlight gleaming,
Pause I enchanted at this isle of green—
Pause I, till fairy forms trip o'er the weeping sedge,
And stay the silver moorings at the lakelet's edge.

With clasped hands, in seeming fondness clinging,
Walk we beside the crested water's brim,
Where ripe fruits on golden boughs are flinging
Athwart the moonlight shadows vague and dim.
Beautiful—they who walk upon the jasper sea,
Whose wings are tipped with hues of immortality!

Some the faces wear we knew in childhood;—
So loved, so mourned, so missed in song, in glee—
They who cheered the hearth-stone—roamed the wild-wood,
All, all are here; but the dearest ones to me
Are they who watched beside me, soothed with tender care,
And taught my infant lips to murmur first a prayer.

Cometh oft, with golden ringlets straying
About his brow, a blue-eyed cherub boy;
Night winds o'er his angel harp are playing—
No earth-stain dimmeth now his radiant joy!
Fondly about my neck those dimpled arms entwine,
Nestles once more that little peachy cheek to mine.

On my pillow moonbeams still are sleeping,
Still roams my spirit o'er the mystic strand;
There no foes deride; no cause for weeping
Wells up the bitter fount—it is a land
Where aching hearts heed not that drooping willows wave—
No cypress deepens there the shadow of a grave.

But for care, for toil, for strife, for dreaming,
Our souls would cling to earth, nor heavenward soar;
Treasures that we grasp are but the seeming
Of what we would—nor gold, nor wisdom's lore
Can feed the immortal, or its upward longings stay;
Life is a dream—heaven the bright morn, the never-ending day.

DIRGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. M. L. HOFFORD, A. M.

GATHER the beautiful home to her rest,
Strew the pale roses over her breast;
Like her in beauty let them decay,
When the most beautiful passeth away.

Bury the faded under the shade
Of the sad willow where she hath played:
Let a sweet flow'ret lovingly bloom
In the bright greensward over her tomb

Weep for the beautiful; hallow with tears
The grave which the love of the lost endears;
Trust to her pillow the beautiful dead,
Angels of glory watch over her bed!

FROM MAY TILL NOVEMBER.

BY MISS MARY DUREEF.

(Continued from page 472.)

CHAPTER III.

It gladdened me, that in my first drive with Ross, amid our picturesque scenery, there was promise of a continuance of the fine weather in which we had already rejoiced, for a longer time than the season warranted. No prospect, speaking with reference to the area bounded by either our physical or our spiritual horizon, is so bright that it cannot be rendered more cheery by the gilding of a clear sunshine. And, fervid as was my newly-awakened happiness, it was yet timid and tremulous—yet tempered in an uncertain, April atmosphere. My heart was drifting from its old moorings, and binding itself by those in a manner untried. A consciousness of this had been brought more fully to me, by the interview with Ross, upon the preceding evening, defining with more certainty than hitherto our plans for the future.

I hastened to meet Ross at the door, equipped for the drive, as I had promised.

"Ah, ready, Avis?" was his lively greeting. "I see you have not forgotten Trim's restive habits."

As he handed me to my seat in the chaise, Alice stepped to the door to restore the veil I had dropped in the hall. A hasty introduction ensued, for she had been absent the preceding evening.

"Who was the lady, Avis?" inquired Ross, as we drove off.

"Alice Lowe, my sister; would you believe it?"

"Why not believe it? But you never told me of her."

"Never told you of her? I have talked of her again and again. How forgetful you are! These locks should be hoary." And I ran my fingers playfully through the said locks, which temerity was seasonably rebuked by a hearty grip of those rash members.

"Ah, the daughter of your stepmother. I fancied her a little, tripping school girl, picking buttercups and chasing butterflies."

"Not so far wrong. Alice has but just left school; and, I may venture to say, would trap a butterfly as eagerly as ever. But is not she a fairy—an houri—a peri?"

"A beau*ty*!" Ross suggested, with ludicrous emphasis on the last syllable, to mark the alliteration.

After a few seconds I heard again—"a beauty!"—a sort of dreamy echo, dropping into a cadence that perceptibly changed the accent. Something like consciousness flushed upon the face of Ross, and broke into an amused smile, as he caught my demurely observant look.

"Avis," said he, abruptly, "your presence is inspiration not only to myself, but to my good Trim. See how he flies!"

"He is nimble, indeed," said I, admiring the fleet Canadian. "But where will he take us? You and Trim are not supposed to know our ways like a native."

"Not *all* your ways."

"You know this one, then?"

"We travelled the same road yesterday," returned Ross, smiling at my surprise.

"I confess I am puzzled; but I now comprehend, at least, how you were detained after the time when I looked for you. I am puzzled; I give it up."

"Was not I to find business?"

"True!" ejaculated I, simulating an air of vexation. "And all this time I have been flattering myself that my own little affairs were of importance. O the blindness of vanity!"

"And you really do not know anything of the matter? Well, it was my purpose to surprise you, if I could."

A kind of shadow fell upon the countenance of Ross, and he remained silent for some moments.

"Avis," said he, at last, hesitatingly, "when one has found a bird, the next desirable thing, as we are told, is to find a cage. I had the luck, now, to have one fall into my hands at the most convenient moment—just in the nick of time; here, too, in your own neighborhood, as it were. At the top of those delectable mountains, to come upon a pleasant summer-house—to come thus unexpectedly upon the familiar old landscapes—the same old rocky hills, where you may practice forever upon the same sunsets. Isn't there enchantment in it? Downright magic, Avis! You will enjoy it so much!"

"And you, Ross, what will you do?" I asked,

mechanically, feeling that he paused for a word from me.

"Oh, I shall enjoy it too. It will be enough for me to watch the ecstasies of my Lady Sands! And then, you know, to sit under one's own vine and fig-tree, through long summer noons and evenings, smoking the dear cigar, and besides all that I shall—"

"What else?"

"Go a fishing."

I laughed slightly, with a rather dim perception of this ludicrous ultimatum of bliss. I was listening to Ross, indeed; but meantime, cataloguing, mentally, the estates in the neighborhood, with a view to determining which of them could have been subjected to the transfer of which Ross had spoken. This quandary was still uppermost in my mind when we turned suddenly into the elm avenue at Aunt Lyle's. The recognition of this, and a recollection of Thane's disturbance were simultaneous. The truth flashed upon me. This was the place! Cherrywold, it had come to be called, from the abundant and thrifty growth of the native black cherry that distinguished it—Cherrywold, dear almost as life to Aunt Lyle and Thane!

A sensation of misery, of undefined, sickening dread fell upon me at the thought. There was no time now for unravelling the mystery of how and wherefore. We were driving straight to the house, were already at the gate. The awkwardness of a meeting between Ross and Thane, when I remembered the feeling manifested by the latter, nay, between Aunt Lyle and myself, under such circumstances, oppressed me beyond measure. Had I been party to a robbery, I could scarce have suffered more at prospect of encountering the victims.

"Avis, are you ill?" asked Ross, with an anxious look at my blank face.

I gasped a dreary negative.

"Nay, but you are, or—"

"No, no," I faltered; "I only don't quite understand." I made an effort to speak cheerily—"Here we are at Aunt Lyle's. You know Aunt Lyle and Cousin Thane?"

"Aunt Lyle? *Your* aunt?"

"Yes; that is, my uncle's wife, or rather widow."

Blank as was my own face, its aspect was rivalled by that of Ross.

"I believe, then, I have done wrong to surprise you in this manner," said he, at length, breaking the rather embarrassing pause.

"Wrong? By no means," I returned, my single aim, at the moment, being to reassure him. And this newly directed anxiety, relaxing, for an instant, the strain previously sustained, permitted something like reaction. The youthful spirit is bravely elastic. My undefined apprehensions gave place to relief as indefinite, but fraught with vigorous foreshowing of satisfactory explanation and adjustment of all difficulty. And it is not easy to say in how great a degree this revulsion of feeling may have been referable to the ready sensibility of Ross. That quick exhibition of feeling served as an assurance, which I was not conscious, truly, of needing, yet which I was apt to receive, that, however he may have been led to avail himself of the privileges of a creditor, as was shown, upon the face of the transaction, to be his form of connection with it, he had certainly engaged in no intentional wrong.

We had alighted, and were passing the lawn gate. "One question, Ross," said I, laying my hand on his arm as he turned from setting the latch. "This is the place to which you have been alluding. Has your claim to it been recognized—that is, I mean, is the conveyance already made?"

"Does not this indicate as much?" producing a key, which he proceeded to insert in the lock of the old-fashioned double door.

"What! They are gone? Are you sure they are gone?" cried I, in a surprised, half despairing tone, and involuntarily retreating a few steps to scan more completely the familiar premises.

Until now I had not observed the air of desertion that rested upon the broad-fronted, weather-beaten, yet well-preserved, old mansion; the closed blinds of the lower stories, the curtainless dormer windows, the total absence of all activity within, and abroad, of all that rippling of domestic life which is wont to stir the monotony of a country establishment. "Ah, they *are* gone!" murmured I.

Vaguely, but painfully, my ear missed the usually unnoted sounds—the busy gossiping of the feathered tribes, the occasional social overture from pasturing herds, the questioning bark of the old house-dog. Nothing came to break the grave rush of wind through the line of old cherry-trees that bordered one side of the ample lawn; only, while we paused at the door, a group of sea-birds, on their way to the neighboring bay, whirred over our heads with their querulous chorus.

Glancing upward, as they passed, I was not surprised to see dark vapors hurrying over the recently cloudless sky. This external glooming harmonized with the change in my feelings,

and in a manner, perhaps, warranted the chill, or nervous shudder that thrilled my frame.

As I dropped my head I became aware of the chagrined mien with which Ross was observing my emotions, and awaiting my passage into the hall. I forced a smile, and a few light words to the effect that, since the birds were flown, we might make free with their nest.

Our steps upon the bare floors echoed drearily through the vacant rooms. The single trace of the well-beloved occupants we discovered in the now dismantled and cheerless sitting-room, was a letter, leaning against the wall on the mantlepiece, as if so placed the more readily to attract observation. I seized it eagerly. It was addressed to my father, "Mr. George Heath," simply, evidently with a view to this mode of delivery, and in Thane's peculiar handwriting.

"Ross, Ross!" I entreated, "do come and tell me about this affair."

I stood with my back towards him while I spoke, and as he did not immediately respond, supposed he had left the room; but when I turned to seek him, I encountered his rueful face and figure moodily disposed against the window-frame. The cast of mingled disappointment and reproach again reminded me of my selfishness. He had prepared for me, as he thought, a pleasant surprise, and he found me thus glum and intractable. He was right to frown.

I hastily disposed of the letter, and advanced with extended hands, as I said—

"Forgive me, Ross; I do thank you that you meant me so much pleasure."

He grasped the offered hands, and I did not object when he transferred them to his shoulders, while he clasped his own about me for an instant, since in the act somewhat of his usual sportiveness revived.

"I surely did not know of your connection with those people," Ross explained, "or"—his brow contracted slightly—"your attachment to them. The affair has been painful enough, any way; perhaps I should have dropped it if I had known, but I took it strictly in a business light until yesterday, when I came to see Greystone."

"He was here yesterday, then?"

"Yes; he appointed to meet me and settle the conveyance. You see, it was just this; that is, I will give you particulars some other time. My father and the elder Greystone were concerned together, it appears, a good number of years since, and my father had in hand, from some cause, a mortgage upon this place. Well, Avis, don't look so troubled. It 's nothing so very bad, is it? When my father died, and his affairs were to be settled, this paper turned up. Our attorney, Rand, had the chief management. But this place, Avis, why, of course you know I wanted it; and, as the money was not forthcoming, Rand took measures to secure it."

"But how can it be? In all our knowledge of Aunt Lyle's affairs, and my father had, for a long time, charge of them during Thane's minority, I never heard of this; there must be some mistake."

"I don't know," said Ross, moodily. "Greystone says it was all settled, and that the paper, which really does not show itself cancelled in any way, ought to have been destroyed. But he can give no sufficient proof for this assertion, and—and his arrogance is unbearable! Nay, Avis, don't frown. I believe, indeed, you care more for him than for myself."

"Hush, Ross. And so you quarrelled—you and Thane?"

"Not very much short of it; yet, but for his haughty way—I don't mean to wound you, but what right has the man to such outrageous pride!—had he been a trifle more *suave*, I say, it is possible I might have been induced to give up, or at least to defer the claim; though, in truth, it did not affect me alone, and other heirs might not have consented. To tell the plain truth, Avis, that Greys*tone* is *so stony* that we could never get on together; we were always jostling each other when we were schoolboys."

"I thought as much," said I, drawing a deep breath, and trying to cast off, in some degree, the load that seemed to rest upon me. Who does not know how we assume the burdens of those we love, and how their faults, if they have them, seem as our faults, giving us often the keener pain as our relations and perceptions chance to be diverse? And, aside from this natural sympathy, merely through my connection with Ross, I seemed to become, though all unknowing and involuntarily, a party to this affair, this ejectment, as I could not but regard it.

A light pattering of rain upon the window-panes, the friendly warning of a drifting cloud, admonished us that the sky was darkening to some purpose. Calling attention to this, I pinned my shawl closely, and made a movement to depart.

"We must choose some other time to consider plans for improvement," Ross remarked, a little dryly.

I heard him absently. I was thinking much more of the plans of those who had just left.

Where were they? Gone to live at Drayton, Ross thought. I longed to take Thane's letter to my father, that I might learn its contents.

But little success attended our efforts at sociability during the drive homeward. The rain had not fallen as suddenly as the little threatening had led us to apprehend; only a light sprinkling attended our arrival. Ross assisted me to alight, and, with a promise to see me again in the evening, took his leave.

I need scarcely say my first care was to deliver Thane's letter to my father, whom I sought in his accustomed retreat, the little library adjoining the family sitting-room. For several days he had been suffering from frequent headaches, unusually severe, and attended with great debility, the natural result, as we all agreed, of more than ordinary anxiety and fatigue in the arrangement of certain troublesome business matters. A satisfactory conclusion seemed promised, and I knew that to-day my father's old friend and adviser, Lawyer Crofts, was expected to assist in a final adjustment. We rejoiced in this, looking confidently to ease of mind and rest for returning health. Hence I was glad to find my father securing the much needed repose upon the comfortable chintz-draped lounge arranged for his use.

"A letter from Thane, father," I remarked, as he took the missive from my hand. My lips refused to render farther explanation; that the letter would do for itself probably, and more satisfactorily than I could do it.

The toilet duties needful for my refreshing were quickly dispatched, and but a short time had elapsed when I returned to the library. On my way I encountered my stepmother.

"Take this to papa," said she, giving me a glass of delicate jelly, which she had carefully prepared to tempt his lagging appetite. "We have company to dine, and I must give Hannah a few lessons; she has such old-fashioned ways!"

The thought of the good, old-fashioned Lawyer Crofts, and the little likelihood of annoyance to him from Hannah's "ways," brought a smile to me.

"You smile, Avis," said my mother, gravely; "but these little things are of importance; 'a straw will tell which way the wind blows.'"

"O yes," I returned, and went my way, musing. "We do not, after all, do these things for our friends, but as outworks and defences of our own pride."

My father lay with his head toward me as I entered the room, his right arm flung from the couch. I should have thought him asleep, but for the manner in which the fingers clutched the crumpled sheet, to which my attention was naturally at once directed; that simple indication bespoke, more eloquently than words could have done, the excitement attendant upon the perusal of Thane's letter. I hastened to him with renewed anxiety.

"What is it, father?" But the shock that I experienced at his appearance drove every other thought from my mind.

He lay apparently rigid, with teeth firmly set, and eyes widely strained and fixed—a corpse could scarce be more ghastly!

Setting aside the useless nourishment, I lifted the drooping hand. It seemed powerless, but it was with difficulty that I disengaged, from the convulsive grasp that had closed upon it, the letter, in all probability the immediate source of this direful state. Thrusting this mechanically into my pocket, I chafed the livid hands and knotted temples, begging him to speak to me, to assure me, in some way, of his continued existence. I thought him dead, so insensible did he seem to my appeals. A slight movement of the lips and the relaxing of the jaws showed me, finally, that life remained, and I ran for assistance.

Mr. Crofts, who had just arrived, was entering the sitting-room.

"My father is ill, Mr. Crofts!" I exclaimed, waiving all preliminaries. "I don't know what is the matter with him. He is very ill! Will you step into the library and see him, while I go for restoratives?"

Passing through the dining-room, where my mother was still occupied, I apprised her of my father's illness, and bade Hannah send immediately for the physician. By the time I again reached the library some reviving symptoms had become manifest; he breathed, his eyes had lost their ghastly stare.

"What is this, Mr. Crofts?" my stepmother asked, seating herself, and regarding us all with a look of subdued surprise.

"Paralysis, madam, as I fear."

My mother arose and deliberately bathed the temples of the unconscious invalid.

"This is very sudden," she remarked.

"Such attacks are usually so. You have sent for Dr. P——, Avis?"

I replied in the affirmative.

Following the prescriptions of Dr. P——, who made no delay in answering our summons, we had the satisfaction of perceiving that something like relief had come to the patient, though it was evening before we could in any measure relax our extreme anxiety.

"It is the long mental strain which has brought this illness upon your father, Avis?" Mr. Crofts inquired, when we chanced to be by ourselves.

"I think so." My hand was upon the letter in my pocket. I knew that my father trusted Lawyer Crofts entirely, and that he depended upon him greatly in matters of business; but, ignorant, as yet, of the contents of Thane's letter, I felt that it might be of too private a nature to be placed before even this good friend. My stepmother and Ross, who came in the evening as he had proposed, scarcely seemed sufficiently *of* us to be initiated into Thane's concerns, to which this letter, of course, chiefly related; though I felt that it might affect myself in a manner to justify a perusal on my part.

It was very late before opportunity was afforded me to effect this perusal. I could not expect it to add much to what had already been made known to me; but I opened it with the same depressing dread that the first thought of Aunt Lyle's misfortune had occasioned me, and the feeling did not abate as I read:—

My Dear Sir: I do not come to bid you a formal farewell upon leaving Robinton, but I cannot leave without some word to you, assuring you of the lively gratitude and affection with which your long-continued care and kindness have inspired me. You have been as a father to me—what more can I say? The necessity that is upon us to leave Robinton is probably known to you. I do not understand it, even now; but among the papers which you restored to me I find none referring to the old mortgage that Sands has brought forward, and consequently cannot prove it of no account, as I have so long supposed it. I have forborne to trouble you with the affair, knowing as I do that your own business is sufficiently burdensome; moreover, I have felt assured that you, being cognizant of the movement, would not permit Mr. Sands to pursue the claim unjustly. Naturally we regret being called to part with the prospect; though it is, perhaps, less trying to me than to my mother, whose retired habits have strengthened her attachment to the old home.

I have especially regretted the renewal of this forgotten claim, as I had been thinking to raise money upon the estate, to assist in meeting the demands of Hoard, who, I am told, is alarmed, and means to push his claims upon your firm with rigor. I think if, by some means, he could be satisfied, you may gain time sufficient to recover; and I cannot help hoping still that timely aid may come to you from some quarter. As to the note I had from you, and to which you alluded a short time ago, oblige me by putting it out of your thoughts altogether.

At present we are to live at Drayton, in a house belonging to Aunt Reliance. I propose to myself employment in the engineering line, for which I am led to believe I have some aptitude.

My mother unites with me in love to you and your family. If in any way I can serve you, please command, always,

Yours truly, T. Greystone.

Noble Thane! his moods were no longer mysterious. He had sacrificed his little patrimony to meet some need of my father, and thus deprived himself of the power to redeem Cherrywold.

And my father, was he then so involved?

I took the letter to Lawyer Crofts in the morning.

"You will see that you were right," I said, handing it. "It is mental trouble that is destroying my poor father. What is to be done?"

"What is to be done?" I repeated, as Mr. Crofts refolded the letter with a grave countenance.

"Nothing at present, my child, that I can see; only keep up good courage, and do what we can to restore the father. I will endeavor, at least, that all suits shall be postponed. This Greystone has the true grit; but you like the Sands best, eh!"

I paid little heed to the good gentleman's raillery.

"What will our mother do?" said I, rather in soliloquy, than with the thought of a listener.

Mr. Crofts smiled slightly. "Does she know of this letter?" he asked.

"No."

"Then do not tell her about it, at present; though I think, indeed, she would bear it well."

I knew he had in mind her unruffled demeanor on the preceding day. But I had an instinctive feeling that there might be times in which she would be less collected.

A week passed, and we had no time or thought for anything but the invalid. It seemed good to have Ross at hand; and indeed he spent the greater part of his time with us, rendering comfort and assistance.

But a week had served to make known to us the full extent of the injury wrought by the shock which my father had experienced. It was one of those sad instances of paralysis that

deprives its subject not only of the use of limbs, but of speech. The whole right side had been rendered powerless, the vocal organs incapable of obedience to the will of their master. Yet the mind appeared active, and it was truly agonizing to witness the futile and despairing efforts which the sufferer made, almost constantly, at first, to give utterance to his thoughts and wishes. To apprehend these became a matter of serious study, as he lay day after day, restless from fever and the irksome bondage imposed by palsy. In the accomplishment of this my greater familiarity with his habits aided me much. There was, therefore, urgent call for my unremitting attendance.

It was a week full of the most painful anxiety. We could scarcely hope for his recovery, hardly, even, durst we pray for it, unless the blessing of speech might be restored.

CHAPTER IV.

Another week passed, bringing little change. Anxious nursing and watching began to tell upon the attendants of the invalid, in the usual forms of pallor and languor. For myself, I was yet too much harassed in mind to heed these manifestations, but Ross repeatedly urged upon me the propriety of rest and relaxation. In furtherance of this advice, he one day proposed a drive to the sea-shore; insisting, not unreasonably, that as my father was for the time comparatively comfortable, I should as a duty seize the opportunity to recruit my spent strength.

"See this pale cheek," said he; "we must take a drive and restore the fading color. I cannot lose my lady's beauty!"

"That you *cannot*," I responded, dryly; "but *I* am not so safe, and already my comely young gentleman is drooping a bit."

"You do think me rather good-looking, Avis?"

"Dazzling! I veil myself in your presence," suiting the action to the words, by casting a light scarf, which I held, over my head and face. I could see, nevertheless, the features radiant with mirthful pleasure.

"Dazzling? ah!"—removing the scarf—"I do not perceive the effects. The light is unquenched in these eyes—only, I beg pardon, they do look as though they may be brightened by an airing."

"And a coloring?"

Ross bent his handsome brows into the semblance of a frown.

"Do me justice, Avis. Granted, since you will have it so, the advantage of color—black, brown, violet—were eyes made simply to be looked *at*. But eyes—black, brown, violet—are just"—

"Just?"

He laughed slightly. "Well, some of them are of the opaque-glassy description; not uncommon these, though by your smiling you seem to say so. Then there are others, where the trouble is"—

"The trouble is?"

"In my own eyes, no doubt; chromatic aberration, as I fancy"—indulging in sundry frolicsome grimaces at the conceit—"to be rectified by added lenses, thus—are you listening, Avie? this way"—and Ross playfully turned my head, while he gazed for an instant into the mottled orbs that serve it for windows; "Eyes that I like best, Avie, I look *through*, so."

"Will you come, Avis?" said the earnest voice of Alice at my side. "Papa is trying very hard to make us understand something."

I hastened to my father's chamber, feeling that it would be wrong to leave him for one day, even. He was, as Alice had indicated, gesticulating eagerly when I entered the room, while my stepmother stood by, in passive helplessness, having exhausted her powers of apprehending and suggesting. It seemed to me he had himself become confused and uncertain, while seeking the best mode of communicating his wishes. I therefore entreated him to rest a little, before renewing the effort, and proceeded to soothe his excited nerves, by such means as Dr. P—— had sanctioned. He submitted patiently to the requirement.

"I believe he has been simply wishing for you all this time," said my mother, wearily; "and I think I will leave you in charge today, while I drive with Alice to C——. I am sure it will do us good; and it is time our summer shopping received attention."

I made no immediate reply to this announcement. It would be a disappointment to Ross. Should I acquiesce at once, or name my half arrangement with him, and ask a postponement of the drive to C——? An indistinct murmur from the invalid, such as never failed to send a pang through my heart, decided the question; and at the same moment I bethought me of securing convenience and pleasure to both parties, by proposing that Ross should accompany my mother and Alice on their contemplated excursion. Finding that the plan met approval, I went to apprise Ross and ask his concurrence.

It was a fresh June morning, and he and Alice still stood within the hall door, chatting and enjoying the air fragrant with the aroma of the yet tender leafage. As I reached them, however, the latter sprang lightly through the door, and a moment after, I saw her flitting about the adjacent garden, examining the opening rose-buds, and caught, fitfully, her gay response to the robin that cheered its covey of nurslings in the neighboring chestnut.

"And so you *will* not go, Avis?" Ross said, half reproachfully.

"*Cannot*, rather; but I give you good exchange, do I not?" I was hastening up the stairs again. Arrived at the landing, I paused, and, raising a warning hand, repeated: "Good exchange, but—"

"'Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!'"

Ross poised himself in a theatric attitude; but as I completed the couplet with significant emphasis—

"'When the *Lowe*lands shall meet thee in battle-array'"

—broke into a merry laugh.

Presently, as I retreated, I caught the words: "Avis, a moment, if you please." I descended again.

He beckoned me with mock mystery to the hall door, where, in defiance of some little perversity on my part, he went again through the pantomime of gazing into my eyes, which this time were resolutely closed.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked, after a time, as I unclosed them.

"Fortified?"—with intentional misapprehension. "Ah, yes! I obey your will to-day; but next time, my dear lady—"

I was already bounding up the stairs. My heart was heavy with my father's sufferings and impending misfortunes; but daily Ross wound about it fresh, bright garlands. It was a pleasant thought that this blithe spirit would thus wreath itself with mine through time, and in eternity, as I believed.

My father lay as if slumbering when I re-entered his chamber; but ere long opened his eyes and made a gesture in the direction of the library. I had been revolving in my mind the likelihood of a return to the anxieties which had harassed him previous to his illness, and which, so far as we could perceive, had been in a manner lost in the more immediate trials attendant upon his disease. I was, therefore, prepared to interpret the movement.

"You are anxious about business affairs, father?" I said. "But Mr. Crofts promised to do his best to arrange them. I would take no thought about them," I continued, with the soothing that we instinctively adopt to lull the trouble of invalids. "It will be time enough when you are recovered."

A deep groan was the painful reply to this suggestion. It was followed by a repetition of the wishes, enforced by appropriate gestures and great effort at articulation. I even, as I fancied, distinguished the name Thane. All mention of Thane and the fatal letter had been carefully avoided in my father's presence, through dread of renewing the agitation which had wrought upon him so injuriously. But, earnestly as I desired, and even felt the necessity for, communication with him in regard to the papers to which Thane had referred, I could not allow the opportunity to pass unimproved.

"You wish me to bring you papers from the library, father?" I questioned. "The little safe from the closet? The drawers from the book-case?"

He nodded an affirmative.

I brought them, with such odd bundles of papers as I could gather readily. I spread them around him as he sat propped by pillows upon the bed, reading as I did so the labels and topics to which they related. He listened, examining all attentively; but finally shook his head in expression of disappointment and dissatisfaction. I determined to venture the thought that had struck me at first.

"You look for the paper named in Thane's letter?" I said, watching anxiously the effect of my words.

His countenance brightened, and in his extreme eagerness he for once ejaculated "Yes!"

Tears of grateful joy sprang to my eyes. What a fountain of hope was unsealed by that little unexpected sound!

"If there is such a writing in the house, you may rely upon me to find it," I said, earnestly. "I will call upon Mr. Crofts to search with me the library, and also the counting-room."

An expression of content settled upon the features of the tired invalid as he fell back upon the bed. It was to me equivalent to an assurance of the existence of the desired document, and of my ultimate success in finding it.

But my new-born hope found no sustenance. This was the last evidence that my father gave of any strong interest in his business relations. Once, indeed, while he grasped the hand of Lawyer Crofts, who had come to see him, he looked significantly towards my stepmother, together with Alice and myself, as if beseeching for us the friendship and kind offices of that faithful friend. But for the greater part of the

subsequent fortnight both mind and body appeared, as it were, to acquiesce in the supremacy of disease.

I watched him from day to day grow thinner and paler, with what sickness at heart I need not say. To a vision quickened like mine by long observation of the habits and constitution of my father, the quiet unconcern of my stepmother seemed unaccountable. Time, which has rendered me more conversant with life, as well as with disease and death, has enabled me to unravel much that baffled my more limited experience. Paralysis often gives its victim a long lease of suffering ere the final account is closed; and my stepmother, with the smooth pliancy of her well-trained nature, having settled herself to this view of my father's case, thenceforth pursued her way with her accustomed imperturbable habit; in the mornings busying herself with the untiring dress-maker she had engaged at C——, or driving thither in the companionship of Alice and Ross, who, whenever occasion demanded, obligingly lent himself for the service; in the afternoon sitting dutifully by the bedside of her failing husband, all unconscious of the rapid decline so apparent to my anxious heart, which was aware of the sure issue many days before it came; yet it came to rive that heart not the less, with sudden and fierce anguish.

(To be continued.)

THE PARTING.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

Canst thou, *wilt* thou wed for gold?—BARRY CORNWALL.

SHE gave him back his letters with cold and quiet grace,
No shade of sorrow ruffled the calmness of her face;
No sadness thrilled her accents, no tremor shook her hand,
As it touched his own one instant, like a fairy's magic wand.
He gazed with tender yearning into her soul-lit eyes,
But their depths were clear and placid as cloudless summer skies;
And he said: "Farewell, sweet Mary, we ne'er shall meet again—
I am going to another country, far over the raging main!
Thou hast sold thy youth and beauty for titles and for gold,
And I wish thee joy of thy treasures, and thy bridegroom gray and old;
His soul is stained and harden'd, his life is a ceaseless war,
But his acres they are many, and heavy his coffers are.
My wealth is a name unsullied, a conscience pure and free,
And the truest heart that ever will beat on earth for thee!
But thou hast chosen wisely—the rank and gold are thine,
And a bitter weight of sorrow and blighted love are mine.

"God help thee, wayward maiden, as the dark years onward glide!
Thou hast still a woman's feeling 'neath all that frigid pride.
Thou wilt yearn for a kindred spirit, and the touch of a tender hand
To guide thee over thy pathway all strewn with the golden sand!
A voice from the years departed will haunt thee long and loud
In the gilded bowers of beauty and the gay and heartless crowd,
And thy heart, it will grow weary ere half its night be o'er;
Oh fare thee well, sweet Mary, we part to meet no more!"

He passed by the hawthorn hedges, he passed through the old green lane,
He passed o'er the daisied meadows, and she saw him never again;
But ere the flush of sunset on the western mountains died,
She stood in the halls of Burley, a pale and stately bride!

She rides abroad like a princess, and her robes are rich and rare;
There are rubies on her bosom, and diamonds in her hair:
But she never smiles, they tell me, and her voice is sad and low,
With something in its music like an undertone of woe.

They say the youth who calmly resigned her plighted hand,
When she wedded the Lord of Burley, has died in a foreign land.
There are serpents by the fountains, and thorns in the fairest flowers,
And the drama of life is startling in this queer old world of ours!

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

It is starting in a pathway,
Going onward through the years—
Sowing seed along the wayside
Where at length the fruit appears.

It is being, thinking, acting,
With some purpose, high or low;
Marching onward through the hours,
While the seasons come and go.

"What is life?" Oh, weary pilgrim,
Has thy heart no power to tell?
Art thou thinking, striving, acting
Wisely, earnestly, and well?

Many rosy paths are leading
From the straight and narrow way,
And the pleasure-seeking pilgrims
Live and toil but for to-day.

Duty's path, though dark with shadows,
At a golden gate will end,
Opening to a land of sunshine
Where all joys together blend.

A STORY FROM MY BLANK BOOK.

BY SUSAN HASKELL

An old blank book in ordinary binding lies open on the table before me. I used it long ago, and still continue to use it, as a sort of journal. It is nearly written through. I add to it now from time to time because I like to continue the story inscribed within its pages. It is for me a story without an end; but just such a tale as many a wife and mother might write concerning herself and her girlish experience. It lies open at this date:—

PATTERSON, *April* 18, 1854.

I came to Patterson a week ago. What a miserable day, as I recollect it! The sun shone, indeed, but in a yellow, smoky sky. The snow lay in dirty patches on the hills, the streets were muddy, the sidewalks impassable. The depot coach left me at a strange house at the end of a long street, with a gentleman, a member of the School Board, to introduce me into my new home. He was very talkative; seemed to take for granted that the lady of the house and myself should soon be excellent friends; assured me that she was very agreeable; then left me, after cautioning me against loneliness and homesickness. I then took possession of my room, a pleasant chamber, with a large window looking towards the west.

I sat at the window until the early twilight, wondering what the future would bring me. I seemed to be strangely curious, to have quaint, unaccountable fancies. I was not unhappy precisely, neither was I satisfied or at rest.

The day faded quite away, and I left the hills sleeping so quietly under spring and twilight influences, and went down into the lighted parlor to meet the new family.

Sabbath Evening.

I met a familiar face in church to-day, a face I had met once before, two years back. I had liked the face then; I had thought I should have liked the owner of it for a friend.

I met the gentleman after service; he came forward and spoke to me, alluded to the chance meeting we had had years before, hoped he should have the pleasure of meeting me often in P———. The interview lasted but a moment, but I love to think of it.

He has wonderful eyes; I recollect thinking so when I first met him.

Later.

I hear much of my chance acquaintance in our family; they tell me many things concerning him. I ask no questions; I seldom do; I know not, then, why they should so continually speak of him. There is a young lady in the family who may have liked him; I shall remain silent, and see if this be the case. They say, among other things, that he will probably soon marry, that he will ask some lady, gentle and good, to share his home. And what if he does? He has a perfect right to do this; and yet I wonder, and speculate, and think so much of it.

June 11*th*.

I meet my new friend often; his place of business is near my school-room, and by some chance or other we often walk up the long street together. I think of the lady, gentle and good, who will some day or other be his wife, and so talk to him without constraint, as a friend should. I think, as I notice his manly bearing, that his wife will be very beautiful; that she ought to be all that is excellent. I met him in company for the first time, last night. I thought, as he entered the room, if the favored lady be present, he will seek her; but, instead, his eyes sought mine—he came instantly to my side. I should reflect that I am a stranger. He was the only person I knew at all when I came to this village; therefore it is not strange that he, perfect gentleman as he is, should seek to make me happy by friendly attentions. Still, his eyes need not so persistently seek my face while he talks to me so well and quietly. I fancy I could listen quite as attentively, were it otherwise. I will try and think no more of the gentleman with the dangerous eyes. I can forget him easily, of course.

June 28*th*.

I do not forget him easily, of course; it is no light matter thus to do. My face is not beautiful, I reason, but he likes to look at it; my eyes are not remarkable for brilliancy or beauty of expression, yet he likes to gaze into them, I sometimes think. What does all this mean? I surely am not the gentle, beautiful lady he is to marry by and by. I wish he would go and find her before I like him better.

My term of school is nearly over; in a week

I shall leave P——— for a short vacation; I am glad I am not to leave it forever. I am glad that I have gained the confidence of my patrons—the love of my pupils. And is this all? Confess, Susan, that this is not all. Confess truly that one person is oftener in your thoughts than all the pupils and patrons in the universe.

August 19th.

I said my good-byes to Mr. Hulbert in the friendliest manner, when I left P——— for a short journey home. He hoped my vacation would soon be over; he should miss me much. I answered that "I could see no reason why he should be thus anxious; I thought he ought rather to wish a tired teacher, who had exhausted all her ideas, a long term of weeks to rest and recruit in."

The vacation passed pleasantly and quietly by. I was happy, joyous all the day. Was a new joy to come into my heart? Was I to love and to be loved? Sometimes, when I thought of his goodness and truth, when I considered his pride and manliness, I smiled at the absurdity of my fancies; and then again, when I thought of some tender expression, some lingering pressure of the hand I dreamed on. The day came for my return to P———. Why was I so strangely glad? Something had changed me, to be sure.

I met Mr. Hulbert on the cars. Strange that he should be travelling on the same train at the same time with myself. He was returning from the Lakes, where he had been spending the summer weeks. He had much to tell me of the scenery, grand and wild, he had seen during his journey. He wished Miss Susan could have wandered with him by the shores of Lake Champlain; that she could have sailed over the clear, sparkling waters of Lake George. Susan echoed the wish in her heart. She said no word, however. Why should she?

I had travelled often alone. Why, then, seeing I was all-sufficient, should he so carefully arrange my shawl and veil, take charge of my book and travelling-basket, and caution me against the evening air, blowing so freshly through the car windows? Why should he dislike to see Mr. Turner (a kind, fatherly gentleman, who had come to escort me home), when we stopped at the P——— Depot?

Mr. Turner met me so kindly, and I, as in duty bound, had only to say good-night to Mr. H——, and drive away from the station. I wonder if I should have fancied a walk home with Mr. H—— better than the moonlight ride with my old and kind friend?

September 28th.

I am wakened from my dream at last; better now than in the future. I have been very kindly cautioned by a wise, judicious lady. She said, as if she knew whereof she affirmed: "I suppose you know that Mr. H—— will be married soon—some say this present year. He is to marry a lady from a distant seaport town; you will probably see her soon. She is represented as being wealthy, beautiful, and accomplished."

"A very wise choice he has made," I answered, "if to her beauty and accomplishments she adds the treasures of a pure and loving heart. I trust he will be happy, for he is much my friend."

The good lady watched me narrowly; she read only a quiet, unchanged face the color in my cheeks did not deepen one instant before her gaze. Well was it that she did not witness the agony and tears that my little chamber was witness to one hour after. I looked up to the quiet stars for pity; I prayed God "if this be possible, let the cup pass from me." No peace came to me, no oil was poured upon the unquiet waters.

Later.

I met him again, as I must of necessity often. His manner to me was the same, almost more lover-like. Something like a troubled expression came over his face, as I turned carelessly away from him last night, as I gently withdrew my hand that he had imprisoned within his own. Later in the evening when near me, he spoke of a new road that had recently been constructed to the top of a mountain, a short drive from the village.

"Have you ever been there?" he asked, turning to me. "The view from the summit is fine; one can see the 'kingdoms of the earth and their glory.'" The sunrise he had been told was glorious as seen from thence.

I saw to what all this tended; I was wretched and weary; I hated the mountain, myself, and the sunrise, and curtly observed that I would not walk into the garden to behold so common a thing as a sunrise.

"Your manner is inexplicable; I do not at all understand you," he said soon afterwards, as he left me.

I talked with him no more that evening. I conversed freely, and with apparent unconcern with others. He stood in a corner of the room, gazing abstractedly upon the gay company. My heart seemed breaking; I longed to have the

right to go to him and say, frankly: "Let me be your friend always. Don't misunderstand me, I entreat you."

I did not see him when he left. No more friendly farewells; no more kindly greetings; henceforth our paths lie apart. I must avoid him. But, in the mean time, what shall I do with this restless unhappy heart? God pity me! God help me! I pray as I write, for I see no light—no ray from Heaven irradiates the gloom.

Later.

I do not see him now except at rare intervals. It is best so. Why do I wish it when he is another's? His manner to me is friendly, that is all. There are no more walks together to the school-room, no more rides, no more quiet evenings wandering by the river-side under the moon.

Who knows what I suffer? No one except a gentle lady who has known much of life and sorrow, who says: "Susan, the day will come when you will be thankful for all this discipline which is now so bitter, for these very shadows that rest so deeply and darkly about you." Dear friend! Kind counsellor! I thus write to her: "Until the day when the Books are opened, you will never know how much I thank you for your words of peace. I left school to-night with a heart too full for utterance; God and all good seemed far from me; a storm raged in my heart that prayers or tears could not quell; I rebelled against all the dealings of God with me. I know now how people feel when they renounce the world and rush into the presence of God unbidden. Don't understand that I am thus sorely tempted. God, the Unseen Presence, sustains me, holds me up, he will not leave me. Your prophetic words moved me, comforted me. I cannot just see how all this is to come to pass; how the beautiful, calm, holy light is to enter the soul; nevertheless, I will believe you. I will hope and pray for submission.

It is not weakness, it is not sin, I repeat to myself. God gave us these holy affections, these unselfish loves, and when the peace comes, as you say it surely will, I can see how it will make me more charitable, more loving, more lenient to others as weak as I have been. I have been so strong in myself, so independent of others, so isolated, so proud; but it is all gone now; I could sit at the feet of the lowliest. If, in the future, light comes, I will be grateful; if peace, the peace which God giveth, I will not be unmindful of the Heavenly vision."

Nov. 5th.

Susan, where is your courage? where your strength to endure? where is your faith in One higher? Strange it is that a few earthly disappointments should lead you from your best friend. Strange that you should forget that life is but short at the best, and that after its "fitful fever" all who have struggled and overcome, sleep well. Life seems very bitter to you, just now; you think you cannot live so; but you will, you will live and suffer, and in the end overcome. Bear your destiny bravely, as thousands have done; let no word or sign betray the unrest of the heart. Be courageous! look upward to the clear shining, the Heavenly Friend, to the Guide in darkness, the Help in trouble.

Nov. 18th.

How dreary and cheerless the evening! How the rain beats against my window pane! How the wind sobs in the old elm outside! I think, as I sit here in the late evening, of all dreary, desolate places, of lonely graveyards I have seen, of unfrequented wood-paths, leading this lonely evening into the "blackness of darkness." How can one be happy with the drifting rain and wailing wind outside the casement, and the utter desolation and darkness within the soul. Alas! for the hopes, the courage, the joys that have fled with this year! I am glad it is going. I am also glad that in three weeks I shall be released from this bondage, that I can leave P———, with all its hateful memories. No one wonders that I am changed, that my cheek pales. It is evident that my school is too large, that I have too much wearisome labor to perform.

My friends do not know, and I am so thankful they do not surmise, that the knowledge of one person's love would bring back the color to my cheek, the old time happiness to my heart.

I turn over a few leaves. There is a little written in pencil, on tear-stained pages, of a sad parting—a change of place, an effort to be happy in the new home. Long walks into far-off woods by rushing rivers, and on rugged mountain sides are recorded. I read of resolves made to be broken, of earnest prayers that God will give the victory. I drop my pen, and wonder as I read if I, the writer of these pages, so happy and beloved now, could have originated these despairing words.

I continue the record.

PATTERSON *Sept. 5th*, 1855.

I felt impelled to come back to P———. I said

last autumn, when I left it, "I will never see the place again." But the yearning to see his face again was too great to be resisted. I am staying with Mrs. M——, my kind friend. It is right I should come back; no one except myself thinks it strange. I am warmly welcomed. I am quietly glad to be here so near Mr. H—— again; I shall see him this evening, shall meet him at a public assembly. Will he speak to me at all? and, if at all, kindly?

11 *o'clock, same evening.*

I have seen him; he noticed me as I entered the crowded room with Mrs. M——, and came from the opposite side of the hall to welcome us. I hardly cared how I met him. I felt strangely calm; suffering had taught me much. He held out his hand cordially, tried to say how glad he was to see me. I wonder now at Mr. H——. I do not at all understand him. He looked at me now and then with eyes so full of tenderness that I had much ado to keep back the foolish tears. He asked, looking straight into my face all the time:—

"Had I been happy, well, contented in my new home?"

I endeavored to turn my face from his earnest gaze, as I tried to tell him that I had been active, that I had found a pleasant home, that I had won a few new friends.

"But you have not been happy," he persisted; "your face is changed; there is an expression in your eyes I have never read there before."

"I am tired," I answered. "I am a little weary of this great world; I shall be the old time Susan by and by."

"I trust so," he answered, so tenderly, "for your tired, weary face pains me—grieves me more than I can say."

Later in the evening Mrs. M—— came to take me home, and I left the hall and walked down the street as in a dream. There is a mystery here. No one speaks of Mr. Halbert's approaching marriage. Can it be that I have been mistaken? that I have needlessly inflicted pain on one I would give my life for?

Later.

My hand trembles with joy and gladness; I am almost too happy to write calmly of the events of this day.

This morning Mr. H—— called to say farewell, as I supposed. I was preparing to go out, and had on my hat and cape as I met him at the door; he observed it, and said—

"It is a lovely morning; you are prepared to go out; walk to the end of the street with me?"

"My time is my own," I answered. "I care not where I go."

We walked up the street, quietly; silence was more effective than words. I dared not raise my eyes; I felt that his sought persistently to read my face. At the end of the secluded street we paused, and Mr. H—— said:

"As your time is unoccupied, as you plead no engagement, will you go farther? will you trust yourself to my guidance one day? Will you walk to Hollenbeck Mountain with me?"

I hesitated; I am certain tears shone in my eyes as I answered: "I cannot go with you; it will be too pleasant; I shall have too much to forget in the days to come."

A sudden change came over his face; it seemed transfigured. He came very near to me, took both my hands, eagerly clasped them in his own, which trembled violently.

"Susan," he said, "is this true? Will it be hard for you to forget this interview? Do you care for me? you, so talented, so gentle, so lovely? Is my friendship, my regard anything to you?"

I did not withdraw my hand; my voice did not tremble as I answered: "I care more for your tender regard, more for your constant friendship than for anything else in the wide world."

"Then you will go to the mountain with me? You will listen, sweet Susan, to much I have to say?" said Mr. H——, as he led me from the dusty high-road to a green lane bordered with low shrubbery, wild asters, and the golden rod. It was a beautiful September day, as I had before observed. How the world was changed for me in the twinkling of an eye! Yesterday, though just as beautiful, I had cared not for the blue sky and the golden sunshine, while a gulf I deemed impassable lay between me and my love. Now I was in harmony with everything about me. I did not disguise my joy; it cheered and revived me so much to say quaint original things to the friend at my side. The path grew rougher and steeper; his hand sought mine; I did not refuse his aid. We remarked on the beauty of the landscape, gradually widening; spoke of the superb old elms that singly or in groups dotted the fields and shaded the winding course of the far-off river; to the sunlight, gold-flecking the mossy ground, the late birds, singing so mournfully in the high tree-tops, my attention was directed. At last we gained the summit of the mountain, and a beautiful landscape lay at our feet. Beautiful and impressive scenes often move me to tears; thus on this morning, with "beauty

above me, beneath, and around," with a joy, the dawning of a great joy in my heart, the tears came that could not be repressed.

I know not how it all came about; how a gentle hand wiped away the blinding tears, how I found myself at last on a moss-grown seat in a shaded nook, where the broad fern-leaves grew, and where the first falling leaves had found a resting-place. I only know that another sat beside me, that a voice I had dreamed of, a voice I had thought of by day and by night, tremulous with deep emotion, said:—

"Life has been very bitter without you. Will you come to me, beloved Susan, and make my happiness?"

And I said, drawing nearer to him, so near that his cheek touched mine: "Paul, I love you beyond all others. I will love you faithfully all my life long."

"She is mine to have and to hold, henceforth and forever," said the same dear voice; "and God do so to me, and more, also, if aught but death part me and thee."

And I was blessed; for all the ills of life I was a thousand-fold compensated. I held my natural God-given place at his side; I was drawn closely to a breast that might henceforth be my resting-place; I was sheltered by arms that I knew would seek to shield me from evil. Finally we both grew calm; we only held each other's hands and looked into each other's faces as we talked of the past, of the miserable misunderstandings, of the sad days and weary nights we had spent away from each other. We talked of our hopes and plans for the future, of the home we should share together, of the peace, love, and joy that should abide with us forever. The day declined, the sun dropped down in the west, the early twilight came on as we descended into the village. At the door of Mrs. Mervin's cottage we paused and parted. Kisses fell upon my cheek and lips. Again was I taken closely to his heart; then he left me under the silent stars, so happy, so grateful to the Giver of every perfect gift. One hour after, as I sat in my room thinking of my new-found joy, the door softly opened, and Mrs. M—— came stealing to my side. She read the whole story in my happy face. She sat down beside me, put her hands in mine, and said: "Susan, I know all about it; you need not say one word. You have been a brave, patient, courageous girl; you have not entirely yielded; you would have struggled and overcome, even if this happiness had not come to you."

Beloved friend! how often had she supported me! how often had she sought my room on weary nights, and comforted me with assurances that the dawn would come, even the perfect day!

I am writing late; the midnight hour has come; I hear the clocks strike in the neighboring steeples; I hear faint sounds in the meadows; the murmuring brook, the sighing of the wind in the treetops. I look across the meadows, over the river, to Paul's home. There is a light gleaming from his window; he does not sleep; he thinks of the dear love that is all his own. God bless him! God keep him, my friend, my beloved!

September 13, 1856.

A year has passed away since the day I spent on Hollenbeck Mountain with my best friend, since the day which crowned my life with love and hope. I am thoroughly, quietly happy. No love is like my love, no friend like my friend, no hopes like my hopes. We have been separated all this time, Paul and I, yet it scarcely seems a separation; love-freighted epistles come to my home and heart every week. I know that his love for me is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. In his last letter he says: "Beloved, if God so wills it, our futures shall be one; we will aid, cherish, and love each other very truly. The future is often in my thoughts. I consider that trials and sorrows may come to us as to others; we may not always walk in the pleasant land of Beulah; but we shall share our griefs and joys. I shall know where my Susan will be found in days of adversity as well as in hours of prosperity; I know she will be true and faithful to me forever."

Later, he writes: "I am longing to see you installed in your new home. I look forward with so much pleasure to the time when I shall have you all my own, when you will spend your evenings by your own cheerful fireside, by your own husband. I want you to come to P——— in six weeks; lock up your school-books, leave your weary toil; henceforth I will be your only pupil. Our home is nearly completed. I have sent you plans, given you descriptions; you already know the beauty of location; but until your presence abides here, it will not be complete."

Another Page.

I am at Patterson again, with Paul, in his own family. It is a beautiful thing to be so beloved, so cared for, so tenderly considered!

We are furnishing our house, and it is a pleasant task. The house is beautiful. How thoughtful Paul has been in all the details!

How busy we have been! it quite takes my breath away when I think what we have accomplished. How complete all seemed at the close of this September day! Cheerful carpets covered the floors, easy-chairs and roomy sofas found their appropriate places, rare pictures, many of them gifts from Paul's gentle sisters, hung on the walls. I thought how all would look by soft fire and lamplight in the winter evenings to come.

I talked in a low voice to my brother Rufus as we walked over the house together, when all was finished. Rufus is Paul's elder brother. Years ago he loved a lady, fair and good; a beautiful home he prepared for her, but ere she found her rightful place at his side God took her. He told me this as we stood at the eastern window. He said that for long, weary months and years he thought only of his own grief; he rebelled against God and His dealings. "But now, my good sister, 'peace has come;' I shall never love again; but in a few brief years I shall go to her. Care for me much, sweet sister," he added; "let me have a place in your home and heart."

I promised him all he asked, and went down to the door with him. He pinched my cheek as he left, remarking that at present I must be surfeited with more endearing caresses.

I waited in the hall after he left for a familiar voice. A step was heard on the staircase; I saw no form; I only knew that Paul's dear arms were about me—that I was led away to a window. We sat long in the deepening evening talking in low and earnest tones. Paul tells me how his life will be expanded, of the great joy that will fill his heart when I shall be with him by day and by night; when there will be no more separations; when we shall spend future twilights more closely united than now. We clasped each other's hands, we looked into each other's faces, we read dear meanings in each other's eyes. Then, as the evening advanced, the beautiful September evening, Paul found my hat, tied it on, drew the thick shawl closely about me, took my hand on his strong arm, and we walked up the hill in the pure moonlight to the old home. I witnessed, as I have often done, the home happiness. I see how dear Paul is to his sisters, and I almost reproach myself for stealing away his heart.

November.

The wedding passed away quietly; tears and smiles were mingled. Marriage is like death in one sense; a new life commences in either case; old associations are with the bygones when a wife leaves all to cleave unto her husband. In the carriage, after the farewells had been said, and we were left alone with our mutual joy, Paul drew me very closely to his side as he said: "Mine, henceforth and forever, to cherish and protect."

Two Years Later.

Two years a wife! Do the shadows come? Is tenderness dead? Are caresses charily bestowed? Do I realize all I dreamed? Have I by marriage, by being linked with another, come up to a higher life? Am I better fitted for the love of the Infinite? I answer truly: I have realized all and more than all I dreamed. I am better, purer, less mindful of self, more thoughtful for others. We are not without faults, Paul and I; we are sometimes hasty and impatient; but our attachment is perfect. We bear cheerfully each other's burdens; we feel that God has given us to each other to work out His will. I spend long, quiet days without him, in our beautiful home. Paul's business is complicated; it needs his constant attention.

We rise early, and take our breakfast in the cheerful dining-room. Paul has no cause to complain of his well-ordered table. I was no housekeeper when Paul took me to his home; I compounded strange dishes at first, but I flatter myself that I am equal to anything in the domestic department just now. Two years' experience have wrought me much good.

Paul looks satisfied and glad at his own table, with his Susan opposite, who pours his coffee, and presses him to eat the dainties she has prepared especially for him.

Breakfast over, he lingers with me in the sitting-room. Loth to leave, he walks back and forth with me in the hall while drawing on his gloves; finally I bring his hat, imprint a good-by kiss upon his lips, open the front door, and strive to send him into the street; but he must tarry with his Eve yet a little longer; he must see how her garden grows, must admire her pansies and verbenas, her rose-bushes, laden and drooping. There is at last no farther excuse for delay; he passes out from his Eden, and I watch him up the hill into the busy street, and go back into the house to arrange and beautify.

I will pass over the description of our dinner, as Paul is in haste. We have to conform to the American fashion, unhealthful and uncomfortable, of a hurried two o'clock meal, when it should be a lunch only. How I wish we could have better arrangements in our country!

Why cannot business hours be settled from eight A. M. to six P. M.? Surely *ten hours* out of the twenty-four should suffice for the work of the world. Then dinners would be happy meals—reunions of gladness and thankfulness. But to return to my husband.

In the evening I watch for his footsteps on the walk; he comes home in the early twilight, ere the shadows deepen into night. He always finds his wife at the door, and, no matter how tired and weary he may be, he always has a kind, loving word for her. The same light comes into his eyes as irradiated them in the old days of courtship; his hand seeks mine more confidingly. He has not been disappointed in his choice; I read this in his whole manner towards me. I lead him to his own easy-chair, I place a footstool for his feet, bring out his slippers and dressing-gown; then I stand behind his chair, with my hands caressing his dear face; he kisses the hand, and I leave him; by and by I call him to the lighted dining-room, and sit beside him at the table, to hand him the sweet white bread, the golden butter, the clear preserved fruits, the airy pastry, and delicate cakes. How I delight thus to serve him! How he delights to be thus served!

In the sitting-room, after tea, if the brothers and sisters do not come in, or we do not read, as is often the case, how happily and freely we talk of our own plans, our own future! No frost light comes into his eyes, no sneer ever passes his lips. Sometimes, of late, we talk after a graver fashion, of hopes and joys that are coming in the future, new to both of us; at such times I always find my place at Paul's side, rest my head on his knee as he talks so gently of the joys that will spring from new responsibilities, new and strange cares. When the evening grows late, when the firelight makes strange shadows on the walls, I bring out the family Bible, a gift to me from Paul's father, a dear book to each of us now; we have learned to love it together. He reads, at length, from the Eternal Promises, words of sublimity and peace.

Thus the days glide on, calmly and peacefully. We do not stand isolated from the world; we are not selfish; we welcome to our home a pleasant circle of friends.

Rufus, our brother, is with us much; he delights to witness and share our happiness; he can see how it would have been had his Anna been spared to grace his home. But he adds: "My Anna will always be as young and fair to me as when I first knew her, years ago; she will never fade, never grow old in the Paradise above."

Dear Rufus! He comes now to say that Paul has come with the carriage. We are to drive far this beautiful June day, Rufus, Paul, and I.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

We give the particulars of a story which was told by an old lady in Somersetshire, England, and which is supposed to account for the nursery rhyme of

> "Little Jack Horner
> Sat in the corner,
> Eating a Christmas pie;
> He put in his thumb,
> And pulled out a plum,
> And said, 'What a good boy am I.'"

When the monasteries and their property were seized, orders were given that the title-deeds of the abbey estates at Mells, which were very extensive and valuable, and partly consisted of a sumptuous grange, built by Abbot John Selwood, should be given up to commissioners. After some delay, it was determined by the Abbot of Glastonbury to give them up; and, for want of a safe mode of conveying them, it was decided that the most likely, to avoid their being seized by any but those for whom they were intended, was to send them in a pastry, which should be forwarded as a present to one of the commissioners in London. The safest messenger, and least likely to excite suspicion, was considered to be a lad named *Jack Horner*, who was a son of poor parents, living in the neighborhood of the Grange. The lad set out on his journey on foot, laden with the pastry. It was a very weary road; and, England not being so thickly inhabited as now, he sat to rest in as snug a corner as he could find by the wayside. Hunger, too, overcame him, and he was at a loss what to do, when he bethought himself that there would be no harm in tasting ever so little of the pastry which he was carrying. He therefore inserted his thumb under the crust, when, lo! there was nothing but parchments. Whether that allayed his hunger then, or not, we cannot say; but although he could not read or understand these parchments, yet he thought they might be valuable. He therefore took one of the parchments and pocketed it, and pursued his journey with the rest of his pastry. Upon his delivering his parcel, it was perceived that one of the chief deeds (the deeds of the Mells Abbey estates) was missing; and, as it was thought that the abbot had with-

held it, an order was straightway sent for his execution. But the sequel was that, after the monasteries were despoiled, there was found in the possession of the family of Jack Horner a piece of parchment, which was, in fact, the title-deed of Mells Abbey and lands; and that was "the plum" which little Jack Horner unwittingly had become possessed of. The Abbot Whiting was executed for withholding the deed.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Age, when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. They linger with the young, and pray for the young while their spirits are looking beyond the grave—and oh! how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh warm hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spartans looked upon a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable, to find fault or murmur? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the springtime of life, were more flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully; forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it is not hard if much is required at thy hands, lest, when age sets its seal on thy brow and fills thy limbs with trembling, others may wait unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face forever.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to their parents' wishes, or will, or commands. Would that parents more universally felt this! When they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God, breaking one of his commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God, in his just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger, from an amiable wish to gratify a child, of counter-ordering your own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child, as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children to grow up cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon the filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience, and commence early. To begin right is the way to end right.

RETRIBUTION.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

A haughty man is the Lord Lenmore,
  A man of princely air,
But people whisper his heart is cold,
And strangely hint of his love for gold,
  His scorn of the young and fair.

In a castle old, 'mid the shadows gray,
  In the twilight's deep'ning gloom,
Sits the Lord Lenmore with a look of despair,
And his hands are clasped as he breathes a prayer
  For grace to meet his doom.

For, years ago when his heart was light,
  And his brow was free from care,
A gifted one, with a fairy grace
And love-lit eyes, looked into his face,
  And all was bright and fair.

And now, though many a year has passed
  Of weary care and pain,
One eye alone, with its changeful light,
Has power enough with its glances bright,
  To thrill his heart again.

Ah, well he knows why that light has fled!
  Why his heart has heavy grown!
Why the coral lips give no answering smile,
And the voice is hushed that could once beguile
  The hours that now have flown!

O the long ago, with its dreams of bliss,
  Its wrongs and bitter tears!
How it haunts him still, though the maiden's face
Is hid in the grave to conceal the disgrace,
  And naught of the past appears!

And the hours pass on, and the shadows close
  Thicker around his heart,
As the fearful past, when he sold his truth,
Seeks its redress for the sins of youth,
  And shows each wicked art.

A wretched man is the Lord Lenmore,
  Spite of his princely air,
And we marvel not that his power has fled
To love again, for the coffined dead
  Still haunts him everywhere.

HE COULDN'T "SEE" IT.

BY DESMARAIS.

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye.—SHAKSPEARE.

I.

THAT was all the argument he ever condescended to advance in support of his objections to any proposition whatever. That was his only and invariable reply to any suggestion which he was averse to follow. Hint to him to try any new scheme of life; endeavor to make him acknowledge any fact, subscribe to any theory, do, be, or suffer anything, in short, outside of his actual and present inclinations or prejudices—"He couldn't see it." And all the whys and wherefores possible would not teaze a further explanation out of him.

"George," said I to him one day, "you ought to get married. Here you are, a bachelor, slipping into the thirties, with a snug fortune, and not a relative living nearer or dearer than your second cousin, the widow, with too large a family of her own to cherish you. Four capital reasons for matrimony, my boy."

"Can't see it in the least, Charles," grumbled George.

Further discussion was useless, or rather impossible.

About three months after this, I made up my long uncertain mind to go to Europe and the rest. I also made up my mind to ask George Telford to go with me. I knew he needed stirring up. He was getting so mentally or psychologically blind that he couldn't see anything reasonable to speak of. I found him lunching, moodily, in a corner at Delmonico's.

"George," said I, "I 've resolved positively at last to go the whole European and Oriental thing."

"Sorry to lose you, Charlie; take a sandwich? When do you sail?"

"In three weeks. By the by, my dear fellow, what a grand thing it would be if you 'd come along! We 'd have a glorious time! We wouldn't do the ordinary, used-up 'great routes' of travel, but wander about like real Bohemians, only better provided with the 'coin of the realm.' We 'd stray into charming out-of-the-way spots, and have genuine adventures, and all that." And I went on for about ten minutes, gushingly, in this strain. When at last I stopped to breathe, George, who had listened in an abstracted, nonchalant manner, put the last bit of sandwich in his mouth, and mumbled—

"Can't see it, at all, my young friend."

Whenever George called me his "young friend," he meant to be ironical (I being just eight months his junior), and I knew there was no further attempt to be made upon him. So I sailed alone, and actually arrived safely, in spite of steam, storm, and the other persons and things that frequently prevent such happy consummations.

George was not much of a correspondent. He couldn't see it to any great extent. But I now and then got a short note from him—generally a growl.

At length, after nine months' residence in Paris, the very morning I was about to leave it, en route for the land of sphinxes, fleas, turbans, dogs, pyramids, and other wonders of nature and art, I received a letter from Telford, containing the following characteristic passage:—

"What is the reason that my friends seem to take a constant delight in proposing things to me that I can't see? First, you propose to me to marry, which I cannot and never shall see, on any terms. Then you propose that I go to Europe with you, which was equally invisible to me. Then, only a month ago, Tom Crayle proposes to me to join the Athenæum Club, which I don't in the least see; and to cap the climax, here was Caltrup just now, asking me to go to a family gathering or something, Christmas week, at his father's—the old homestead, he called it—somewhere away up in Connecticut. He might have known I could not for the life of me see *that*. But he didn't! No! He even went off, saying, 'Oh, think of it, old fellow; you 've got a week yet; there 'll be nobody but the old folks and the girls!' 'Nobody but the old folks and the girls,' forsooth. What else is there anywhere in the largest assembly, I should like to know, but old folks and girls? Except the boys, perhaps. But they 'll be wherever the girls are, that 's sure. And I know what Christmas family gatherings are. Three times as much dinner as you want, with healths to persons you don't take the least interest in. Then all sorts of

stupid childish games, and romps, and kissing bouncing, blowsy, struggling chits, under difficulties and mistletoe (or holly). A week? I don't see it, even to the most microscopic extent, and I shall write Caltrup a 'No, thank'ee,' to-morrow."

I clapped this epistle in my pocket, to laugh over more leisurely on the road, and in another hour was rattling over the rails to Marseilles.

II.

As several persons, some of them my personal acquaintance even, have written books of travel in the East and elsewhere, it is rather superfluous for me to describe my goings and undergoings in the flowery land. (I *will* say, however, that the only remarkably gorgeous flowers I found there were "flowers of oratory.") And although a few of these several persons had, more or less, the same reason to be silent that I have, if they had only thought of it, I shall not abuse the precedent, and also discourse of journeyings and sojournings, but proceed, modestly and at once, to my story proper.

After nearly a year—no, it was just eight months—spent chiefly in getting a good coat of bronze on every visible part of my person, I returned to Paris to bleach.

Soon after getting into my old quarters, the very next day, in fact, I strolled into the Hotel du Louvre, to look for American physiognomies.

It is a well known fact, and not particularly extraordinary, perhaps, that the mere meeting with a fellow-countryman abroad, after a longish absence without news, even though you never saw nor heard of him before, gives you a special thrill of pleasure, and that you almost immediately become on terms of free and intimate intercourse, in which there is a peculiar zest—a spice, so to speak, found under few if any other circumstances. But another fact, which, though not so universal, is true in very many instances, and decidedly more curious, is the almost invariable and instantaneous recognition of one American by another, no matter under what sun they may meet. What it is that thus stamps the "real live Yankee" among all the sons of men in the old world I cannot tell: no one can, I guess. It is the *je ne sais quoi* of the French; the "cut of the jib" as we slang it. And, if the courteous reader permit (pshaw! how can the C. R. help it?), I will relate, briefly, an instance of this peculiar clairvoyance, that had happened to me only a year or so before, when I was straggling through the south of France.

It was at Nismes, a picturesque little town by the way, with Roman ruins and things. We were standing by the window of our room in the hotel (a French fellow traveller and myself) that overlooked the square whereon Pradier has executed a fountain (for a description of which see books of travel before mentioned). It was before breakfast-time. Presently I saw two persons approach Pradier's sculpturings, and gaze thereon. One had a huge red beard that began just under his lower eyelids, and thence spread itself wildly all over him, pretty much. The other carried a moustache to which that of King Victor Emanuel is a small affair to look at.

"Maxime," said I, "do you see those two Americans down there?"

"I only see two men," replied de V.; "one looks like a German, and the other an Austrian grenadier. Where are your American friends?"

"Those very two. But I never saw either of them before in my life."

"Bah! Then how in the name of Cagliostro do you know, or even suspect them to be fellow-countrymen of yours?"

"I don't suspect; I feel sure," cried I. "But I couldn't for my life explain why."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Maxime, "have you"—

But I stopped his quizzing with "Well, then, I'll bet you a half dozen of St. Peray, they are Yankees, and I'll go down now and prove it, by bringing them up to help drink the wine."

"Done," and "Done!" And down I went, walked over to the matutinal admirers of Pradier, and said: "I am not mistaken in believing you to be Americans?" A smile broke out all over their faces, or the visible parts thereof, and they assured me, with much shaking of hands, that they were nothing else. One was a Pennsylvanian, the other a Jerseyman, and both had been cultivating beard, beer, and Teuton things generally for a couple of years. "How could I have guessed their Vaterland?" I told them, as I had Maxime, that I didn't know how, but felt it by some hypnotic or other sympathy, I supposed. Then I pointed to Maxime in a state of mind at the window; then we went over, up—and in the course of that day six bottles of sparkling St. Peray were consumed with the honors at our table.

So I walked into the Hotel du Louvre to speer for home faces. Not forty paces had I taken before I came upon a gentleman, the sight of whom, there and then, caused a sensa-

tion akin to that you feel when an urchin drops a surreptitious fire-cracker just before you, which instantly goes off. It was, corporeally, George Telford!

We rushed at each other—the first shock being over. "My dear fellow." "Delighted." "Lucky chance," etc. etc. "But George," said I, "you couldn't see it in the least." And I produced his letter, which I had carried about me all through the plagues of Egypt and adjacent lands.

"Ah—yes—the fact is—oh, hang it! never mind that now! I 'll explain it all to you to-morrow. Come and dine with—with me to-morrow, my boy?"

"Why not to-day, old fellow? I am most curious to know by what mental, moral, or physical earthquake you could have been tossed over here. You couldn't see it *at all*, you know, eh?"

"Certainly—that is, I have a particular engagement to-day," stammered George, looking as if he had gone into the wrong room by mistake, and just come out of it hastily.

"No impertinence, I hope?" said I, jocosely. "With a lady?"

"N—yes, with a lady. I might as well tell you at once, and stand the fire; it is with—my—wife!"

The shock of an entire pack of surreptitious fire-crackers, exploding simultaneously under my nose, conveys but a feeble idea of my state at this stupendous announcement. "Your—wife!" I was overcome beyond the possibility of a quiz. I could not even remind him of his savage refusal to see matrimony on any terms, a year and a half before. But after dropping into a chair, and drawing my breath hard for a few moments, I recovered sufficiently to open upon him.

"And so it has come to this," cried I, "after all these years of obstinate blindness! You, who sullenly refused to see the pleasure of accompanying your next friend to Europe—you, who indignantly scouted marriage as a visible object in life—you, who ungallantly scorned to lend the charm of your society to the fair sisters of Caltrup even for the festive Christmas-time—you"— I stopped; for, by a slight contraction in a certain perpendicular wrinkle between Telford's brows, I feared he was going to be vexed.

But in another moment the wrinkle relaxed; he smiled pleasantly, and "That will do for the present, Charlie," said he. "I confess I am just a little sensitive yet, on that subject. Come, let me present you to Mrs. Telford, and first, I beg to inform you that her maiden name was"—

"Hold on!" interrupted I. "Don't think me discourteous or quizzical, but really, for the dramatic effect of the thing, George, I 'd rather not know who she was till you 've told me your story; and, if you please, we 'll adjourn the introduction till after the narrative."

"But how can you dine with us to-morrow, then?"

"That 's true. Let me see. Um—still in the honeymoon, eh?"

"Certainly. We 've only been married three weeks."

"Ah! That makes it bad—I would say difficult."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. Come round an hour before dinner-time; my wife will be at her toilet, and I 'll unbosom myself to you before she makes her appearance."

"Then you don't assist at your wife's toilet?" said I, a little maliciously.

"Go along with you! Be on hand at five sharp; I must run now. *Au revoir.*"

And I walked up and down the Boulevards, from the Madeline to the Café de Paris, six times, lost in reverie, as the romancers have it. Then finding myself at the seventh turn, I resolved to have patience and a glass of absynthe.

III.

Here would be a grand chance for a digression. But I have long since discovered that readers don't admire digressions. As my friend George would say—would have said, I mean—they can't see them. For that matter, neither can I, very much.

At five minutes before five I was in Telford's *salon*. He had a very handsome suite of rooms, and was evidently doing the bridal tour in grand style. After a glass of sherry, he began:—

"You know that letter I wrote you," said he—"the one you 'drew upon me' yesterday? Well, I wrote it about five P. M., and went to post it and to dinner, leaving word to have the fire in my library built up to a fearful height against my return. It was a bitter cold day. I could not help stopping now and then, however, to glance at the gorgeous array of the store windows, expectant of Christmas. And through them I occasionally saw faces, children's faces, glowing with pleasure. And all the people I met had a jocund briskness about them, saying plainly, as if they had spoken—'Aha, I'm going to buy such a pretty thing for

Mary,' or Willie, or some other household name. The constant recurrence of this soured me, somehow. It seemed to strike me for the first time that I had no Mary nor Willie, nor anybody to give pretty things to at Christmas time. I never could see it before. But now it appeared to me, in spite of myself, as if it must be a cheerful thing to do. I ate very little dinner, and all the way home I felt uncommonly cold. When I entered my library, the fire was out. The stupid Celt had literally smothered it with a mountain of coal. I tell you these little details, to show you the gradations by which I reached the climax. Instead of calling him, I resolved to make it burn myself—I wanted something to do. But after working for an hour or more, with short intervals of hope, and much distribution of coal-black over my person and articles of furniture generally, I succeeded in establishing the fact that I could not make it burn in the least.

"Then I rang for the Celt. The Celt had gone out to make an evening call. I wrapped myself up in shawls and tried to read. As I turned a page, a note fell from the book. It was Caltrup's note, giving me notice of his intention to entice me up to the old homestead. I read it again. Then pshaw'd! and snatched up the book; but could not read. Finally, I went to bed in a rage and a shiver, wishing Christmas was out of the calendar, Caltrup, etc. a myth, and the Celt in Purgatory.

"In spite of all, however, I fell asleep. But my slumber was soon filled with visions like the visions of one of Charles Dickens' Christmas tales, with the pages all shuffled together promiscuously, and ever and anon a more distinct picture floated through them, of a merry Christmas fireside with an outlook of leafless trees drooping with snow, and long white vistas of field and hedgerow, seen through frost-crusted panes; and in the midst of the smiling circle, Caltrup seemed to be introducing me, in spite of my entreaties, to a bevy of damsels who made merry with my embarrassment. And then all faded away, and I fell into a real sleep, to be awakened by a vigorous shake, and a voice, crying, 'Up, up! you sluggard; I've come to breakfast with you before we start for the homestead.'

"Now, would you believe it, Charlie, although I felt sure that I shouldn't see it, yet, the last evening's fidgets, and the dreams, and all that, had so exhausted my energy, that I actually allowed Caltrup to humbug me—I mean—ahem! to persuade me to go up to the homestead with him that afternoon.

"We arrived there early in the morning of the day before Christmas. On the way I questioned him as to the exact number, sex, and age of the old and young folks to be encountered. 'There were only,' said he, 'father, mother, Clara, Fanny, and a sprinkling of cousins of no special importance.'

"The last five miles of the journey was a brisk drive over a smooth snow-track, to the merry music of sleigh-bells, with splendid vistas of rugged hills, gleaming white rivulets, and sheltered valleys, with a spire shooting up now and then from among the gaunt skeletons of giant trees, heavy with ice-gems. We approached the homestead up a long winding ascent, and found it nestled in a semicircular notch high up between two far rolling hills whose background of dark firs, rimmed with snow, brought the old gray stone house with its quaint gables boldly out in the landscape.

"The entire family met us at the door. I shall not enter into a special description of each member, but confine myself to those who had a direct influence upon my—my change of life. There was Clara Caltrup, a Juno-like maiden of eighteen, given to romantic literature and a serious flirtation with a youthful cousin Harry, of whom more anon. Then there was Fannie, a year older, with a radiant face, mirthful blue eye, and a great tendency to teaze people. Finally, there was the cousin Harry (a second cousin, by the way), a gushing young man of just one-and-twenty, the consciousness of possessing which dignified age was very apparent in his demeanor. Harry was immensely smitten with Miss Clara, and jealous as a concentrated extract of Othello.

"On Christmas eve we had a game of romps. There was some other name for it, but I've forgotten what it was. However, there was a slight seasoning of kisses among the forfeits, and when, with considerable trepidation, I ventured to salute the queenly Clara, I first became aware, by the glow'ring eye of Sir Harry, of his suffering from the green-eyed monster.

"When I retired that night, I could not help confessing to myself that Christmas gatherings were not, at least this particular one was not, so absolutely disagreeable to look at after all. And then, suddenly, a diabolical idea struck me. A perfectly inexplicable idea, considering my life and opinions. This was to excite the jealousy of the gushing Harry, even unto seething. To do the romantic for Miss Clara, and make Harry a blighted being. Mind you, I had no serious intentions. I wasn't in the least captivated by the damsel. But I couldn't see

the manful bearer of one-and-twenty years, and I wanted to wilt him. Besides, I was only going to stay there a week. I should only make a few mild demonstrations, enough to stir the lover's gall, and then leave him to triumph again. I thought it would be fun. So I began after breakfast next morning. I got Caltrup to corner Harry in the library while I read Tennyson's 'Maud' to Miss Clara, and rhapsodized over the tender passages in a melodramatic whisper. Miss Clara, however, did not do me justice; she gave me but half an ear. I became piqued, and laid myself out still more resolutely to fascinate her; but my success was, to say the least, only partial, when the sleigh drove to the door, and my fair audience hurried away to cloak and fur for a drive with Harry. As she went out, I caught Miss Fannie looking at me with the most mischievous smile I ever saw.

"The next day I returned to the charge—with the same success. Harry had evidently a long start of me, and the only result of my efforts seemed to be the intense mirth they afforded the *espiegle* Miss Fannie. I strove manfully in the character of Romeo for four days; but Juliet was still obdurate, Harry still comparatively calm.

"The fourth night, as I was completing my night toilet, it occurred to me that I had read somewhere of an infallible receipt for compelling the preference (to call it by a mild term) of a haughty maiden. This was to feign utter indifference, courteous scorn for her, and to get up a fearful passion for another maiden right under the haughty one's nose, if I may so express myself. It only needed to have maiden number two handy to insure success. Maiden number one would be alarmed, would relent, would humble herself, and so forth. Yes! I should have a double triumph. And the maiden number two was most fortunately on the spot; I would do the constantly agreeable to sparkling Miss Fannie.

"I commenced this deep-laid scheme the first thing in the morning. Of course I altered my entire style to suit the style of my present object. Miss Fannie was witty, satirical, fond of a joke, full of animal spirits. I joked with her, laughed with her, sleighed her, teazed her, with signal success. 'I pity you,' said she, the second day of my new plot, as we were watching the snowflakes piling fleecily up against the window-panes; 'if I didn't, I should not see you, as you say, on any terms. It is only my intense sympathy with your sufferings that makes me forbearing, for I am not Clara's *pis-aller*, sir, I'd have you know.' Her little mouth was most provokingly puckered.

"Well, somehow, I began to think less savagely of my revenge on the haughty Clara. Fannie was a remarkably sensible girl, with all her levity. She and I agreed in many things that I never found a woman to agree with before, and Clara did not show the slightest tendency toward relenting or luring me back from the rival goddess I had set up in her despite; Harry, too, no longer bored me with his Olympian frown. In fact, I got so used to sleighing Fannie, playing backgammon with Fannie, exchanging repartee with Fannie, making fun of the lovers with Fannie, eating philopœnæ with Fannie, that I stayed a fortnight at the Homestead instead of a week, and when I had returned to my den in the city, I really caught myself feeling stupid, and wishing I knew just what they were all doing up at the Homestead.

"Then a singular fancy took possession of me for Caltrup's society. I always liked him, but never sought him very assiduously; now I haunted his studio—absolutely haunted it. I couldn't tell why exactly, for I knew we talked chiefly about everything and everybody except persons and things at the Homestead. I never introduced that subject; but when sometimes Caltrup would say: 'I got a letter from Clara or Fannie this morning; they ask after you, and Fannie wants to know if you can see anything reasonable yet,' I felt a great desire to ask Caltrup to let me read the letter; but I never did. I assure you, Charlie, I couldn't have analyzed my feelings then, to save my life. I knew nothing about them, or why it was that I seemed to be losing my old fashion of refusing to see certain things considered rationally visible by other people; but so it was. For instance, I saw the opera with Caltrup, I saw a few evening parties at the houses of friends of Caltrup, I saw a very elegant ring, diamond and rubies, at Tiffany's, and bought it (a lady's ring, too), and locked it in my *escritoire*, with no earthly object that I distinctly recognized at the time.

"One April day Caltrup said to me: 'They'll be in town to-morrow; I've just got a letter from Fan.'

"Why I felt hurt at hearing him call his sister 'Fan' I could not imagine. Still less why, feeling as if I wanted to tell him it was in very bad taste, I didn't do so.

"'Who are coming?' I asked, calmly.

"'Oh! Mother, and Clara, and Fan, and Harry. They're on a grand shopping tour,

preparatory to the great event in May, you know.'

"Yes, I knew. In May the haughty Clara was to wed the gushing Harry. Mrs. Caltrup had a singular faith in early marriages. So they came, and I passed a fortnight again at the mercy of Miss Fannie. It was a humiliating two weeks to me, for Miss Fannie compelled me to see everything she chose to assert 'good;' and I, to my shame, abjured, in the most pusillanimous manner, my most cherished blindnesses, and came out with telescopic power to look admiringly on all objects haloed by her approving smile.

"When they went back, leaving me an informal invitation to the wedding, 'to give me time to see if I *could* see it, before the envoy of the required-by-etiquette pasteboard,' said Miss Fannie, I spent a whole day and night (till I fell asleep) searching my inner self; and then it was that, after a rigid examination, I first discovered, lodged in a fructifying nook of my bosom, a specimen of that luxuriant plant yclept love, already bursting into bloom. It absolutely frightened me.

"My first impulse was to run away—as if I could run away from myself! To this succeeded an intense desire to be encouraged by somebody, to make a confidant of some fellow experienced in such affairs, and get his opinion of my case. Finally, I felt horribly anxious to know what Miss Fannie thought of me, but to discover it without the terrible ordeal of asking her. I somehow felt absurdly afraid of meeting her now. I fancied she would read my desperate state in my face, and would be mercilessly jocose upon it. This idea made me savage

"I went down to Caltrup's rooms. 'Cal,' said I, 'I don't exactly see this wedding, as far as my presence is concerned.'

"'If you want to have my sister Fannie your enemy for life, you'd better not go, that's all,' retorted he.

"In a few days Caltrup came to see me. 'We'll have glorious weather for our jaunt,' cried he.

"'Well, really, now,' said I, somewhat faintly, I own, 'I fear I cannot make up my mind to the thing, Cal.'

"And yet, do you know, Charlie, I felt an intense desire to go, every now and then. Wasn't it strange?

"'Look here,' said Caltrup. 'If you are not ready to start with me next Monday, I'll tell them all at home that you are in a desperate state of love-unrequited toward the bride-elect, and can't stand the sight of your lucky rival's happiness—I will, by Jove!'

"And I knew he would, so there was no resource; go I must, for I was always horribly sensitive to ridicule when a woman was concerned. I went like a lamb to the slaughter; I mean that was the way I looked at it then.

"There were not a great many people there. The bride looked charming, of course. By the by, did you ever notice how universally becoming the bridal costume is? I never saw a bride well got up but looked handsome, even though ordinarily a commonplace-looking girl. Bridegroom Harry was considerably subdued, and a little scared; but with excess of happiness, no doubt. Fannie, first bridesmaid, was disastrously—I thought then—bewitching. The last feeble defence of my cynicism, as well as nearly the last spark of my hope—or, rather, courage—sank before her fascination. How often that morning I tortured myself with the question: Did she love me? could she love me? And did not dare to answer it, save by a very lugubrious sigh. I had little experience in the wiles of Cupid, you know, and a woman's heart was a Rosetta stone to me.

"As we were looking at the *trousseau*—'Oh, what a delightful thing it must be to go to Europe!' cried Miss Fannie. 'Just think, Mr. Telford, Clara and Harry are to be gone a whole year; and are going all over Italy, and France, and Germany, and through all those grand old galleries, and cathedrals, and—and everything! How I wish I could go with them!'

"'I can't see the delight to any extent, Miss Fannie,' I replied, rather spitefully. 'To be rushed from one place to another, and dragged through dreary picture-galleries and damp, gloomy churches day after day, until it's all a muddle, as somebody says, seems to me a fearful bore.'

"'You are an obstinate, crotchety old bachelor, I declare,' cried Miss Fannie. 'But I don't think a wedding is a wedding without a bridal tour to Europe; and it was I who influenced sister to go, and persuaded mother to let her, and *ordered* Harry to make all the arrangements; and if ever I—' She stopped suddenly, and then tripped from the room like a fairy, but not before I saw a rosy blush flushing up from her cheeks to her brow, like a translucent cloud tinted by the rising sun.

"I pondered over this declaration of Miss Fannie's, and her suddenly interrupted 'if ever I'—pondered in a vague, worried sort of way, without making much out of my ponderings, except the making myself more or less miserable

the entire evening, after bride and groom had driven off, with much luggage, hand-claspings, embraces, and tears. Why will people cry at weddings? It gives them a not peculiarly cheerful resemblance to funerals.

"The next day, however, I made a sudden, startling, and quasi-involuntary resolve, and acted upon it instantaneously; how I did it or even why I really cannot explain; it was an impulse—a most happy one, I feel now. Fannie and I were on the piazza. I don't think we were saying anything very special, when the boy drove up with letters from the adjacent village.

"'Miss Fannie,' said I, suddenly, 'it may be true, as you have said, that I am obstinate and crotchety; but, believe me, it is my misfortune, not my fault. I never had the gentle influences of mother or sister, or even a *lady cousin*—ahem!—to mould my harsher nature. I begin to see that—that I should and could see many things which—in short, I really *want* to see—to—to—' I stopped to take a fresh start. 'This is what I mean,' said I: 'you are the sister of my most intimate friend, and as such you—no! I mean independently, entirely so, of that—you are the most, the only'—she was looking straight into my eyes, with such a half startled, half tantalizing glance that I could not proceed for the life of me as I had wished, but, drawing a hurried breath, I almost stammered: 'Will—will you permit me to—to write to you?'

"The blush rose again slightly as she replied: 'I shall always be happy to receive a letter from the most intimate friend of my brother; but—'

"'But you will not promise to answer it?' queried I, in a melancholy tone.

"'Not without my mother's approbation,' said Miss Fannie, with a demure smile that instantly roused a fierce desire on my part to kiss her there and then. Which, however, I did not do; but, on the contrary, proceeded to argue the question of the extent of parental authority over children who had arrived at years of discretion, in an eloquent, but somewhat irrelevant and desultory manner, I fear. We talked warmly about it, and branches of it, notwithstanding, for an hour, after which Caltrup called me to 'pack up my traps for the back-track.'

"When we were about to leave, I searched in vain for Fannie, to say a last word of our argument and a good-by. She was nowhere to be found, and I bade the rest of the family a rather gloomy farewell; when, just as I had finished my little speech of thanks to Mrs. Caltrup, that good lady placed in my hands a small slip of paper, with the words 'I trust you will find no flaw in this document, my dear Mr. Telford.'

"I opened it before we were out of sight of the Homestead, and read:—

"'Know all concerned by these presents, that we vouchsafe our sovereign consent to the Esquire George Telford to indite epistles unto the damosel Fannie Caltrup; and we furthermore give our approbation unto the aforesaid damosel to answer the epistles of the aforesaid Esquire. *Provided*, that the said correspondence shall be carried on within the compass of reason, and the mail-bag of S———.

"'Given under our hand and seal, this 16th day of May 18—, at our palace of the Homestead. Signed, CATHERINE CALTRUP.'

"My face must have betrayed my sensations, for Caltrup exclaimed: 'Whew! what's up? Has mother bequeathed you all her fortune, including the Mayflower teapot? Or has she given you a long lost MS., proving you to be the actual and indubitable Bourbon whom we have among us?'

"I showed him the document.

"'Is that all?' cried he. 'But it's just like mother. She is still fond of a joke. They say she was just such a merry girl as Fan. I don't know that she would have consented though, my boy, if I hadn't told her what a lonely, unhappy, much-to-be-pitied old fellow, and perfect brick, you were.'

"I didn't care a button for his fun then. I was deeply intent on the composition, mentally, of my first letter to Fannie.

IV.

"MY first epistle was sent, and in it the 'sovereign consent and approbation.' In a fortnight, cruel delay, I received a charmingly *piquante* reply. The very next day I mailed epistle No. 2. A week only this time elapsed between expectation which is the thief of time (that's my improvement on the old saw), and the answer. From this time we corresponded regularly until—"

"Until," said a sweet voice with a touch of malice in it, unexpectedly interrupting George, "until the obstinate, crotchety old bachelor's eyes were opened—so he avowed—and he saw distinctly many things not given him to 'see' previously."

We both started and turned round. There stood Mrs. George Telford, once Miss Fannie

Caltrup, with the bright, provoking smile on her radiant face, and her slender finger upraised threateningly to her surprised husband.

"My—ah, Fannie, how—when did you come in? Oh! allow me to introduce my friend, Charles Seavor."

The courtesies of the introduction over, Mrs. Telford resumed her peculiar smile, and said: "I have not been eavesdropping very long, gentlemen; but, coming to the door a few moments ago, I heard George repeating the jocose document my dear mother gave him, and I confess to have listened from that crisis, because I thought it very probable he would let his vanity run away with his conscientious duty as an autobiographer, and cunningly turn his defeat into a triumph; and when I imagined I saw, or rather heard the 'moment critical' approach, I entered, and terminated the rather tedious narrative by the brilliant climax that so startled you."

"But I have a few more words to add," said George; "I have to add that I made several more delightful visits at the Homestead, deeper and deeper in love with the many charming qualities of my dear Fannie, more and more convinced of my former wilful blindness to the cheerful and happy aspects of many things in life, until, just three weeks ago, day before yesterday, I stood in the long parlor there, with this little hand in mine"—he took his wife's hand with a proud smile—"and vowed, before a reverend man, to love and cherish Frances Caltrup till death should us part—"

"And," again interrupted Mrs. T., this time with a tear twinkling through the old smile, "it was by George's earnest wish that we drove from the Homestead, as Clara and Harry had done before, an hour after our marriage, for a wedding tour in Europe; for I hesitated somewhat about leaving father and mother alone. Brother is in South America, you know, 'doing the tropics,' as he calls it; but George insisted on coming out to meet Clara and Harry, and besides, he said that—that under the new aspect of things, he was sure he should see Europe immensely."

"All true," cried George, with a good-humored laugh. "I was bewitched, I am bewitched, and I fervently hope and believe," added he, again clasping Fannie's hand, "that I shall continue to be bewitched to the end! I see everything that is good now! Let us go to dinner."

As Mrs. Telford took my arm, I noticed, on her third finger, a very beautiful diamond and ruby ring, which I thought I had seen before, but I made no remark thereon!

A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

There was no fairer child ever pleaded silently for love and care than the tiny baby my brother brought me one bright summer day, and placed in my arms, saying: "My Lucy is dead, Mary. Will you care for Constance?"

His voice was firm, yet well I knew how his heart shuddered with the agony of the first sentence. My tears blinded me as I heard of the death of the fair, frail little beauty I had learned in one short year to call sister; but I took the babe, and Roger knew by my look that I accepted his charge. Only for a few months did he share the care with me, and then my baby, my little niece, was an orphan. Rich in beauty, in this world's treasures, in talents; poor in one great gift, the gift of health. She was never *very* sick; but she inherited a delicate constitution, and she was always slight and fragile, needing all my loving care to keep her from illness.

We were alone in the beautiful house my darling owned, yet we were never lonely. She was my pride, my comfort, my heart's choicest treasure, and I missed nothing when she was near; for herself, her playthings, and, as she grew older, her books, her teachers, music, and work, filled all the time, and she shared all with me. We pored together over each day's tasks, for her loving heart fancied that auntie's explanations made them easier; we practised duets, we worked on the same pieces of embroidery.

With this daily companionship my darling's heart was won, not away from me, but into the keeping of another, who said I must love him as he loved me, for the sake of the love we both lavished upon the fair-haired girl who had promised to be his wife; and I accepted my new nephew gladly. He was all I wished, even for my Constance. There was truth in his frank, handsome face; strength in his tall, graceful figure, his hearty, genial voice; love

in his dark eye; and tender protection in every movement. True, strong, tender, loving —I asked no more.

She loved him fondly. She leaned upon his strong arm, so sure that it would always protect her; and when her step grew weak, her eye dim with age, she knew his love would watch over her, as it did now over her delicate, fragile form. It seemed to me the *beau ideal* of true love. He so strong, dignified, and tender; she fair, trusting, and so ready to follow meekly where his judgment led. Her lonely life, her orphanhood, and weak health had made her peculiarly dependent upon love, and she was like the vine that would fall did not a strong heart stand ready to support her clinging love. So I thought then.

My new nephew was the son of my old friend Frank Lawrence, a man of standing and wealth, who gave his consent to the marriage, and fondled my pet's curls with an abstracted air, which we all attributed to absent-mindedness, and thought of no more. Young Frank was a physician, and, as his father desired it, he left home to settle in a small town in Ohio, there to establish a practice. We all thought it odd that Mr. Lawrence should be so anxious for Frank to make his *own* way so entirely; but the lovers parted, with vows of constancy, and he went to Ohio.

Two years passed away, and my pet was of age. There was a meeting of lawyers, some signing of papers, and Constance was in possession of the large property her father had left. On the day she came of age my old friend Mr. Lawrence died, and Frank was sent for to come home. I knew my child's hope, which was mine, too, that his father's death, making him independent, would allow him to remain at home.

It was the evening after the funeral. We were seated in the parlor, listening to a gentle rain pattering on the window-panes, listening, too, for a well-known footstep, when the bell rang violently, and then, with a hasty step, Frank came in.

We knew he would be sad, for he had loved his father well; but we started as the light fell upon his face. Such a look of utter, despairing misery I never saw before. Constance was beside him instantly.

"Frank, dear, you are ill!"

His lip quivered, and he took her in his arms, and looked into her face with a passionate look of love and sorrow that was heart-breaking; then he came to me, and, putting her on the sofa beside me, he said, softly:—

"Take her, auntie! I—I must give her up."

"Give her up!"

"I am not inconstant! I love her"—his voice broke here; but, after a moment, he said: "I will tell you. When my—when Mr. Lawrence's will was read this afternoon, it was found that he had only a few thousand dollars to will away; these he left to me. The rest of his property goes to the heir-at-law, his nephew."

"Surely his son is heir-at-law," I cried.

"I am not his son!"

"Not his son?"

"I never meant to deceive you; I thought until to-day that I had the right to call him father, but I have not. He left me a letter, telling me that years ago he was called to see a dying woman, who had heard that he was rich and charitable; she begged him to care for her baby, and died while she spoke. He did as she requested. May God reward him for it! And—and—that is all! I know not who I am; nameless, poor, I came to tell Constance that she is free."

My darling had listened quietly; now she left her place beside me to go to her dearest resting-place, in his arms. She did not speak; she only rested her fair head on his bosom, drew his arms about her waist, and so, silently, lovingly, renewed their engagement. I stole away, leaving them standing there.

The next day he left us to return to Ohio. He wished, he said, to make himself a home and a position before he married, and we respected the noble heart that shrank from seeming to woo the *heiress*, and he went back. At first his letters were frequent, then longer intervals came between them, and we noticed that each time the writing was less distinct, the words of love more constrained, and the letters shorter. Constance trusted; I—I blush now to own it—I doubted. There was at last an interval of six months, in which our letters were unanswered. Then came one in a strange hand; I opened it, for my pet shook and trembled so that she could not break the seal.

"He is not dead?" she whispered.

"No; the letter is signed with his name."

"Read it."

So I read the letter:—

B———, *June 16th*, 18—.

I am writing to you, Constance, by the hand of a friend to tell you that which I have tried for months to tell, and yet hoped might not come true. There is no hope now, and I must resign the one love of my life. I am blind!

Incurably blind! I have tried to believe this gradual dimness, darkening every day, was temporary, and that I might still work on for the dear end I so prayed for—the power to call you wife; but it is all over now. I know my dark future; I can only pray for strength to endure it, and that God will comfort you and bless you in a happier choice.

Farewell, FRANK.

Constance took the letter, and looked at the name, in large straggling characters which the loved hand had traced; and then she folded the paper and put it in her bosom.

"We must go to-day, auntie. Poor Frank!"

"You will go to him?"

"Certainly."

So we went. We took rooms at a hotel, or rather tavern, and then inquired for Dr. Lawrence's office. It was easily found, and we were soon on the door-steps. The door was open, and we entered very softly. He did not hear us. He was seated before a little table, upon which were writing materials, and he was evidently learning to trace the letters without seeing them, and what was on the page—no word but Constance—in large irregular characters, crooked, meeting, crossing each other, often the one name was multiplied upon the sheet.

Constance went close to him, and then bent over and read what he wrote. The next moment she drew the pen from his fingers, and knelt before him; he did not start; he only said, softly—

"Constance!"

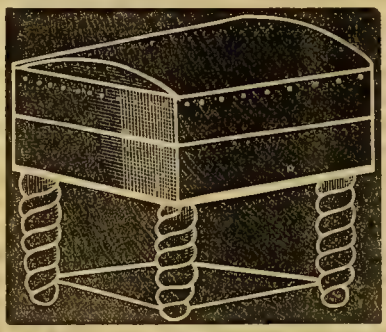
"Yes, Frank. How could you write such a letter, Frank? If I were in trouble, would you cast me off?"

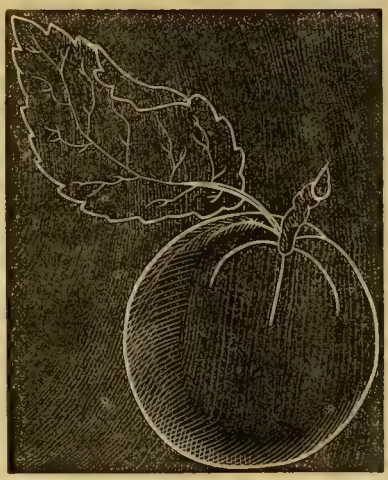
"Constance!" so softly and tenderly, he said the name again; his hand resting on her head, and his sightless eyes fixed on her face.

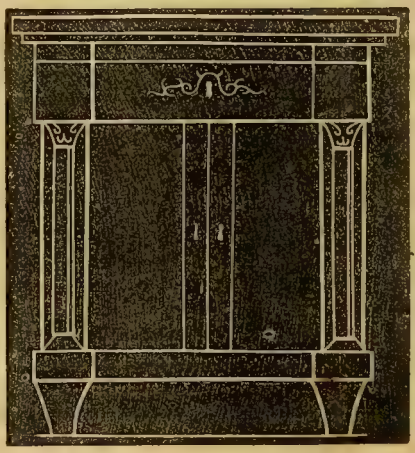
I cannot tell how my darling became gradually the strong one to lead the wavering steps of her blind husband. Some there were who pitied her for passing her bright youth with a man blind, poor, and nameless; but I knew that his loving helplessness made him dearer to her than all else the world offered her; and that in heart and truth they were indeed *one*.

THE nightingale is a lively bird to the young and joyous; a melancholy one to the declining and pensive. He has notes for every ear; he has feelings for every bosom; and he exercises over gentle souls a wider and more welcome dominion than any other creature

SLATE PICTURES FOR CHILDREN.







NOVELTIES FOR JUNE.

LINGERIE FOR MORNING WEAR.

Fig. 1.

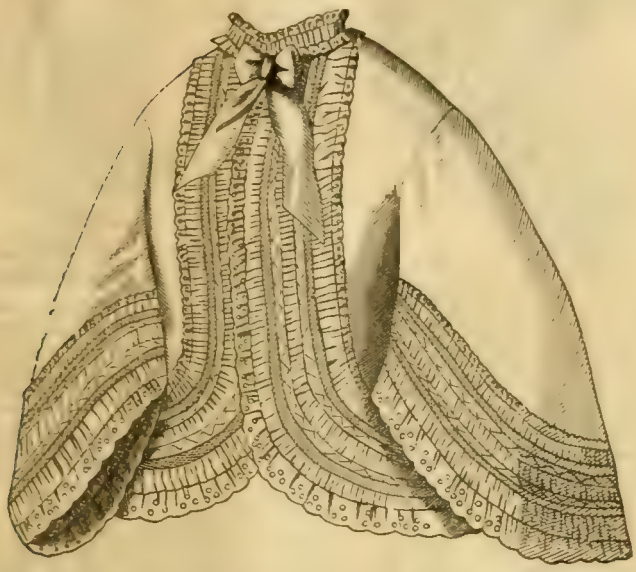


Fig. 1.—Zouave jacket, made of white muslin, and trimmed with muslin puffings, insertion, and a worked edge.

Fig. 2.—White Garibaldi shirt, made with a yoke; trimmed with scarlet braid, and scalloped with scarlet cotton.

Fig. 2

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3.—Garibaldi shirt, to wear with a Zouave jacket. The front is like a shirt bosom, and the neck and wrists are finished with a double row of fluted ruffling.

Fig. 4.—Breakfast-cap of white muslin, to be trimmed with chamois-colored ribbon, and the same color run under the inserting.

Fig. 5.—Medallion cap, with ruching of Azur-

Fig. 4.

line blue silk, encircling the head, and just peeping out from beneath the muslin cap. A rosette of the same is at the back.

Fig. 5.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 *Broadway, New York.*

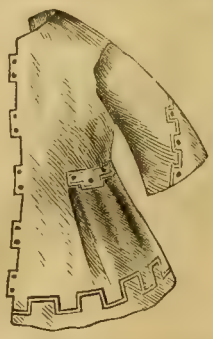
Harrie Sack.—This is a plain sack, simply cut off from the front, so as to show a handsome bosom. It meets in front at the waist, and below that the left side laps over on the right, and is finished all round with braiding of a Grecian pattern. The seam of the coat sleeve is trimmed in the same way. It is suitable for

a boy from four to seven years, and is very pretty made in drab or black alpaca, braided in colors. Three yards will make it.

Fairy Apron.—Consists of three pieces, front, back, and sleeve. The front has a seam from the neck to the waist that is scalloped, and finished with a narrow edging or braid. At this seam there is a piece taken out, so as to leave a plait in the skirt. There is a box-plait

laid down the middle of the waist, and braided. This plait throws additional fulness in the skirt, and makes it set easy and graceful. It is suitable for a child from two to four years, and requires one and a half yards of brilliant.

Earnest Coat.—Consists of four parts, front and back, and lappet at the side and the sleeve.



The full part of the skirt is a piece set in from the seam where the lappet is sewed on. The

sleeve is cut with a seam on the outside of the arm, and the seam brought forward to form a cuff. It is cut in blocks, as also the front edge, and trimmed round the bottom to correspond.

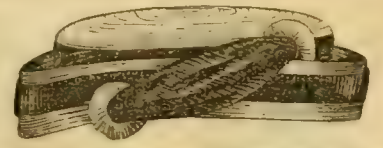
Boy's Blouse.—Consists of six parts. The yoke in front, which is carried down quite narrow to the waist, and then widens as it is con-

tinued to the bottom of the skirt. The side is laid in deep box-plaits. The yoke at the back is slightly pointed. The waist laid in deep plaits, and the belt is set in.

Saratoga Hat.—Charming hat of straw, for a young lady of twelve or fourteen years. The

shape is novel, and very stylish. The garniture consists of band and loops of Solferino velvet, and short white plume, tipped with Solferino.

Henriette Hat.—This is of straw also, but plainer in style. The decoration consists of



bands of blue velvet, and folds of velvet drawn through straw loops.

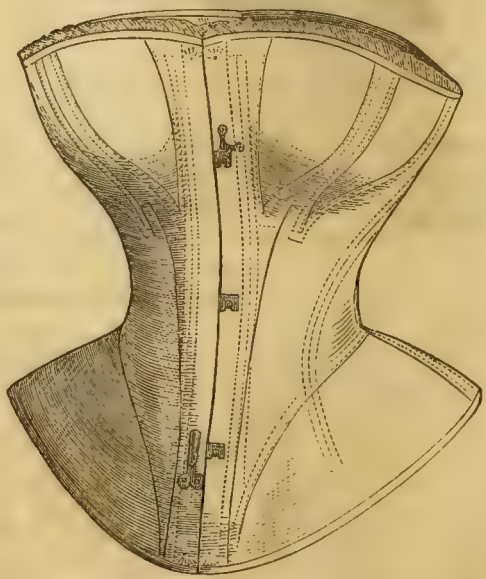
NEW STYLE OF YOKE APRON.

The Fashion Editor can furnish the braiding patterns for it.

BORDERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

SPRING SLEEVES—FRENCH PATTERNS.

VICTORIA CORSET—NEW STYLE.

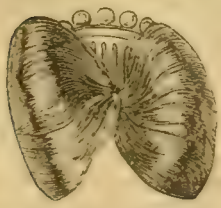


PATTERNS of this can be supplied on application to the Fashion Editor.

THE MEDICIS GIRDLE.

MADE of black moire antique. The pockets, waistband, and ends of the sash are trimmed with narrow black velvet.

NEW STYLES FOR ARRANGING THE HAIR.



SUITABLE for false hair to be pinned on, just as represented in the engravings. Fig. 3 is suitable for nets and fancy hats.

HEADDRESSES.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1. *Crochet Headdress.*—This pretty little coiffure is suitable for morning wear, and is extremely easy to make. It is composed of purse silk, and trimmed with a coronet of bows and ends of black velvet. The back is made in the following manner:—

Make a chain of 60 stitches, and work a square of treble crochet, putting 2 chain between each treble. Then, for the top of the headdress, crochet on two sides of the square, 7 chain, and loop into every other treble. Repeat this for five rows, and mount this portion of the net on a pointed wire. Ornament it with bows and ends of velvet, tastefully arranged, and finish off the back by lengths of silk looped in to form a fringe. About eight lengths of silk are required for one loop of fringe.

This might be converted into an evening headdress by making the foundation in some bright-colored silk, or gold twist, and ornamenting the front with small white ostrich feathers.

Fig. 2.—*The Valois Headdress.*—This consists of thick black velvet plaits, which are fastened at the back of the head, and the coronet is formed of standing loops of cherry velvet and black lace.

D'OYLEY IN CROCHET.

(*See engraving, page* 535.)

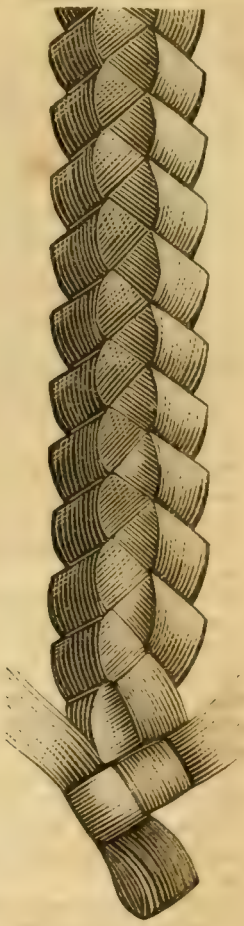
A SET of d'Oyleys are a very useful and ornamental production of the work-table, and the labor of working them is well repaid by this double recommendation. They form an inexpensive and appropriate present for a little mark

of kind feeling on the occasion of a wedding, when a more important offering might not be in accordance with the degree of intimacy and friendship of the parties. They are executed in the usual way of crochet—that is, the pattern is solid and the ground open. They will require to be completed by the addition of a fringe, and for this an extra row of crochet must be worked round, with about seven or nine chains in each loop, for the purpose of allowing the fringe to be knotted into every loop. They may, if preferred, be finished with a narrow crochet edging; but the fringe is equally pretty and less trouble. These designs can also be executed in netting and darning. They form extremely ornamental d'Oyleys if the netting is in white, and the darning in the ingrain red cotton. A brighter effect is produced in this way; and when seen on a table, well-lighted, and the dessert tastefully arranged, they appear to great advantage, as the pattern is shown much more distinctly than when they are entirely white.

THE LADY DIANA HAT.

FANCY TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

TO BE MADE OF SILK OR COTTON

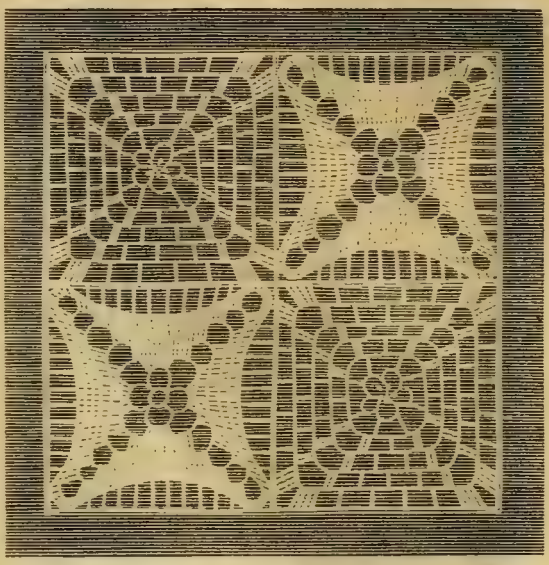


The Lady Diana Hat.—The material is fine Leghorn. The brim is first turned up, and then turned down again; thus making a double turn. A very long white ostrich feather, fixed in front by a small tuft of black feather, passes quite across the crown of the hat, and hangs down at the back. In front a small aigrette of straw. The hair confined in a net.

COUNTERPANE, IN CROCHET.

TO BE WORKED IN SQUARES.

Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 6 or 8, with a suitable hook.



THIS counterpane is to be worked in squares, alternately close and open, arranged as in a chess-board, the open of one row joined to the close of another, and *vice versâ*. They may be sewed together; but we prefer connecting them with a crochet-hook, one line piece by piece, and the next line to it when completed.

THE CLOSE SQUARE.—8 ch close into a round.

1*st round.*—* 5 ch, 1 sc under the chain of 8 four times, slip on two of the first set of 5 ch.

2*d.*—* 3 sc under chain of 5, 5 ch * four times.

3*d.*—5 sc, 3 on 3, and 2 under the chain of 5 beyond, * 5 ch, 7 sc on 3 sc and two chain at each end; * 3 times; end with 2 sc, to make the first five *seven*.

[N. B. All the sc stitches are taken either under the chain or under the two sides of the sc stitch; and in the following rounds, as in this, the extra stitches can only be worked at one end of the first side in beginning the round, which is finished by doing them at the other end of that side.]

4*th.*—11 sc worked as the 7, with 5 ch after them, four times.

5*th.*—15 sc.

6*th.*—19 sc, with 5 chain after them, four times.

7*th.*—In this round a sc stitch is worked, as before, in every one of the former round, and 7 sc under every chain of 5.

8*th* (and last round).—Sc on every sc at the corners, working two in one *once;* and along the sides, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc; * as often as may be required.

THE OPEN SQUARE.—4 ch, close into a round, 5 ch, * 1 dc, 2 ch, * four times.

2*d round.*—1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch, all under the chain of 5; the same under the chain of 2 three times over.

3*d.*—* under the next chain of 2, 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc (which forms the first corner), 3 ch, 1 dc under the next chain of 2, 3 ch, * repeat all round.

4*th.*—* 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under the 3 ch, between the two pairs of dc; 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, * four times.

5*th.*—* 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under 3 ch at point, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, * four times.

6*th.*—* 3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, all under 3 ch at point; between point and point work as before, but with one repetition more.

This design is extremely prettily done in double Berlin wool, of two colors, for a couvrepieds, or baby's blanket.

NEW CROCHET STITCHES.

(*Especially suitable for Wool-work.*)

No. I.—TUNIS STITCH.

THIS is begun exactly like Princess stitch, and with the same kind of hook. You make a chain of any given number of stitches, and work back on it, taking up each stitch and drawing the wool through, until finally you have all on the needle. Work back, by drawing the wool first through one loop only, and after that through two, till you have one only on the hook, which is the first of next row. So far the two stitches are precisely alike.

3*d.* Instead of putting the hook in the upright stitch, insert it under the top, or upper part, between every two upright threads; and draw

the loop through; so that at the end of the row, working from right to left, you have all the loops on the needle, the last one being made of a sort of loose thread at the end.

4th, or returning row, is like the second, but that you draw *three* off together at the last. Repeat these two rows alternately till sufficient is done.

This stitch is better adapted for making squares than stripes, as it works into a diamond or slanting form, but can readily be pulled into shape.

A *couvre-pied* made of this stitch, in small squares of two bright *tranchant* colors, would be very handsome, especially if each square was surrounded by a line of sc, worked in gold or maize filoselle.

No. II.—Velvet Stitch

is made by putting the wool twice round the hook (as for tc), and then inserting it in the stitch to be worked. Draw the wool through this, and then through all the four loops and twists of thread together, which requires a

somewhat fine needle. Do a chain stitch after every stitch; and in following rows insert the hook under this chain.

You work the velvet stitch on every alternate one only of the foundation chain.

This stitch is admirably suited for stripes of bright colors, divided by a narrow one of three rows, black, maize (or gold), and black again. The bright colors ought to be of not less than four rows; and five are more effective.

The maize line should be done in coarse crochet silk; the wool used must be double Berlin.

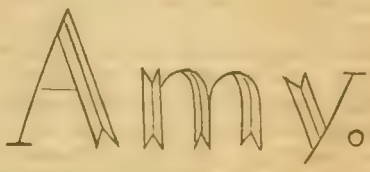
No. III.—Long-Princess Stitch.

This is a pretty and novel variety of the popular "Princess" (or, as the French have called it, *Tunis*) crochet. The only difference in working is, that when doing the forward row, after taking up one of the front stitches, and bringing the wool through it, you draw the wool again

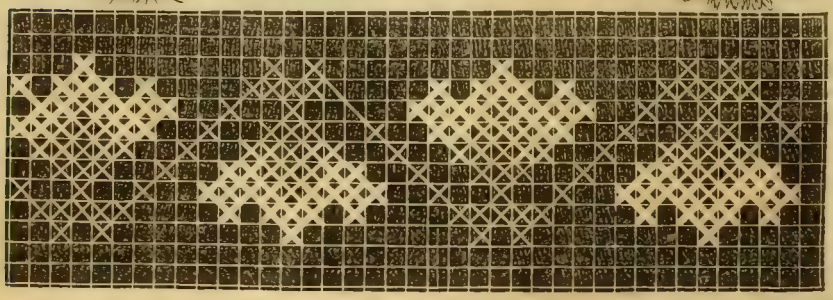
through the stitch just made, working on it, in fact, a chain stitch. Do this to every stitch in the row, working from right to left, except the first stitch, which, as our readers are aware, is merely the last stitch of the alternate or back row: and this must have a chain-stitch worked on it.

It is somewhat lighter than the ordinary Princess stitch, and done in 8-thread Berlin is quite warm enough for a *couvre-pied*, or baby's blanket; but the stitches not being square, it is not suitable for embroidery.

NAME FOR MARKING.



SOFA CUSHION, IN CROCHET, EMBROIDERED.



Materials.—8-thread black and white pearl wool; blue, crimson, green, and amber 8-thread wool, and any short pieces of colors; also a coarse hook; cord and tassels.

The cushion consists of stripes of various colors, arranged so as to harmonize with a line of pearl wool between every two, and also all round the cushion. For this you begin and end with this wool, and afterwards work two lines, to join the other two sides of the square.

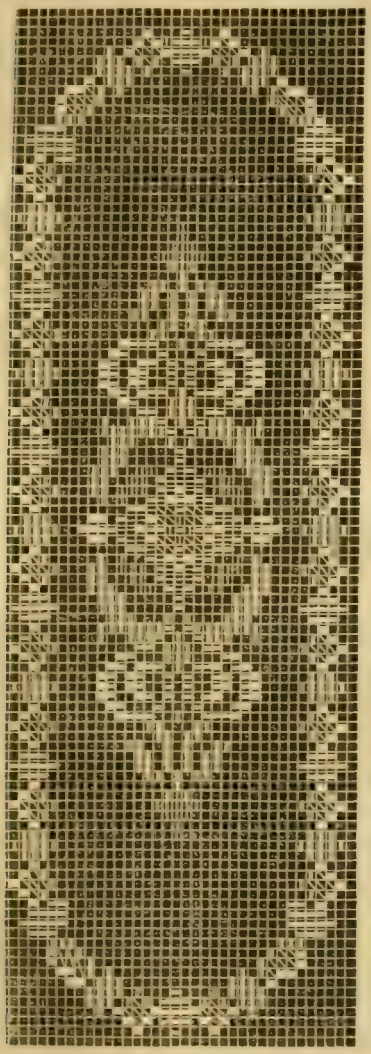
With the pearl wool work a chain of seventy stitches, and do one row forward and one backward, to make one pattern of this stitch. Join on a colored wool, and work thirty rows, making fifteen patterns; then the two pearl-wool rows again, then another color, until you have five colored stripes and six narrow pearl lines. Do a pearl line at the top and bottom.

The pattern is worked in cross-stitch, which is done on this crochet as easily as on canvas. Use a large rug-needle and single-wool. The zigzag line is in one color, brown or black, the flower in three shades of bright color. It may be worked entirely in one set of tints, on each stripe, or each flower in a different one, according to taste. In the latter case you can use up any spare bits of wool you may have on hand; but the effect is, perhaps, better the other way. Suppose there are five stripes of the following colors—amber, blue, crimson or scarlet, green; and the design be worked on each in three shades of the color following it, only with green on one amber stripe and blue on the other, it would look very handsome. The tassels to be made of wool of the leading color.

Our second cut is the pattern of the stripe enlarged.

SPECTACLE CASE ON FINE CANVAS IN BERLIN WOOL.

A LITTLE article suitable for a token of friendship from the young to the old, easily worked, and pretty when completed. A fine canvas is required, and the light shades used in the pattern should be in floss silk. The ground is in



crimson, and the pattern is worked in black, blues, and grays. The little border round has a black ground, the pattern being in alternate reds, blues, and whites. The colors should not be chosen for the gaiety of their contrasts, as it is the neatness of the work, and the suitability of style in the pattern, which render the article, when completed, appropriate for the purpose for which it is intended. The two sides must be lined with silk, an inner lining of flannel being first inserted; they must then be sewed together, leaving one end open to admit the spectacles, after which the stitches must be hid by a very small black silk cord, sewed on all round, and at the opening, on both sides of each half.

NEW STYLE OF GARTER.

CAST on six stitches in colored worsted on fine steel needles.

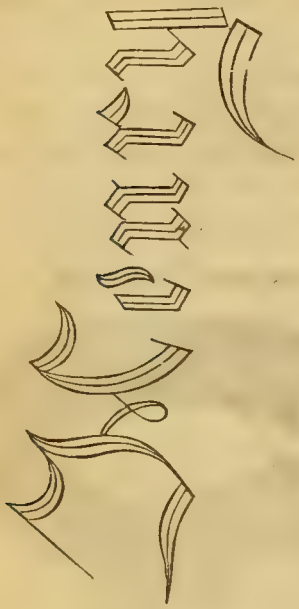
Knit forty-five rows plain knitting.

Double this piece to form a loop; take up the stitches on one needle, making twelve stitches in all.

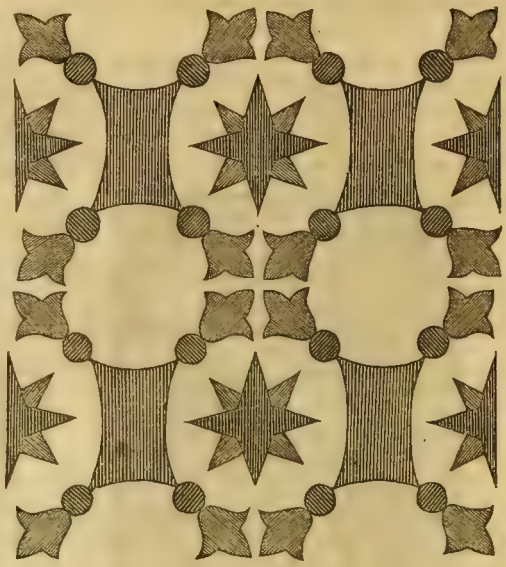
Join the white worsted; knit one row plain, one row purl, until you have six rows; then reverse the rows so as to make a rib the other way: six rows in each rib. Do this until you have thirty-three ribs.

Join the colored worsted; knit one row plain, then narrow one stitch at the end of the row for two rows; then knit one row across plain, and repeat the last three rows until all the stitches are off.

Make a short cord and attach a tassel.



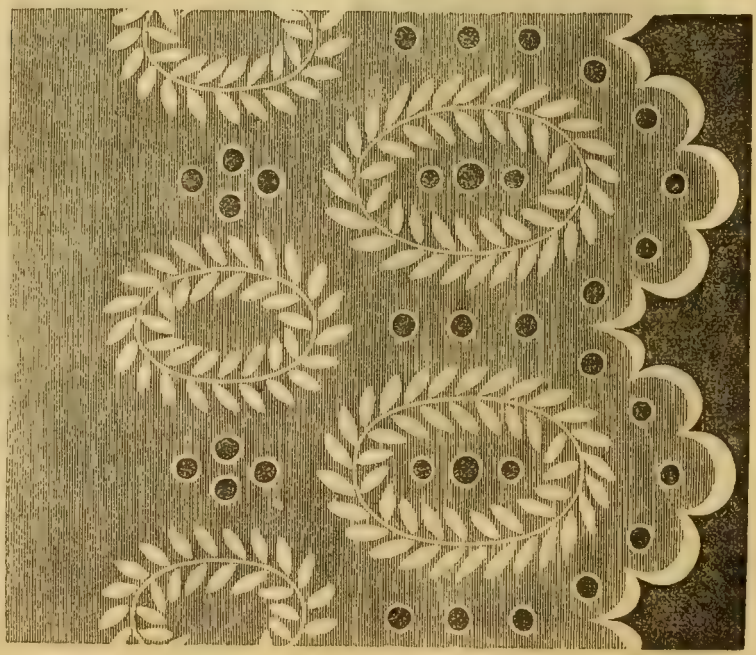
NAME FOR MARKING.



PATCHWORK.

EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY.



FLOUNCING FOR A SKIRT.

Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC.

It has been our custom every year, during the months of June, July, and August, to publish a large number of useful receipts suited to the preserving season. Having many new subscribers this year, we republish the collection, with the addition of many new ones, which will be found very valuable.

OBSERVATIONS ON PRESERVING.

A very common discovery made by those who preserve fruits, etc., is, that the preserve either ferments, grows mouldy, or becomes caudied.

These three effects arise from three separate causes. The first from insufficient boiling; the second from being kept in a damp place, assisted in some degree by the first cause; and the third from being too quick and too long boiling.

Preserves of all kinds should be kept entirely secluded from the air, and in a dry place. In ranging them on the shelves of a store-closet, they should not be suffered to come in contact with the wall. Moisture in winter and spring exudes from some of the driest walls, and preserves invariably imbibe it, both in dampness and taste. It is necessary occasionally to look at them, and if they have been attacked by mould, boil them up gently again. To prevent all risks, it is always as well to lay a brandy paper over the fruit before tying down. This may be renewed in the spring.

Fruit jellies are made in the ratio of a quart of fruit to two pounds of sugar. They must not be boiled quick, nor very long. Practice, and a general discretion, will be found the best guides to regulate the exact time, which necessarily must be affected, more or less, by local causes.

If you do not possess a drying-stove, the fruit may be dried in the sun on flagstones, taking care that insects are not suffered to approach it; a garden glass to cover the preserve will keep them off. If dried in an oven, it must be of gentle warmth, and they must be done slowly.

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF PREPARING SUGAR.

The various purposes to which sugar is applied require it to be in different states; these are called *degrees*. They extend to the number of thirteen.

First Degree.—Replace the clarified sugar in the preserving-pan, to boil gently, take a drop of it on the thumb and touch it with the forefinger; if, on opening them, it draws to a fine thread, and in breaking forms two drops on each finger, it is at the right point.

Second.—A little more boiling brings it to this point, when the thread will draw further before it breaks.

Third.—At this point the thread may be drawn as far as the span will open without breaking.

Fourth.—On still increasing the boiling, little raised balls are formed on the surface of the sugar.

Fifth.—Take up some of the sugar on a skimmer, and drop it on the rest, when it should form a slanting streak on the surface.

Sixth.—Boil it yet a little longer; the streak or tail is now larger, and it has reached this point.

Seventh.—Take out a skimmerful of the sugar, blow through it, and small sparks of sugar will fly from it.

Eighth.—The same proof as above; the sparks should be larger and stronger.

Ninth.—Take the sugar in the skimmer as before, give it a shake, and if the sparks are large, and adhere together, on rising, it is at the right point.

Tenth.—Dip your fingers in cold water, and then into the sugar instantly, and again into the water, when the sugar will roll into a ball, which will be supple when cold.

Eleventh.—At this point the ball or bullet will be harder when cold than the last.

Twelfth.—Prove as above; the bullet should crumble between the fingers, and, on biting, will stick to the teeth.

Thirteenth.—At this point it should snap clean when bitten. This point is very difficult to attain, for in increasing the height the sugar is apt to burn; it is better, therefore, to try the proof very frequently. Another process is much used by the confectioner, and produces a deep color; it is made by putting a little water to the sugar and boiling it without skimming, or otherwise touching the sugar till of the right color, then take it off and use immediately.

If, on preparing the sugar, you miss the right point, add a little cold water, and boil once more.

Observations.—The skimmer should never be left in the preserving-pan after the sugar is clarified, nor after the scum is removed.

Be very careful not to stir or disturb the sugar, as that would cause its diminution.

In boiling the sugar, particularly the two last degrees, the sugar is continuously rising and falling, and, on falling, leaves marks on the side of the pan, which the heat of the fire would soon burn, and thereby spoil the whole of the sugar. To avoid this, have by the side of you a pan of cold water and a sponge, upon which wipe the sides of the pan carefully the instant after the sugar has fallen.

To Clarify Sugar.—Take the quantity of fine white loaf-sugar you intend to clarify, add to it of very clean warm water half a pint for every pound; when dissolved, add to it the white of one or two eggs—as the quantity may require—well whipped, put it on the fire, and when it comes to a boil, pour into it an ordinary teacupful of cold water; on its rising again to a boil, remove it, and let it settle for twenty minutes; skim the scum from the top, pour off the syrup into a clean vessel with sufficient quickness to leave all the sediment at the bottom, and such steadiness as to prevent any of the latter rising and mixing with it.

To Preserve Strawberries.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

To Preserve Strawberries or Raspberries, for Creams or Ices, without Boiling.—Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalks directly, weigh it, turn it into a bowl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix with an equal weight of fine dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep them in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only

just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next the cork.

Strawberries Stewed for Tarts.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

To Preserve Strawberries in Wine.—Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry-bottle, and strew over them three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

Strawberry Jelly.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

Raspberries.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

Raspberry Jam.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

Raspberry Wine.—Bruise the finest ripe raspberries with the back of a spoon; strain them through a flannel bag into a stone jar; allow one pound of fine powdered loaf-sugar to one quart of juice; stir these well together, and cover the jar closely; let it stand three days, stirring the mixture up every day; then pour off the clear liquid, and put two quarts of sherry to each quart of juice, or liquid. Bottle it off, and it will be fit for use in a fortnight. By adding Cognac brandy instead of sherry, the mixture will be raspberry brandy.

Raspberry Cream.—Rub a quart of raspberries, or raspberry jam, through a hair sieve, to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with cream; sweeten with sugar to taste; put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill; as your froth rises, take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When you have got as much froth as you want, put what cream remains into a deep china dish, or punch bowl, and pour your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

Currants Preserved.—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick, then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

Currant Jelly.—Pick fine red, but long ripe, currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

Currant Jam of all Colors.—Strip your currants, and put them into your pan, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; add your sugar after your fruit has boiled a few minutes: boil all together, mashing your fruit with a wooden spoon; boil all gently for half an hour, then fill your jars.

Currant Wine.—Dissolve eight pounds of honey in fifteen gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, add the juice of eight pounds of red or white currants; then ferment for twenty-four hours; to every two gallons add two pounds of sugar, and clarify with whites of eggs.

Compote of Green Currants.—Half a pint of spring water, five ounces of sugar, boiled together ten minutes; one pint of green currants stripped from the stalks; simmer from three to five minutes.

Black Currant Vinegar.—To four pounds of fruit, very ripe, put three pints of vinegar; let it stand three days; stir occasionally; squeeze and strain the fruit. After boiling ten minutes, to every pint of juice add one pound of lump sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

Gooseberries.—Put one quart of red currant juice to five pounds of loaf-sugar; set it on the fire, and when the sugar is dissolved put in eight pounds of red, rough, ripe gooseberries, let them boil half an hour, then put them into an earthen pan and leave them to stand for two days; then boil them again until they look clear; put them into pots and let them stand a week to dry a little at the top, then cover them with brandy papers.

Compote of Green Gooseberries.—This is an excellent compote, if made with fine sugar, and very good with any kind. Break five ounces into small lumps, and pour on them half a pint of water; boil these gently for ten minutes, and clear off all the scum; then add to them a pint of fresh gooseberries freed from the tops and stalks, washed and well-drained; simmer them gently from eight to ten minutes, and serve them hot or cold. Increase the quantity for a large dish.

Cherries Preserved.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

Compote of Cherries.—Simmer five ounces of sugar with half a pint of water for ten minutes; throw into

the syrup a pound of cherries weighed after they are stalked, and let them stew gently for twenty minutes. It is a great improvement to stone the fruit, but a larger quantity will then be required for a dish.

Compote of Morello Cherries.—Boil together, for fifteen minutes, five ounces of sugar with half a pint of water; add a pound and a quarter of ripe Morello cherries, and simmer them *very* softly from five to seven minutes. This is a delicious compote.

Cherry Jam.—Stone four pounds of cherries, and put them in a preserving-pan, with two pounds of fine white sugar and a pint of red currant-juice; boil the whole together rather fast, until it stiffens, and then put it into pots for use.

To Dry Cherries.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may have run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; strew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place; or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

Cherries, to Candy.—The fruit must be gathered before it is ripe; pick and stone them, boil clarified sugar, and pour it over them.

To Preserve Rhubarb.—To one and a quarter pound of rhubarb add one pound of sugar, half an ounce of bitter almonds blanched and chopped very fine, half the peel of a lemon also chopped very fine; boil all together rather longer than other fruit, or till it will set firm. If the fruit is not quite young, the sticks should be peeled, being first wiped quite dry.

Rhubarb Jam.—To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a half.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR, EYES, TEETH, AND EXTREMITIES.

MANAGEMENT OF THE TEETH AND GUMS.

The management of the teeth has a twofold tendency, the first indication being to watch and assist their proper development; and the second, to protect them from decay; and as these two processes have each a separate stage of life, during which they are prominently active, so the proper supervision of the teeth may take its tone from the period at which it is to be exercised. Thus, the mother who watches her children's teeth as they successively make their appearance, has a very different task to perform from that which is demanded by her own set; and unless she understands the nature of the charge, or intrusts it to another more competent than herself, she will very probably overlook much which ought to engage her attention. In the cutting of the milk teeth, there is very little cause for anxiety or interference, so far as the teeth themselves are concerned; but when the second set are making their appearance, the mother who regards the future welfare of her children, in point of comfort and personal beauty, will see that they are allowed room and space for their proper arrangement in the mouth. Children at a very early age should be encouraged to wash out their mouths and brush their teeth with a soft brush (but no powder); and if the gums are at all spongy or inclined to bleed, the addition of a little tincture of myrrh will render them more hard and healthy; but the tartar formed upon milk teeth is not of any further consequence than as showing a slight tendency to ill health, inasmuch as it is all removed with the tooth to which it is attached. But if the first teeth are very small, and at the same time closely set, it often happens that the second set are too large for their places, and as they emerge they crowd one another so much that they cannot find room to stand in a regular row, and part, or all, fall out of the rank. When this is the case, one or more teeth must be extracted; but as the incisors and canine teeth are very conspicuous, and their absence is very readily detected, it is considered better to remove the first bicuspid, which permits the adjacent teeth to extend themselves and assume a regular position. If this is done early enough, in most cases it is sufficient; but if not, a plate must be fixed in the opposite jaw in such a way as to meet the tooth in a slanting direction, and so force it into its place, or it must be brought in by strong silk, tying it to the adjacent teeth. These plans must, however, be intrusted to a skilful dentist; they are only mentioned here in order that the mother may be made aware of the fact, that by his aid she may hope to rectify the errors occasioned by her omitting to have earlier assistance. I have said nothing of the cutting of the first teeth, because whenever there is much the matter at that time the aid of a surgeon should be called in, who will at once proceed to lance the gums, if necessary; but as I believe this division is fraught with serious ill consequences if it is done without due cause, I should never advise the parents or nurse to attempt the operation, simple and easy as it is. The milk teeth often decay and give pain, and if so, they may be removed; and in many cases, without any such destruction of substance, they will require slight interference, from their adhering to their sockets longer than is desirable, or prudent in reference to the new teeth. In all cases, however, these fangs are absorbed before the new tooth shows itself, and from this circumstance a very slight force is sufficient to remove them.

The supervision and management of the permanent teeth in their *development* being completed, it is necessary to see that after this stage they are prevented from *decaying*. It appears that this disease of the tooth is partly due to a chemical decomposition of the food lodged between the spaces in eating. When there is joined to this an unhealthy or weak condition of the ivory, which is thus rendered incapable of resisting the action of external causes, and also the external pressure of the adjacent teeth when too close together, this decay is almost sure to take place in some part or other of the crown. When it occurs in the sides of the necks, just below the enamel, the cause always is in the food, and generally so when in the middle of the crown of the molars; but sometimes decay takes place beneath the enamel, and long before the slightest fissure in this part can be detected by any ordinary observation, or, at all events, while there is no opening large enough to admit the food. Besides these causes, another exists in the uncovered state of the roots or fangs, or in their being covered by tartar instead of gum, both of which circumstances tend to produce decomposition and decay, and should be cautiously guarded against. These several objects are carried out—1*st*, by carefully removing the food left between the teeth, with a proper toothpick; 2*d*, by brushing off both the food and tartar at least once a day with the tooth-brush and tooth-powder; 3*d*, by attention to the healthy condition of the gums; and 4*th*, by

allowing a dentist to fill any cavity which may occur in spite of all these precautions.

The best toothpick for cleansing the spaces between the teeth is also the cheapest—namely, that made from a piece of quill. This ought to be passed round and between all the teeth after each meal, which will also serve to keep off the tendency to form tartar. At night a brush with water only may be used with advantage, and where there is a strong tendency to decay between the roots, a piece of strong silk may be drawn backwards and forwards between each pair.

In order to remove the tartar, a brush, more or less hard, should be used every morning with some tooth-powder on it, unless the enamel should be very thin indeed, in which case the powder should be avoided, as being likely to do damage by wearing that material away too fast.

When the gums adhere firmly to the teeth, and leave nothing visible beneath the enamel, the conclusion may be drawn that in point of health, the mouth is in a good state; but if they recede, they should be attended to. Tincture of myrrh is an excellent application for the purpose, and a mixture of it with a solution of chloride of soda and eau de cologne, in equal proportions, and used on the brush, will generally be efficacious, unless the general health is also greatly at fault.

When a cavity is actually developed, the sooner it is filled the better. When it is small, and has not opened into the natural cavity of the tooth, gold-leaf is the best material, the dentist previously cutting away the decayed matter, and pressing in the gold with great force. When, however, this cavity is exposed, gold is useless under ordinary circumstances, and the highest efforts of the scientific dentist are alone capable of making the tooth useful, and at the same time relieving its pain. In the present day, few dentists are able to effect this difficult task, but I believe there are some who succeed in almost all cases, and I know that it has been done in some few. The usual resource is the application of an amalgam of mercury with silver while in a soft state, which, moreover, sometimes arrests decay for many years, and also relieves the pain; but in most cases it fails in its object when applied in an advanced stage, and is unworthy of any strong reliance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We publish another receipt for Skeleton, or Lace Leaves, which is a prettier title, kindly furnished by a correspondent:—

Lace Leaves, or Skeleton.—Soak healthy green oak leaves in water for twenty-four hours; during which time, draw leaves, birds, or anything else on card-paper; cut them out neatly, and pass over them a light sizing of glue, paste gum-arabic, or white of eggs. Then take the leaves out of the water, wipe and press them on the cuttings you have just covered with glue. Let them dry together; and then strike upon the green leaf with a hard stiff brush. The leaf being softened by soaking, will soon present nothing but a web of little fibres resembling lace. The green portion remains fastened upon the card-paper, and when unglued, is said to look like embroidery.

Prolonging the Beauty of Cut Flowers.—A recent author, E. A. Maling, states that for keeping flowers in water, finely-powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, preserves them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities. When cut flowers have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly-trimmed end instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to become smooth and to resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers, carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers amend the most, although azaleas revive wonderfully. The writer has seen flowers that have lain the whole night on a table, after having been worn for hours, which at breakfast next morning were perfectly renovated by means of a cupful of hot water.

Cure for Earache.—Take a small piece of cotton batting or cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the finger, and fill it up with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece; gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil, and insert it in the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

To Clean Cloth Garments.—Rub some soap upon the wristbands and collars, and dip them in boiling hot water or new made suds, and scrub them well with a brush. Then go over the dirty and greasy places in the same way. Get fresh suds and wet and brush the whole garment the right way of the cloth. Stretch the sleeves, pockets, pocket-holes, wristbands and collars into shape, the same as if ironed and put to dry. They will look as well as new.

Peach Leaf Yeast.—Peach leaves, used in the same way as hops, make excellent yeast. They may be used fresh from the tree during the summer; but the winter supply should be picked before frost comes, and dried.

Soft Soap.—To one cake of the concentrated lye, add three gallons of soft water. Set it on the fire, put in four pounds of soap fat, and let it boil till quite clear. Empty into a barrel, and add twelve gallons of soft water. When cold it will be as thick as jelly. The concentrated lye can be had at almost any drug store.

Effects of Sugar on the Teeth.—The children of sugar-growing countries have good teeth, although they almost live upon sugar in one form or other. Housekeepers must spare their allowance of sugar on some other ground than this. Children crave it, and ought to have a liberal supply, as it is a highly nutritious substance. It has also balsamic properties, and assists the respiratory functions. An inordinate quantity, of course, might derange the stomach.

Ink Spots, how to Take Out of Linen or Calico.—Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with the juice. Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

Pomade for Chapped Arms and Hands.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, one and a half drachm; sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce; Florence oil of olives, half an ounce; oil of poppies, half an ounce; melt all together gently, and beat into it four drops of the liquid balsam of Peru.

A sure Bottle Cement.—Put a little isinglass in a cup, and brandy or whiskey sufficient to cover it. Let it dissolve near the fire. It must be used warm.

The juice of garlic, stamped in a stone mortar, and carefully applied to the broken parts of glass, etc., will cement them closely and permanently.

Editors' Table.

NATURE AND LOVE.

"And look through Nature up to Nature's God."

The love of Nature, enjoyment in the beauties of the Seasons, these are good and pure pleasures of life, promoting health and cheerfulness, hope and piety. It is a Christian duty to cultivate the innocent feelings of joy and gladness, which come to us through the ministry of the senses, in the works of Nature. Such joy is the natural thanksgiving of finite beings to the Infinite goodness that provides so many precious pledges, even in this fallen world, of the Divine Love for us.

This sensibility to the beauties of Nature and of God's goodness through Nature is one of the loveliest characteristics of Genius; when possessed by a woman, it gives to her writings a charm far beyond the reach of Art, and seems to make the learning of the schools unnecessary. The perfection of this style is seldom reached. A recent example of great power as well as beauty has come to us from the pen of a French woman, Madame de Gasparin, whose work* we noticed in the February number.

Now we will give a few sketches of a morning walk, and what this authoress saw and thought in her ramble. Her residence was in the Department of the Jura, near Geneva. We should add that the time was near the close of May; we will call it

A WALK IN JUNE.

"In our country (in early spring) each flower in succession has its own absolute reign. First, white crocuses, then yellow primroses, then hyacinths, then golden ranunculuses. Toward the end of June then the valley is enamelled with every hue, radiant with every kind of brightness, each flower opening, displaying itself, scattering fragrance on its own account.

"There is, indeed, in May (or the first of June), at the very time I was taking this particular walk, a short season when green is the dominant tone; a harsh, and uncompromising green, without any softening touch of red or yellow, or any delicate silver light. This green is somewhat oppressive, I might almost say sad

"It was so that morning. The grass I walked on had such a glowing brightness; the leaves of the hedge, whether hawthorn leaves, sweetbrier, willow, or alder, were all so varnished and brilliant, you could hardly look at them. On the mountain side, the bright verdure of the beech so prevailed over the sombre foliage of the pines, spread so lustrously and positively on every side, rose so boldly up to the pasture land, itself so verdant too, that, apart from the cupola of snow upon the very summit (of Jura), one could see nothing but this intense green, which seemed to repress (or sadden) thought.

* * * * * * * *

"Do you know hours when the demon of analysis, the bad angel of our age, brushes against you with his cold wings? Do you know what it is to explore your affections, your thoughts, and to say of them all, what do they profit?

"At such times it seems as though we were wandering in one of those ruined planets, those extinct worlds whose lurid light still traverses the sky. Then we see things as they are, or rather as they would be, if the wondrous brightness of day, if perfume, harmony, blue atmospheric depths were all taken away from us and our Earth left bare. Everything becomes dry, hard, resolvable into problems, the positive solution of which destroys our last illusions. The task that charmed me with its time-speeding magic, it has no use, teaches nothing, is worth nothing! Those melodies which wafted me into realms of serenity, they are flat, monotonous, wearisome! My pencil nothing either! My friends, my beloved, that image closest to my heart; oh, it is here that the abyss yawns; here there is dead silence, and the demon speaks in his doubting voice—no one is indispensable to any other; you believe that you give happiness, others would give more; you think that were you taken out of their life, that life would be shattered Not so. It would resume its course, would pass through other regions, other flowers, to blossom under other skies.

* * * * * * * *

"I was going along, a bitter smile upon my lips, a bitter indifference at my heart, reduced to despair, as negation after negation fell on me like blows from an axe; when I chanced to raise my eyes and saw the country, saw it magnificent, exuberantly fresh; saw the barley-fields that promised harvest, the young bunches of grapes that promised the vintage; saw the tufted fields, the orchards, laden with fruit, the bees and the butterflies flying off in quest of pillage, the peasant going to his work. The earth is beautiful, I said to myself, the earth is good! Then I raised my glance up the mountain side, higher than the beeches, higher than the pines, higher than the chalets, than the pastures, up, up to the snow, up to that sparkling cupola whose white outline cuts sharply the deep blue sky, up to that region of Paradise! O ye heavens, ye are glorious! My God, thou art the mighty One, the Eternal! —Love!—It is only *that* I have been ignoring all this while! The love of God, the love which came down to us, the love which defies time and space, the immortal, imperishable love thou hast put into the heart of man!

"Our years will pass, our faculties fade, our loved ones depart; nothing of us will remain save poor old withered bodies that drag themselves into the sunshine; all will die. No, all lives; love, though buried beneath the snows of age, love glows unextinguished. It breathes in wordless prayers, it looks back to cherished memories, forward to the land of promise. The face is wrinkled, the lips wear a smile the vigorous call childish, the eye is dull; we seem to have only a pale effigy. Do not think so; below the surface there are tears, strong hopes; there is a whole vast world; there is a human heart; there is the Infinite.

"Nothing that has ever truly lived is lost, nothing useless; not a sigh or joy, or a sorrow, which has not served its purpose. Our tears are numbered, the fragrance of our innocent pleasures mounts heavenward as a sweet-smelling savor. Let us take courage; honest labor, upright thoughts, healthy emotions endure. Let us give and love, become as little children, so shall we reach self-forgetfulness, that supreme possession, that dominion over the universe."

* The Near and the Heavenly Horizons. New York. Published by Carter & Brothers.

PORTRAIT OF AN "OLD MAID."

(*From a Letter to the Editors.*)

In a late number of your invaluable magazine, I read an article upon that unappreciated class vulgarly styled "old maids," a class, albeit, we say confidently, which for activity and usefulness has no superior; indeed, it might not be exceeding the truth to say *surpassing* any other. What class, let me ask, excites a *better* influence in literary pursuits, in domestic life, in the religious world? As teachers, as attendants at the bed of suffering, in all works of benevolence and piety?

One, two, or more of those much-to-be-respected ladies form an established "institution" in every community. In the list of teachers for the young, none are found more capable, more patient, more judicious, or more trustworthy of giving the first bent to the little minds committed to their care by anxious, oftentimes overtasked, mothers. Generally they are better fitted than those mothers themselves for giving the opening mind its first start on the way to expansion. Cultivated, refined, intelligent, religious, their whole time is at their own command for the pursuit of the occupation which may be their choice. We say a great blank would be left in any neighborhood or town *wanting* members of the *sisterhood*.

Let me recall *one* whose image is intertwined with our own early, pleasant memories; one who grew in beauty and happiness, the loved, only daughter of a true-hearted, virtuous father, in a sunny nook on the banks of the lovely Connecticut River; her childhood knew no want, her early days were passed in ease and pleasure; her mind early trained to ways of culture, propriety, and refinement, her taste in unison with the beautiful scenery of her native state, and the expansion given by varied reading combined to form a character, and to discipline her for the career which, all unexpected, was before her.

Reverses fell upon that happy household; the stern hand of death removed that doting father; the loving, grief-stricken mother soon followed; the orphan children, a daughter and two sons, were thrown all at once upon their own resources. That State, proverbial for its number of teachers, seemed not to offer so wide a field for our young aspirant as the interior of New York at that time, whither, by urgent advice, she accompanied a matronly friend to "seek her fortune" in ways of usefulness. The residence chosen was not a mushroom village on some public highway or near some manufacturing establishment; but was an old, aristocratic town, the home of the wealthy, the cultivated, the high-bred. Here a home was made, a footing found, a path opened. Now, if you had entered a neat school-room, you would have met a figure, rather tall, well-proportioned, blue-eyed, dark-haired, a handsome woman of perhaps twenty-five, graceful, dignified, and self-possessed; her little charge showing the effects of such a presence in their midst; quiet from respect, attentive to their duties from love to that kind teacher, no unruly elves were there; no strife, no contention, no struggle against the authority they were willing to submit to; in short, it was a rule of love, the government of the heart. Thus she moved among her duties, beloved by pupils and their parents, respected by acquaintances, and endeared to all by the sweet amenities of social and Christian courtesy. And this was no fitful resource; through summer's warmth and winter's cold, her task went on; year after year for *successive generations* was the daily toil performed. In that school for little girls there were no distinct professorships, but the mechanical (if sewing and knitting can be so called, according to the old method, machines for those arts not then having been introduced) and the intellectual were supervised by one head.

Vividly can we recall the first essays of our tiny fingers in the varied domain of *patchwork;* all sewn "overhand," after being basted and handed over with many directions as to holding it "around the end of the finger, keeping the edges even, not taking the stitch too deep, etc. etc.; and to making a smooth fell and a hem without elbows in it." And then ascending the ladder to the higher branch of *embroidery*, directions in all the intricacies of "edging scallops with buttonhole stitch, working the leaves in satin stitch, the stems in laid stitch." Afterwards came our hesitating attempts at that manifold mystery, the alphabet! Oh, the perplexities of that *first* lesson, first step in the road to all knowledge! Well we recall the encouraging smile, the patience with our frequent failures, the cheering glance at the slightest success. We recall, also, the kindly suggestions as to the manner of *holding* the book or the work, as to gentleness, and kindness, and politeness of manner of pupils to each other, of personal neatness, of attention to the hair, nails, etc.—in short, of all ladylike and womanly deportment.

Then there was an unspoken influence in that obscure little upper room, whose impress is perceptible even to this day. I never knew a coarse, uncouth, or hoydenish girl leave that school; hundreds upon hundreds there were of them, too. Who shall estimate the benefits from such teaching—ay, even in the far future?

Nor was it confined wholly to feminine juveniles, this pleasant influence; cases there were where mothers persuaded their *friend* to admit their darling *boys* to these desirable precincts in company with their sisters, and for *that* the world is none the worse. An eminent lawyer in one of our largest cities recalls among his bright memories the genial smile of his first preceptress; and never failed, to her last days on earth, to send at Christmas a substantial evidence of that interest to add to the few comforts of declining health.

Another manly form in a great city will brush aside his heavy moustache, and tell his children how that, when sailing over mighty waters and travelling through many lands; when visiting far-off countries and sacred ruins; when treading the sandy desert or the classic shore; when bathing in the Dead Sea or ascending the Nile; when in the Coliseum or on the Pyramids; when at capitals or courts; when in contact with cardinals or crowned heads; when in the presence of noble dames or jewelled matrons; when associating with the rich, the learned, the great, the high and the powerful, his memory would often revert with pleasure *to his first afternoon at school*, whither his tottering steps were led by an elder sister, and he himself admitted by indulgence. The first hour's attention beginning to weary his little head, the tender-hearted preceptress bribed him with a piece of *blue ribbon* from the stores of her dainty work-basket. The relief of *its* interest being past, the little eyelids again begin to droop, when a lowly couch and pillow are improvised by the same delicate hands, prompted by that never-failing heart. Nothing will ever remove that deep impress of tenderness; like a drop upon the water, whose circle widens and widens, so do the influences of gentle acts expand with the memory. Alas for those whose early teachings are of an opposite character!

Many hours were found by this true woman, outside

that favored little room, for the enjoyment of *social* intercourse and for the exercise of taste and ingenuity. If any intricate pattern was desired to be marked on a counterpane, any more than usually elaborate dress trimming to be devised, any costuming to be studiously adapted for an academical exhibition, *this* authority must first be consulted. Was a young heir to a fair name to be carried, in presence of an interested circle of friends, to the baptismal font, *her* skilful fingers were sure to be called into requisition for embroidering the robe and the exquisitely finished linen cambric cap with which infant heads were necessarily shielded, by the custom of the time, from coming in contact with the air. And one thing well worthy of remark was that every effort of her skill was the *best* of its kind, was *perfectly* finished—a fact of no small importance in a day of superficiality like the present.

'Twas said by some, pretending to have had their curiosity gratified, that an early disappointment had been hers, that death had called from earth one who *was to have been* her companion. If so, the sorrow was all her own, and was never allowed to interfere with a conscientious discharge of duty or a dignified sweetness of deportment. *No* fretfulness or impatience was ever manifested. Those who knew most of her history averred that she had declined the hand and fortune of more than one high name on the world's stage. But such knowledge was gained from other lips than her own; none of the weak vanity which could *boast* of such a thing found a lodgment in her nature.

This "old maid" lived eighty-six years, lovely in her winter of life because she was so widely and warmly beloved, and only *resting* from her active good works during the last three or four years. These she enjoyed in the sweet sympathies of the Church, where she had been an ornament and a devoted servant of her Saviour till He called her to His Church on high.

KENNETH CLOSE.

OLD HOMER AS POET FOR LADIES.—The Odyssey has lately been translated anew by two celebrated English scholars. In noticing these translations, a British critic says that "The Odyssey" has been considered by very good authority as a ladies' book. Bentley says that "Homer made the *Iliad* for men, and the *Odyssey* for the other sex." Fenelon must have had some such notion of the fitness of things, when he chose for the subject of his prose poem (as French critics call it) the adventures of Telemachus in search of Ulysses. The English critic remarks that Fenelon's "classical epic was well known to most of the young ladies of the past generation. Calypso, and Circe, and the Sirens were old acquaintances of our respectable grandmothers, whatever they might have thought of them. Nausicaa and her Maidens, the Gardens of Alcinous, the Cyclops addressed by Ulysses, the Song of the Sirens—all well known amongst our national heir-looms of Art—assume considerable knowledge of the Homeric fable on the part of the public for whom they were painted."

The reviewer thinks the study of Latin and Greek is not declining in Great Britain. Plato has lately found three competent translators among the men, and "a fourth is now announced in the person of a young lady. Young ladies were lately seen with brooches of the severest classical type, bearing Greek mottoes, which must have occasionally puzzled an admiring cornet who left Eton early."

We think the study of languages is peculiarly appropriate to the feminine mind, and more care should be given to this accomplishment.

A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.—In an article on the "Characteristics of Language," we find the following assertions, which should be carefully considered. Are we really improving as we boast, or are we becoming a vulgar people?

"One observation cannot fail to strike those who compare the ancient classical languages with the modern, and that is the entire absence of what we call *vulgarity* in the ancients. And this is because wealth worship was comparatively unknown to them. We serve either God or Mammon, while with them Plutus was a very subordinate sort of divinity. The gentleman of the Greek was 'the man beautiful and good'; of the Romans, 'the perfectly finished man'; he was formerly, even with us, the gentle man or 'man of good family'; he is now, with the mass of people (in Great Britain), 'the well-off man, who does not externally disgrace his condition.' The Greeks and Romans had no name for 'snob' or '*rotûrier*,' which showed that the thing itself, though it must have existed among them, had not become of the powers that be. In all the Greek and Latin authors, there are no such self-condemning idioms as 'How much is he worth?' and '*Combien possèdez-vous?*' between which it is hard to assign the palm of baseness."

Is not this Mammon worship incorporated in every popular idea of American gentility? Let us look closely to our notes of admiration when a rich man or woman is the subject of especial praise. We can never be a great nation unless we love and honor true greatness.

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.—"Take her for all in all, I do not believe that any human being ever brought into the world and carried through it a larger portion of original goodness than my dear mother. Every one who knew her loved her, for she seemed to be made to be happy herself, and to make every one happy within her little sphere. Her understanding was as good as her heart; it is from her I have inherited that alertness of mind and quickness of apprehension, without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart. I remember that when I first understood what death was, and began to think of it, the most fearful thought it induced was that of losing my mother; it seemed to me more than I could bear, and I used to hope that I might die before her."

LITTLE SEEDS AND FLOWERS.

True love is delicate and fears to speak,
But it may listen to the darling theme.

To calm the troubled heart is woman's office,
And this would angels do, were they on earth.

What fools are selfish men! what blinded dupes!
They starve the kindly virtues in their hearts,
Which would have made them blessed, to leave their heirs,
Their thankless heirs, the means of pampering vice.

In the pure glories of eternal joy
What would the worshipper of Mammon find
To make his happiness? There 'll be no gold;
No profit; no exchange; no money coined

How many here count wealth by other tale
Than gold or money's worth? Will it pass in heaven?
It might be well to place some treasure there.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following manuscripts are accepted: "Two Dreams"—"Contributions" (in part)—"Regina"—"Safe"—"The Grass-grown Road"—"What the Old Man said to the Fortune-teller"—and "A Dream of Long Ago."

These articles we must decline; some are well written, and one or two give promise of real genius. We cannot, however, encourage any *one* of the writers to pursue literature as a profession which will be *remunerative*. At present, there seems small demand for new books, and periodicals have many difficulties to surmount. The supply of writers is greater than the demand for articles. We hope this state of things will alter, will improve in favor of American authorship; those (and their name is *many*) who have written us for counsel on these subjects will please accept this summary in reply. We should be very glad to say to all who desire to write, "Go on and prosper." Then we should not have to give this list: "Clear the Track"—"The Great Magician"—"Why I am a Bachelor"—"Two Sonnets"—"Emma Hilton"—"Song"—"Acrostic Lines" (very well on the "dedication leaf")—"Sabbath Morning Thought"—"Ode to Summer"—"Moonlight Hours"—"Our Compact"—"Hope"—"The Picture of Death"—"Morning"—"Joy Bells"—"The Fortune-Hunter's Rebuff"—"A Sonnet"—and "A Sermon."

"Belphegor" will please accept our thanks for the Charade.

Health Department.

CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.*

WHAT A CHILD IS AND WHAT IT SHOULD DO.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the soul's of children—that is a little out of my line—but I may tell you that the soul, especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in; for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies—will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural in an unhappy child. You and I, grown-up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows, and difficulties, and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play.

HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him; and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects—the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels, are in good order and happy, or not. Now, first of all, keep the head cool. Nature has given it a night-cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best. And keep the head clean. Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least; and if it get sore and scabbit, the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage-blade on it every night.

Then for the *lungs*, or *lichts*—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too; so it eats more, and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air, and lots of it. So, whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then for their *nicht-gowns*, the best are long flannel gowns; and children should be always more warmly clad than grown-up people—cold kills them more easily.

Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen and great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby, for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest too. If the baby be healthy, it should be weaned at nine or ten months; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk, and water and sugar, or thin bread-berry, once a day for some time, so as gradually to wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whiskey, or any strong drink, unless by the doctor's orders. Whiskey to the soft, tender stomach of an infant is like vitriol to ours: it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of

* From "Lay Sermons." By Dr. J. Brown, M. D. Published by Carter & Brothers, New York.

whiskey; and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing. The whiskey passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child. This is a positive fact.

"A DRUNK WOMAN" AND HER CHILD.

And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman walking along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slipping farther and farther back. I ran, and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone, on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little soft, waefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight! so much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about for ever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale, too true.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HARRY LORREQUER, *and his Adventures;* and TOM BURKE OF OURS. We have received these two volumes belonging to the series of Lever's Military Novels, now being issued. These novels, as well as those which have preceded them and those which are to follow, cannot fail to become popular, as they are just suited to the present public taste. They have finely illustrated and illuminated covers, and their whole appearance is elegant and pleasing. Price 50 cents each.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES. By George Francis Train, of Boston, Mass. These speeches, which are eminently patriotic in character, were delivered in England since the breaking out of the present war. The profits of the sale of this book are devoted to the establishment of the *London American*, the only newspaper of its kind in Europe. This paper is intended to represent American interests on the other side of the Atlantic, and is loyal to the interests of the federal government. Price 25 cents. We have also received a fine card portrait of the author of this work. Price 10 cents.

THE LAW AND THE PRACTICE OF THE GAME OF EUCHRE. By a Professor. This book is intended to fully post those who indulge in the highly popular game of euchre in all the rules and regulations of the game. It is a tasteful little volume, containing half a dozen chapters, or more, entering fully into the "science" of the matter, and imparting much real and practical information. Price 75 cents.

From RUDD & CARLTON, New York, through T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "Novels and Novelists," etc. This is a reprint of an English publication. The author has gone to work in a systematic manner, and gives us first a chapter or two on early doctors and the traditional badges and insignia of the profession. Then we have various chapters on Apothecaries, Quacks, Fees, Bleeding, Mesmerism, and various other matters pertaining to the medical profession, written in a most lively style, and abounding in humorous anecdotes of physicians and their patients, from the days of Chaucer to the present. A readable book. Its frontispiece is a copy of Hogarth's painting of "The Undertaker's Arms." Price $1 50.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON DEAFNESS: *its Causes and Prevention.* By Drs. Lighthill. Edited by E. Bumford Lighthill, M. D This book is the production of gentlemen who have had long and extensive practice in the treatment of diseases of the ear, therefore they handle the subject with a skill and judgment that will gain them the confidence of all who examine what they have written. They treat in detail of the anatomy and physiology of the ear, together with its diseases, the causes, symptoms, and prevention of deafness, with a review and correction of many popular fallacies concerning remedies, etc. The book contains a number of anatomical illustrations. Price 50 cents.

—

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AIDS TO FAITH: *A Series of Theological Essays.* By Several Writers. Edited by William Thomson, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. About a year since, there was quite a commotion in the religious world on the occasion of the appearance of a volume bearing the title of "Essays and Reviews," written by several distinguished men, some of them prelates in the Church of England. These "Essays and Reviews" were looked upon by many as striking blows at the foundation of the Christian religion, as they attacked undisguisedly many articles of faith, and openly questioned the infallibility of the Scriptures. In reply to and in refutation of the arguments contained in these "Essays and Reviews," this volume, "Aids to Faith," has been carefully prepared, in the hope of building up again those religious sentiments which, in many, the previous volume had so ruthlessly destroyed. Price $1 50.

PHŒNIXIANA; *or, Sketches and Burlesques.* By John Phœnix. This is a collection of sundry sketches, originally published in the newspapers and magazines of California, and written by the late "John Phœnix." They are all humorous; the first, an official report of a military survey from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores, a distance of two and one-half miles, particularly so. However, it must be confessed that one becomes tired of reading a whole volume of this kind of writing, no matter how funny it may be. The sketches are illustrated by characteristic engravings. Price $1 50.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By an officer of the United States Army. This book professes to be a history of the author's personal experience at West Point, written in a lively narrative style. It must be confessed that the account he gives of a young cadet's life at this place is not a very flattering one, and his story may be the

means of cooling down somewhat the ardent desires of many representatives of Young America to be admitted within the "classic" walls of this military academy. The book is prefaced by a descriptive sketch of West Point by Benson J. Lossing. Price $1 00.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON. By Norman Macleod. This book depends more upon its pleasing pictures of human nature, and its quiet truths and moral lessons, to attract the reader than for anything like absorbing interest. The old lieutenant, "Captain" Fleming, as he was called, is almost too perfect and too artless a character to be a true description of a *bona fide* naval officer. Nevertheless, we are all, more likely, better pleased with him than though the author had more carefully "held the mirror up to nature." The hero and heroine of the book, Ned Fleming and Kate Campbell, are models and marvels of perfection and constancy, as heroes and heroines of romance are bound to be. Price 30 cents.

—

From T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, Boston, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CAN WRONG BE RIGHT? *A Tale.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. We have read this story with great interest, and we have no doubt hundreds and thousands of others will do the same. It is a romance of English life, of a gentleman who, tormented beyond endurance by the whims of a heartless woman to whom he is engaged, breaks with her at last, on the very eve of the wedding-day, and marries a girl beneath him in station, though refined and gentle by nature. Then come the trials of the wife, who discovers that her husband cannot forget his first love, until, maddened by jealousy, she resolves to commit suicide. She leaves him, but at the last moment changes her purpose and wanders away. She is missed, letters are found from her announcing her self-destruction; and, after a few months, her husband marries the woman to whom he was first engaged. Then come all the trouble and difficulty which lead to the conclusion that wrong can never be right. Price 38 cents.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES; *Declaration of Independence; and Washington's Farewell Address.* This little publication will be found very convenient for reference. Price 10 cents.

—

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through WM. S. & ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

THE SUPERNATURAL IN RELATION TO THE NATURAL. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL. D., Author of "The Method of the Divine Government," etc. A very valuable work, intended to refute the arguments of the "Essays and Reviews," which have been so full of mischief, especially to young men. One of the questions started by the "Essays and Reviews" relates to the reality and possibility of supernatural operation, and it is that question which is here discussed in an able, thorough, and reverential manner.

THE "I WILL'S" OF CHRIST; *being Thoughts upon some of the Passages in which the Words "I Will" are used by the Lord Jesus Christ.* By Philip Bennet Power, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Worthing; author of "The 'I Wills' of the Psalms," etc. A work interesting from its subject, and useful from its warm and living piety. It is full of exhortation, counsel, comfort, and encouragement.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR VANDELEUR, *Major, Royal Artillery.* By the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," "English Hearts and English Hands." This is an account of one who was that rare being, "a Christian from the cradle to the grave," and his life, so full of joy and brightness, of duties fulfilled and ends attained, is one of unusual interest. The writer is worthy of the subject, and her well-known style adds an additional charm to the book.

THE SHADY SIDE; *or, Life in a Country Parsonage.* By a Pastor's Wife. This is a reprint of a work which some years ago was extremely popular. The story is as interesting as ever, evidently drawn from life, and by no means too highly colored. We recommend all to read it, that they may learn something of the trials through which many a pastor's wife and family pass unmurmuringly.

GOD'S WAY OF PEACE: *A Book for the Anxious.* By Horatius Bonar, D. D. The name of this well-known writer brings with it an assurance that the work he sends forth will repay perusal, and this does so eminently. It is a clear and simple exposition of the dealings of God with man.

THE SHEPHERD OF BETHLEHEM, KING OF ISRAEL. By A. L. O. E. A very interesting little book for the young, in which the story of David is interwoven with a tale of modern life, and each told with much spirit and vivacity.

DAYBREAK; *or, Right, Struggling and Triumphant.* By Cycla, author of "Passing Clouds," etc. etc. This is a story for the young, and is one well calculated to interest them, as well as to unfold and illustrate to them moral truths, important in the formation of their characters.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

FOR thirty-two years we have sat in our office, and every month have furnished our readers regularly with the Lady's Book, until now we have prepared the last number of the sixty-fourth volume. During all this time it has been "Godey's Lady's Book," without change of name or proprietor, and without change of character, except such as has resulted from our continued efforts for improvement. And we believe we can say, without boasting, that we have improved our Book. Ask the grandmothers of the present age if the Lady's Book which is now taken by their granddaughters is not a vast improvement on the magazine with which they were delighted in their youthful days. Yet, we repeat, in character, our Book has always been the same. From the first, our efforts have been to make it the very best of its class. And we leave it to our hundreds of thousands of readers to say whether we have not succeeded.

Thinking of the Lady's Book as it was, leads us to a sort of retrospection in regard to other things. When we opened our office thirty-two years ago, and issued the first number of our magazine, telegraphs were something unthought of, and railroads almost a matter of disbelief and distrust. Philadelphia was a mere village compared with what it is now; and we have many times, in those days, seen the whole mail from the South conveyed in a wheelbarrow from the post-office to the place where the stage departed for the east. Now everything has changed. A railroad car will scarcely contain the mail. Telegraph poles are familiar objects; and railways cross and recross each other everywhere, their trains bearing every month the Lady's Book to every section, even the remotest, of the land.

Verily the years we have devoted, and are devoting

to our Book are making an elderly person of us; still we hope to live to celebrate the golden anniversary of its publication, hoping that both its merits and its readers will have increased at that period in the same ratio as in the past.

GODEY FOR JUNE.—"Sitting for a Portrait" is a beautiful steel engraving, and the scenery peculiarly suitable to the leafy month of June.

"Catching Birds with Fresh Salt." An original design. Have any of our young readers ever tried the experiment? We have, but did not succeed.

Look at that Fashion-plate. We defy competition. Is not the pony just such a one, young folks, as you would like to have? Let us again remark that our dresses are taken from the materials that will be in use at the proper season. We have the authority of the great house of Stewart & Co. for all the materials mentioned in the description of our fashions.

A splendid variety of engravings, illustrative of fashions, embroidery, crochet, and other work, will also be found in this number.

"Eastern Rambles and Reminiscences" are continued. A very lively story is "He could not see it." "Aid to the Chinkapins" will well repay a perusal. "Nixon" is a good story. "From May to November," a very popular story, is continued. We feel well satisfied with the literature of this number.

IOWA, *March*, 1862.

Some cry "hard times," but I prefer to economize in food or raiment if necessary, rather than give up such a dear friend as the Lady's Book; in fact, I 'm lost without it, have missed it much already. But our mail facilities are miserable at present, and consequently I 've delayed sending, hoping to be more favored as the travelling improves. Please accept kind wishes for your future. C. H. L.

LOGAN HOUSE, ALTOONA, PA., PENNA. RAIL ROAD.—A visit to Altoona, simply to take a look through the immense workshops of the great Pennsylvania Rail Road, would be agreeable enough, particularly as you have also a ride the whole distance through the most beautiful scenery on our continent, passing through populous towns, over a most substantially laid road, winding around mountains and through tunnels. This, we say, would be enough; but when you can put up at such a house as the Logan, situated at the foot of the mountains, and nearly surrounded by hills, from the top of which you have delightful views, this certainty adds to the pleasures of the trip. The Logan House was built and furnished by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Co., and is one of the largest hotels in this State. It is kept in the most admirable manner by Messrs. D. R. Miller & Co., whose attention to their guests is unremitted. The rooms are as well furnished as those of any private house, and the table not to be excelled anywhere. The constant arrival and departure of the trains make it a lively spot. And now, after having spent a week or more with our friends the Millers, jump into the cars in the morning and go over to Cresson, less than an hour's ride; away you go up the mountain at a speed equal to the level; and here you witness one of the most splendid specimens of engineering in the world—crossing a mountain in a rail road car, hitherto thought impossible until the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, determined to conquer every obstacle, "went and did it." Arriving near the summit, you go through a tunnel, and then comes your descent on the other side. CRESSON SPRINGS is soon reached, and here you have Art and Nature combined—a splendid hotel seated in the midst of the woods, admirable springs, one of pure water surrounded by almost a field of rhododendrons, which when in bloom add peculiar beauty to the scene. At a short distance from the house, through a beautiful walk winding through the woods, is the mineral spring celebrated the country round. Mr. G. W. Mullin is the courteous proprietor of the hotel, and those who have once paid him a visit need no other recommendation. The Cresson is a large house, and is surrounded by cottages, for families who wish to live out of the bustle of the hotel. We have not forgotten our bread and butter days, and therefore think that when these articles are good, and Mr. Mullin has them in perfection, one need not starve; but it is not only bread and butter that you get at the Cresson, for there is the mountain mutton, which this house is celebrated for; but why particularize? Everything that the Philadelphia market affords, and some things that it does not, are found here in perfection. The scenery surroundings are majestic and beautiful, and a sojourn at this mountain house in the summer months is something akin to an earthly paradise.

A YOUNG LADY, whom we can recommend, wishes a situation as governess in a family—one where the children are young would be preferred—to teach Music and French, and the usual branches of an English education. Would have no objection to accept a situation as companion to a sick lady. Address Publisher Lady's Book, Philadelphia.

WE copy from a London paper the following:—

SHAWLS MADE FROM HUMAN HAIR.—Although tolerably well used to the wonders of modern enterprise and novel inventions, we confess that we have been rather taken by surprise at the daring idea of a new manufacture of shawls from the extraordinary material of the human hair. We believe that application has been made to the committee of the Great Exhibition for space to allow of the introduction of glass cases for the display of this singular product of the loom. Amongst the recommendations of these extraordinary shawls it is stated that they are warm, and light, and shining, and very durable, and that they resist the rain as well as any Mackintosh. Notwithstanding all these merits, doubts are entertained whether taste or prejudice may not be against them. The beautiful lustrous hair, which is a sort of glory to the female head, while it waves in silken tresses, becomes less admirable when humiliated from its post of honor, and it may be doubted whether, as the collected *debris* of a hairdresser's *salon*, ladies might not shrink with distaste from wearing the mingled strands from many heads over their own shoulders. On the contrary side of the question, it must be remembered that most elegant ornaments are fabricated by those artists in hair, who seem to be born with a genius to the work; *only* these triumphs of ingenuity are prized as relics of friends beloved but lost. Time will show whether these shawls made from human hair will be patronized by the ladies.

INDIANA, *Dec.* 3, 1861.

I expect to forward a club every year as long as I live to peruse Godey. The best work of the kind now extant. Our rooms are not furnished without it.

MRS. B.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Our friends who have sent us music that has been accepted for publication in the Book must have patience; their favors will appear as soon as we can make room. The Dew-Drop Waltz will be published in the August number. Since our last report we have accepted Unfurl the Banner, by H. P. Danks, and a Galop, by Miss Rosalie E. Smith, of Bermuda.

The Drum and Fife.—It properly comes within the plan of our "Column," perhaps, to notice here two new books published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. The first is Winner's Guide for the Fife, a reliable book of instruction without the aid of a teacher, including a great number of operatic and popular airs. Price 50 cents.

The other is the Army Drum and Fife Book, containing full instructions, the Reveille, the Tattoo, the various calls and beats used in the service, and a number of popular airs, to which is added the Bugler's Call Book, with all the calls, infantry, skirmishers, etc., used in the U. S. Army. Price 75 cents

Chas. Grobe's New Sheet Music.—There is no composer now before the public whose writings are more heartily welcomed than Professor Grobe. The number of his compositions, their variety, and uniform beauty have long made his name a household word wherever music is appreciated. For the benefit of our friends, we give a short list of some of his recent works, any of which we will purchase and mail when ordered. The first six are easy, for beginners:—

Polar Star Schottische, 25 cents; Kreutzer Minuet, 25; Schubert's Eulogy of Tears, 35; I Would that my Love, by Mendelssohn, 35; Six Scotch Airs, 25; Music of the Union, five National airs, 50; Almack's Waltz, by Beethoven, with finale, 50; La Douleux, waltz, varied, 50; Beethoven's famous air, Adelaide, varied, 50. All the following are brilliant variations on the airs named: Partant pour la Syrie, 40; Departed Days, 40; Faded Flowers, 40; Brindisi, Drinking Song in Macbeth, 40; Dear Spirit, Hear Me, from Le Pardon, 40; Still in my Dreams thou 'rt Near, 50; The Maiden's Prayer, 50; Santa Lucia, Neapolitan Barcarole, 50; Wi' my Love I 'll March Away, 50; The Flag of Our Union, 50; also Annie Laurie, for four hands, easy, 25; Yes Schottische, four hands, 25; La Marseillaise, four hands, 40; Oft in the Stilly Night, four hands, 40.

Songs, Ballads, etc.—From Russell & Pattee, Boston: Saturday Night at Sea, quartette, 15 cents; God Save the Union, solo and chorus, 25; Comrades, Awake to Glory, fine quartette, by author of Lily Dale, 25; Kiss me Good-Night, Mother, ballad by same, 25; Jessie Graeme, song and chorus, same, 25; Rock me to Sleep, Mother, 25; The Boy and his Angel, 25; two beautiful songs with chorus, by Leslie, Visions of Childhood, 25; No More we Meet at Eventide, 25; two songs with chorus which we have heard sung at Sanford's with great applause; The Stars and Stripes, new patriotic song and chorus, colored title, 25.

Polkas, etc.—From same publisher: Rigoleta Redowa, introducing Over the Summer Sea, 25; Academy Polka, 25; Beurre Clairgean Waltz, handsome colored title, 35; Beurre Clairgean Polka, very pretty title, 50; Empire Polka, by Gilmore, leader of the famous Boston Brigade Band, 25; Leviathan March, 25; Fourth Battalion March, 25; Liebes Lieder (Songs of Love), beautiful waltzes, 35; brilliant variations on Rock me to Sleep, by Charles Grobe, 40.

Orders for any of the above cheerfully attended to by addressing J. Starr Holloway.

The Continental Restaurants.—Mr. Stevens, of the Continental Hotel, has opened to the public two magnificent refreshment saloons fronting on Chestnut Street, and connected with the hotel. These saloons exceed, in their decorations and appointments, any establishment heretofore opened in Philadelphia, and probably have no counterpart in any city of the Union. The saloons, two in number, communicate, and are alike in size and decorations. The floors are covered with marble tiles, and the walls are frescoed in light and cheerful colors. Each saloon has attached four private rooms, handsomely furnished with velvet carpets, and the ladies' saloon has a retiring-room for the accommodation of guests who may wish to arrange their toilet. The tables and silverware are in keeping with the elegance of the saloons, and the whole establishment is alike creditable to the city and the taste and liberality of the proprietor. Ladies and gentlemen, and ladies unaccompanied, will find the Eastern Saloon free from any objectionable features, and visitors can be sure of respectful and proper attention. At the opening, the saloons attracted much attention, from the arrangement of the show windows. Those of the gentlemen's saloon presented an array of substantials, while the windows of the ladies' saloon had a number of ornaments in confectionery, done up in the highest style of art; and groups of the curious collected to admire the display.

We have received the following communication; the writer heads it: "A Sad Case—Ladies' Skirts in the Cars:"—

Messrs. Editors: I am not a vain man, but I am particular about my boots. I don't like to see a spot upon their shining surface. Well, a few evenings since, I was going to a party; I took the cars; you know what weather we have had lately. I was nicely arrayed; boots shining as splendid as blacking could make them. We presently came to a halt; several ladies entered, and the dear creatures did spread themselves out amazingly. Don't they remind you very much, Messrs. Editors, of a peacock when he comes to a spread, only their dimensions are larger than his. I arrived at my destination, gave my coat and hat to the waiter, was about entering the parlor, when, happening to cast my eyes down, O horror! I saw that my boots were all smeared with mud from the skirts of the ladies' garments, as they swept by me, when they entered the cars. I left the premises at once.

How to Carry Flowers.—When sent by post nothing is better than wrapping them in oiled paper; when carried otherwise, a piece of wet sponge fastened inside a wooden box, or layers of wet brown paper, or wet flannel as a lining to the box, or freshly gathered cabbage leaves, with their under side placed next the flowers, are unobjectionable. If the box is of tin, well secured at the lid, then a source of moisture is less requisite, for the leaves and flowers themselves will form an atmosphere of sufficient dampness for a short time. Another method, which answers extremely well when flowers are gathered in dry weather, is, as soon as they are cut, to throw them into a bag, like a carpet-bag, made of mackintosh. If the snap of such an article closes well, flowers will remain fresh all day long in a broiling sun, as some botanical travellers well know. The reason why such flowers are preserved is still the same—the air around them is damp. Tourists who hunt after wild flowers, or ferns, should provide themselves with a bag of this description.

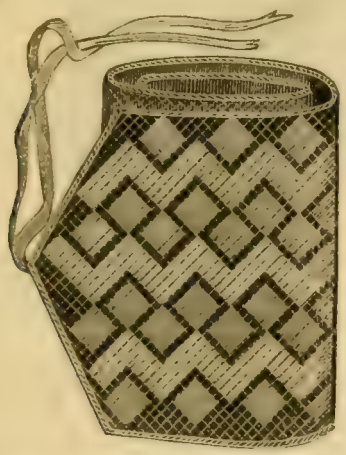
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Articles that Children can make for Fancy Fairs, or for Holiday Presents.

MENAGERE, IN EMBROIDERED NETTING.

Materials.—A strip of black filet, 18 inches by 6, 12 skeins of gold thread, or one of maize silk (French), 1 skein Napoleon blue ditto. Cerise satin, black silk, a morsel of kerseymere, etc.

THE pattern may be darned on the filet from the engraving. The vandyke is in gold thread; the spots are in silk. Or all the spots may be done in silks of any colors, taking care that no two of the same are near each other.



The piece of filet is square at one end, and pointed in the other. It is to be lined with satin of a different color, and also with an inner lining of black silk. At the pointed end is a pocket of colored silk, neatly stitched. At the other end is also a pocket, with two pieces of kerseymere neatly bound round with ribbon, for needles. Between the two pockets a double piece of the same colored silk, stitched at intervals of three-fourths of an inch down the entire length, is intended for skeins of colored silks, cottons, etc. Finish with black and gold cord, and ribbon strings.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

Colored Shadows.

LIGHT two candles, and place them upon a table before a light papered or white wall: hold before one of the candles a piece of colored glass, taking care to remove to a greater distance the candle before which the colored glass is not placed. If a piece of green glass be used, one of the shadows will be green and the other red; if you use blue, one will be of that color, and the other a pale yellow.

Curious Transposition.

Take a glass of jelly, and place its mouth downward, just under the surface of warm water in a basin. The jelly will soon be dissolved by the heat, and, being heavier than the water, it will sink, while the glass be filled with the water in its stead.

Refraction of Light.

Take a basin, put a shilling into it, withdraw from the basin until the shilling cannot be seen; then let the basin be filled up with water, and the coin will again appear. This is caused by the rays of light passing from the lighter medium of the air through the denser medium of the water, and thus becoming refracted.

THE following is an authentic copy of an inscription upon a tombstone, in the picturesque and ancient graveyard of Whitemarsh Episcopal Church, situated about five miles from Easton, Talbot Co., Maryland.

It has been clearly proved to be the tomb of the father of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution.

He was a merchant in Oxford, Eastern Shore Maryland, and was killed by the wad of a cannon, which was being discharged, as a salute to him, from the deck of an outward bound vessel.

"In Memory of
Robert Morris, a native of Liverpool,
in Great Britain,
late a merchant at Oxford,
In this Province.

Punctual integrity influenced his Dealings,
Principles of Honour governed his Actions;
With an uncommon Degree of Sincerity
He despised Artifice and Dissimulation;
His friendship was firm, candid, and valuable;
His charity frequent, secret, and well adapted
His Zeal for the Publick Good, active and useful;
His Hospitality was enhanced by his Conversation,
Seasoned with a chearful Wit, and a sound Judgment.

A Salute from the Cannon of a Ship,
The wad fracturing his Arm,
Was the Signal by which he departed
——— as he was esteemed.

In the —— year of his age.
On the 12th Day of July
MDCCL."

TRY THIS:—

CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much have been patented and elevated into a business.

It is this: If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape.

The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forwards, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Lewis's Gymnasium.*

SCENE IN A CITY RAILROAD CAR.—Enter a female—gentleman rises—she is about to take his seat without the slightest acknowledgment. The gentleman said to her: "I am not bound to give up my seat, and will not unless I am thanked for it." She refused to do so, and the gentleman resumed his seat. The unanimous verdict of the passengers was, "Served her right."

A SUBURBAN VILLA.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

THE villa which we here present is exceedingly expressive of architectural style, and in its construction evidently demands some solid material, such as stone, or at least its imitation, as the principal building material. Space will not permit us to say more in its praise than that it has made its owner a most comfortable home for a number of years, and its appearance excites the admiration of all impassioned judges.

Through a fine vestibule, 15 feet square, marked A, you enter the dwelling, and from the stair hall, K, enter the drawing-room, B, which is 20 by 40 feet. We have four other rooms on the first floor, all well supplied with pantries, closets, etc. The dining-room, D, is 25 by 16 feet; the sitting-room, C, 20 feet square, and the kitchen, G, is 18 by 24 feet; while on the rear is H, an outside kitchen or wash-house.

The *second floor* contains six fine chambers marked N, R is the bath-room, and P additional bed-rooms.

A FRENCHMAN meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to speak of the meanness of the British Government in bestowing a medal which did not cost threepence.

"True," said the Englishman, "it cost us but threepence; but it cost France a *Napoleon.*"

A LIST OF ARTICLES WE CAN SUPPLY.

Godey's Bijou Needle-Case, containing 100 very superior Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles. Price 25 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Godey's Pattern-Book of Embroideries. Price 25 cents.

Fresh Fruits all the year round, at Summer Prices, and how you may get them. Price 12 cents.

Every Lady her own Shoemaker. With diagrams. Price 50 cents.

Thirty of the most approved Receipts for Summer Beverages. Price 12 cents.

Gallery of Splendid Engravings, from Pictures by the first Masters. Price 50 cents each; four numbers now ready.

The Book of the Toilet. Price 25 cents.

How to Make a Dress. Price 25 cents.

The Nursery Basket; or, a Help to those who Wish to Help Themselves. With engravings. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hale's new Cook-Book. With numerous engravings. Price $1 00.

Mrs. Hale's 4545 Receipts for the Million. Price $1 25.

Godey's Curl Clasps. Twelve in a box. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Price 75 cents, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is, on No. 1, $1 20; on No. 2, $1 30; on No. 3, $1 50.

Godey's Hair Crimpers. Each box contains twelve, of various sizes. Price 75 cents a box, which covers the postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces. The price to cover postage to either of these places is $1 20.

Godey's Copying Paper, for copying Patterns of Embroidery, etc. Each package contains several colors. Price 25 cents. A ten cent stamp will be required to prepay postage on this to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces.

Patent Needle Threaders. A valuable article. Price 25 cents.

Indestructible Pleasure Books for Children, with colored plates, printed on muslin, and cannot be torn. Price 25 cents each.

Mrs. Stephens's Crochet Book. Price 75 cents.

The Song Bird Fancier. Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. Price 25 cents.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, by Mrs. Pullen. Price $1 25.

The following epitaph has been noticed in Pourhyn Churchyard, North Wales, and shows that the people in the neighborhood have a good notion of consuming their own smoke:

Here lies William Smith.
And, what is something rarish,
He was born, bred, and
Hang'd in this parish.

A Letter from Victoria complains of a want of domestic servants there. The writer says: "The other day a lady, finding her servant sitting over the drawing-room fire reading a book, said, 'Mary, your rooms are not done; go and get them ready as soon as you can.' 'They ain't done, ain't they?' was the reply; 'then I guess if you want 'em done you must go and do 'em yourself, for I ain't a-going to rise till I have finished this book.'"

A Western Obituary Notice.—Mister Editur: Jem Bangs, we are sorry to state, has deceased. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a gude feller. He died at the age of twenty-three years old. He went 4th without any struggle; and sich is Life. Jem kept a nice stoar, which his wife now waits on. His virchews was numerous to behold. Many is the things we lost at his grocerry, and we are happy to state to the admirin' world that he never cheated, especially in the wate of makrel, which was nice and sweet, and his surviving wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, tho he had a big sand bar in front of his hous; nor water in his Lickuris, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Peace to his remaines. He leves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a grocery stoar, and quadrupets, to morn his loss; but in the splendid langwidge of the poet, his loss is their eternal gain.

Postage on the Lady's Book.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

R. J. S.—Sent patterns, etc. by American express March 20th.

Mrs. J. W. T.—Sent patterns, etc. 20th.

Miss I. S.—Sent pattern for slippers 21st.

Miss J. M. C.—Sent zephyr and silk 22d.

Mrs. M. P.—Sent sleeve patterns 24th.

Mrs. I. McP.—Sent cloak and dress pattern 25th.

Mrs. E. N. L.—Sent article 26th.

Mrs. I. W. S.—Sent pattern for jacket 28th.

Mrs. I. B. B.—Sent headdress April 1st.

Miss A. J. B.—Sent hair ring 2d.

Miss S. M.—Sent hair cross and bracelet 2d.

Mrs. E. W. W.—Sent girl's apron pattern 3d.

Miss J. X.—Sent headdress 4th.

Mrs. A. M.—Sent braiding pattern for slipper 4th.

Miss F. F. Y.—Sent hair necklace 5th.

Mrs. I. M. J.—Sent hair cross and ring 7th.

L. E. H.—Sent velvet cap 8th.

W. F. G.—Sent hair ring 11th.

Mrs. O.—Sent patterns 14th.

Miss M. A. W.—Sent bonnets, etc. by Adams's express 14th.

Mrs. L. G. O.—Sent jet shawl pin, bracelet, and sleeve buttons, 17th.

A. S. V.—When an engagement is broken off, it is usual to return the letters, presents, etc., mutually exchanged.

A Subscriber.—Leaves for Piano Candle Wreath cost $2 per gross. Orné balls from $1 25 to $5 a piece.

J. A. C.—The game appears to be too intricate. Something more simple would answer better.

Miss W. L. B.—For the twentieth time we answer your question. On the left side.

Eunice.—You have no right to answer any such question.

Mary B.—Yes; by a proper introduction.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXI.

The Terrigenous Metals.

SUBSTANCES REQUIRED.

483. BARYTA; lime; strontia; chalk; alum; magnesia; liquor potassæ; filter paper; alcohol.

484. Since Lesson XVI. we have not concerned ourselves with an examination of the metals. It will be remembered that we concluded that lesson with a general summary of the properties of calcigenous metals. You had better reconsider that summary before commencing an examination of the second class of metals in our division—namely, *the terrigenous metals.* When engaged with our former metals—the calcigenous ones—we generally managed to procure a sample of each metal operated upon, in its evident or metallic state. This we cannot do as regards the class about to be treated of. *Their* metallic properties, although well-established, are not readily demonstrated. It is only, therefore, by the force of a certain mental abstraction, that you will be able to consider the bodies about to be examined as metallic compounds.

485. The chief earthy or terrigenous metals are as follows:—

Calcium,	the oxide of which is	lime		
Barium,	"	"	baryta	Alkaline earths.
Strontium	"	"	strontia	
Magnesium	"	"	magnesia	
Aluminum	"	"	alumina	

There are several others, but the foregoing are all that we shall examine. After what we have stated respecting these metals, you will not expect to have them introduced under their metallic form. We must be content with examining their compounds. Looking at the tabular arrangement above, you will observe that lime, baryta, strontia, and magnesia are represented as alkaline earths, whilst alumina does not come under that category. We will now consider the alkaline earths, leaving alumina until hereafter.

486. Regard the physical properties of the earth, and reflect on the propriety of designating the metals from which they are produced, *terrigenous metals.* Next effect a saturated solution of each of these with some acids—say the acetic or the hydrochloric: that is to say, add to the acid more of each of these substances than the acid can dissolve, and filter the solution so as to obtain it clear.

487. Remark with what facility lime, baryta, strontia, and magnesia dissolve. Divide each of the solutions into five parts. Test these parts respectively with (1) hydrosulphuric acid; (2), hydrosulphate of ammonia; (3), ferrocyanide of potassium. If the solutions be pure, not the slightest precipitate or other change will be observable; whereas, of the metals already discussed, *i. e.*, the calcigenous metals, *their* solutions all yield a precipitate with one or all of the tests mentioned.

488. Test the fourth portion of each metallic solution with solution of carbonate of potash, of soda, or ammonia, and remark that in either case a white precipitate results. Terrigenous metals, therefore, 1. Do not yield a precipitate with hydrosulphuric acid, or hydrosulphate of ammonia, or ferrocyanide of potassium. 2. Do yield a precipitate with a carbonated alkali.

489. Take a little powdered lime, or baryta, or strontia, or magnesia, put it upon a slip of yellow turmeric paper moistened with water, and remark how the paper becomes tinged brown, thus demonstrating the earths in question to be endowed with alkaline qualities.

490. Dip a piece of clean thread into each of the solutions, dry the threads; when dry, immerse their extremities in the well of melted tallow or wax surrounding a candle-wick, plunge the extremities respectively into the faint halo of flame which limits the combustion of a candle. Remark how, in each case, the flame is tinged of a different color. The lime solution tinges it orange-colored, the baryta solution green, the strontia solution red. As for the magnesia, the color which it produces is not very distinctive.

491. Hitherto all the terrigenous compounds we have examined have been found endowed with nearly the same qualities. It is true, by means of a difference in their flame, we might have distinguished baryta, strontia, and lime amongst themselves; but we have not as yet seen any quality which can be turned to account in analysis.

492. Take the fifth and remaining portions of solutions of earths in hydrochloric acid, which may either be called hydrochlorate of baryta, strontia, etc.; or chloride of barium, strontium, etc.; either would be correct; whether the result of solution of a metal in hydrochloric acid be a chloride of the metal, or a hydrochlorate of the oxide of the metal, involves a theory unnecessary to discuss here (228); add to each very carefully oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), diluted with five or six parts, by measure, of water, in order to render it more manageable than it would be else, and observe the result. In each solution, except that of magnesia, we have a white precipitate, but not to an equal extent. However weak may be the solution of baryta—however much diluted the acid added—a precipitate, sulphate of baryta, will fall; this substance being totally insoluble in water. Strontia solutions yield a precipitate with sulphuric acid nearly as insoluble, but not quite. Lime solutions may not, if very much diluted, yield any precipitate; but even from these, if alcohol be added (182), a precipitate will fall. Try the experiment.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JUNE.

Fig. 1.—Costume for a watering-place, and suitable for half mourning. Black French grenadine dress, made over black silk. White *piqué* sacque, bound with braid, and trimmed with braid and buttons. Standing collar, with black silk neck-tie. Low-crowned Leghorn hat, bound with black velvet, and decorated with a black velvet bow and black plume.

Fig. 2.—Dinner-dress. Dress of *Satin de Mai*, made over a thin blue silk. The skirt is edged with a band of blue silk, and trimmed with ruches of blue and white silk, sewed on in points. The body is full, with straight waist, blue belt, and clasp. The sleeves consist of a full plaited jockey; the long sleeves are of white muslin. Hat of mixed chip and straw, decorated with a blue rosette and light fancy feather.

Fig. 3.—Costume suitable for a young lady. Pink grenadine dress, with Pompadour corsage and muslin chemisette, with full muslin ruff round the throat. The corsage is trimmed with a box-plaiting of pink silk, which trimming is also placed just above the hem of the skirt. The sash is wide pink ribbon, with fringed ends.

Fig. 4.—Green Empress cloth riding habit; black straw Tudor hat, with white plume; white gloves, with black gauntlets.

Fig. 5.—Walking costume. White grenadine dress, with embroidered figure; corsage plain; skirt trimmed with five box-plaited flounces bound on each edge with purple silk. Scarf mantle of the same material, and trimmed to match the skirt. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with ribbons and a long white plume.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(*See engraving, page* 525.)

Fig. 1.—Jacket and skirt of steel color and white summer poplin, trimmed with black velvet. White pants. Gray straw hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with a black thistle feather.

Fig. 2.—White Marseilles dress, trimmed with blue braid.

Fig. 3.—A sea green silk, trimmed with flounces. Leghorn hat, trimmed with green ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 4.—Buff Marseilles suit, trimmed with white braid. Black neck-tie.

Fig. 5.—Suit of gray Nankeen, trimmed with black braid. Black straw hat and feather.

THE ANDALUSIAN.

(*See engraving, page* 529.)

The sudden change in the previous modes, at least with the younger portions of our fair friends, from the lengthy character of the pardessus to the favorite styles now of less ample proportions, has given room for a great variety of new fashions, especially in sacks. The one we illustrate is purposed for *dress;* its elaborate ornament of fluted or plaited flounces and frills, with their neat passementeries, will doubtless render its showy character attractive for this purpose. For morning or undress, the plainer modes, with but little trimming, are also desirable. It is scarcely possible to conceive of anything in the sack form which may not be worn this season as the fashion.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

With the warmth and sunshine, New York and Philadelphia begin to show a goodly number of elegant toilets, light and fresh in color, and novel in design.

Besides the check silks in every variety, of which we have spoken in a former Chat, are the Pompadour silks with light grounds, and others pearled all over with tiny specks of a totally distinct color from the ground, which give them a peculiar richness.

At the establishment of T. W. Evans & Co., of Philadelphia, we were shown some new fabrics, Satin de Mai, much resembling a *barège*, but very silky and very pretty. These goods were in all colors, and many in the new color called *cuir*, or leather, just the color of unvarnished leather flowers. Some were entirely plain, and others barred with satin stripes and sprigged over with some bright color. We also saw the most exquisite grenadines, the grounds light, soft shades of mode, dotted over with a darker shade, which formed a peculiar *chiné* ground, and on this ground were thrown leaves and geometrical figures of the richest colors.

In order to accommodate ladies wishing to have dresses made up in haste, they have at this establishment skirts and sleeves of dresses made up and trimmed in the most novel styles, so that a dress can be made up at very short notice.

For dressy toilets, *barège* and grenadine are the predominating tissues.

Among the newest styles made up are the following: A dress of black *barège*, body low, with a Maintenon scarf of *barège*, edged with a ruching of sea-green silk. This scarf forms a bertha at the back, crosses very low in front, and turns back to fasten behind, where two long rounded ends hang down. The waist is pointed in front and round at the back; sleeves very short. The lower skirt is plain, the upper or tunic skirt is slashed in every breadth with long openings about half a yard in depth, cut straight, and bordered with green ruching.

A very pretty street dress is of "capucin" brown grenadine. The body, sleeves, and front of skirt are decorated with a checquer work of narrow black velvet, having little knots of the velvet at the corners of the squares; the body is drawn lengthwise in puffs, and between each puff is a band of velvet: the sleeves are drawn like the body, made with an elbow, loose at the hand, and trimmed with a ruching of black lace and velvet bows.

Another dress, of lavender *barège*, had narrow ruchings of lavender and green silk, sewed on in Grecian pattern round the bottom of the skirt and up each breadth for about three-quarters of a yard. The body high, with a Medicis waistband, made of lavender silk, trimmed with green ruchings and braided with green braid; the sleeves trimmed with a frill and raised by two bows.

For young ladies low-necked waists will be most

fashionable, and over these will be worn thin muslin or illusion waists, with long sleeves, delicately tucked or puffed, and finished at the waist and neck by a ruche of illusion. Waistbands will also be worn with these bodies. Another pretty style is to have a light *barège* or grenadine skirt, a muslin body, and over this a silk body the color of the skirt, or a velvet one made much like the waistband, only deeper, pointed in front, both top and bottom, or square at the top, and with little shoulder straps. The white bodies are trimmed with ribbons, velvet chenille, braid, etc., and are made in a great variety of styles.

Morning-dresses are made with Zouave jackets and Garibaldi shirts; but the most fashionable are of the style of Louis XV., also called the *Marquise*, of which we have given designs in the Book. We particularly admired one of a violet checked silk, lined with apple-green, and trimmed with green ruchings. This robe descends behind in graceful folds, the fulness being set in at the neckpiece in flat plaits. Each side of the open front is edged with a revers, bordered with a ruching of green silk. The revers diminish in width as they ascend to the waist; from thence they augment in width, and are carried round the back, and form a square collar. The sleeves are made with an elbow, and are finished by a cuff trimmed with a ruching.

The costumes of the season are noted for their fulness; many of the dresses are pointed before and behind; but the many beautiful waistbands and zones cause the round bodies to be the favorites, especially with the young ladies. Long sleeves have no particular form, but are varied according to the fancy of the wearer or dressmaker. Puffs and slashes are on some of the newest sleeves.

At Madame Demorest's, in Fourteenth Street, we were shown some beautiful dresses; one, a rich black silk, having the bottom of the skirt waved, which we believe is a very old fashion revived; but, as it is quite pretty, will, we think, be adopted. Above the waving was a box-plaited flounce, two inches in width, also waved; and above that a guipure ruffle, three inches wide, also put on in waves. The body was plain, and the sleeves rather narrow, made with an elbow, and trimmed to match the skirt. The effect was very stylish.

Another dress had one box-plaited ruffle at the bottom, about seven inches wide, and above that a very narrow box-plaited ruffle, which was run up on every seam, and between every seam for about half a yard; this, also, was very stylish.

Another trimming is to have a box-plaited flounce, with velvet run in between the plaits. The box-plaits can be double if desired, and the trimming can hang as a flounce, or another row of velvet can be run in the lower edge of the flounce, and it can be sewed down on the dress. In order to form this trimming, the material must be cut and the velvet ribbon slipped in and run underneath the plaits. It is exceedingly pretty, and will be suitable for either thick or thin dresses. Silk flounces are being lined with crinoline, to make them stand out from the dress.

Short sacques, mantles, and circles, as well as shawls of various kinds, are this season fashionable for out-door dress. Brodie has an admirable assortment of sacques, made of all materials, and trimmed in every conceivable way. We admired a black silk one, trimmed all round with a ruffle seven inches deep; half of this ruffle was box-plaited, and fastened with a drop button on every plait; the other half hung as a ruffle, and was edged with a narrow lace; this same trimming formed a bertha, and was on the sleeves. There were black silk half-shawls, with bands of silk and a narrow quilling stitched round them. Mantles of the shape of "The Almerian" in May number, but trimmed in different styles.

Among others was an ample pardessus of black silk, a kind of blouse, rather low in the neck, with a bertha of guipure, bordered by a fancy silk trimming. It had openings for the arms, covered by a broad band of guipure, terminating in a fancy trimming of tassels. Another style has a narrow collar entirely formed of small black plaitings, pinked at the edge, in the midst of which appears a row of lozenges of mauve silk. Some of the mantles are trimmed by guipure insertions on white silk.

There seems to be nothing new as yet for black lace mantles. Lace points, which are always fashionable, will be much worn. Muslin mantles and shawls, trimmed with insertion and very narrow gauffered ruffles, will be very fashionable, also white and black grenadine shawls, hemmed and braided in Grecian pattern, with a large corner piece, or else trimmed with ruffles. We have also noticed some very pretty summer shawls, checked black and white, with fancy-colored borders Silk shawls, trimmed with black lace and fringe, are among the new styles. Some of the half-shawls are surmounted by a little pointed shawl, presenting crossed insertions and a point entirely of guipure, and round the shawl are flounces of rich guipure lace and bows of black ribbon. This latter is one of the most *distingué* styles.

Although we gave quite a lengthy description of hats in our last number, yet, as they have become one of the indispensable elements of a summer toilet, we will mention a few others. One of the latest, equally appropriate for ladies and children, is the *boat-shaped sailor's hat*, with two ribbons hanging down behind, embroidered with gold anchors. The Amelia, Mignon, Russian Cap, Cuba, Newport, Amazon, and others at first adopted by very young persons, will be worn at watering-places by persons of all ages and physiognomies.

Among the new riding-hats we notice an English one, bell-shaped, with wide brims, slightly turned down, bordered with velvet, decorated with a velvet bow and a long feather tassel at the side. An Andalusian, with velvet brims, and trimmed with an aigrette and Magenta velvet ribbon in front, sewed on as in the headdress of Fig. 2, May number.

For children we notice Spanish hats, trimmed with bunches of cherries; Garibaldi hats, with floods of loops behind and frizzed feathers in front. The Bébé hat, bordered with violet velvet, three rows of it round the crown, white and violet feathers in front and a velvet rosette at the side. Crinoline caps, trimmed with fancy colored velvets, are also worn. The tips of peacocks' feathers, worn in hats, make a graceful and pleasing variety. For the seaside broad-brim water-proof hats, with gay bindings, are being made.

We find white and black, the most *distingué* of all combinations, blended in all parts of the toilet. It is found even in walking shoes, which are black stitched with white. Boots to match the dress are in good taste, also kid boots, with rosettes in front.

Kid gloves, embroidered with a different color on the back, and black ones, embroidered with gold, form a suitable complement to an elegant toilet. The new gloves have come out in brighter and richer shades than we have ever before seen. *Cuir*, *Magenta*, deep green, and mauve are among the new tints, but light gloves will also be much worn. FASHION.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. LXIV.

A Beautiful Moss Basket, 76
A Complete Outfit for the Nursery Department (*Ill'd*), 179
Acting Charade—Suicide, by *C. L. C.*, 547
A Dream, by *Delia Dayton*, 355
A Dream of the Past, by *Annie M. Beach*, 288
Adversity,
A Garden Hat (*Illustrated*), 530
A Golden Hope, by *J. Brainerd Morgan*, 463
"Aid for the Chinkapins," by *Mary H. Janvrin*, 549
A Literary Star, and How it Culminated, by *Mrs. F. H. Oakes*, 259
Alphabet of Fancy Letters (*Illustrated*), 126, 438, 536
A Memory, by *Fannie Stevens Bruce*, 43
An Angel in Disguise, by *T. S. Arthur*, 250
An April Shower (*Illustrated*), 321
A New Stitch for Cuffs (*Illustrated*), 187
An Hour with the Microscope, by *a Young Girl* (*Illustrated*), 229
Anniversary, by *Kate Harrington*, 152
Another Form for a Sontag (*Illustrated*), 77
Anticipation,
Anti-Macassar, in Diamond Netting (*Illustrated*), 285
A Plea for Jealousy, by *Harry Harewood Leech*, 42
A Pretty Sash (*Illustrated*), 225
Aprons (*Illustrated*), 78, 182, 330, 395, 591
Articles from Madame Demorest's Establishment, 290
A Sister's Value, 473
A Slow Coach (*Illustrated*), 13
A Story from my Blank Book, by *Susan Haskell*, 571
At Last, by *Charles Stewart*, 177
A Tulip Jardiniere (*Illustrated*), 328, 388
Aunt Sophie's Visits, by *Lucy N. Godfrey*, 167
Aunt Tryphena Bordergrass's May Party, by *Clara Augusta*, 44
Awkwardness, 278
A Woman's Book, by *Elma*, 336, 444
A Woman's Constancy, by *Mary E. Clarke*, 586
Ball Coiffure (*Illustrated*), 190
Barbarism, by *Augusta H. Worthen*, 47
Be Kind to the Aged, 578
Bell Flowers (*Illustrated*), 28, 84
Bible Book-mark (*Illustrated*), 494
Bibs (*Illustrated*), 181
Black Lace Pointed Bertha Cape (*Illustrated*), 532
Bonbon Basket (*Illustrated*), 396
Bonnets (*Illustrated*), 184, 224, 225
Borders for Pocket Handkerchiefs (*Illustrated*), 492, 500, 591
Boy's Suit (*Illustrated*), 381
Braiding for a Zouave Jacket (*Illustrated*), 86
Braiding Patterns (*Illustrated*), 86, 391, 498, 535, 596
Caledonian Hat (*Illustrated*), 531
Capes (*Illustrated*), 532, 533
Caps (*Illustrated*), 75, 123, 179, 181, 182, 279, 280, 282, 590
Centre-Table Gossip, containing—
Clippings at our Centre-table, 104, 310, 414
Engravings, 309
Evening Dress, 103
Fancy Work for the Winter, 103
Fashion Items from Various Sources, 207, 309
Feminine Photographs, 412
Headdresses, 104
Hoods and Wraps for Evening, 207
Photographic Albums, 208
Sapphires, 413
Chapeau Cloche (*Illustrated*), 531
Chemise Pattern (*Illustrated*), 533
Chemisettes (*Illustrated*), 75, 76, 181, 280
Chemistry for the Young, 102, 206, 310, 413
Children, 365
Children's Fashions (*Illustrated*), 226, 327, 429, 525, 617
Child's Apron (*Illustrated*), 330
Child's Slipper (*Illustrated*), 389
Child's Slipper in Silk and Velvet Applique (*Illust'd*), 85
Cloaks, Dresses, Mantillas, Talmas, &c.
A Visiting Dress (*Illustrated*), 16
Black Cloth Pardessus (*Illustrated*), 18
Gored Dress, trimmed *en Zouave* (*Illustrated*), 119
Home-Dress (*Illustrated*), 427
Ladies' Riding-dresses (*Illustrated*), 423, 517
La Marquise (*Illustrated*), 115
Mantelet Isabelle (*Illustrated*), 220
Morning Robe (*Illustrated*), 118
New Style Zouave Jackets (*Illustrated*), 120
New Styles for Spring (*Illustrated*), 281
Spring Costumes (*Illustrated*), 327, 415
Spring Walking-dresses (*Illustrated*), 227
The Almerian, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 429
The Alpuxerrian, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 121
The Andalusian from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 529, 617
The Castilian from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 19
The Ethelinde (*Illustrated*), 425
The Lancer Jacket (*Illustrated*), 226
The Marine Jacket (*Illustrated*), 20
The Mignonnette (*Illustrated*), 221
The Natalie (*Illustrated*), 222
The Rio Verde, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 223
The Sicilienne (*Illustrated*), 528
The Valencian, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 324, 325
Walking-dress for a School Girl, (*Illustrated*), 183
Winter Walking-Dress (*Illustrated*), 17
Cockerow, 144
Coiffures (*Illustrated*), 190, 283
Collars (*Illustrated*), 390, 435
Corner for a Pocket Handkerchief (*Illustrated*), 280
Cottages, etc. (*Illustrated*), 101, 205, 307, 411, 514, 614
Counterpane in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 596
Cuff to match the Neck-tie (*Illustrated*), 431
Cushion Cover (*Illustrated*), 433
Card Purse, in Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 436
Departing from Venice, by *Lucy H. Hooper*, 451
Designs for Patchwork (*Illustrated*), 188, 600
Dirge of the Beautiful, by *Rev. M. L. Hofford, A. M.*, 562
Dream-Land, by *Eliha Hampton*, 562
Eastern Rambles and Reminiscences (*Illustrated*), 337, 439, 537
Edith, by *S. Annie Frost*, 239
Editors' Table, containing—
A New Way of Contributing to Woman's Mission, 404
A Noble Example, 93
A Subject for Reflection, 607
A True Benefactress, 295
Books for Home Reading and Family Literature, 93
Children, 91
Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two, 91
Family Reading, 297, 508
Family Reading and Children's Libraries, 403
Florence Nightingale on Military Hospitals, 297
Great Expectations Realized, etc., 297
Letters from our Friends, 92
Little Seeds and Flowers, 607
Mrs. Norton's last Poem—"The Lady of Garaye," 506
Music and the Piano, 298
Nature and Love, 605
Needle-work, 507
New Idea of the Nineteenth Century, 491
Now and Then, 403
Observation, 197
Old Homer as Poet for Ladies, 607
Piano Playing, 507
Portrait of an "Old Maid," 606
Quiet Changes, 91
Rev. John Wesley's Portrait of his Mother, 607
Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men, 402
The Angel in the House, 296
The Eden Name, by *Sarah Josepha Hale*, 297
The Good Time Coming: Come! 195
The Royal Mourner and her Sympathizers, 505
The Women's Hospital of Philadelphia, 94
Truth, 197
Women's Union Mission Society of America, etc., 94, 197, 298, 508
Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Society, 196
Embroidered Flounce for a little Girl's Dress (*Ill'd*), 186
Embroidery, Inserting, &c. (*Illustrated*), 81, 82, 86, 184, 186, 188, 189, 282, 394, 396, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 492, 498, 500, 525, 536, 600
Fancy Cape (*Illustrated*), 533

Fancy Chemise (*Illustrated*), 533
Fancy Fichu (*Illustrated*), 388
Fancy Night-cap (*Illustrated*), 182
Fancy Pocket-Book made of Velvet or Leather (*Ill'd*), 22
Fancy Trimming for Dresses (*Illustrated*), 595
Fancy Tie and Cuff (*Illustrated*), 534
Fashionable Bonnets (*Illustrated*), 184
Fashions, 105, 208, 311, 414, 516, 615
Female Society, 166
Fichu (*Illustrated*), 532
Flounce of Lady's Dress (*Illustrated*), 332
Flouncing for a Skirt (*Illustrated*), 435, 600
From Gloom to Gleam, by *J. G. Thompson*, 74
From May till November, by *Miss Mary Durfee*, 467, 563
Genealogy of Jewels, 127
Gentleman's Purse, in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 124, 182
Gentle Words, by *Willie Ware*, 139
Glass Bead Footstool (*Illustrated*), 82
Godey's Arm-Chair, 97, 201, 300, 406, 511, 610
God's Love, 457
Habit-shirts (*Illustrated*), 76, 384
Handkerchief Envelope (*Illustrated*), 329, 389
Hard Times, by *Carrella*, 376
Headdresses (*Illustrated*), 75, 81, 279, 384, 594
Health Department, 94, 198, 299, 404, 508, 608
Heart-shaped Embroidery Border (*Illustrated*), 392
He Couldn't "See" It, by *Desmarais*, 579
Hints to Lady Equestrians, 246
How Five Bachelors kept House, by *Mary Clarke*, 140
Incompatibility of Temper, by *Alice B. Haven*, 50, 160, 266, 366, 474
Independence, 56
Industry, 56
Influence of Light on Health, 581
Initial Letter (*Illustrated*), 287
Instructions for Knitted Mittens and Cuffs, 83, 185, 499
Juvenile Department (*Illustrated*), containing—
Baby's Shoe, 410
Harlequin Watch-pocket, 204
Mamma's Work-basket, 100
Menagere, in Embroidered Netting, 613
The Shell Pincushion, 100
Toilet Pincushion, 410
Work-basket for Drawing-room, 305
Knit Knee Warmer (*Illustrated*), 125
Knitted Sock (*Illustrated*), 79
Knitted Artificial Flowers, 187
Lacé Pattern in Applique for Net and Muslin (*Ill'd*), 24, 79
Lace Sprigs for Shawls, etc. (*Illustrated*), 395, 396
Ladies on the Point of Marriage, 456
Lamp Mat in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 84
Life's Changes, by *Catharine Mitchell*, 372
Life and Still Life (*Illustrated*), 217
Light in Darkness, by *J. Brainerd Morgan*, 139
Linen Collar and Cuffs (*Illustrated*), 436, 437
Literary Notices, 95, 199, 299, 405, 509, 609
Little Jack Horner, 577
Lizzie, by *G. R. Calvert*, 372
Love's Revenge, by *Kate J. Boyd*, 139
Man never Satisfied, by *Frederic Wright*, 378
Manufacture of Pins, 69
Maxims for Parents and Teachers, 278
Met on the Corner, by *Your Obedient Servant*, 262
Mr. Fitzquisite, by *the author of "Miss Stimmens,"* 174, 274, 379, 485
Mr. John Smith, by *Mary Forman*, 57
Music—
Carrie Polka, by *Mrs. H. W. T. Palmer*, 526
I am Sad, and I am Lonely, by *O. B. Barrows*, 424
No, No, I am not Changed, by *J. Starr Holloway*, 14
Prince Alfred Waltz, by *Rosalie E. Smith*, 322
Twine for Me no Blushing Roses, by *Wm O. Fiske*, 218
We shall Meet no More, by *James G. Clark*, 116
My Ball-dress, by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 146
My Brother-in-Law's First Visit, by *C. E. T. Clarke*, 373
My Little Neighbor, by *Jessie May*, 356
My Most Intimate Friend, by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 33
My Sister Nellie, by *Blanche Brandon*, 347
My Yesterday, by *Minnie May*, 265
Names for Marking (*Illustrated*), 23, 24, 81, 86, 122, 188, 227, 228, 281, 327, 330, 387, 395, 429, 530, 534, 597, 600
Narrow Collar and Cuff (*Illustrated*), 390
Neck-ties (*Illustrated*), 289, 429, 534
Needle-Book in Canvas or Berlin Wool (*Illustrated*), 391
Needle-book in Crochet (*Illustrated*), 189
Nellie's Grave, by *J. Wallace Morrison*, 548
Netted Hand Screens (*Illustrated*), 497
New Crochet Stitches (*Illustrated*), 596
New Styles for arranging the Hair (*Illustrated*), 593
New Styles of Aprons (*Illustrated*), 78
New Style of Garter (*Illustrated*), 599
New Style of Yoke Apron (*Illustrated*), 591
Night-caps (*Illustrated*), 282
Nixon, 540
No Mother, 31
Novelties for the Month (*Illustrated*), 75, 279, 384, 491, 589
Our Musical Column, 98, 202, 302, 407, 512, 612
Parental Indulgence, 578
Patchwork (*Illustrated*), 600
Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment (*Illustrated*), 386, 493, 590
Paul Brownell's Little Sister, by *Metta Victoria Victor*, 61
Paul Particular's Encumbrance, by *Mary W. Janvrin*, 359
Piano-Candle-Wreaths (*Illustrated*), 80
Portrait and Costume of the Prince Imperial of France (*Illustrated*), 326
Purse in Colored Silk Crochet (*Illustrated*), 286
Receipts, &c., 87, 191, 291, 397, 501, 601
Remaking and Mending, 158
Retribution, by *Harriet N. Havens*, 578
Sashes (*Illustrated*), 185, 225, 394
Scent Sachet (*Illustrated*), 434, 498
Short Night-dress (*Illustrated*), 122
Simplicity of Dress, 60
Skeleton Flowers, 489
Slate Pictures for Children (*Illustrated*), 168, 383, 588
Slipper Patterns (*Illustrated*), 85, 389, 432
Sofa Cushion, in Crochet, Embroidered (*Illustrated*), 598
Some Hints about Lady's Bonnets, 490
Spectacle Case (*Illustrated*), 599
Sponge-Bag (*Illustrated*), 331, 393
Sprigs for Window Curtains (*Illustrated*), 284
Spring Sleeves—French Patterns (*Illustrated*), 592
Stanzas, by *Clara Augusta*, 451
Suggestive Readings, 152
Superiority of Nature over Art, 473
Swiss Girdle for a little Girl (*Illustrated*), 534
Table d'Oyley (*Illustrated*), 535, 594
That Queer Little Box, 481
The Butterfly Slipper (*Illustrated*), 432
The Capeline or Hood (*Illustrated*), 287
The Cialdini Apron (*Illustrated*), 395
The Deed of the Darwin Homestead, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 25
The Double Test, by *Beryl Willow*, 131, 233
The Eldest Child, 74
The Fanchon Breakfast-cap (*Illustrated*), 123
The First of April, by *Mary Clarke*, 342
The First of May in Rome, by *J. F. G.*, 464
The Garibaldi Shirt (*Illustrated*), 21, 228, 529
The Imperial Crown of England, 272
The Lady Diana Hat (*Illustrated*), 595
The Little Ones, 166
The Loss of the Hector: or, The Transformation, by *James de Mille*, 253
The Marriage of the First-born, by *Avis Oculus*, 130
The Medicis Girdle (*Illustrated*), 593
The Old House on the Shore, by *Ella C. Sloan*, 273
The Orphan's Faith, 32
Theory of Thunderstorms, 344
The Page (*Illustrated*), 280
The Parting, by *Etta W. Pierce*, 570
The Ring, by *Mrs. M. S. Miles*, 355
The Secret of a Charming Manner, 261
The Secret of Louise Hastings, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 458
The Song of the Locomotive, by *S. J.*, 49
The Tree, by *Mrs. A. M. Butterfield*, 249
The Use and Abuse of Colors in Dress, by *Mrs. Merrifield*, 73
The Vision, by *Willie E. Pabor*, 173
The Water Lily, 145
The Worth of Womanly Cheerfulness, 365
To a Whip-poor-will, by *W. S. Gaffney*, 490
To my Mother, by *E. Conwell Smith*, 341
To Poesy, by *Mrs. A. M. Butterfield*, 70
Travelling Shirt-Box (*Illustrated*), 285
Travelling-Bag, in Bead-work (*Illustrated*), 287
Undersleeves (*Illustrated*), 75, 384, 385
Under the Sea, by *Lloyd Wyman*, 480
Vase for Cigar Ashes (*Illustrated*), 290
Victoria Corset—New Style (*Illustrated*), 592
Waistband (*Illustrated*), 190
What is Life? by *Harriet M. Bean*, 570
What the World Said, by *R. L. H.*, 71
Where's my Baby, by *Mary Forman*, 452
White Muslin Spencer (*Illustrated*), 431
Willmette Ward, by *Iole*, 153
Woman, 473
Woman's Grave, 273
Work Basket, ornamented with Scalloped Cashmere (*Illustrated*), 499
Worsted Flowers (*Illustrated*), 288, 392, 495